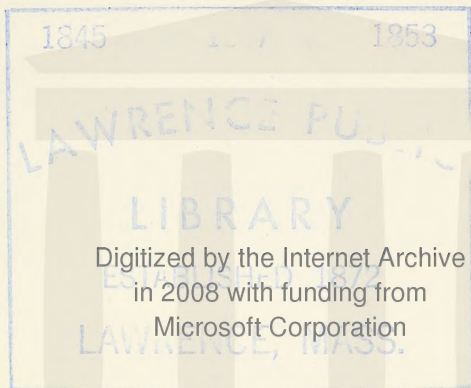


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CAPTAIN CLAVERING MAKES HIS FIRST ATTEMPT.

THE
GALAXY.

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GALAXY

OF THE

MINISTRY OF EXTERNAL AFFAIRS

OF THE

MINISTRY OF EXTERNAL AFFAIRS
OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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THE GALAXY.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1866.

THE CLAVERINGS.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XIX.

LET HER KNOW THAT YOU'RE THERE.

THE job before him, in his attempt to win Lady Ongar, was a peculiar job, and that Archie well knew. In some inexplicable manner he put himself into the scales and weighed himself, and discovered his own weight with fair accuracy. And he put her into the scales, and he found that she was much the heavier of the two. How he did this—how such men as Archie Clavering do do it—I cannot say; but they do weigh themselves, and know their own weight, and shove themselves aside as being too light for any real service in the world. This they do, though they may fluster with their voices, and walk about with their noses in the air, and swing their canes, and try to look as large as they may. They do not look large, and they know it; and, consequently, they ring the bells, and look after the horses, and shove themselves on one side, so that the heavier weights may come forth and do the work. Archie Clavering, who had duly weighed himself, could hardly bring himself to believe that Lady Ongar would be fool enough to marry him! Seven thousand a year, with a park and farm in Surrey, and give it all to him—him, Archie Clavering, who had, so to say, no weight at all! Archie Clavering, for one, could not bring himself to believe it.

But yet Hermy, her sister, thought it possible: and though Hermy was, as Archie had found out by his invisible scales, lighter than Julia, still she must know something of her sister's nature. And Hugh, who was by no means light—who was a man of weight, with money and position, and firm ground beneath his feet—he also thought that it might be so. "Faint heart never won a fair lady," said Archie to himself a dozen times, as he walked down to the Rag. The Rag was his club, and there was a friend there whom he could consult confidentially. No; faint heart never won a fair lady; but they who repeat to themselves that adage, trying thereby to get courage, always have faint hearts for such work. Harry Clavering never thought of the proverb when he went a-wooing.

But Captain Boodle of the Rag—for Captain Boodle always lived at the

Rag when he was not at Newmarket, or at other race-courses, or in the neighborhood of Market Harborough—Captain Boodle knew a thing or two, and Captain Boodle was his fast friend. He would go to Boodle and arrange the campaign with him. Boodle had none of that hectoring, domineering way which Hugh never quite threw off in his intercourse with his brother. And Archie, as he went along, resolved that when Lady Ongar's money was his, and when he had a countess for his wife, he would give his elder brother a cold shoulder.

Boodle was playing pool at the Rag, and Archie joined him; but pool is a game which hardly admits of confidential intercourse as to proposed wives, and Archie was obliged to remain quiet on that subject all the afternoon. He cunningly, however, lost a little money to Boodle, for Boodle liked to win, and engaged himself to dine at the same table with his friend. Their dinner they ate almost in silence—unless when they abused the cook, or made to each other some pithy suggestion as to the expediency of this or that delicacy—bearing always steadily in view the cost as well as desirability of the viands. Boodle had no shame in not having this or that because it was dear. To dine with the utmost luxury at the smallest expense was a proficiency belonging to him, and of which he was very proud.

But after a while the cloth was gone, and the heads of the two men were brought near together over the small table. Boodle did not speak a word till his brother captain had told his story, had pointed out all the advantages to be gained, explained in what peculiar way the course lay open to himself, and made the whole thing clear to his friend's eye.

"They say she's been a little queer, don't they?" said the friendly counsellor.

"Of course people talk, you know."

"Talk, yes; they're talking a doosed sight, I should say. There's no mistake about the money, I suppose?"

"Oh, none," said Archie, shaking his head vigorously. "Hugh managed all that for her, so I know it."

"She don't lose any of it because she enters herself for running again, does she?"

"Not a shilling. That's the beauty of it."

"Was you ever sweet on her before?"

"What! before Ongar took her? O laws, no. She hadn't a rap, you know; and knew how to spend money as well as any girl in London."

"It's all to begin then, Clavvy; all the up-hill work to be done?"

"Well, yes; I don't know about up-hill, Doodles. What do you mean by up-hill?"

"I mean that seven thousand a year ain't usually to be picked up merely by trotting easy along the flat. And this sort of work is very up-hill, generally, I take it—unless, you know, a fellow has a fancy for it. If a fellow is really sweet on a girl, he likes it, I suppose."

"She's a doosed handsome woman, you know, Doodles."

"I don't know anything about it, except that I suppose Ongar wouldn't have taken her if she hadn't stood well on her pasterns, and had some breeding about her. I never thought much of her sister—your brother's wife, you know—that is, in the way of looks. No doubt she runs straight, and that's a great thing. She won't go the wrong side of the post."

"As for running straight, let me alone for that."

"Well, now, Clavvy, I'll tell you what my ideas are. When a man's trying a young filly, his hands can't be too light. A touch too much will bring her on her haunches, or throw her out of her step. She should hardly feel the iron in her mouth. That's the sort of work which requires a man to know well what he's about. But when I've got to do with a trained mare, I always choose that she shall know that I'm there! Do you understand me?"

"Yes; I understand you, Doodles."

"I always choose that she shall know that I'm there." And Captain Boodle, as he repeated these manly words with a firm voice, put out his hands as though he were handling the horse's rein. "Their mouths are never so fine then, and they generally want to be brought up to the bit, d'y'e see?—up to the bit. When a mare has been trained to her work, and knows what she's at in her running, she's all the better for feeling a fellow's hands as she's going. She likes it rather. It gives her confidence, and makes her know where she is. And look here, Clavvy, when she comes to her fences, give her her head; but steady her first, and make her know that you're there. Dammé, whatever you do, let her know that you're there. There's nothing like it. She'll think all the more of the fellow that's piloting her. And look here, Clavvy; ride her with spurs. Always ride a trained mare with spurs. Let her know that they're on; and if she tries to get her head, give 'em her. Yes, by George, give 'em her." And Captain Boodle, in his energy, twisted himself in his chair, and brought his heel round, so that it could be seen by Archie. Then he produced a sharp click with his tongue, and made the peculiar jerk with the muscle of his legs, whereby he was accustomed to evoke the agility of his horses. After that, he looked triumphantly at his friend. "Give 'em her, Clavvy, and she'll like you the better for it. She'll know, then, that you mean it."

It was thus that Captain Boodle instructed his friend Archie Clavering how to woo Lady Ongar; and Archie, as he listened to his friend's words of wisdom, felt that he had learned a great deal. "That's the way I'll do it, Doodles," he said, "and upon my word I'm very much obliged to you."

"That's the way, you may depend on it. Let her know that you're there—let her know that you're there. She's done the filly work before, you see; and it's no good trying that again."

Captain Clavering really believed that he had learned a good deal, and that he now knew the way to set about the work before him. What sort of spurs he was to use, and how he was to put them on, I don't think he did know; but that was a detail as to which he did not think it necessary to consult his adviser. He sat the whole evening in the smoking-room, very silent, drinking slowly iced gin-and-water; and the more he drank, the more assured he felt that he now understood the way in which he was to attempt the work before him. "Let her know I'm there," he said to himself, shaking his head gently, so that no one should observe him; "yes, let her know I'm there." At this time Captain Boodle—or Doodles, as he was familiarly called—had again ascended to the billiard-room, and was hard at work. "Let her know that I'm there," repeated Archie, mentally. Everything was contained in that precept. And he, with his hands before him on his knees, went through the process of steadying a horse with the snaffle-rein, just touching the curb, as he did so, for security. It was but a motion of his fingers, and no one could see it; but it made him confident that he had learned his lesson. "Up to the bit," he repeated; "by George, yes, up to the bit. There's nothing like it for a

trained mare. Give her head, but steady her." And Archie, as the words passed across his memory, and were almost pronounced, seemed to be flying successfully over some prodigious fence. He leaned himself back a little in the saddle, and seemed to hold firm with his legs. That was the way to do it. And then the spurs! He would not forget the spurs. She should know that he wore a spur, and that, if necessary, he would use it. Then he, too, gave a little click with his tongue, and an acute observer might have seen the motion of his heel.

Two hours after that he was still sitting in the smoking-room, chewing the end of a cigar, when Doodles came down victorious from the billiard-room. Archie was half asleep, and did not notice the entrance of his friend. "Let her know that you're there," said Doodles, close into Archie Clavering's ear; "damme, let her know that you're there." Archie started, and did not like the surprise, or the warm breath in his ear; but he forgave the offence for the wisdom of the words that had been spoken.

Then he walked home by himself, repeating again and again the invaluable teachings of his friend.

During breakfast on the following day—which means from the hour of one till two, for the glasses of iced gin-and-water had been many—Archie Clavering was making up his mind that he would begin at once. He would go to Bolton Street on that day, and make an attempt to be admitted. If not admitted to-day, he would make another attempt to-morrow; and, if still unsuccessful, he would write a letter—not a letter containing an offer, which, according to Archie's ideas, would not be letting her know that he was there in a manner sufficiently potential; but a letter in which he would explain that he had very grave reasons for wishing to see his near and dear connection, Lady Ongar. Soon after two he sallied out, and he also went to a hair-dresser's. He was aware that in doing so he was hardly obeying his friend to the letter, as this sort of operation would come rather under the head of handling a filly with a light touch; but he thought that he could in this way, at any rate, do no harm, if he would only remember the instructions he had received when in the presence of the trained mare.

CHAPTER XX.

CAPTAIN CLAVERING MAKES HIS FIRST ATTEMPT.

It was nearly three when Archie Clavering found himself in Bolton Street, having calculated that Lady Ongar might be more probably found at home then than at a later hour. But when he came to the door, instead of knocking, he passed by it. He began to remember that he had not yet made up his mind by what means he would bring it about that she should certainly know that he was there. So he took a little turn up the street, away from Piccadilly, through a narrow passage that there is in those parts, and by some stables, and down into Piccadilly, and again to Bolton Street, during which little tour he had made up his mind that it could hardly become his duty to teach her that great lesson on this occasion. She must undoubtedly be taught to know that he was there, but not so taught on this, his first visit. That lesson should quickly precede his offer; and, although he had almost hoped, in the interval between two of his beakers of gin-and-water on the preceding evening, that he might ride the race and win it altogether during this very morning visit he was about to make, in his cooler moments he had

begun to reflect that that would hardly be practicable. The mare must get a gallop before she would be in a condition to be brought out. So Archie knocked at the door, intending merely to give the mare a gallop if he should find her in to-day.

He gave his name, and was shown at once up into Lady Ongar's drawing-room. Lady Ongar was not there, but she soon came down, and entered the room with a smile on her face and with an outstretched hand. Between the man-servant who took the captain's name, and the maid-servant who carried it up to her mistress, but who did not see the gentleman before she did so, there had arisen some mistake; and Lady Ongar, as she came down from her chamber above, expected that she was to meet another man. Harry Clavering, she thought, had come to her at last. "I'll be down at once," Lady Ongar had said, dismissing the girl, and then standing for a moment before her mirror as she smoothed her hair, obliterated, as far as it might be possible, the ugliness of her cap, and shook out the folds of her dress. A countess, a widow, a woman of the world who had seen enough to make her composed under all circumstances, one would say—a trained mare, as Doodles had called her—she stood before her glass, doubting and trembling like a girl, when she heard that Harry Clavering was waiting for her below. We may surmise that she would have spared herself some of this trouble had she known the real name of her visitor. Then, as she came slowly down the stairs, she reflected how she would receive him. He had stayed away from her, and she would be cold to him—cold and formal as she had been on the railway platform. She knew well how to play that part. Yes, it was his turn now to show some eagerness of friendship, if there was ever to be anything more than friendship between them. But she changed all this as she put her hand upon the lock of the door. She would be honest to him—honest and true. She was, in truth, glad to see him, and he should know it. What cared she now for the common ways of women and the usual coyness of feminine coquetry? She told herself also, in language somewhat differing from that which Doodles had used, that her filly days were gone by, and that she was now a trained mare. All this passed through her mind as her hand was on the door, and then she opened it, with a smiling face and ready hand, to find herself in the presence of—Captain Archie Clavering.

The captain was sharp-sighted enough to observe the change in her manner. The change, indeed, was visible enough, and was such that it at once knocked out of Archie's breast some portion of the courage with which his friend's lessons had inspired him. The outstretched hand fell slowly to her side, the smile gave place to a look of composed dignity, which made Archie at once feel that the fate which called upon him to woo a countess was in itself hard. And she walked slowly into the room before she spoke to him, or he to her.

"Captain Clavering!" she said at last, and there was much more of surprise than of welcome in her words as she uttered them.

"Yes, Lady On—, Julia, that is; I thought I might as well come and call, as I found we weren't to see you at Clavering when we were all there at Easter." When she had been living in his brother's house as one of the family, he had called her Julia as Hugh had done. The connection between them had been close, and it had come naturally to him to do so. He had thought much of this since his present project had been initiated, and had strongly resolved not to lose the advantage of his former familiarity. He had very

nearly broken down at the onset, but, as the reader will have observed, had recovered himself.

"You are very good," she said; and then, as he had been some time standing with his right hand presented to her, she just touched it with her own.

"There's nothing I hate so much as stuff and nonsense," said Archie. To this remark she simply bowed, remaining awfully quiet. Captain Clavering felt that her silence was in truth awful. She had always been good at talking, and he had paused for her to say something; but when she bowed to him in that stiff manner—"doosed stiff she was; doosed stiff, and impudent, too," he told Doodles afterward—he knew that he must go on himself. "Stuff and nonsense is the mischief, you know." Then she bowed again. "There's been something the matter with them all down at Clavering since you came home, Julia; but hang me if I can find out what it is!" Still she was silent. "It ain't Hermy; that I must say. Hermy always speaks of you as though there had never been anything wrong." This assurance, we may say, must have been flattering to the lady whom he was about to court.

"Hermy was always too good to me," said Lady Ongar, smiling.

"By George, she always does. If there's anything wrong it's been with Hugh; and, by George, I don't know what it is he was up to when you first came home. It wasn't my doing—of course you know that."

"I never thought that anything was your doing, Captain Clavering."

"I think Hugh had been losing money; I do indeed. He was like a bear with a sore head just at that time. There was no living in the house with him. I daresay Hermy may have told you all about that."

"Hermione is not by nature so communicative as you are, Captain Clavering."

"Isn't she? I should have thought between sisters—; but of course that's no business of mine." Again she was silent, awfully silent, and he became aware that he must either get up and go away or carry on the conversation himself. To do either seemed to be equally difficult, and for a while he sat there almost gasping in his misery. He was quite aware that as yet he had not made her know that he was there. He was not there, as he well knew, in his friend Doodles' sense of the word. "At any rate there isn't any good in quarrelling, is there, Julia?" he said at last. Now that he had asked a question, surely she must speak.

"There is great good sometimes, I think," said she, "in people remaining apart and not seeing each other. Sir Hugh Clavering has not quarrelled with me, that I am aware. Indeed, since my marriage there have been no means of quarrelling between us. But I think it quite as well that he and I should not come together."

"But he particularly wants you to go to Clavering."

"Has he sent you here as his messenger?"

"Sent me! oh dear no; nothing of that sort. I have come altogether on my own hook. If Hugh wants a messenger he must find some one else. But you and I were always friends you know"—at this assertion she opened her large eyes widely, and simply smiled—"and I thought that perhaps you might be glad to see me if I called. That was all."

"You are very good, Captain Clavering."

"I couldn't bear to think that you should be here in London, and that one shouldn't see anything of you or know anything about you. Tell me now; is there anything I can do for you? Do you want anybody to settle anything for you in the city?"

"I think not, Captain Clavering; thank you very much."

"Because I should be so happy; I should indeed. There's nothing I should like so much as to make myself useful in some way. Isn't there anything now? There must be so much to be looked after—about money and all that."

"My lawyer does all that, Captain Clavering."

"Those fellows are such harpies. There is no end to their charges; and all for doing things that would only be a pleasure to me."

"I'm afraid I can't employ you in any matter that would suit your tastes."

"Can't you indeed, now?" Then again there was a silence, and Captain Clavering was beginning to think that he must go. He was willing to work hard at talking or anything else; but he could not work if no ground for starting were allowed to him. He thought he must go, though he was aware that he had not made even the slightest preparation for future obedience to his friend's precepts. He began to feel that he had commenced wrongly. He should have made her know that he was there from the first moment of her entrance into the room. He must retreat now in order that he might advance with more force on the next occasion. He had just made up his mind to this and was doubting how he might best get himself out of his chair with the purpose of going, when sudden relief came in the shape of another visitor. The door was thrown open and Madam Gordeloup was announced.

"Well, my angel," said the little woman, running up to her friend and kissing her on either side of her face. Then she turned round as though she had only just seen the strange gentleman, and curtsied to him. Captain Clavering, holding his hat in both his hands, bowed to the little woman.

"My sis'er's brother-in-law, Captain Clavering," said Lady Ongar. "Madam Gordeloup."

Captain Clavering bowed again. "Ah, Sir Oo's brother," said Madam Gordeloup. "I am very glad to see Captain Clavering; and is your sister come?"

"No; my sister is not come."

"Lady Clavering is not in town this Spring," said the captain.

"Ah, not in town! Then I do pity her. There is only de one place to live in, and that is London, for April, May, and June. Lady Clavering is not coming to London?"

"Her little boy isn't quite the thing," said the captain.

"Not quite de ting?" said the Franco-Pole in an inquiring voice, not exactly understanding the gentleman's language.

"My little nephew is ill, and my sister does not think it wise to bring him to London."

"Ah; that is a pity. And Sir Oo? Sir Oo is in London?"

"Yes," said the captain; "my brother has been up some time."

"And his lady left alone in the country? Poor lady! But your English ladies like the country. They are fond of the fields and the daisies. So they say; but I think often they lie. Me; I like the houses, and the people, and the pavé. The fields are damp, and I love not rheumatism at all." Then the little woman shrugged her shoulders and shook herself. "Tell us the truth, Julie; which do you like best, the town or the country?"

"Whichever I'm not in, I think."

"Ah, just so. Whichever you are not in at present. That is because you are still idle. You have not settled yourself!" At this reference to the pos-

sibility of Lady Ongar settling herself, Captain Clavering pricked up his ears, and listened eagerly for what might come next. He only knew of one way in which a young woman without a husband could settle herself. "You must wait, my dear, a little longer, just a little longer, till the time of your trouble has passed by."

"Don't talk such nonsense, Sophie," said the countess.

"Ah, my dear, it is no nonsense. I am always telling her, Captain Clavering, that she must go through this black, troublesome time as quick as she can; and then nobody will enjoy the town so much as de rich and beautiful Lady Ongar. Is it not so, Captain Clavering?"

Archie thought that the time had now come for him to say something pretty, so that his love might begin to know that he was there. "By George, yes, there'll be nobody so much admired when she comes out again. There never was anybody so much admired before—before—that is, when you were Julia Brabazon, you know; and I shouldn't wonder if you didn't come out quite as strong as ever."

"As strong!" said the Franco-Pole. "A woman that has been married is always more admired than a meess."

"Sophie, might I ask you and Captain Clavering to be a little less personal?"

"There is noting I hate so much as your meesses," continued Madam Gordeloup; "noting! Your English meesses give themselves such airs. Now in Paris, or in dear Vienna, or in St. Petersburg, they are not like that at all. There they are nobodies—they are nobodies; but then they will be something very soon, which is to be better. Your English meess is so much and so grand; she never can be greater and grander. So when she is a mamma, she lives down in the country by herself, and looks after de pills and de powders. I don't like that. I don't like that at all. No; if my husband had put me into the country to look after de pills and de powders, he should have had them all, all—himself, when he came to see me." As she said this with great energy, she opened her eyes wide, and looked full into Archie's face.

Captain Clavering, who was sitting with his hat in his two hands between his knees, stared at the little foreigner. He had heard before of women poisoning their husbands, but never had heard a woman advocate the system as expedient. Nor had he often heard a woman advocate any system with the vehemence which Madam Gordeloup now displayed on this matter, and with an allusion which was so very pointed to the special position of his own sister-in-law. Did Lady Ongar agree with her? He felt as though he should like to know his Julia's opinion on that matter.

"Sophie, Captain Clavering will think that you are in earnest," said the countess, laughing.

"So I am—in earnest. It is all wrong. You boil all the water out of de pot before you put the gigot into it. So the gigot is no good, is tough and dry, and you shut it up in an old house in the country. Then, to make matters pretty, you talk about de fields and de daisies. I know. 'Thank you,' I should say. 'De fields and de daisies are so nice and so good! Suppose you go down, my love, and walk in de fields, and pick de daisies, and send them up to me by de railway!' Yes, that is what I would say."

Captain Clavering was now quite in the dark, and began to regard the little woman as a lunatic. When she spoke of the pot and the gigot he vainly endeavored to follow her; and now that she had got among the daisies he was more at a loss than ever. Fruit, vegetables, and cut flowers came up, he

knew, to London regularly from Clavering, when the family was in town—but no daisies. In France it must, he supposed, be different. He was aware, however, of his ignorance, and said nothing.

"No one ever did try to shut you up, Sophie!"

"No; indeed; M. Gordeloup knew better. What would he do if I were shut up? And no one will ever shut you up, my dear. If I were you, I would give no one a chance."

"Don't say that," said the captain, almost passionately; "don't say that."

"Ha, ha! but I do say it. Why should a woman who has got everything marry again? If she wants de fields and de daisies she has got them of her own—yes, of her own. If she wants de town, she has got that, too. Jewels—she can go and buy them. Coaches—there they are. Parties—one, two, three, every night, as many as she please. Gentlemen, who will be her humble slaves; such a plenty—all London. Or, if she want to be alone, no one can come near her. Why should she marry? No."

"But she might be in love with somebody," said the captain, in a surprised but humble tone.

"Love! Bah! Be in love, so that she may be shut up in an old barrack with de powders!" The way in which that word barrack was pronounced, and the middle letters sounded, almost lifted the captain off his seat. "Love is very pretty at seventeen, when the imagination is telling a parcel of lies, and when life is one dream. To like people—oh, yes; to be very fond of your friend—oh, yes; to be most attached—as I am to my Julie"—here she got hold of Lady Ongar's hand—"it is the salt of life! But what you call love, booing and cooing, with rhymes and verses about de moon, it is to go back to pap and panade, and what you call bibs. No; if a woman wants a house, and de something to live on, let her marry a husband; or if a man want to have children, let him marry a wife. But to be shut up in a country house, when everything you have got of your own—I say it is bad."

Captain Clavering was heartily sorry that he had mentioned the fact of his sister-in-law being left at home at Clavering Park. It was most unfortunate. How could he make it understood that if he were married he would not think of shutting his wife up at Ongar Park? "Lady Clavering, you know, does come to London generally," he said.

"Bah!" exclaimed the little Franco-Pole.

"And as for me, I never should be happy, if I were married, unless I had my wife with me everywhere," said Captain Clavering.

"Bah-ah-ah!" ejaculated the lady.

Captain Clavering could not endure this any longer. He felt that the manner of the lady was, to say the least of it, unpleasant, and he perceived that he was doing no good to his own cause. So he rose from his chair and muttered some words with the intention of showing his purpose of departure.

"Good-by, Captain Clavering," said Lady Ongar. "My love to my sister when you see her."

Archie shook hands with her and then made his bow to Madam Gordeloup.

"Au revoir, my friend," she said, "and you remember all I say. It is not good for de wife to be alone in the country, while de husband walk about in the town and make an eye to every lady he see." Archie would not trust himself to renew the argument, but bowing again, made his way off.

"He was come for one admirer," said Sophie, as soon as the door was closed.

"An admirer of whom?"

"Not of me; oh, no; I was not in danger at all."

"Of me? Captain Clavering! Sophie, you get your head full of the strangest nonsense."

"Ah; very well. You see. What will you give me if I am right? Will you bet? Why had he got on his new gloves, and had his head all smelling with stuff from de hair-dresser? Does he come always perfumed like that? Does he wear shiny little boots to walk about in de morning, and make an eye always? Perhaps yes."

"I never saw his boots or his eyes."

"But I see them. I see many things. He come to have Ongere Park for his own. I tell you, yes. Ten thousand will come to have Ongere Park. Why not? To have Ongere Park and all de money a man will make himself smell a great deal."

"You think much more about all that than is necessary."

"Do I, my dear? Very well. There are three already. There is Edouard, and there is this Clavering, who you say is a captain; and there is the other Clavering who goes with his nose in the air, and who thinks himself a clever fellow because he learned his lesson at school and did not get himself whipped. He will be whipped yet some day—perhaps."

"Sophie, hold your tongue. Captain Clavering is my sister's brother-in-law, and Harry Clavering is my friend."

"Ah, friend! I know what sort of friend he wants to be. How much better to have a park and plenty of money than to work in a ditch and make a railway! But he do not know the way with a woman. Perhaps he may be more at home, as you say, in the ditch. I should say to him, 'My friend, you will do well in de ditch if you work hard; suppose you stay there.'"

"You don't seem to like my cousin, and, if you please, we will talk no more about him."

"Why should I not like him? He don't want to get any money from me."

"That will do, Sophie."

"Very well; it shall do for me. But this other man that come here to-day. He is a fool."

"Very likely."

"He did not learn his lesson without whipping."

"Nor with whipping either."

"No; he have learned nothing. He does not know what to do with his hat. He is a fool. Come, Julie, will you take me out for a drive. It is melancholy for you to go alone; I came to ask you for a drive. Shall we go?" And they did go, Lady Ongar and Sophie Gordeloup together. Lady Ongar, as she submitted, despised herself for her submission; but what was she to do? It is sometimes very difficult to escape from the meshes of friendship.

Captain Clavering, when he left Bolton Street, went down to his club, having first got rid of his shining boots and new gloves. He sauntered up into the billiard-room knowing that his friend would be there, and there he found Doodles with his coat off, the sleeves of his shirt turned back, and armed with his cue. His brother captain, the moment that he saw him, presented the cue at his breast. "Does she know you're there, old fellow; I say, does she know you're there?" The room was full of men, and the whole thing was done so publicly that Captain Clavering was almost offended.

"Come, Doodles, you go on with your game," said he; "it's you to play."

Doodles turned to the table, and scientifically pocketed the ball on which he played; then laid his own ball close under the cushion, picked up a shilling and put it into his waistcoat pocket, holding a lighted cigar in his mouth the while, and then he came back to his friend. "Well, Clavvy, how has it been?"

"Oh, nothing as yet, you know."

"Haven't you seen her?"

"Yes, I've seen her, of course. I'm not the fellow to let the grass grow under my feet. I've only just come from her house."

"Well, well?"

"That's nothing much to tell the first day, you know."

"Did you let her know you were there? That's the chat. Damme, did you let her know you were there?"

In answer to this Archie attempted to explain that he was not as yet quite sure that he had been successful in that particular; but in the middle of his story Captain Doodles was called off to exercise his skill again, and on this occasion to pick up two shillings. "I'm sorry for you, Griggs," he said, as a very young lieutenant, whose last life he had taken, put up his cue with a look of ineffable disgust, and whose shilling Doodles had pocketed; "I'm sorry for you, very; but a fellow must play the game, you know." Whereupon Griggs walked out of the room with a gait that seemed to show that he had his own ideas upon that matter, though he did not choose to divulge them. Doodles instantly returned to his friend. "With cattle of that kind it's no use trying the waiting dodge," said he. "You should make your running at once, and trust to bottom to carry you through."

"But there was a horrid little Frenchwoman came in?"

"What; a servant?"

"No; a friend. Such a creature! You should have heard her talk. A kind of confidential friend she seemed, who called her Julie. I had to go away and leave her there, of course."

"Ah! you'll have to tip that woman."

"What, with money?"

"I shouldn't wonder."

"It would come very expensive."

"A tenner now and then, you know. She would do your business for you. Give her a brooch first, and then offer to lend her the money. You'd find she'll rise fast enough, if you're any hand for throwing a fly."

"Oh! I could do it, you know."

"Do it then, and let 'em both know that you're there. Yes, Parkyns, I'll divide. And, Clavvy, you can come in now in Griggs' place." Then Captain Clavering stripped himself for the battle.

REFORM AND REVOLUTION IN ENGLAND.

THE public mind has been so much occupied by the German and Italian troubles, during the past six or eight weeks, that less attention has been centred on English affairs than would have been the case in a period of general tranquillity. A very brief survey of the situation in England, as it has been and as it is, however, will convince the least excitable reader that it is not a little serious. It is a remarkable feature in the Germano-Italian contest, that, in the danger threatening each nationality, the internal revolutionary feeling of each seems to have been quite dormant. I mean, that in Italy we have heard nothing of Mazzini crying out against the monarchical system, or Garibaldi insisting on marching to Rome; in Austria, nothing of the wrongs done to Hungary by the Empire; in Prussia, nothing of the presumptuous contempt of Bismark for the people. On the contrary, we have seen Garibaldi answering with alacrity the summons of the warrior-king of Italy to the field; Hungary hastening, with wonderful unanimity, to crowd volunteers into the Imperial army, and to vote moneys for their sustenance; and the great Liberal party of Prussia insisting that Bismark, with all his faults, was now the representative of German unity, and that as such he was entitled to the good will of every Prussian heart. Within their own limits, therefore, each of these powers has been a unit—the government has received the universal, or almost universal, popular support. The position of affairs in England is exactly the converse of this. She is at peace with all the outside world; within, she is disordered to the very vitals. I had occasion some time ago, in an article on English parties, in *THE GALAXY*, to point out the fact that party lines in that country were fast becoming the frontiers between the classes. I assumed that the seceding Liberals, who so nearly caused the defeat of the Russell Ministry in the first vote taken on the Franchise bill, were actuated by feelings repugnant to the transfer of political power from the aristocratic to the numerous popular class. Events are daily proving that the conjecture was a correct one. Finally, enough who had been classed as Liberals, who had pretended to be reformers—for what reason each one of them best knows—were mustered together to overbear the ministers, and to fill the vote of the opposition to eleven majority. Chancellor Gladstone, whether rashly or not the events of the coming year must show, had pledged the cabinet to stand or fall by the bill, in its general features, and its necessary details. The question upon which the adverse majority was gained being considered by him and his colleagues as a necessary detail, the seals of office were thrown up, and Mr. Gladstone has taken his seat on the other side of the House of Commons. Both the state of things on the continent, and the feeling of the English people at home, made this action, if a necessary one, at least a very unfortunate one. The aristocratic class, represented by the reactionary Tory party, headed by the able and eloquent Earl of Derby, was, of course, the only resort for the reins of power. That nobleman, after an

attempt to seduce the recreant Liberals to a complete disseverance of their old party ties, has been finally forced to seek his sole support from the regular Tory ranks. Nothing is clearer to the mind which has watched the progress of late events, than that the cabinet thus newly constructed is unanimously inimical to any further extension of the suffrage. It may be that, to gain time, Lord Derby may announce his intention to bring in a Reform bill, and, if his administration lasts long enough, it would not be surprising to see a bill pretending to be such a measure actually laid before Parliament. But it will not be done unless by a sore necessity, and if done, the bill will be reformatory in name alone. The division line between those who would sustain the power of the aristocracy—its unjust influence in the state—and those who are really in earnest to secure to the English people the predominance in the government, is very rapidly becoming more distinct. The events of the coming year must make the question a direct issue.

There are various considerations which lead us to the opinion that England at this moment is in a state of revolution. It was asserted when the late Reform bill was laid before Parliament that there was no public demand for such a measure—that there was apathy everywhere—that the people were quite indifferent in the matter. It was urged that there was no necessity for a reform in which those whom it proposed to benefit took no interest whatever. And there did, at that time, seem to be considerable ground for this assertion. There was no popular enthusiasm—popular meetings were cold and forced; it was the hardest thing in the world to get up anything like a successful endorsement of the measure in the provinces. The sequel has proved, however, that, notwithstanding the difficulty there was in eliciting it, there is a very general feeling in England in favor of reform; nay, recent events show that the English people are at last awake to the question, and that a very large majority of them demand, in no mincing terms, that there should be an extension of the suffrage. A great shout of indignation has gone up all over the land, protesting against the accession of the Tories to power, calling for a dissolution of this “renegade” Parliament, and apostrophizing Mr. Gladstone as the champion of English rights and justice. The meetings, especially, which have taken place in the metropolis, may well alarm the reactionists who now, in a moment of such excitement, have assumed the control of the English internal and foreign policy. Tens of thousands have met together there to proclaim their demand for reform; and they have not been, according to those who are entirely competent to judge, composed only of the scum and rabble, but the larger part have consisted of hard-working, honest, determined operatives, now deprived of what they have come to consider their proper rights in the commonwealth. Similar meetings have been held, and continue to be held, throughout England; and it is no longer uncertain what the popular will is on the subject of reform.

Mr. Gladstone, who has proved himself a far-seeing as well as a quick-witted statesman, has declared that he saw no cause for despondency in the defeat of the Government of which he was lately the leading member. The cause of reform, according to him, is not likely to suffer from this reverse. In an admirable letter declining an invitation to address a popular meeting, he said: “I look upon the recent resignation by Lord Russell’s government of their offices as one more onward step toward the accomplishment of their object; and in the hour of defeat I have the presentiment of victory.” A heroic thought truly, and quite worthy of its author. Even had the Reform bill,

lately thrown out, been carried, it would only have been by a bare majority; the triumph would have been a hard one; its fruits would have been far from complete. The measure was a moderate one, and was purposely made so, that all who were truly favorable to reform could honestly support it. The issue has proved that even a moderate measure could not receive the votes of a majority of the present Parliament—that a number of the aristocratic class and their partizans having been finally unmasked of necessity, were, although professing it, no reformers at all. A beneficial result has been to clearly distinguish the true from the false reformers, to make secret enemies proclaim their hostility in open day, and to show the nation who may and who may not be intrusted with the work of renovating the constitution. A moderate reform, contrary to the public will, has been rejected; a reactionary government, in defiance of the popular will, has assumed the power; what is to be the sequel? Who does not believe that this is incipient revolution?

Read history; see a country gradually approaching constitutionalism by peaceable modifications; see the forced entrance of a reactionary element upon the scene, one which refuses to bend to the steady current, which rears itself to oppose it; has not it always been the case that the current has become a torrent, and that the unbending barrier has broken at its foundation and been swept away? The barrier may be strong enough to hold its own for a time, but the waters above increase ten-fold in velocity and pressure every moment, and a crash must finally ensue. Now, is the power of the aristocracy in England strong enough at the present day to match itself against the strong, set will of the working classes, and to defy them? Can the Earl of Derby with his half a dozen majority in the House of Commons, deliberately, and without a shock recoiling on himself, set aside this vital question of reform? Can he afford to dally with it—to play with the indignation, the imperative demand of a whole people?

It requires very little study of English political history—you can comprehend the whole situation by reading up the political events between 1832 and 1866—to see that since the Grey reform, commerce and manufacture have become the stout sinews of English strength, and that the influence of the aristocracy has been dwindling with each returning year.

And, if in 1832 the aristocracy had to succumb to popular opinion—if a body as proud and intractable as the House of Peers was then, with the Duke of Wellington at their head, was fain to sit silently and permit a measure to pass over their heads which curtailed vastly their political influence—is it probable that they will succeed in keeping down the spirit of reform in 1866?

It has happened that, just as Lord Derby was in the act of assuming the head of the government, a remarkable example was set him in a very strange quarter. The seals of office were just about to pass into his hands at London, when it was announced that the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria had ceded Venetia to the Emperor Napoleon—and by this act Venetia will join the sisterhood of Italian nationalities. The question with the Austrian was whether to bend or break; and, most wisely, with the full light of history falling upon him, he chose to bend. The act has saved his crown, his Empire, the nationality of the Austrian bond. Absolutism has, in his person, yielded in season to the demand of a fast-growing civilization. Many instances occur in history of monarchs saving their dynasties, if not their heads, by a timely and graceful concession. But that there should be a notable instance of this policy just at the moment when a reactionary cabinet was in the act

of taking possession of English affairs, seems almost a Providential warning to them to do likewise. There is all the more reason why Lord Derby should read clearly the signs of the times, in that he was one of the principal actors in the revolution of 1832. Then he was for reform; in the candor, generosity and ardor of his youth, he never doubted the principle, nor hesitated to advocate the practicability of reform. He saw the revolution—how it rose—how it swept over the House of Lords—how it became a fact accomplished. Since then he has lived in the midst of events which were moulding history; he has seen the rise of new classes; the growing power of the intelligent poor, the waning of that obstinate veneration for antiquity and precedent which has too long kept living principles in the background. He is a man of unquestionable ability, eloquence and high personal character; a ripe scholar; a lucid logician; profound in political science. Is it possible that such a man, with such an experience, will fail to read the signs of this modern time? Is it not strange that such a man should accept the direction of the government avowedly as the leader of a coterie in whom the aristocratic, prescriptionary class alone put any atom of trust? In ordinary times, Lord Derby might hope, by specious promises, by the influence which necessarily accompanies the possession of power, and by an energetic administration, to lure the popular mind for a while from the ideas of suffrage extension which now prevail. But these are not ordinary times. Lord Palmerston, the only statesman who could have lulled the fast-rising storm, the only anti-reformer in whom the English people could have put the least trust, has passed away. He was succeeded by two statesmen who avowed themselves ready and willing to extend the political power of the people. They proposed a bill to that end—it was rejected by the treachery of men on whom they had been assured they could rely. The cause of the treachery is well understood in England throughout all classes; John Stuart Mill and Thomas Hughes, and John Bright and William E. Gladstone have taken good care that the cause of it should not be hid beneath the clouds of Mr. Lowe's rhetoric, or behind the barriers of Lord Stanley's logic. And now, in the face of that treachery, the Tories assume the government. What situation has ever existed more provocative of revolution? The cup of reform was put to the lips of the people; they almost tasted it; and just as they were about to quaff the welcome draught, some of those who were holding the cup to their lips dashed it to the earth, and it was scattered in the dust.

Beside the consideration that there is certainly a very intense popular feeling manifesting itself in England at the present time, demanding a reform, there are other circumstances which would lead us to believe that the whole groundwork of public opinion is changing. One of the most powerful elements of protection to the monarchy and the aristocracy has always been the traditional and heartily felt loyalty to the royal family. Especially was this the case during the first twenty years of Queen Victoria's reign. There was something in the idea of being governed by a young, simple-hearted, and accomplished maiden which was very attractive to English sentiment. Her domestic virtues, her purity, the grace with which she held the royal power, appealed most strongly to the affection of her subjects. She bore many children, and herself saw to it that they were well trained; and the Englishman, always keenly appreciating the blessings and virtues of a home, saw with delight a model household instituted in the palace. The Prince whom she had herself chosen to be her partner in the cares and luxuries of sov-

ereignty was, happily, a man of exalted character, who at once interested himself in his adopted country, and engaged with enthusiasm in the encouragement of art and institutions of charity. During his life all went smoothly enough; he was the constant mentor of the Queen, and the devoted and ever watchful father of the heirs of the royal dignity. A very few years—so few that we might almost count the time by months—have witnessed a marked change of sentiment in England in regard to the reigning house. As the Queen has grown older, she has, unhappily, not increased the popular affection for her. At first, faint murmurs only were heard, here and there; some hinted, ever so distantly, that there was something of affectation in her long-extended public manifestations of grief at the death of Prince Albert; others said that there was too much favoritism at the palace; others thought that she had grown proud and morose, and that she no longer exhibited that motherly affection for her people which had formerly drawn toward her so unanimous a loyalty. Such feelings have increased very much of late. It has been said that the Queen has become a spiritualist, and that on every occasion of importance she finds it necessary to consult the shade of her Albert. There has been observed a growing dislike of state affairs, and a growing reluctance to perform even those insignificant functions which at the present day belong to the English sovereign. The last instance of this course was of so public a nature as to elicit a very wide expression of displeasure from the public. The programme of the Queen's movements for the Summer had been made early in the Spring; but subsequently, this question of reform had become of so vital a nature, a ministerial crisis had become so imminent, and the consequences of such a crisis would certainly be so serious, that it became necessary for the ministers to suggest to Her Majesty that she had best so far modify her plans as to permit her remaining during the parliamentary session near the metropolis. The Queen, whose obstinacy is now matter of history, would not accept the advice of the ministers, but insisted on carrying out the original programme. A week or so before the ministerial defeat in the House of Commons, therefore, she posted off, as had been arranged, to the distant hills of Scotland, separated by a two days' journey from London, and having necessarily but tardy facilities for communication therewith. The crisis came; the ministers were outvoted; they decided it necessary that they should lay their resignations at the Queen's feet at once, before any further public business should be transacted; but the Queen was far off at Balmoral! It is one of her not very irksome duties to accept the resignations of cabinets, and to go through the form of transferring the seals of office to their already designated successors. Even when it became apparent, however, how urgent the need of her presence near London was, she did not show the least disposition to hasten public business, but very leisurely designated a day a week off for her return. So that the whole public business of her three realms, in a very pressing time, when every hour was of importance, at the close of the Parliamentary session, and when all was suspense as to who the next cabinet was to consist of—everything, had to await the deliberate pleasure of Her Majesty the Queen! This course called out what had never been seen before—a public expression, on the part of some of the press, of the popular disapproval. It is well enough, some Englishmen said, to have a titular sovereign who has no power, if she will only do passably well the little she is required to do; but it is another thing to grant heavy subsidies to a sovereign for retarding the public business of the Kingdom. This oc-

currence was certainly very unfortunate, coming, as it did, in a time of popular ferment, just at the very time when people were thinking most seriously of their rights, and when treachery had just committed a fraud upon them. It was easy to see that the popular dislike of the aristocracy extended itself to royalty also. It is perhaps not too much to say that the Queen is unpopular in England; and that, whatever regard the lower classes might have had for her in ordinary times, or if she had continued so to bear herself as to retain their heartfelt loyalty, as it is, regard for her will not seriously retard a revolutionary movement. Indeed, the whole aspect of royalty, as viewed from the present English standpoint, is not such as to strengthen the cause of aristocratic monarchy. The Prince of Wales, from a rather promising lad, has grown to be a boisterous, extravagant, "fast" young man; he takes frequent occasion—and not seldom in public—to become intoxicated; he is rude to his superiors in age, coarse in his pleasures, and does not exhibit any aptitude for books or for administration. Almost his only salient virtue is his conjugal devotion, and that in one born to kingship is certainly admirable. But it is just to assume that the Prince of Wales, as heir to the crown, has no hold upon either the sympathy, confidence or affection of the popular mass. One circumstance in regard to royalty has for years been a subject of private complaint among Englishmen, especially tax-payers. Nothing—or rather but little—has been said on the subject in the public prints, and nothing at all, I believe, in the Legislature. It is the great expense to which the country has been put to provide dowries and outfits for the children of the reigning house. Inasmuch as the Queen has been blessed with more than the average number of sons and daughters, it may easily be imagined that it is no small item to have to maintain and marry them in true princely style. What has been particularly annoying to the English has been that England has had to furnish the dowry in each case, whether a daughter was married or a son. It has become a saying, that England is the refuge for all the petty poverty-stricken German princes who could find no other means of support than to charge themselves with one of Victoria's daughters. There was but little said when the two elder princesses were married and their dowry granted out of the English treasury; for it was thought that it was quite proper that dowry should accompany *the lady*. But when the Prince of Wales was married, and instead of his princess bringing a dower, a supply in the nature of a dower was voted her by her husband's government, much dissatisfaction thereat was expressed in private. The expense of a useless royal family, therefore, is a considerable burden on the people; it falls most heavily on the poorer classes, who provide the means; it increases year by year; and it may be taken as certain, though but little is heard about it in America, or, unless you go freely among the people, in England, that the fact is felt as a grievance, and a sore one; and has become all the more so since the decline of the Queen's popularity.

Added to the causes of dissatisfaction and of a desire for a progressive reform as a remedy, we may, without self-glorification, attribute something of the craving for a more popular system to the success with which the empire of the United States has been maintained intact. People in England read vastly more now than they used to do, and they never knew a tithe as much of America as they know now. The complete success of the republican system has opened their eyes very wide; you would be surprised to see with what interest everything about America is read, and how rapidly the idea is

gaining ground that she has proved her government alike the most durable and the most free on the face of the earth. Americans may read with an honest exultation the tribute which Mr. Gladstone paid to American institutions in the House of Commons during the late memorable debate on reform; they may regard as not less significant the sneers of the aristocratic party in reply; and they may find food for congratulation to the people of England in the enthusiasm with which Mr. Gladstone's words were caught up and echoed throughout the land. And, while speaking of the influence of America on English politics, it may be remarked that it is a significant fact, that Mr. Gladstone, once the favorite of the Tory chiefs, the pet of Wellington and Newcastle, has joined hand in hand with John Bright to achieve a reform in England. Not many years ago Mr. Gladstone would have scouted the idea of acting with John Bright; but Mr. Gladstone is a man who moves with his generation; his generation is fast coming up with John Bright; and Mr. Gladstone, once champion of Church and State, finds himself sailing side by side with the champion of complete political liberty. To these two great men are added such names as John Stuart Mill and Thomas Hughes—and let it not be forgotten that Mill represents the aristocratic quarter of Westminster—a wonderful thing to think of. That Mr. Gladstone and Earl Russell and the Duke of Argyll should be found in the same boat, to use an expressive vulgarism, with the front leaders of popular rights, shows clearly enough how rapidly the line is being drawn, and who of the aristocracy are willing, by bending, to save themselves. In the revolution which is taking place, the crisis of which Mr. Gladstone anticipates in the remark quoted, no liberal mind sees anything to fear for England. That empire has passed through two bloodless revolutions—that of 1688 and that of 1832—and she will be none the worse in any respect for the consummation of a third. The accession of Toryism for the moment will, as Mr. Gladstone intimates, hasten rather than retard the end; for by repulsion it will give an impetus to the sentiment for reform which must quickly become irresistible. The blind and halting aristocracy, with their devotees behind them, will be perhaps peaceably, certainly firmly, forced back to a proper position; the true life of free government, the great, energetic, working classes, will advance to the political ascendancy. Whether monarchy will be retained, whether a hereditary chamber will continue to exercise legislative functions, whether a political church will be suffered to live out its waning life, events only can decide—all may depend upon whether these elements bend or wait to be broken in the final crisis. We have not instanced the unpopularity and expensiveness of royalty to prove that it will be abolished, but only to show that it will not be a strong retarding force in the popular thought, by which the popular will will be postponed. It is not certain that England is prepared to unfasten her ancient moorings—it is doubtful whether she is prepared for a republican form. But she approaches it nearer every day; each reform prepares the way for another and a broader one—strengthens the hands of the people to stretch out and reach for more. As republicans, rather as the exemplars of the safety and the righteousness of popular liberty, and without jealousy, we must rejoice in the approach of the mother country to the end we have already reached.

GEORGE M. TOWLE.

HEARTS OF OAK AND STONE.

GRAY rock on the rough New England shore—
By the wild Southeaster bruised and beaten,—
Forever dinned by the sullen roar,

By Time's fierce tooth defaced and eaten,—
Thick set on thy scarred and mangled brow
The scourging marks of a thousand Winters,
And bearing the track of the spoiler's plough
In thy yawning seams and jagged splinters!

There's a secret in thy stony heart—

A secret hidden away for ages—
That I would wring, with a cruel art,
To be written and read on human pages:
Is there not, beneath that icy chill,
Some struggling pulse that the mind may measure?—
Some spark from God's own mind and will,
That may writhe in pain and thrill in pleasure?

Art thou never a-cold, thou gray old stone,
In the Arctic blasts of the bleak December,
When the cold creeps into the blood and bone,
And penury sobs o'er its dying ember?
Art thou never lonely, and sad, and dread—,
All night in the desolate darkness lying,—
With a starless sky, as if heaven were dead,
And the storm-clouds black like spectres flying?

Dost thou never shrink, when the fiend unlocks
The gates of the east wind wild and frantic,
And the terrible gales of the equinox
Come sweeping in o'er the vexed Atlantic?—
When the angry surge breaks wild and high,
A fury of foam over beaches and ledges,;
And the maddened waves, as they hurry by,
Strike cruel and fierce as the Titan sledges?

Dost thou never warm in the sun of May,
When heaven is aglow and earth is laughing,—
Till the tingling thrills through thy dull veins play,
As ours when the lips old wine are quaffing?

Dull stone!—sad stone!—no answer falls,
 Through those iron lips, to our human wonder;
 And none will be heard till the trumpet calls,
 And the rocks and the mountains shiver asunder.

Rough oak, with the gnarled and tangled limbs,
 On the crest of the Delaware's mountain ridges,—
 Where the cloud through thy branches heavenward swims
 And the peaks seem piers of aerial bridges;—
 With boughs all twisted, and rent, and torn,
 Where in Springs of old the song-birds nestled,—
 With bark all scaled, and shriveled, and worn,
 By the gales thy giant arms have wrestled;—

Hast thou no voice, oh Heart of Oak?—
 No answer the waiting ear to proffer,—
 Of what, since the clouds thy branches broke,
 It has been thy lot to joy and to suffer?—
 Of the wind Euroclydon, that came
 And twisted away thy topmost branches?—
 Of the levin bolt, whose angry flame
 At thy body the sultry August launches?

When falls the pelting and pitiless rain,
 And high on the ridge thou'rt swaying and rocking,—
 When the lights are gone from the villager's pane,
 And the shrieks of the blast seem demons mocking,—
 When thy stoutest branches murmur and creak,
 And their toughest fibres seem failing and rotten,—
 Has thy heart no despair, the thought to speak,
 That thy Maker the work of his hands has forgotten?

Does the snow of the Winter ne'er chill thy root?
 Does the owl never fright thee with horrible raving?
 Dost thou envy no tree its golden fruit?
 Or feel the Spring breath that the world is laving?
 Is the tale of the Dryads false and vain—
 The brain-sick dream of a weak romancer?
 Old Oak of the mountains, loose the chain
 That binds thee in silence, and hear, and answer!

All dumb—all silent! Rock and Tree
 Keep hidden the secret by Heaven confided!
 'Tis enough, oh dreamer!—enough for thee
 To be sure of the Hand that formed and guided.
 Let the ear lie close to old Nature's breast;
 Ban the credulous fool, and condemn the despiser;
 Then wait, with a spirit calm and at rest,
 For the lore of the Ages better and wiser!

HENRY MORFORD,

PISA AND ITS UNIVERSITY.

BY some strange injustice, the University of Pisa is frequently spoken of as belonging to the past. It is true that it dates from ancient times. There are traces, according to Savigny, of the existence of a University there, even in the twelfth century. In the thirteenth, it was a place of considerable resort for the study of law. In the year 1344, Pope Clement VI. issued a bull formally establishing a University there. The earliest known printed statutes of this University are those of 1478, which include provisions for medical instruction, and show that there were then two medical scholarships, endowed with twenty florins a year each.

The University of Pisa, particularly its medical department, has been much more renowned than at present. It has to some extent declined with the decrease of the relative importance of the city. But the very quiet of Pisa makes it more favorable for study than the brilliant city of Paris, where pleasure and amusement frequently counteract the great advantages offered to medical students. Pisa has settled into a respectable, quiet town, with a good University possessing celebrated professors. There are daily medical lectures, an examination of those of the previous day, taking notes, reading the books recommended by the lecturers, and dissections; constituting a very thorough anatomical course. I have heard of surgeons of great eminence expressing the utmost confidence in the University, and have known physicians recommend their students to go there instead of to Paris. Indeed, some years since, one of Louis Napoleon's physicians wrote a long letter after a visit to Pisa, which was published in one of the Florentine newspapers, speaking most highly of the instruction there, and attributing to it the superiority in many respects over the French schools.

At the present exorbitant rates of living, it is quite impossible for parents of limited means to give their sons the advantages of an education in our large cities. But there is nothing to prevent young men from getting into a merchant vessel and sailing for Leghorn, and going thence by rail to Pisa. Two or three friends could take rooms together and live very economically, pleasantly and profitably. The full medical course is longer than in America, but unless time be particularly scarce, the years will be well filled, not only with professional studies, but with a new language, which will be a welcome addition, and an inevitable process of refinement will take place. The daily listening to lectures, and conversation with the students, are very sure means of becoming familiar with Italian, though intercourse with the foreign students is often rather disagreeable than otherwise. Italy has yet to learn that labor is honorable; the young nobles are lazy and ignorant, and the young men of the middle classes who study the professions are too often coarse and ungentelemanly.

The life of one who goes there expressly to devote himself to medicine is

very quiet and simple. An anatomical lecture is given at half past nine, A. M.; notes are taken, authorities consulted, etc.; then follows a lecture on physiology. On alternate days there are lectures on chemistry. The professor of anatomy is a wonderful lecturer, perfectly clear and lucid in his explanations. A great advantage of the school is in the abundance and cheapness of subjects for dissection. The Italians are allowed to have a great, if not the first, degree of proficiency in this branch, and the surgeons of Florence are among the first in the world. For \$20 annually the free use of the dissecting room is allowed, and a certificate given of having been a regular student.

Two nice bed-rooms and a parlor can be hired in Pisa for \$10 a month, and an extra dollar will pay for care of rooms and cooking.

These figures show that a good medical education can be had here for a trifling sum. Another advantage for a poor student is the prevailing cheapness of style in dress.

It is generally supposed that all that is worth seeing in Pisa is concentrated in the few great objects of interest—the Cathedral, with its beautiful bronze doors, the Campanile, the Baptistery and the Campo Santo. A friend once remarked to us that these in themselves were enough to educate a young man, and when we consider how much of art, beauty and history are represented and preserved in those works, it is not such a meaningless exaggeration as it at first appears.

With the form of the Campanile or Leaning Tower, every one is familiar. The privilege of seeing it often is a great one, and when this "beauty and mystery" rises before you by moonlight, a more vivid consciousness of the past is evoked than by almost any other single object in Europe. The German or Italian who laid the foundations and completed the building about A. D. 1174, little thought that his apparently perfected work would be crowned two centuries after by an eighth circular story, but it was well done, and made the proportions of the whole more harmonious. Will this beautiful, distorted cylinder fall? This problem will doubtless not be solved in our age, unless a most improbably violent earthquake should lay it in ruins; but Time is taking advantage of the treacherous soil, and slowly sapping its foundations. A brush of his wing in some future century will be the "last feather" which will break in pieces this shrine at which the world has paid homage so long.

Pisa was remarkable in the Middle Ages for the great numbers of its towers. These, originally built by the nobles for purposes of defence, became afterward a fashionable mark of distinction, and a great deal of ingenuity was displayed in the varieties of their architecture. How numerous these towers must have been, is proved by a curious fact not generally known. When a Pisan mason makes a contract to pull down a house, he always puts in a clause that if he comes across the remains of a tower built in with the house, he shall have a certain much larger rate of compensation. To one who makes Pisa his home, there will be many attractions beside those superb monuments of art, to which travellers merely give a hurried attention on their way to Florence and the other larger Italian cities. There is the sunny, cheerful street of the Lung 'Arno, the ancient palaces, gardens, etc.

The climate is very mild and agreeable in the Winter, and in March the air begins to be so balmy that it is a pleasure to breathe. By the end of the college term, which lasts through June, the weather becomes sultry; for those who can consult their fancy there is a great choice of mountain and sea-shore residences, where the heat is not troublesome. Leghorn, which is very near,

has every facility for enjoying sea-bathing, but is crowded for a short time, and is rather expensive. Viareggio is more quiet and affords superb sea-bathing. It is a delightful place for July and August. The baths of Lucca, which are easy of access, are very charming. Milnes has described the effect of this beautiful mountain retreat so skilfully that it seems useless to write any words but his :

“What light, what sight, what form can be to us
 Beautiful as this gloom?
 We have come down alive and conscious
 Into a blessed tomb;
 We have left the world behind us,
 Her vexations cannot find us,
 We are too far away.
 There is something to gainsay
 In the life of every day;
 But in this delicious death
 We let go our mortal breath,
 Naught to feel, or hear, or see,
 But our heart's felicity;
 Naught with which to be at war,
 Naught to fret our shame and pride,
 Knowing only that we are,
 Caring not what is beside.”

Siena is not far off, and possesses a perfect Summer climate.

Innumerable valleys and towns nestle in the Apennines, and pedestrians will find endless variety in their excursions. They may count everywhere upon bread, wine, lodgings (such as they are), and cordial civility.

The convent at Vallombrosa should be visited by every traveller.

The last mentioned, though one of the greatest recommendations of studying at Pisa, is that a few hours will suffice to bring the student into the midst of all the art and civilization collected in Florence. In his own department, he will find the anatomical models prepared in wax at the Museum worth visiting; and the well-appointed hospitals, open at all hours of the day, will invite his attention and interest. It is very surprising that, with all these advantages, the University of Pisa should be frequented almost exclusively by continental Europeans. Even the English, who have such large colonies in the Tuscan cities, and whose object is generally economy rather than the gratification of taste, very rarely send their young men there. Perhaps the difficulty they find in learning Italian may be one reason. It is an indisputable fact that the Americans have much more facility in acquiring foreign languages than the English. Our travelling countrymen, who are not able, after some practice, to express their wants, are the exception; but with the English, it is precisely the reverse. I have known many of the latter, residents in Florence for five, eight, or ten years, or even more, not able to express themselves either grammatically or with an approach to the proper pronunciation. For this curious phenomenon there must be some reason. Perhaps they do not think the acquisition worth the trouble. An American is more impressible, more sympathetic, more talkative with the foreign servants (most important aids in learning familiar phrases), more ambitious of the accomplishment, more mortified at failure.

Perhaps the idea of studying in a new tongue may be discouraging to young men, but this is not so great an obstacle as they may anticipate. Let

them buy a grammar and dictionary, and devote their leisure hours on the voyage in laying a foundation. The mere landing at Leghorn, and journey to Pisa, will give them some vocabulary. They must remember that the Italians are very conversable, and have a great interest in and admiration for strangers. It is certainly very rare for an American to speak the language really well, but a few months industriously employed will enable him to express himself with tolerable ease, and to understand enough for convenience. Very soon he can take up the great poets, and will find himself able to comprehend more than he anticipated. Of course, a good knowledge of Latin will be a very great advantage to him. He never must expect to rival an Italian in flexibility of vocal organs, in harmony between words and gestures, in play and expressiveness of features, in the use of the fingers, which are a native's ten allies to point his wit, in the endless variety of shrugs to enforce the meaning. In fact, the Italian is armed *cap-à-pie* for society, and his body and mind appear to be one. B. G.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

WITH SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

WHAT can I give him, who so much hath given,
 That princely heart, so over-kind to me,
 Who, richly guerdoned both of earth and heaven,
 Holds for his friends his heritage in fee?
 No costly trinket of the golden ore,
 No precious jewel of the distant Ind;
 Ay me! these are not hoarded in my store,
 Who have no coffers save my grateful mind.
 What gift then—nothing? Stay, this book of song
 May show my poverty and his desert,
 Steeped as it is in love and love's sweet wrong,
 Red with the blood that ran through Shakespeare's heart!
 Read it once more, and, fancy soaring free,
 Think, if thou canst, that I am singing thee!

R. H. STODDARD.

VERBAL ANOMALIES.

FIGURES, it is said, never lie. If this were true of words, also, there would be no occasion for the present article. But by comparing the two sciences, Mathematics and Grammar, this marked contrast is observed between them: that while the one is exact to the minutest details, the other is full of inaccuracies, ambiguities and inconsistencies. While we may very well doubt the assertion often ascribed to Talleyrand, that "language was given us to conceal our thoughts," we must acknowledge that it is very well adapted for that purpose.

Clergymen in thousands of churches all over the land expound, week after week, the meanings of little texts of two or three dozen words; our legislatures sit to accumulate new words and cancel old ones, to enact acts entitled "acts to alter and amend acts entitled 'acts to alter and amend,'" and so forth, and so forth; lawyers and judges argue and decide the meaning of statutes on which depend life and liberty, the meaning of wills and contracts on which depends the disposal of hundreds of thousands of dollars, the meaning of alleged libels on which depend the reputations and perhaps the happiness of men and women; parties and candidates grow violent over the meaning of constitutions and platforms; diplomats representing great nations assemble to consider the meaning of treaties and international laws, on the interpretation of which depends war or peace; dignified men in all manner of assemblies, conventions, councils and boards, deliberate on the meanings of all conceivable documents and compositions; wrangling politicians in legislative halls as well as in pot-houses dispute angrily as to whether epithets were meant in the offensive or in the Pickwickian sense; tattlers and gossips set small communities in ferment by circulating misreported sayings. The wonder of it all is that, though this discussion has been going on since the earliest times to which the traditions of man extend, it has never evolved any unanimity of opinion, but, on the contrary, endless ill-feelings, dissensions, controversies, quarrels, enmities and wars.

The English language, perhaps because it is so rich in words for all ideas and shades of ideas, is also peculiarly abundant in ambiguities and inconsistencies. The number of common and accepted significations to one word is often marvellous. It is related that an ancient missionary to China named Bourgeois found much difficulty with the language. He was told that "chou" signified a book; and he therefore supposed that whenever the word was pronounced, a book was the subject. But the next time he heard it, it signified a tree. "Chou," therefore, was a book or a tree. But he had only touched the confines of the domain of the word. He found that "chou" was the Aurora, that "chou" was to relate, that "chou" expressed great heats, that "chou" meant the loss of a wager, that "chou" was to be accustomed; and, in short, that a small dictionary might be written for the word "chou"

alone. No doubt Mr. Bourgeois felt much commiseration for a people burdened with such a language. But though the English language has not an alphabet of fifty thousand characters, and so far from being confined to monosyllables, has an almost illimitable power of elongating its words, yet in the matter of variety of significations I cannot believe that the Chinese will bear a comparison with it.

In notice in the dictionary that one definition for the word "fast" is "firm, immovable," and another is "swift, moving rapidly." Beside these there are "tight, close, deep, sound," etc. Suppose, for the sake of example, that a fast young man was driving a water-cart, and that the water-cart was completely fast. This would merely signify that the young man was dissipated, and that the cask did not leak; in other words, that the cask was tight and that the young man was tight. If the young man were handcuffed, it would be quite proper to call him fast—or tight either; but that would not be the common phrase. A fast horse might be attached to the cart, and the word there would either mean that he was moving swiftly, or that he was immovable on account of being tied. Accepting the latter statement, he might be standing, fast by a little stream; the fast young man might be lying fast asleep, holding fast by the seat, and the occasion might be fast day. I make no puns, and strain after no unusual senses. Horne Tooke, who says that he suffered civil extinction, and that his life was put in jeopardy, in consequence of the misinterpretation by the higher powers of "two prepositions and a conjunction," has analyzed the word "right" very exhaustively, and speaks of its different meanings, as when we say, a man's right, a right conduct, a right reckoning, a right line, a right road, to do right, to be in the right, to have the right on one's side, the right hand. The English law of the road used to be to take the left hand, which led some rhymester to observe:

"The law of the road is a paradox quite:—

In driving your carriage along,

If you keep to the left you are sure to go right;

If you keep to the right, you go wrong."

But the Quaker Legislature of Pennsylvania made the language more consistent by enacting that the law of the road should be the same as the law of life—"keep to the right." It may be mentioned that, according to Mr. Tooke the word right is *rect-um* (*regitum*) the past participle of *regere*, and though used in so many apparently different senses, really means but one thing: "what is ordered or directed," so that a right conduct is that which is ordered; the right hand that which custom has ordered or directed to be used in preference to the other, etc.

I need not be meagre of illustrations; and I lay aside the incongruous mass of slang words and significations that are in use for every-day purposes. The language is full of paradoxes. "Show me a fire," said a traveller to the landlord, "for I am very wet. And," he added, "bring me a mug of ale, for I am very dry." "You walk very slow," said a man to a consumptive. "Yes," he replied, "but I am going very fast." Breaking both wings of an army is almost certain to make it fly; a general may win the day in a battle fought at night; a lawyer may convey a house and yet be unable to lift a hundred pounds; a room may be full of married men and not have a single man in it; a traveller who is detained an hour or two may recover most of the time by making a minute of it; a man killed in a duel has generally at least one second to live after he is dead; a fire goes out and does not leave

the room ; a lady may wear a suit out the first day she gets it and yet put it away at night in as good condition as ever ; a schoolmaster with no scholars may yet have a pupil in his eye ; the bluntest man in business is often the sharpest one ; Ananias, it is said, told a lie, and yet he was borne out by the bystanders ; caterpillars turn over a new leaf without much moral improvement ; oxen can only eat corn with the mouth, yet you may give it to them in the ear ; food bolted down is not the most likely to remain on the stomach ; soft water is often caught when it rains hard ; high words passing between men are frequently low words ; steamboat officers are very pleasant company, and yet we are always glad to have them give us a wide berth ; a nervous man is trembling, faint, weak ; a man of nerve, and a nervous style, are strong, firm, vigorous.

Sydney Smith says, a perfect pun should have two distinct meanings, one common and obvious, the other more remote. These examples are not puns according to that definition, for both meanings are quite common and usual.

Our phrases are not designed to be construed too literally. Punch tells of a man who was arrested for attempting to damage the River Thames. What was the man doing ? He was trying to pull up the stream. So Joseph's brethren have been excused for putting him into the pit because it is supposed they thought it was a good opening for the young man. A person who holds fast to the truth so literally that he never lets it escape him, is not to be commended any more than the man who takes the part of a friend when the action refers to a pudding and not to a quarrel. Daphne of old was turned into a tree ; now-a-days a horse is frequently turned into a field. There is a liability to misconception when we say, for instance, that a dumb girl has speaking eyes ; or that raw soldiers have not been exposed to fire ; or that a man went into a brown study ; or that a savage girl, discovered in the woods, who had always subsisted on nuts, etc., was found to have filbert nails, hazel eyes, and chestnut hair.

“ Brazen stop-cocks do not crow ;
 (Fact, perhaps, you did not know.)
 Railroad sleepers do not snore :
 (Ever heard of that before ?)
 Running water has no feet ;
 (Wisdom there that can't be beat !)
 Standing armies often move ;
 (Statement you must quite approve.)
 Jolly tars are n't always merry ;
 (Very wise reflection—very !)
 Commons' speakers seldom speak ;
 (Sage remark, but rather weak.) ”

Two or three words are strung together, and, instead of retaining their combined meaning, acquire a new signification. How differently is the action described in scouring a forest and scouring a floor ; in skimming the sea and skimming milk ; in breaking a dish, breaking a colt, and breaking a commandment ; in catching a train and catching a cold ; in falling in a ditch, falling in love, falling in your own estimation, and falling in with a friend, or falling out with a friend, and falling out of a carriage. This peculiarity of our words is what renders you so liable to read, in the funny column of your newspaper, of the person who, in an explosion of grief, burst into tears, and whose remains have not been found ; or who carried out a project and was obliged to bring it back again ; or who kept his word, and so had a quarrel with Noah

Webster, who wanted it for his dictionary ; or who courted an investigation and was wedded to his own opinions ; or who got off a speech and has since been trying to get on again, having found that his train of remarks was not the right one ; or who, at a mass meeting, being fired with indignation, was put out ; or who, being hemmed in by a crowd, has since been troubled by a stitch in his side ; or who was lost in slumber, and after wandering for a long time in his own mind, finally got out on a nightmare.

So you might read of a museum of wonders, illuminated by the light of other days ; furnished with music played on the feelings by the man who, having lowered his voice by means of ropes, murdered a tune, but subsequently tried his voice and acquitted himself with ease ; with walls hung with pictures of despair ; with a library filled partly with volumes of sound and partly with volumes of smoke ; and where might be seen the lady who sat on the lapse of ages ; the attorney's clerk who engrossed a man's attention ; the mathematician who is so devoted to figures that he frequently casts up his eyes ; the girl who was saved in a shipwreck by clinging to a forlorn hope ; the man who was wounded by sitting down on the spur of the moment ; the acrobat who jumps at conclusions ; the cup of sorrow which overflowed ; the chains which bound a free-born mind ; the ticking of an oyster bed ; the receipt given to the man who paid his respects ; the suspenders used for the breeches of guns and also for breaches of trust ; the quiver which was observed in the voice of a(n)arrow-minded man ; a lock of hair from the head of a discourse, and one from a head of cabbage ; a flat-iron to smooth ruffled tempers ; a phial of tears from a weeping willow ; a button from the coat of the stomach ; a sheaf from the shock of an earthquake, and many other articles equally rare and interesting.

The ambiguities of our language are palpable and ever recurring. What an infinite amount of repetition is found necessary in all legal documents to render their object certain, and often with the result of greater ambiguity. A simple proposition is expressed in algebra with three or four signs, so that the most stupid or the most subtle intellect finds it impossible to misconstrue it. But what a deluge of words is employed in a deed simply transferring a piece of property from one man to another ! The party of the first part, "for and in consideration of" a certain sum "to him in hand paid" by the party of the second part, "the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged," "and the said party of the second part, his heirs, executors and administrators forever released and discharged from the same by these presents, has granted, bargained, sold, aliened, remised, released, conveyed and confirmed, and by these presents does grant, bargain, sell, alien, remise, release, convey and confirm unto the said party of the second part" a certain "lot, piece, or parcel of land" "lying and being in" a certain place, with "all and singular the tenements, hereditaments, and appurtenances thereto belonging or in any wise appertaining," and also "all the estate, right, title, interest, property, possession, claim, and demand whatsoever as well in law as in equity of the said party of the first part of, in, and to the same, and every part and parcel thereof with the appurtenances." And then he "covenants, grants, agrees to and with the party of the second part" that he may, "peaceably and quietly, have, hold, use, occupy, possess, and enjoy" the premises, and he "shall and will make, do and execute, or cause to be made, done or executed" "all and every such further" acts, etc., as may be required for "more effectually vesting and confirming the premises hereby granted, or so intended to be."

It will be noticed that in the closing quotation we have given there is a hint that though, by all this accumulation of words, in which every idea is expressed in a dozen or more ways, the premises are "intended to be" granted, that, after all, perhaps he could not say it—perhaps they might be otherwise construed. And we have given only an extract here and there, as a complete deed would occupy several pages of this magazine.

But experience has proved all this to be necessary. What do we mean by the awkward every-day question, "How do you do?" What do we mean when we speak of "old times," knowing as we do that what we call the "old times" were really the new and young times, and that the present is the true old age of the world? Has any debating society ever decided whether a house burns up or down? What do we mean when we say, as we often do, that we will do a thing in no time? We have no occasion to laugh at the mistakes of foreigners when we are so continually misunderstanding each other? Said Richard Brinsley Sheridan to his wild son Tom: "Take a wife, Tom, and reform." "With all my heart," said Tom; "whose wife shall I take?" The joke reappeared in this city only the other day, in a new suit of clothes. An enterprising young man said he was going to start a newspaper. "Which of the papers are you going to start?" his friend asked. A wag, with a fine appreciation of the ambiguities of words, once asked a man: "How many knaves do you suppose live in this street besides yourself?" "Besides myself! Do you mean to insult me?" "Well, then," replied the wag, "how many do you reckon, including yourself?" As an instance of the way in which a man may be misled by the forms of language—how he may desire to say one thing, and really say the opposite—the story may be mentioned of the gentleman who, speaking, in the company of ladies, of the want of personal attractions of some other ladies of their acquaintance, said: "They are the ugliest women I know—present company always excepted." A furrier, having facilities for renovating old furs, advertised, in a perfectly grammatical manner: "Capes, victorines, etc., made up for ladies out of their own skins." I may also mention the editor who, desiring to compliment a friend, wrote: "He is a clear thinker, a ready and vigorous writer, and a first rate fellow to boot;" the convention of Bloomer damsels, who "resolved" emphatically "to wear short dresses or nothing;" the circular of a lady teacher, which spoke of her character and the "reputation for teaching she bears;" and the advertisement of a concert director, who announced that "a variety of songs might be expected, too tedious to mention."

Can we wonder that foreigners occasionally blunder? Was it surprising that a Frenchman should say that he loved "de cats, de dogs, de sheep, de horses, in fact everything dat is beastly?" or that a lady, who supposed she had thoroughly mastered the English language, should reply to a question as to the number of her children, "I have done seven"? Was this not a very expressive receipt in full which a German produced after much mental effort: "I ish full. I wants no more monish. John Swackhammer"? A Frenchman condemned the English language as having so little connection with the real nature of things: "*Pain, c'est tout simple; cela veut dire pain—mais ce 'bread' qu'est ce que veut dire 'bread'?*" John Bull is, however, equally dissatisfied, for a stout old Englishman once said contemptuously: "What can you expect of people that call a hat a shappo?" Another Englishman was disgusted with the German language because it called a man a "*herr*."

Very queer blunders the translators sometimes make. "The Independent

Whig" was rendered "*La Perruque Indépendante*;" "Love's Last Shift" (Cibber's play), "*La Dernière Chemise de l'Amour*." Prince Gonzaga di Castiglione, desiring to compliment Dr. Johnson on his connection with "The Rambler," drank his health one day by addressing him as "Mr. Vagabond." The title was translated "*Le Chevalier Errant*," but had been corrected to "*L'Errant*." "The Fancy" are rendered "*Messieurs de l'Imagination*." In the Dutch translation of Addison's "Cato," the words, "Plato, thou reasonest well," are rendered "Just so—you are very right, Mynheer Plato;" and in a French translation of Shakespeare, the passage, "Frailty, thy name is woman!" is translated, "Mademoiselle Frailty is the name of the lady." A stage-struck Frenchman once gave a very free, extemporaneous rendering of the soliloquy of the Duke of Gloster, commencing

"Now is the Winter of our discontent."

This is how he did it :

"Now is ze vintare of our dem oneasiness
Made into hot veddare by ze son of York,
(Zat is vat you call ze littale boy of Mister York,)
And ze dark clouds at ze top
Ded and buried at ze bottom.
I hev ze bomp on my back ;
Bandy legs ; and for zat
Ze dogs bow-vow-vow at me
Ven I walk by him."

We are quite as ridiculous, of course, in our attempts to master other tongues. The professors of languages in our colleges have many a curious anecdote to relate of the awkward attempts of pupils to construe difficult passages. Indeed, the words in Horace,

"Equam memento arduis in rebus servare,"

were rendered by a student :

"Remember to keep a pony for a difficult passage."

Dr. Gulick, of the Micronesian Mission, when translating selections from the gospel, made careful inquiry among the natives, and selected what he supposed to be an appropriate word for "Amen." He was surprised to find, some time later, that the word had the equivocal sense of "dry up."

Eliot, the apostle of the Indians, in making his famous translation of the Bible into the Indian language, found, in like manner, that he had set his Indians to read what meant to them the following: "The mother of Sisera looked out at a window, and cried through the *eel-pot*."

"Miss Blank, it is known, is accustomed to say
Many very queer things in a very queer way ;
But, of all her mistakes, the absurdest and oddest
Occurred when she called French *modiste* modest."

Were it not for the euphony of sentences, the same word would often occur twice with none intervening, showing its different senses; and it is hard to prevent such recurrence of "but," "that," "it," "is," etc. "That that is, is," says Master Porson, "so I, being Master Porson, am Master Porson; for what is that but that, and is but is?" Says Donne: "But, but that another divine inspiration moved the beholders to believe that she did therein a noble act, this act of hers might have been calumniated." To illustrate this still more forcibly, it has been shown that an intelligible sentence may be constructed from the word "that" seven times repeated :

"I'll prove the word that I've made my theme
 Is that that may be doubled without blame;
 And that that that thus trebled I may use,
 And that that that that critics may abuse
 May be correct. Farther—the dons to bother—
 Five *thats* may closely follow one another;
 For be it known that we may safely write,
 Or say, that that that that that man writ was right;
 Nay, e'en that that that that that that followed
 Through six repeats the grammar's rule has hallow'd;
 And that that that (that that that that began)
 Repeated seven times is right!—Deny't who can."

Of the richness of our language in words of nearly the same meaning, or of different shades of the same general idea, the dictionaries of synonyms will afford abundant illustration. A foreigner is quite as much surprised at the number of words to express one meaning as at the different meanings expressed by one word. There is a language of childhood, of common life, of science, of poetry, and they have their different classes of words and their different methods of syntax. It occurs to me, as something not to be found in the dictionaries of synonyms, that the language of every-day life is very copious on the subject of drunkenness. Instead of distinctly asserting that a man is drunk, or the worse for liquor, or under the influence of spirits, or inebriated, or intoxicated, it is the custom to say that he is "tight," or "boozy," or "slewed," or "tipsy," or "corned," or "obfuscated," or "jolly," or "muddled," or "fuddled," or "discomfuddled," or "swipsey," or "set up," or a little "upset," or a little "so-so," or "pretty well how-come-you-so," or "high," or "elevated," or "pot-valiant," or "half seas over," or "slightly mixed," or a little "top-heavy," or that he has a "brick in his hat," or a "drop in his eye," or "two sheets in the wind, and the other shivering," or "three sheets in the wind," or he has his "perceptive faculties somewhat disturbed," or he has had a "drop too much," or is on a "lark," or on a "spree," or on a "bum," or on a "bat," or "over the bay," or "tightly slight."

The verbal methods of asking a person to take liquor are quite as numerous, and have arrived at such perfection that it is said that, in good society, a young lady is requested to take wine after the following formula: "Smile again, my bonnie lassie." These examples illustrate, too, how much more copious than ordinary language is the language of slang on certain subjects. An example of the way in which every phase of a general idea has its appropriate word has been often printed, but may be sufficiently pertinent to reproduce here. A foreigner, looking at a picture of a number of vessels, said: "See, what a flock of ships." He was told that a flock of ships was called a fleet, but that a fleet of sheep was called a flock. And it was added, for his guidance in mastering the intricacies of our language, that "a flock of girls is called a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a pack, and a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, and a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshippers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a

band, and a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd, and a crowd of gentle-folks is called the *élite*, and the *élite* of the city's thieves and rascals are called the roughs, and the miscellaneous crowd of city folks is called the community or the public, according as they are spoken of by the religious community or secular public."

It was a theory of Condillac, as stated by Dugald Stewart, that it might "be possible, by means of precise and definite terms, to reduce reasoning in all the sciences to a sort of mechanical operation, analogous in its nature to those which are practised by the algebraist on the letters of the alphabet. 'The art of reasoning,' he repeats over and over, 'is nothing but a language well arranged.'". Though the theory is not tenable on any ground, yet the first objection would be that there does not at present appear to be any likelihood that we shall ever be possessed of definite terms. Adjectives are coming to be a very important part of speech. They are the language of description, passion and enthusiasm. Fine writing is now called, in the newspaper offices, "slinging your adjectives." But notice how indefinite they are in use. I can scarcely conceive of a noun to which the word "glorious," as it is used, will not relate—the glorious sun, a glorious nation, a glorious idea, a glorious principle, a glorious patriot, a glorious book, a glorious river, a glorious ride, a glorious girl, a glorious fellow, a glorious dish of soup, a glorious dinner, a glorious spree. There are a great many adjectives of this kind that become to young ladies mere interjections of admiration, applicable to anything that pleases. Is there anything that a "gushing" young lady will not call sweet—such a sweet man, such a sweet place, such a sweet little horse, such a sweet little poodle, such a sweet old lady, such a sweet landscape, such a sweet novel, such a sweet poem, such a sweet pair of ear-rings. I heard of a young lady whose first impressions of Niagara Falls were that they were so sweet. It is common enough to hear such phrases as "enormously funny," "awful witty," "exquisite day," "ridiculous (meaning outrageous) proceeding," "delicious view," "magnificent pickles," "monstrous polite," "splendid vinegar," "beautiful lemonade," "lovely pork," "perfectly enchanting ice cream." The three degrees of comparison are useless, because everything is superlative.

John Phoenix has spoken in his humorous way upon this subject. He says, "If I meet Smith in the street, and ask him, as I am pretty sure to do, 'How he does?' he infallibly replies, 'Tolerable, thank you,' which gives me no exact idea of Smith's health, for he has made the same reply to me on a hundred different occasions—on every one of which there *must* have been some slight shade of difference in his physical economy, and, of course, a corresponding change in his feelings. To a man of a mathematical turn of mind, to a student and lover of the exact sciences, these inaccuracies of expression, this inability to understand exactly how things are, must be a constant source of annoyance; and to one who, like myself, unites this turn of mind to an ardent love of truth for its own sake—the reflection that the English language does not enable us to speak the truth with exactness, is peculiarly painful."

He suggests a reform which, had it been proposed in Condillac's time, might have inspired him with a hope that the era of exact reasoning was to dawn in the not distant future—a reform founded on the phrenological method of using a scale of figures to indicate the relative size of the bumps of character. "Let us," he says, "represent by the number 100 the maximum, the *ne plus*

ultra of every human quality—grace, beauty, courage, strength, wisdom, learning—everything. Let *perfection*, I say, be represented by 100, and an absolute minimum of all qualities by the number 1. Then by applying the numbers between to the adjectives used in conversation, we shall be able to arrive at a very close approximation to the idea we wish to convey; in other words, we shall be enabled to speak the truth." Glorious, soul-inspiring idea! For instance, the most ordinary question asked of you is, "How do you do?" To this, instead of replying "Pretty well," "Very well," "Quite well," or the like absurdities—after running through your mind that perfection of health is 100, no health at all 1—you say with a graceful bow, "Thank you, I'm 52 to-day," or, feeling poorly, "I'm 13, I'm obliged to you," or, "I'm 68," or, "75," or, "87½" as the case may be! Let this system be adopted into our elements of grammar, our conversation, our literature, and we become at once an exact, precise, mathematical, truth-telling people. It will apply to everything but politics; there, truth being of no account, the system is useless. But in literature how admirable! Take an example: "As a 19 young and 76 beautiful lady was 52 gayly tripping down the sidewalk of our 84 frequented street, she accidentally came in contact—100 (this shows that she came in close contact) with a 73 fat, but 87 good-humored-looking gentleman who was 93 (i. e., intently) gazing into the window of a toyshop. Gracefully 56 extricating herself, she received the excuses of the 96 embarrassed Falstaff with a 68 bland smile, and continued on her way, etc."

It is noticeable in our language how a word, by changing its grammatical character, will also change its sense. This is seen in a stanza, in which a farmer wonders—

"Putting all reports together
Relating to barley, wheat, and hops,
Whether the crops will weather the weather,
Or the weather will crop the crops."

So also with the singular and plural of a word, for a man may have much manner and yet have no manners. Changes in grammatical character take place while the sense remains similar. Nouns often do duty as verbs. "What part of speech is man?" said a teacher to a sailor boy. "A verb, sir," he replied. "A verb, is it?" said the teacher, with a significant twinkle of the eye; "will you please give an example?" "Man the yards," replied the boy. Mr. Tapley's proof of the same proposition, so far as related to himself, is less direct but not less amusing. "If ever there was a *Verb*," he remarks, "I'm it, for I'm always a *bein'*, *continooally* a *doin'*, and most o' the time a *sufferin'*." So you *salt* your meat, and *smoke* your beef, and *bridge* a chasm. Verbs become nouns; as, a long *pull*, a fine *swim*, a hard *freeze*. Adjectives become nouns, as when a lady calls a man a little *dear*, a great big *silly*, or an old disagreeable. Sometimes, indeed, in the mouths of the fair sex a noun is a better descriptive than an adjective, as a duck of a man, a love of a bonnet.

Many years ago the Comic Grammar suggested another anomaly:

"But remember though box
In the plural is boxes,
The plural of ox
Should be oxen, not oxes."

An exchange added :

“ And remember though fleeces
 In the plural is fleeces,
 That the plural of geese
 Is'nt geoses nor geeses.
 And remember though house
 In the plural is houses,
 That the plural of mouse
 Should be mice and not mouses.”

The latter being suggested by the “ Philadelphia Gazette,” the “ New York Gazette ” continued :

“ All of which goes to prove
 That grammar a farce is,
 For where is the plural
 Of rum or molasses ? ”

To the last question the “ Brooklyn Daily Advertiser ” replied by a quibble, which, being impertinent, I would not insert here, except that the reader having now heard it mentioned might desire to see it :

“ The plural, ‘ Gazette,’
 Of rum don’t us trouble,
 Take one glass too much,
 And you’re sure to see double.”

It may further be noticed that though “ caterers ” is right, “ hatterers ” is wrong ; that though a man from Lapland is a Laplander, yet a man from Michigan is not a Michigander, nor a lady from that State a Michigoose ; though a nailer is one who makes nails, a tailor is not one who makes tails—unless they be coat-tails ; and though a wavelet is a little wave, and a flowret a little flower, yet a bullet is not a little bull, nor a hamlet a little ham. But these matters have been abundantly discussed by the grammarians.

Lapses in grammar, apparently insignificant, sometimes involve very important misapprehensions. A physician once boasted to Sir Henry Hallford, “ I was the first to discover the Asiatic cholera, and communicate it to the public.” The man here was not careful as to the antecedent of his pronoun.

Occasionally you read such advertisements as these :

“ **LOST**—a leathern lady’s portmanteau.”

“ **FOR SALE**—a piano by a lady about to visit Europe with carved legs in an oak case.”

“ **WANTED**—a horse for a lady of a dark color, a good trotter and of stylish action. Must be young and have a long tail about fifteen hands high.”

The dictionaries afford us no relief. The Frenchman who, desiring sliced tongue at table, said : “ Pass me some of that language,” and the other who, wishing to express the meaning of “ heaven preserve you,” wrote to a friend, “ May heaven pickle you to all eternity,” both followed the dictionary, as also did the Dutchman who, reading that a meeting dissolved, supposed that all the people melted together on account of the intense heat. Besides, a very common system of definition is that used by Walker, who gives “ notwithstanding ” as meaning “ nevertheless,” and “ nevertheless ” as meaning “ notwithstanding.” Johnson, as quoted by Tooke, defines “ right ” as meaning “ not left ” and “ not wrong ; ” defines “ left ” as “ sinistrous, not right,” and defines “ wrong ” as “ not right.” If you will look into your dictionary you will find this method very common. But that was better perhaps than Johnson’s definition of “ net work,” which he described as “ anything reticulated

or decussated with interstices at equal distances between the intersections." It is mentioned that some dictionary defines a "boil" as "a circumscribed subcutaneous inflammation, suppurating, with a central core; a furunculus."

It must not be supposed that I am at all grieved at these eccentricities of our language. From these come its quaint methods; its queer devices; its pleasant fancies; its freshness and beauty that "age cannot wither;" its "infinite variety" that "custom cannot stale." It is an instrument of wonderful capacity; its strings are resonant with the histories and poetries of many centuries; and though to the inexperienced touch it gives forth only harsh sounds, yet, when struck by master hands, its melodies are weird and marvellous, and even its "discords" "harmonious."

GEORGE WAKEMAN.

ARRIÈRE PENSÉE.

HE wraps me round with his riches,
 He covers me up with his care,
 And his love is the love of a manhood
 Whose life is a living prayer.
 I have plighted my woman's affections,
 I have given my all in all,
 And the flowers of a daily contentment
 Renew their sweet lives ere they fall.
 And yet, like an instrument precious,
 That playeth an olden tune,
 My heart, in the midst of its blessings,
 Goes back to a day in June—
 To a day when beneath the branches
 I stood by a silent stream,
 And saw in its bosom an image
 As one seeth a face in a dream.

I would not resign his devotion,
 No, not for a heart that lives,
 Nor change one jot my condition
 For the change that condition gives;
 I should mourn not more for another,
 Nor more for another rejoice,
 Than now, when I weep at his absence,
 Or welcome his step and his voice.
 And yet, like an instrument precious,
 That playeth an olden tune,
 My heart, in the midst of its blessings,
 Goes back to a day in June—
 To a day when beneath the branches
 I stood in the shadowy light,
 And heard the low words of a whisper
 As one heareth a voice in the night.

OUR PATIENT.

I COULD not, though I did my best at trying, feel at home when we first went to Tumbledown, the old house in the country, which looked as if it had suffered severely from small-pox, and would always continue to bear the marks.

Doctor Jason was getting gray, and he was fifty-nine years of age, but there wasn't the first trace of give out or give up in him; and to see him settling down in that old "rattle trap," as he called it, made me think unhappy and indignant thoughts, for I could not see a providence in the perfidy which had stranded him there high and dry.

He went abroad in 1850 to visit among the continental hospitals, and refresh himself after years of some of the hardest work that had ever been done in the country, and he left a friend of his to perform the duties of the place. When he came back, he discovered that the place was his friend's, and not his own any longer. His friend was a young man—had been a *protégé* of Doctor Jason's. He had ideas, and he had ambition, too—and, I think, of the meanest kind, for it was to continue to fill a place that didn't belong to him after the rightful holder had signified his presence.

Opinion had gone round to the North, and blew cold, like the wind, on Doctor Jason; and after his return, when he had been three months, and no longer, in the hospital, he resigned, and Doctor Young was appointed to fill the vacancy. He has filled it ever since, and is acknowledged to be a very able man. He had great natural abilities, of course—the doctor would never have advanced him in the way he did, if he had not discovered these in him—but as for his moral integrity and character, I think, after having made the statement I have made above, the less said in reference to it, the better.

When he had decided that he would give up the hospital, Doctor Jason's thoughts turned at once to Tumbledown. He conferred with me about it; I couldn't propose anything better. I was his eldest brother's widow, and had been in the hospital since my husband's death; so we came up to the old place.

It took both of us a good while to get used to the quiet of the country, and the lazy life we seemed destined to live there.

I worried a great deal—more on his account than on my own. The only business I seemed to have on earth was to look after his interests. It seemed such a dead loss to the world to have a man like him extinguished. When I saw him walking about under the willow trees, or sitting quietly in his library, and remembered the busy life he led in Caswell, I had hard work to control my impatience, and I looked forward with a thousand forebodings.

For I could not believe that his cheerfulness was genuine. I couldn't believe that a man could go out of a world of work—driven out of it, as you might say, for that was the amount of it—and sit down in a field, with the

great sky above him, and listen to the birds singing, and watch the clouds and the sunset and the little wrens, and be taken up with such things, until I had seen it well proved before my eyes. I began to have suspicions sometimes that if all I saw in him was real, goodness was greater than greatness by so many times that no parallel could be drawn between them. But if I thought that he was through with his work forever, I was mistaken. I was always on the lookout, in spite of what he said and what I saw, for some sign of disquiet, but it never came in any such shape as fairly met my expectation.

One evening he came across the yard—he had been walking down the bank—to the steps where I was sitting.

"Jane," said he, "this is better than either of us ever hoped. You thought this quiet would be the worst thing in the world for us, perhaps—for me, any way; but you see it is not. With Mrs. Wren and Bob White for neighbors, so sociable and familiar, we shall fare well enough for a while."

"I don't know," said I; "you may trust me for not knowing anything."

"Never mind; I won't inform the neighbors." And then right on top of the content he had expressed, he added: "I have been thinking a good deal about Harris to-day. There isn't a day passes but I think of somebody who would be blessed if he could get into a place like Tumbledown."

I was so taken up with a foreboding kind of wonder as to who this particular Harris might be, that I said nothing.

"What do *you* think?" he asked.

"What Harris do you mean?" said I.

"Why, Bartholomew, the doctor."

"Dr. Harris!" I couldn't have been much more surprised; for, in the first place, if there was a man on earth whom I should have supposed he would hate—after a true carnal fashion, I mean—to have near him, especially under the same roof, it was Dr. Harris. And then I didn't suppose that any amount of persuasion would persuade Dr. Harris that Tumbledown was the place for *him*. And what had put him into Doctor Jason's thoughts? That puzzled me.

"He isn't a happy man," said he, after a long pause. It was clear that he wished to continue the talk.

I thought if he was going to turn Tumbledown into a hotel for all the uncomfortable folk we knew of, that we should have a house-full soon enough, and never empty.

"If he isn't happy, what do you think about his wife?" said I.

He looked at me for a moment in a way that made me think he was going to say, "That is exactly it;" but he did not say it.

"We could have both of them, of course," said he, and then he got up and walked off to the other end of the yard.

It was time I should speak. At some points men seem to be absolute know-nothings. Here was one of them.

"Doctor," said I, "if they find their own big house too small for them, I don't know what they would make of this place. Think of our spare chamber! I haven't anything against it; I consider it very nice and comfortable. But please to remember that at home the doctor and his wife live like kings and queens so far as pomp and circumstance go. He has his valet, and she has her maids. I'm told that Hampton Court is a barn to their house in Grantly Court. I can't tell you anything about that, though; you have vis-

ited there times enough. But I *can* tell you I am too proud to be investigated by the surprise of such people; and I don't want to be patronized, either, by their admiration, and endeavors at making the best of us. She wouldn't come, though; that's a consolation."

"You haven't pride enough, Jane, and that's what's the matter. You are setting up a lot of weavers' and carpenters' stuff as your rivals."

"I am looking at our things with their eyes," said I, in desperation, for I knew by experience that when Doctor Jason touched on a tune in that way, he'd play it to the end, and I should be obliged to listen. If I was going to get any comfort out of disagreeing with him, I must find it in telling him that I did."

"That is just it," said he; "people often fail to find out what they have, or what they have not, until they are plunged into circumstances which differ, outside and inside, from any they were ever in before. They must stand on a new plane before they can see themselves in a new light. I don't believe but that you and I have been surprised by discovering a good many things in ourselves since we came here."

It was true, but I did not surrender by saying so. I let him go on, for it was evident that something decisive would follow these remarks.

It was perhaps a week after that the doctor received a letter, and told me that Mrs. Harris was coming to stay a few days with us.

Doctor Harris had written to say that his wife and daughter would be happy to visit his old friends at Tumbledown, if agreeable to them. He was disappointed about getting off as early in the season to the mountains with them as he had anticipated, and it was so uncomfortable in town, if our house was not full, etc.

"It is curious," said the doctor, his face glowing with satisfaction; "a most curious coincidence!"

"A coincidence!" I was surprised indeed to hear him say that, for it was my belief that he had written an invitation to these guests, and that this letter was the acceptance.

"Of course I had not written," said he; "but I have been thinking of doing it ever since I spoke to you."

"I am glad they invited themselves, and that he is not coming," said I. I could bear to have Mrs. Harris for a guest rather than her husband with his Jew face, and Doctor Jason vexing his righteous soul trying to prescribe for their case—a case which all the world knew to be a hopeless one.

She was a beauty, and rich. Doctor Harris had brains, and was poor. He married her, not for beauty or wit, but for riches, it was said, and when a man does a thing like that, it depends, I think, on what there is in him besides a love of money, how it will turn out.

Things were going on terribly with these two according to common report. The doctor was getting possession of her money as fast as possible, and speculating with it, and she had about spent the confidence she had in him, principal and interest. Soon she would come to the end of it—in fact, it was said that she *had* come to an end already.

Bartholomew Harris was a vain man. One will not see perhaps a vainer three times in a life. He was vain of his professional skill, and of his literary taste and culture. He had edited some of the poets, and was considered a good authority in criticism. I have heard Doctor Jason say that he would defer to his judgment in a matter of literary taste sooner than to that of any

other man in the country. He was a patron of the arts besides, and had his admirers and followers, of course. Perhaps his matrimonial affairs seemed, on that account, so important to some folk. Doctor Jason had at different times interested himself very much in Harris, but what kind of miracle he hoped to work for him I couldn't understand.

His wife cared no more for poets and authors than she did for the flowers in her garden—not half so much, it was said by those who had best means of knowing.

But she tried, it was also said, to get up a little interest in matters of literature on his account. How do you think he met that wish to please him? By making a jest of her attainments before people in a manner that was, to say the least, very embarrassing for others to hear. In that way he managed to insult every lady who visited his wife—parading his own learning, and exposing her ignorance. Nobody must suppose that *he* was not aware that the heiress of Judge Mason was a simpleton. You think he was a fool. Of course he was. A man is a fool who seeks to exalt himself in any direction at his wife's expense.

Hateful rumors concerning them had gone about Caswell before we left the town. It was said not only that Mrs. Harris was a wretched woman, but that she was in the habit of endeavoring to deaden her sense of wretchedness by resorting to factitious sources for relief.

Doctor Jason was not ignorant of this rumor; whether he gave it credit or not I could not say, for he never alluded to any kind of distress except in a sympathizing way, and whenever he did that I knew that he was devising some sort of remedy that would make itself known in time. But I had noticed before we left Caswell that he was much oftener at the house in Grantly Court than before he went abroad, and I own that I set this fact down to a weakness. The house was so rich in pictures, and books, and fine furniture, that I fancied—heaven knows why these fancies of impossible things should come into our heads, inciting us to every kind of unjust and ungenerous judgment—that he had a growing liking for the luxury and display he found there, so little good had his foreign travel done him, corrupting his native, noble simplicity.

But we were going to have this lady at Tumbledown! I was thankful, when I thought the business over, that the letter from Doctor Harris had surprised Doctor Jason. He was relieved of blame, and to blame him was hateful. If our guest remained only a week, I was at least able to say to myself, we should get on well enough, at least not disgracefully. A few days, the doctor said; but a man's few days are not unlikely to prove a woman's eternity.

She came. I had seen her face here and there a good many times in church, for she attended quite regularly. I had exchanged civil words with her occasionally, but now we met face to face in a way unknown before. I had to show her up my staircase into our spare chamber. She was going to make free, as the most welcome guest would, with my domestic arrangements. That was something new; so new that it made me nervous, when I saw her standing in the midst of the plainly furnished little room. She looked so handsome and must feel, I thought, so out of place.

Out of place! Not she. Never was creature more *in* place. To see her walking about under the trees in the morning; hear her talking with her little girl; see them watch the birds—the wrens, orioles, and warblers—was something that pleased me almost as much as it did the doctor.

I said she was a handsome woman. She was not tall, but she had the appearance of height, such was the dignity with which she carried herself. I have never seen more grace of manner or of person than I saw in her. Her face was perfectly fair, but there was a line or two in it, and an expression, not constant, but flitting and perpetually flitting, of unrest and anxiety in her brown eyes, which made one desire to look into her history and have the discrepancies explained. Everybody in Caswell would, as I have hinted, have felt qualified to explain them, but the nearer view I now obtained made me doubt whether they would have explained them rightly.

Her hair was a golden brown, and she usually wore it brushed back smoothly from her forehead, without braid or curl. The face was a puzzle—it might be that of a very intellectual woman; it might be that of a gay, thoughtless lady of society. Intellect was certainly not that thing for which she was noted in Caswell—fashion was.

She came to us without her maid. Charlotte and Anne were to come with the great trunks, when the doctor was ready for his journey. She came attended only by her daughter Florence, a slender, fair-faced, thoughtful looking girl, and by the doctor's valet, who returned by the next stage.

The week they had expected to stay with us expired, and at the beginning of the second came a letter. Doctor Harris was suddenly called away to attend to his interests in the mines, and the business could not be postponed longer than it would take him to perform the journey thither.

He was greatly disappointed—so he wrote. What would his wife do? He hardly could advise her. If any of their friends were going to the mountains, would she like to join them? Of course it was out of the question that she should go with him. The circumstances and fatigues of the journey forbade; he would have five days and nights of uninterrupted staging. The letter contained many words, but few suggestions. The amount of it was, Doctor Harris was going off on a trip he had long contemplated, and his wife might amuse herself meantime as she chose—the responsibility of her choice remaining with his old friend, Doctor Jason.

Doctor Jason understood the business thoroughly, and was equal to the occasion.

"The little girl is gaining so fast here," said he, when he read the letter which she gave him as soon as she herself had read it, "if you could find it to your mind to stay with us for a while it might be to her profit. But I fear you will find it too dull."

"I have had such a happy week!" she answered. "Florence has gained very fast, even in this short time. What an appetite she has! I have not allowed myself to think of the mountains much, it seemed so unlikely that we would get there. But I cannot think of imposing on your kindness."

"Who talks of imposing?" said I. "If you can be comfortable here, we are happy, and will try to make you not less so than you are now."

I said this on my own account. It had only taken me a week to discover that she was as easy to entertain as the old apple tree had found the wren that built in a knot of one of her old branches, putting up with what she found there, and singing over it as if she were the richest wren, and had secured the finest establishment, in the neighborhood.

Mrs. Harris and the doctor both looked pleased. Thus, without much ado, we were all settled in our own minds. Our guest was going to remain, it now seemed, until she chose to go.

"But what would she do with herself?" That was the question the doctor asked, and I asked, and I asked much more seriously than he did. For we both believed—we had seen it proved so often that we could not help believing—that

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

It had been proved over and over again to *our* satisfaction, that hard work was the best work that could befall mankind—and womankind as well.

I understood, therefore, what the doctor meant, when he began to talk to her about this book and that book, inciting her to read one and another, and getting her to talk about them when she had read them, and so exciting her interest in kindred works, until she was busy enough among the volumes.

At first she found a great charm of novelty in all this—she showed the timidity of a child in advancing into the field where the doctor stood—then her curiosity was excited, and, under these varying symptoms was the strong, unvarying, proud satisfaction, that such a man as Dr. Jason should have supposed that she *could* take interest in these themes and studies which occupied his life.

She seemed gradually settling down into the quiet student; but just here, where one would have supposed the doctor must feel most easy and assured about her, he became, as I could not help observing, most watchful and anxious.

One afternoon tea was on the table, and the bell had been rung twice, but Mrs. Harris did not come down.

"I hope she isn't studying herself blind over your great books," I said to the doctor.

"Hadn't you better go up and see, Jane?" he asked, with more gravity than there was occasion for, I thought. I went up and knocked at her door. There was no answer. After I had called two or three times I took hold of the latch, but found that the door was locked. Then I called, but had no answer.

Just after I had called I heard the doctor's voice in the lower hall.

"Jane," said he. There was something so peculiar in the sound of it that instead of answering I went below.

"Florence says that her mother has a headache, and told her when she came down that she wouldn't take any tea."

The child had come in from her play since I went up stairs.

"It was two hours ago when Florence came down," said I. "You should have told me, Florence."

"No matter, no matter, Jane. Florence didn't like to disturb us."

He walked back to the dining-room and took his seat at the table—we followed. That was his quiet, irresistible way of managing people, and disposing of things. But he looked very serious, though he tried hard to appear amused at the little girl's talk. After tea he went into the library, and I saw no more of him till quite on in the evening, when he came, and said:

"I think you had better see if Mrs. Harris is awake, Jane. She may want something before you go to bed. Won't Florence sleep somewhere else—with you, perhaps?"

"Florence has been in bed an hour, Dr. Jason," said I. I suppose he heard something strange in my voice this time, and he wasn't afraid of pushing on to the meaning.

"With her mother?" asked he, quickly.

"Yes, but it wasn't right," said I.

"What wasn't right?" He sat down opposite me, and I can see yet how he looked when he asked, so determined, so afraid.

"To put her into the same bed."

"Why?"

"I had a pint bottle full of cologne on her dressing table, and there's hardly a drop of it left, that's all."

"Well," said he, "what do you mean?"

I looked at him—I couldn't believe that he really did not understand—he was examining an impaled insect through a magnifying glass. I was obliged to answer without having come to a conclusion about him.

"She has been drinking it, or something worse. She don't know what she's about. You might go into her room and carry off everything you found, Florence beside, she would never know it."

"Oh, Jane, that is cruel."

"Cruel as truth," said I.

"But the truth is cruel."

"Yes, it is. Dr. Jason what are you going to do?"

"Cure her."

"Do you think you can do it when she hasn't any more pride than that?"

"Pride has nothing to do with it."

"I wish it had, then."

We were carrying on a by no means rapid conversation. Our comments fell one after the other at intervals, when, after having plunged into a gulf of reflection, we tried to recover ourselves.

"She has been driven to it," said he, at last. "She has lost incentive to everything that ought now to allure her. There's a great black forest she cannot find her way through. She is lost in it. She must have a guide. She is true, Jane, isn't she?"

"I suppose as true as any one can be of her kind," said I, like a Pharisee.

"I think she is true. I think she loves little Florence as a fond mother should."

"I don't know," said I, again. "If she does, what can she mean? Doesn't she know what comes of such habits generally?"

"That is perhaps what she has never thought of. Harris considers himself shamelessly wronged, I suppose. Even you take part against her; but, Jane, I can tell you what is the matter—she is at heart disappointed, and mortified nearly to death. She began by worshipping Harris—he *has* talent—she has seen that he despised her, she thinks, on account of her inferiority. It is not for that reason that he has come near to killing her. He married her for her money, and despises himself for that. He was bound to marry somebody else as poor as he was, and by no means intellectually the equal of the woman he made his wife. He has avenged his own outraged sense of moral right, not on himself, but on the innocent victim of it. That comprehends the whole matter. He has come as near to murdering this woman as any highway robber ever did who left his victim for dead on the roadside. I wish he sat there where you are sitting for only one half hour, he should hear what he has never heard. But there's a more excellent way. Yes, Paul, you understood it—there's a more excellent way."

His head bent, and he began to walk up and down the room.

I left him walking at midnight.

It was a new thing in our family to look forward with dread to meeting any member of it. I was not alone in this feeling I knew, but when I heard Dr. Jason talking with Mrs. Harris in the entry, I could not detect in either of their voices anything like admission of it. When my eyes met hers I saw a strange light in them, like a questioning, as if she would like to know my thoughts or suspicions, but there was nothing like embarrassment, I thought—I did not understand her, though, so well as afterward.

She spoke at once of her headache, apologizing for any anxiety it may have given us—it was a nervous attack, she said—she was subject to such attacks, but much less frequently than formerly. They made her so desperate that she usually took whatever remedy she could find at hand, and she had used the cologne water in her room as freely as if it had been her own. I hoped it had been with some good result, but she said rarely anything but sleep helped her.

So that passed.

Dr. Jason was not a man to trifle with time when an idea had once taken possession of him. He treated the idea as if it were an inspiration.

I heard him talking with Mrs. Harris about the last book he had given her to read, after breakfast.

It was a treatise on education, I gathered from the way he dwelt upon it, and was a good preface to his own theory of education which he next touched upon—and from this he turned to speak of little Florence—what course did she mean to pursue with the child?

She said that she was thinking it was time to secure a governess—and it must be done in the Autumn—by and by a boarding-school must be thought of, and, of course they would go abroad with Florence in a few years.

"All very well," I heard him say—I was not eaves-dropping, but was at work in my sewing room, and the door stood open between us—Mrs. Harris sat fronting me.

She did not instantly answer. I looked up and saw that her eyes were fixed on the table between her and the doctor, but she lifted those eyes and looked at him when she answered,

"For one great reason, Dr. Jason, I'm unfit."

"I do not see how that can be. A mother unfit to teach and train her child! Ought she not be the most fit person in the world?"

"Yes; but she isn't always."

"I can see of course that she is not—and find extenuation for the fact, too. But the advanced stages of society ought to afford no illustration or evidence, if there is health and reason. I should be sorry indeed, to see any one beside yourself acquiring the influence somebody *will* acquire over Florence, by being her teacher."

"I should need to be taught myself first," she said; her voice trembled, and she blushed.

"What teacher does not? Some of the most successful I have ever heard of were, at the beginning, only one lesson in advance of their scholars."

"If I had some one to encourage me always," said she, in a low voice, which faltered still. "But I know I should only make a failure of it. Begin bravely and end basely."

"You will have the child to encourage you always. Besides, you will have yourself, heart and soul, in the business before long. The interest you will

feel in that work will never lessen. A mother hardly knows what she does when she puts into the hands of another, and out of her own hands, a work like this. You will never know your child as you might learn her, except by some such intimacy as teaching will establish. Neither," and here I felt the strength of his argument, "neither will she ever know you in any other way so well."

Out came her secret thought when he had touched on that point.

"Dr. Jason, perhaps it would be better that she never *should* know me. All you say convinces me that I must not lose any time in looking for a governess."

"You have the Summer before you, at least," said he, "and this quiet old place to make an experiment in, if you can only bring yourself to think it would be worth while to make the experiment."

"You don't know how ignorant I am, and how lazy."

"We are all ignorant and lazy," he answered as if he heard what she intended for confession merely as an excuse. "But we can all cure ourselves. I should hate to think that you were worse off in those particulars than any of us."

"Then I must stay here and prove one thing or the other," said she. I never saw her look more beautiful, never so happy, as when she met me on the stairs an hour or two after, and said:

"Do you know I am going to stay here and learn of Dr. Jason how to teach my Florence?"

I was so glad to hear it, for my thoughts concerning her had undergone a great change since morning, that I was obliged to say so.

"You are so kind to me, you make me ambitious to rival Madame de Staël herself. But how I shall have to work! Do you think I will do anything?"

"I shall trust you for that"—and I went my way down the stairs in my humiliation that I had ever thought a harsh thought, or said a harsh word, about that noble child.

When we have an inebriate asylum crowded to overflowing with patients who have gone there to be delivered from themselves, in spite of themselves, it is probable that no one will imagine that the cure Dr. Jason had undertaken was perfected by a single prescription, or by the refilling of that cologne bottle, which he at once attended to, letting her know that it was himself who was so thoughtful.

I will tell you what I found one day. That bottle dashed in a thousand pieces out in a corn-field adjoining Tumbledown. I looked at it as I would have looked at an exploded shell on a field at Gettysburg. I could not doubt what hand had thrown it there—in what extremity. I thought the perfume of that act must have risen to heaven for a witness in the poor girl's behalf.

But in spite of that, more than once in the Summer there were moods in our guest which I could account for only in one way.

Dr. Jason said to me one day,

"She is growing like a cedar-tree. You can hardly see it, but by and by this Summer's work will tell."

He was not mistaken.

I confess I was surprised to hear her talk sometimes. I should have supposed that the very course she was now taking, the development her mind was having—it was rapid and beautiful—would have had an influence exactly to the contrary hoped for by any one who wished to cure her matrimonial

trouble. But she had a humility such as even Dr. Jason had not, combined with an affectionate gentleness of spirit that explained—nothing else could explain it to me—the ardor with which she returned to the work prescribed, again and again, after many a battle fought and lost.

She very seldom spoke of her husband, even while pursuing those studies which must constantly have reminded her of him, but the way she worked, the efforts she made to keep alive her interest in some tasks which of themselves were not interesting, and the will with which she carried Florence over difficulties, proved that she worked with a fixed purpose.

"Jane," said she to me one day, "I wish I might stay here until Florence was well on in her education. I mean till she had reached the point where young girls generally finish."

"You might as well be in a convent," said I.

"I don't think so."

"Well, what hinders—I don't."

"Everything hinders," said she so seriously I felt ashamed of my lightness.

"I see more and more," she went on, "that there is everything to be learned. We shall be years and years in just getting at things."

"Only," said I, "you must not be so ambitious. That will ruin everything. You will be off and beyond calling, like some of those hard-working writers, as soon as they had drawn all their material together for building the beautiful temple. I feel so sorry when I think of them! You will be gone, just when there's greatest reason you should stay."

"No, not till my work is done—but *then*—for outside, in the world where I live, it isn't as it is here. I dread to think of next Winter. But should you suppose after such a Summer it could be like other Winters I have passed through? Don't you see a change in me—for the better?"

She tried to speak lightly, and as if she did not expect or desire a grave reply; but I answered her honestly—out of my heart, as I knew well enough she was speaking out of hers.

"You are rested, I think, and, of course, a great deal more quiet."

"But not dull? You do not mean I am getting dull, like the cows down there in the pasture!"

"No, not in the least. More like what the doctor has been ever since I knew him. He isn't dull, but steadied by some great purpose—balanced right."

"*Balanced right!*" Those words seemed to occupy her for a long time.

Not a great while after, I think it was the next day, she asked,

"Do you think Florence like her mother, Jane?"

"In many ways she is."

"But you see how fond of study she is. She gets that from her father."

"I should have mentioned the fact among the points of resemblance to her mother."

"If she is like us both in that, and I really believe it, strange though it sounds, she will not be a dunce then."

The next time I came in her way her mind was still running on the same subject.

"I think Dr. Jason is very fond of Florence," said she. "Do you know that makes me feel more satisfied with her than I should feel if she were a woman, and about to make the best match in the country? You don't like to hear me

say that, do you? But it is natural for a mother to wish to secure the happiness of her child, and we cannot do it after all. Nobody can! But when such a man as Dr. Jason likes my little girl, I know it must be on account of her character. He isn't a man to care for playthings, and he doesn't treat her as if he thought she were one. He told me that he would dare trust her anywhere, that her integrity was perfect. So is his! He has a god-like character. Character is everything. You do not know what a thrill goes through my heart every time I think of the word. But I feel afraid. If I take Florence away from here, I am all the time afraid I shall do her some injury. When he said she could be trusted anywhere, I wanted to ask him if he meant even with her own mother? Isn't it a strange thing that a mother should be afraid to be trusted with her own child, Jane?"

I could not hinder the tears from coming into my eyes, hearing that beautiful voice speaking in that awed, strange way. Neither could I hinder myself from saying,

"Since we are not born angels, I think it would be a great deal to the advantage of children if parents had more of this fear. I, for one, wouldn't advise you to get rid of it, but to inquire of it, and learn your duty that way. You may counsel with Dr. Jason as much as you please; he's a wise man, but he's only a man, after all; and I am not much better. I have had no children to learn of. Your Florence is your best teacher."

"I'm worse off than most," she said, "for I need you all. But I'm better off than most, too, for I have you all."

One day, it was after this conversation, I called at a drug shop in the village. She was with me and made some purchases. I did not like her manner of doing this. She adroitly managed to get me out of the shop and covered the feat by making me a present of a bottle of perfume when she came to the carriage.

She was so successful as to disturb herself, not at first. She was elated enough at first—but for hours after our return I wondered where it would end; and if ever I prayed in my life I prayed that night for her.

It was about eleven o'clock in the evening. I had gone to my chamber, when I heard her at the door of the doctor's study. She was but a moment going down stairs and returning, and she had found him there, for I heard her voice. When she went down, her step was heavy, but it was light when she came back.

I was awake for many an hour after. What was I to expect? Our patient was getting to be as dear to me as she was to the doctor, and we both stood watching her, and calling to her, in our way; but would she ever—ever return from the bleak mountains, and stay in the safe fold?

The next morning I saw that the doctor was braced up in a way not common even with him, who always seemed to me born with fresh life and vigor into each new day. He had manifestly armed himself at all points, and meant never to take the armor off till the wildest adversary that ever beset mortals was foiled, and defeated, and dead.

"You ought to know," said he. "Mrs. Harris bought a bottle of some devilish stuff or other in the village yesterday. She brought it down to me last night. The seal was not broken. Perhaps you heard her."

"I heard her come and go back."

"You did not hear what she said. 'You understand what will make me fail if I do fail. Do not allow me to fail. My life is in your hands, and in Jane's,'"

"Did she say in mine?"

"Yes, in yours."

"There's one thing that will make her fail, and only one. That's the cause that brought all this about in the first place."

"Her salvation will be his," said the doctor. "I think if Harris should see his wife now he would be astonished, and I assure you I shall not fail to acquaint him with all that it will be good for him to hear when he gets back."

The doctor's eyes gleamed as he spoke.

"Jane," he continued, "you're not sorry that this poor girl came here. You don't grudge her this quiet and safety, you that never felt a temptation to evil in your life."

I felt that I blushed mahogany color when he said that to me. I wondered what I had been doing all my days; if I had not been fighting the old Adam, who was not yet dead.

"She wishes she might stay till the child is grown. She may, and with welcome, far as I'm concerned."

The doctor turned about and walked away.

In the Autumn we read in the papers that Bartholomew Harris and his party were murdered by Indians, while on their way across the Plains. The world said that it had met with a great loss; and, for a time, his widow felt that *she* had.

She stayed with us till the child became a woman. How Harris would have gloried over her! It was only the other day that her mother sailed for Europe with Florence and the doctor; the doctor's wife, of course. They have been married eight years. She said to me in the second year of her widowhood, as she was preparing for a journey to Caswell, "Jane, I would like to be your patient all my life." I answered, "You are nobody's patient now, except as we all are God's; that is evident enough."

But I said to the doctor, "One thing is clear; it is your duty to keep this patient and perfect the cure."

He asked me what I meant, and said she was cured already.

"Marry her," said I, intelligibly enough.

"Marry her!" he exclaimed, with amazement.

I honestly believe the thought had never entered his head before.

"She is thirty-five years younger than I am."

"No matter," said I; "she considers you her savior. Marriage will teach her better. Make a Christian of her. At present she's a heathen."

.. He finally followed my counsel, and she is a happy woman. So am I.

CAROLINE CHESEBRO.

AERONAUTICS.

“Veni nec puppe per undas,
Nec pede per terras; patiat mihi pervius æther.”

IN his letters from Switzerland, Goethe says, “I think that man feels conscious of corporeal qualities, of whose mature expansion he can have no hope in this life. This most assuredly is the case with flying. How strongly at times used the clouds as they drove along the sky to tempt to travel with them to foreign lands. . . . With what a longing do I draw deeper and deeper breath, when in the dark blue below, the eagle soars over rocks and forests, or, in company and in sweet concord with his mate, wheels in wide circles round the eyrie to which he has entrusted his young. Must I, then, never do more than *creep* up to the summits?” Goethe seems to think, like Isaac Taylor, that corporeity accompanies spirit forever, in the hereafter as well as in this present life, and that in some other state of existence we shall be winged or capable of flight, or rather, of motion independent of gravitation.

To discuss the probability and possibility of air-travel in a not remote future may seem to be trespassing on the limits of good sense; but let it be remembered, that he who should have seriously maintained a few years ago, that it would some time be possible for a man at New York or on the Pacific coast, to communicate in a few seconds with one living in Europe or Asia, would have appeared to be prating mere nonsense.

We can already command a bird-like buoyancy in the atmosphere, our apparatus having no visible means of support; but we are at the mercy of the winds; we drift helplessly on the atmospheric currents. What we need is to utilize one of the subtle, physical forces in a very portable manner, so that we can be masters of the situation in the air as well as on land or in the water. It is true, in attempting to travel in the atmosphere we are wholly in its power, being completely detached from the earth. So are the birds. What we want is a machine buoyant to the last degree, and driven by a force which will enable us to distance the eagle or the pigeon, if we please, so that we can reduce Space itself to a mere trifle, as it were, as we have already done with Time, by means of the electric telegraph. Space and Time, the two straight conditions and limitations of mortal life, in which we think and live, and by which we find ourselves both bodily and mentally on all sides bounded, will thus be made to sit more lightly upon us. Future generations, our near successors, the children of an ameliorated time will not be such slaves and born thralls of these two conditions as we and our forefathers have been. Oceans, and mountain ranges, and vast deserts, which interposed make enemies of nations, and which are now such formidable barriers to intercourse, will be over-passed by the air-traveller of the future in a mere point of time. The tempests and storms at sea, which

“Snap the three-decker’s oaken spine,”

will be easily overflowed. An elevation of seventeen thousand feet in the air is not an uncommon altitude for the eagle and heron. The frigate bird and tropic bird seek the most giddy altitudes. The air-traveller can escape the perturbations in the lower strata of the atmosphere, by ascending to the circle of perpetual frost, that is, if he chances to have his overcoat and furs with him. First, men journeyed painfully over the earth's rugged surface on horses, camels and asses, exposed to all manner of discomforts on long journeys. At length some one more daring than his fellows launched the nautical pine and lifted the bellying canvas to the wind. Huge burdens were thus blown easily, in the hulls of ships, over seas from port to port. In favorable weather, and with propitious winds, travel by water was pleasant. Much of the friction attendant upon land journeys was got rid of in the more yielding water. It is true, the wheel revolving upon the axle soon suggested itself to the much-contriving brain of man, so that the easy land carriage, with cushioned seat, rolling smoothly over costly highways, with their valley-spanning viaducts and tunnelled mountain passages, were at an early epoch substituted for the hard, spinal ridge of horse, ox, ass, dromedary and elephant. At length the railroad and steam-car have done away with nearly all the friction of land travel. The people of civilized countries, by this device of Watt and Stephenson, are pretty much all travellers. A journey is now comfortable, rapid and cheap. But still distance, space, is not conquered as it ought to be. It still is tedious and tyrannical. Shall man allow the eagle and wild pigeon to trifle with this same tyrant space, and make it ridiculous by fleetness of pinion, and himself submit his inventive, spiritual power to be cabined, cribbed and confined by it? Why should he spend more than twenty-four hours in crossing the Atlantic Ocean, when the birds can make the transit in that time?

The air is the true medium of travel. It is the region of buoyancy and swiftness. Ornithologists say that an eagle flies one hundred and forty miles an hour; that he can go round the world in nine days. Swallows, when pursuing insects, fly ninety miles an hour. Carrier pigeons beat the eagle in speed. The swallow, migrating from England, reaches Sierra Leone, in Africa, three thousand miles off, in three days. "The eagle soaring above the clouds," says Nuttall, "can at will escape the scene of the storm, and in the lofty region of calm, far within the aerial boundary of eternal frost, enjoy a serene sky and a bright sun, while the terrestrial animals remain involved in darkness and exposed to the fury of the tempest." The atmosphere is the most spirit-like of material things. It is the quintessence of matter. It is the special home of light and electricity. In its summery expanses are built

"The lofts of piled thunder."

Man has been hitherto, in effect, excluded from it, because he has not been fit to be made free of its glorious privacies of light. Only to the most civilized and advanced nations is it given to utilize the tremendous agencies of nature. With the spread of genuine Christianity, the religion of humanity, of love and fraternal kindness, keeps pace the march of scientific discovery and mechanical invention. The poet laureate of Great Britain has given a magnificent glimpse of future air-navigation in his Locksley Hall:

For I dipped into the future far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder that should be;
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting till there rained a ghastly dew
 From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue,
 Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
 With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder-storm,
 Till the war drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flag was furled
 In the parliament of Man, the Federation of the World!"

There is no limit to the control over the natural forces which man will finally wield through knowledge, as he becomes fit for such dominion. The powers of nature are hidden, because, if made fully subservient to the human will, the earth would scarcely contain the wild uproar which would ensue. Hostile nations, like the Miltonic fiends, would ride the air in whirlwind. As man grows wiser and better, as the colossal man Humanity attains to self-consciousness, he will be enabled to arm himself more and more with the elements, and to make the forces that act in, by and through matter, his servants. These are speculations warranted by the sober realities of advancing science.

We are only just beginning to become acquainted scientifically with the physical forces, light, heat, electricity, gravitation, etc. We have but just found out that force is as indestructible as matter, and that the quantity of force in the material universe admits neither of increment nor of diminution, and that one force is convertible into another. What is creation but the constant interaction of the physical forces, which are the modes of manifestation in time and space of the Divine Power? There is no such thing as inertness, or dull, dead matter anywhere in the phenomenal universe. All is life, power, effort, change. The very clods we tread upon are full of forces, which once let loose would prove as irresistible as the genii of Arabian fable released from their imprisonment. That which furnishes us with our firm, hard footing underneath, becomes above volatile, free and respirable. In one form it moves with the ponderous motion of the earthquake; in others, it whispers softly in the zephyr or sweeps irresistibly in the tornado; it shakes the solid earth in the thunderbolt, or fills the universe with the glory of the joyful light.

Bacon saw with prophetic eye long ago from the sublime elevation to which his genius lifted him, that many of the fancies and imaginations of poetry and romance would yet become sober realities. The supernatural agents not only of ethnic religions, but of Judaism and Christianity also, are always represented as winged, when they make their appearance under the conditions of time and space. There is preserved in the Escorial in Spain, a crimson plume, said to have dropped from the wing of the archangel Gabriel. There is no theophany or angelophany without wings. What are these winged celestials, but foreshadowings of the ultimate capabilities of man? Astolpho upon his hippogriff will yet become a reality. The air has its currents like the ocean, its aerial gulf-streams flowing far up at dizzy heights through azure sunny spaces. In the celestial tropical rivers shall the tropic-bird, the fairy of ocean, as it is called, alone poise itself, a speck in the infinite blue, and swim with delight, watching

"The sea wrinkled beneath it crawl?"

The atmosphere is only a more attenuated ocean. It is our breath of life, We are rooted in it by our lungs, whose valves are the mouth and nose. We are buoyant as well as the birds. Our arms are the homologues of wings, as well as of the fins of fishes. Our lungs have been called balloons tethered in our chests. The air is the condition of life, the walkers on the earth's surface are, as it were, at the bottom of a vast ocean, gazing up at the sun,

moon and Titanian stars. The air is then our peculiar element. It is "a product elaborated from all the kingdoms; the seasons are its education; Spring begins and sows it; Summer puts in the airy flowers, and Autumn the airy fruits, which close-fisted Winter shuts up ripe in wind-granaries for the use of lungs and their dependent organs. . . . The air is a cellarage of aerial wines, the heaven of the spirits of the plants and flowers. Here is a science to be undertaken; the study of the atmosphere of the earth which it repeats; of the mosaic pillars of the landscape and climate in the crystal sky: of the map of the scented and tinted winds." The atmosphere in fact makes of the earth and its inhabitants one community, binding them together for weal or woe, and making the remotest nations share in each others' calamities, when it becomes the path of the pestilence, or in each others' felicities, when in Maytime at the nuptials of the plants it becomes, in temperate climates at least, a vast receptacle and dispensary of fragrance, laden with floating fertilizing dust and showers of orchard blooms, so that all the winds blow odors

"That in the heart inspire vernal delight
Able to drive all sadness but despair."

The air is the region of reverie and of castle-building. As one gazes into its depths of a Summer afternoon, watching the great piles of white, sunny vapor, or contemplates an Autumnal sunset, blazing like some apocalyptic vision "with armies of light and banners of flame," he cannot help envying the birds, and the day-dreamers, and German metaphysicians their exclusive possession of "cloudland, gorgeous land." "Ye clouds, sailers of the air," exclaimed Queen Mary, from her prison at Fotheringay, as she saw them drifting toward her beloved France. How must she have longed for wings to flee away from the tyranny of the pitiless Tudor! "Through the pure marble air he winds his oblique way," says Milton, describing the journey of Lucifer.

The air must yet afford a pathway along its blue and trackless coasts for the migrations and journeyings of men, as well as of wild-geese, cranes and storks.

"The balloon," said Shelley, "has not yet received the perfection of which it is surely capable; the art of navigating the air is in its first and most helpless infancy. The aerial mariner still swims on bladders, and has not mounted even the rude raft. If we weigh this invention, curious as it is, with some of the subjects I have mentioned, it will seem trifling, no doubt, a mere toy, a feather in comparison with the splendid anticipations of the philosophical chemist. Yet it is not altogether to be contemned. It promises prodigious facilities for locomotion, and will enable us to traverse vast tracts with ease and rapidity, and to explore unknown countries without difficulty. Why are we still so ignorant of the interior of Africa? Why do we not despatch intrepid aeronauts to cross it in every direction, and to survey the whole peninsula in a few weeks? The shadow of the first balloon, which a vertical sun would project precisely underneath it, as it glided silently over that unhappy country, would virtually emancipate every slave and would annihilate slavery forever!"

Poe, in his account of the journey of Hans Pfaall to the moon, has, aided by the experience of a multitude of aeronauts, and by the suggestions of modern science, furnished a not altogether improbable narrative of extra atmospheric adventure. At any rate Hans escaped the importunities of his Amsterdam creditors and the broom of his shrewish wife. It is a curious

fact that in sleep we often find ourselves traversing the air without the aid of wings at all, with the utmost speed and confidence. In fact, the dreamer often finds himself literally "taking to the air as if native, and induced unto that element to escape some imaginary foe." As Isaac Taylor has shown, a slight alteration in our organs would adapt them to material circumstances quite different to those in which we now exist. Where there is no alternation of day and night, as possibly in the sun, the sentient beings or organized intelligences dwelling there must feel no need of sleep or rest in their nightless world. A knowledge of the strength which is lodged in the nerves of the frailest human organism is afforded by delirium.

Our corporeity, like the spirit whose organ and sensible symbol it is, contains latent energies and capabilities, which would fit it to be a companion of the spirit in quite altered circumstances. The will and strong desire of the dreamer, prompted by fear, actually carries him into the air, as he supposes. His frame responds to his wish and soars aloft swiftly and buoyantly. A friend who ascended in a balloon on the 5th of July, 1858, from Lowell, on the banks of the Merrimack River, described his sensations, which the writer jotted down at the time. He reached an altitude of six thousand feet, in a clear Summer atmosphere, over a populous and highly cultivated region. One feels no giddiness at this height in a balloon. Familiar objects and scenes assume a novel aspect, looked at from on high. One's real estate grows small and beautifully less as the green earth recedes. The jaunt in question seemed as if its scene was some fabled fairy land. None but a great descriptive poet, like Byron or Wordsworth, could do justice to it. The heavy foliage of the orchards and woods, and the deep green of the fields, were particularly beautiful when seen from the air, and had a velvety look. The railroads appeared to have but one track, and a train of cars which passed under the balloon seemed to be very narrow and twice its real length. The numerous ponds and small lakes with which the suburban towns about the city of Lowell are so thickly dotted were particularly attractive objects, catching the eye of the aeronaut sooner than any other features of the landscape. They all seemed exactly circular in shape. As you ascend higher and higher, you feel through your whole frame an indescribable airiness and buoyancy. You begin to adjust yourself to your novel circumstances, and grow confident and secure. When the balloon in question was floating over Fort Hill, its occupant enjoyed a vast sweep of horizon. On the north, the White Mountains were distinctly visible, looming up grandly afar off in the dim distance. As the ball on drifted eastward, toward Andover, its occupants could see Boston and the ocean outside, while the singing of birds and the voices of men ascended as through a tube. Sounds heard in such circumstances have a peculiar effect upon the aerial hearer. Some very hospitable person or persons underneath shouted to the aeronauts an invitation to tea. If a person would see a mid-summer sunset in all its glory, let him ascend into the azure deep of air in a balloon. The balloon hung almost suspended over Wilmington meeting-house at sunset, and the sound of the bell came up loud and clear to the ears of the airy voyagers.

As a pendant to these somewhat general considerations, a reference may be made to some of the latest aeronautic researches and experiments. We shall scarcely more than name M. Nadar, of Paris, and his gigantic balloon "*Le Géant*." This distinguished artist has recently published an enthusiastic

treatise in favor of aeronautics, under the argumentative title of "The Right to Fly"—as if there were any other right than might in the matter. M. Nadar has also some definite theories about ballooning by steam, which we shall not stop to discuss here. He is practically a pretty good aeronaut, whatever he may be as a theorizer.

There is an Aeronautical Society in England, of which the Duke of Argyll is chairman, and which held a meeting on the 27th of the past June. At this meeting there were two occurrences of some interest—a declaration of speculative principles by the society through its secretary, and an account of a new theory in aeronautics and of the machine constructed according to it.

The declaration or code was a sort of apology for or explanation of the existence of the Society, and it alleged in substance as follows:

1. Men have always, or at least extensively, denied the power of moving about in the air.

2. A long series of attempts and inventions at length resulted in the balloon.

3. After a further long time, the balloon was made useful for purposes of discovery, but to a very small extent compared with what is probable in future.

4. A series of attempts to propel and guide balloons is in progress, which requires organized aid and direction.

5. Money is necessary to promote aeronautics, and the Society will help raise it.

But a paper on "Aerial Locomotion," by Mr. F. H. Wenham, was even more to the point, and it laid down some novel statements. We epitomize portions of this paper. Mr. Wenham argued and stated thus:

1. Birds, in flying, use, on an average, about a square foot of wing for each pound carried through the air. On this proportion, it would take twelve horse-power to carry three hundred pounds straight up in still air.

2. Endurance in flight and sustaining power in birds, when moving rapidly, depend, not on great surface of wing, but upon great length of wing. Thus the albatross has wings stretching fourteen feet from tip to tip, and nowhere over ten inches wide.

3. Experiments will show corresponding results with machinery, both in air and water. In either medium, moreover, it will be found that if a thin blade, as a lath, be placed across the end of a shaft, and opposed flat-ways to the current of water or air, a surprisingly great resistance will be felt. Further, if, while thus opposed, the lath be twirled rapidly round by this handle, the resistance to it is not that of one side of the lath, but that of the whole area of the circle of which the lath is the diameter or whirling spoke; and the more rapid the revolution the narrower the lath may be, and yet receive the whole resistance.

4. This and similar experiments show that "the supporting effect of long and narrow planes moved edgeways through elastic media depends upon the width of stratum, and consequently the weight of material, passed over within a given time." That is, the albatross flies easily, because its wings pass over a broad path—that is, a great weight—that is, a strong support—of air.

5. Wings for a man would need to be sixty feet from end to end, and four feet broad. (N. B.—Here is a hint on proportion for people who paint angels.) But the supports for such a wing would have to be too heavy for practice.

6. But it is found that the air will allow of wings placed in sections above each other, so that a man's wings, instead of two, each thirty feet long, may be six, each ten feet long, working—to use a saw-mill technio—in two gangs of three each, one gang on a side—just the number, it will be remembered, of some of Ezekiel's cherubs.

Lastly, after Mr. Wenham's account of what may be done, comes his account of what he says he has done. A model was constructed of sufficient size to raise a man. It was of thin holland stretched in a frame, the web being eighteen inches broad, and ninety feet long in all, but arranged in five parallel sections, one above the other. The whole weighed forty-five pounds. "This contrivance," says Mr. Wenham, "when held against a breeze estimated at about twenty miles an hour, *easily raised the experimenter*; but, not being provided with any propelling arrangement, it quickly descended again, with no worse accident than the fracture of the apparatus."

Upon this we note that, as long as the twenty-mile breeze held, Mr. Wenham must necessarily have kept going up, unless there is some mistake in this statement; also that "the apparatus" included the motive power—the *deus*, or rather *homo ex machina*. But we take his word for it that he came down, whether it was he or the other part of the apparatus that was fractured, and with equal credulity we receive his statement that for the last six years "other pursuits" have prevented the author from continuing these investigations. He was probably in the "pursuit" of mending his bones—we beg pardon, his "apparatus." "Experiments," he adds, however, "are now in progress for the purpose of ascertaining the force required to propel a series of superposed aeroplanes"—how can a thing called "superposed aeroplanes" help going up? the very words puff—"through the atmosphere at speeds exceeding twenty miles per hour. Should this prove to be within the compass of manual power, there is some probability that an active man might be enabled to perform extended flights," etc.

Any one who has seen the funny *tout ensemble* of an organist in a complicated passage, where he is playing *presto* with runs on the manuals and many notes in the pedal bass, may imagine the grotesque picture of Mr. Wenham's aeroplant, or aeroplanet; at any rate, of his "active man" up in the air, scrabbling away with arms and legs to work his "superposed aeroplanes," and save a "fracture of the apparatus"—unless, indeed, he have to kick and strike so fast that his legs and arms disappear into a kind of whirling halo about him, like the spokes of the wheel of a trotting wagon at "2.40." And at that rate, on Mr. Wenham's own principle of the lath, why may the "active man" not whirl himself up in the air without any aeroplanes at all? But we feel ourselves approaching gradually toward that simple myth of him who lifted himself over a fence by the straps of his boots. Perhaps the circle of the sciences will return upon itself, and bring about that very deed, by the interposition of the society of his Grace of Argyll and of Mr. F. H. Wenham.

The latest invention on this side the Atlantic in aeronautics is one which is much more sensible in appearance than the aeroplaneticose machine of Mr. Wenham. The Englishman thinks a man's muscles can operate wings that will carry a man's weight; and the plan, like all the rest which are based on the same idea, altogether omits the main fact in the case. That fact is, that the nerve and muscle power for wings must be as great, compared with total weight of body, in a flying man as in a flying bird. Until Mr. Wenham can

adjust this part of his plan, he can no more enable men to fly in the air than to live under water.

Dr. Solomon Andrews' Aereon, which has recently made one or two trial trips in New York, has far more the appearance of a practical affair. It may be explained thus:

A flat, thin thing, as a sheet of paper, if dropped slanting, slides forward while it falls, in consequence of the resistance of the air. If, however, you make the sheet lighter than the air, it will slide *upward* and forward. Now, let a balloon be made thin and flat, so as to float as a horizontal plane in the air; not as a ball. Then you have floating power as in a round balloon. You will also get travelling power if you can slant this floating plane upward and downward at will, provided, at the same time, you can make it heavy when you point it down, and light when you point it up. The changes in direction Dr. Andrews accomplishes by hanging a long car under his balloon, and stepping to either end of it. The corresponding change in specific gravity he makes by throwing out ballast to make the balloon ascend, and discharging gas to make it descend.

In practice, the question will be this: Can enough extra gas be stored in the balloon at starting to afford a sufficient number of successive discharges to make the balloon sink as often *and as rapidly* as is necessary? If yes, the problem of travelling through the air in balloons at will is solved as to possibility, and it only remains to make it usefully practicable. The trial trips which Dr. Andrews has already made have shown that *some* ascent and descent, and *some* progress forward, are practicable.

The mathematical conditions of Dr. Andrews' problem are of too dry and algebraic and formulistic a nature to be set forth at much length in THE GALAXY, which, although it may be said to have *xy* for one of its chief ends, is not yet reduced to ring the changes on those letters to entertain its readers. But the calculations about Dr. Andrews' plan are so simple, that any one a little acquainted with natural philosophy can solve them.

A very easy computation on the principles of pneumatics will show exactly how much gas he must have to start with, in order to carry a flat or raft-shaped balloon, of a given form, and lifting a given weight, and slanting at a given angle, and at a given speed, one hundred miles. The lifting power of hydrogen, the resistance of the atmosphere, the composition of forces involved, the speed attainable, in short, the whole story, can be demonstrated mathematically and easily. In fact, the least satisfactory feature of Dr. Andrews' invention thus far has been that he has not published a strict and full mathematical demonstration of what he can do.

We close with a single summary sentence: Aeronautics, as a science, is to-day in a state more promising than ever before, and there is much reason for believing that some practical means for propelling and guiding balloons will be discovered.

B. W. BALL.

ARCHIE LOVELL.

BY MRS. EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "MISS FORRESTER," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

OLD LOVE AND NEW!

"**A**HEM! She is not a little girl now, Major Seton," remarked Bettina, who had followed in time to watch the meeting, and who, even in the first blissful intoxication of being a rector's wife, could remember the proprieties. "Archie is seventeen, a grown-up girl, and has been introduced into society already." An hour ago Bettina would have said "introduced at a Morteville ball," but with returning position had awakened the old instinctive euphemisms of the world.

"Seventeen—is it possible?" said the stranger. "Why, it seems only yesterday since she was a little girl—a little girl I could carry very conveniently in my arm about the garden at Genoa."

"But I am not a little girl now," cried Miss Lovell, hot and scarlet still after Major Seton's greeting of her. "I was seventeen the twelfth of last October."

"But very unlike a qualified, grown-up young lady still," Mr. Lovell remarked, drawing the girl to his side, and giving her a look which plainly told how much better than any qualified young lady he thought her. "Archie has had strange companionship at times, and I'm afraid will not be very much like a rector's daughter for awhile. Imagine, Ralph, the child has never been in England yet."

"Indeed!" Major Seton stroked down his moustache thoughtfully at this information, and gave a side-long inquiring look at Archie's face. The blue eyes met his unflinchingly; the girlish figure stood up bravely, though every nerve was trembling with excitement, at Mr. Lovell's side.

"He says nothing!" she thought at last, drawing a freer breath as Major Seton, to her intense surprise and relief, remained silent. "Is he shy, or stupid, or is it possible that he doesn't remember me? Perhaps he is as foolish about me as ever—poor dear old Ralph! and if he is, I can soon make him believe anything I choose."

And then she turned away, and artfully quitting the subject of her own foreign bringing-up, began to heap pretty congratulations upon her father: wondering what England would be like, and what his duties would be, and how many sermons he would have to write a week—holding her soft cheek against his forehead, and caressing the hair back from his temples just as, years ago, she used to caress Ralph himself when she was a child playing among the roses in the ruined garden at Genoa with Major Seton, her adorer, her vassal, her slave, at her feet.

Her slave: ay, he was that, she recollected well. Her slave, physically,

carrying her in his arms, under the broiling sun, or crushing his great shoulders under impossible places at hide-and-seek; her inexorable master, the only one she had ever really owned, in matters of conscience. Once, when she was about eleven years old, she had told a deliberate story, though not a very black one, about the breaking of a china cup on which Bettina set great store; and Ralph, cognizant of the sin and of the falsehood alike, had given her his mute support throughout; had even allowed Mrs. Lovell to throw the blame upon a certain little Tino, Archie's Italian sweetheart for the time being. "If you don't like to tell the truth, don't tell it," he said to her in secret. "I shall not betray you to Bettina, and I will play with you just as usual: only—don't kiss me; I will never let you kiss me until you are brave enough to take the blame off Tino." And with this awful pressure brought to bear upon her, Archie had confessed, and been punished, had given her white goat to Tino, and then loved Ralph Seton a hundred times better than ever for his severity.

The whole story came back upon her recollection at this moment; and even while she felt assured as to "poor old Ralph's" outward allegiance, the wonder crossed her whether in a matter of morals he would be as implacably severe as ever. "If he is, I can bear it," she thought; throwing a glance at him from beneath her long lashes. "If he did recognize me in London, and is only pretending before papa, I am not afraid. The punishment I thought so dreadful in Genoa, eight years ago, would not be much of a punishment in Morteville now." And Miss Lovell gave a little impertinent shudder at the thought of poor old Ralph's ugly face, and how his rough moustache had rasped her cheeks when he kissed her a minute ago.

Major Seton was certainly not a man to charm the fancy of any very young girl who had just parted from the handsome face and refined, courtly presence of Gerald Durant. He was tall—well over six feet—deep-chested, and thin-flanked: a very model of manly strength, but built too much after the square, solid fashion due to his Scottish descent to have a vestige of grace about him. His head, of the type that a friend would call good honest Saxon—an enemy, cocoa-nut shaped—was set somewhat stiffly on his broad, soldier-like shoulders. His feet were large; his hands were large, and excessively brown; and in his face there was not a handsome feature! Ordinary dark-gray eyes; a short, but by no means Grecian nose; a huge reddish-blond moustache, entirely covering his mouth, and the true Scottish height of cheek-bone. His chin, prominent and firmly cut, was the solitary point that could be called good in all that rugged exterior; for the effect of a row of white, even teeth was marred by one of the front ones being broken short in two, a defect that it had never entered into Major Seton's brain to have remedied by art. His complexion, which had been fair as a boy, was tanned by exposure of all kinds, by Indian sun last of all, to a brown several shades darker than his hair; and its darkness was rendered still more conspicuous by a white jagged cicatrice, the mark of a sabre-cut he had received in his youth, which cleft just above the left eyebrow, and showed again, deep and irregularly traced, upon the bronzed cheek beneath. This ancient wound, perhaps, joined to the weather-beaten skin and the broken front tooth, gave Major Seton that indescribable look which can be justly conveyed by no other word than battered. Jeanneton, when she let him in, summed him up briefly in her mind as a "vieux moustache." To Archie, in five minutes, he was "poor old Ralph." Not perhaps quite so advanced in years as her father or Bettina, but old,

very old ; thoroughly out of the world of Gerald and herself ; an antediluvian creature with big hands and feet, a weatherbeaten face, and a huge, rough moustache that grated when he kissed you !

And yet this vieux moustache, this antediluvian creature, was a man younger in heart and spirit than Gerald Durant, and under thirty yet in actual age. Major Seton had lived much—though not in the sense which makes a guardsman old at five-and-twenty ! Poverty, self-denial, the sacrifice of every small and paltry pleasure to one great principle, had been necessities early thrust upon him in his boyhood ; and what he had accepted perforce then, had simply become an ingrained part of his nature now. Scotch, as their name implies, by descent, the Setons for two generations had been settled on a small estate in Staffordshire, which had entered the family by the marriage of Ralph's grandfather with an English heiress—or a lady whose fortune, compared with that of the Setons, entitled her to be so called. The only son of this marriage, James Seton, lived long enough to spend every shilling he could touch of his inheritance ; to involve his estate in debt ; to marry a girl without a farthing, and leave an orphan heir to his debts in the person of Ralph.

The boy was sixteen years of age, and at Eton still, when his father died. He had always been brought up, by tutors and servants, to look upon himself as possessing considerably better prospects than most boys. There was money forthcoming, he knew, whenever he liked to ask for it. There were generally a couple of hunters ready for his use, and all kinds of conviviality and dissipation going on at home during the vacation. His father had avowedly sent him to Eton to play cricket, and keep up the habits and opinions of an English gentleman—and this the boy had done. His ideas of duty and of life in general were, to play cricket twenty-seven hours a week and read a little, but very little, for the classics at school ; and to ride, shoot, play billiards, dine and drink with his elders, during the holidays. And so, while Gerald Durant was receiving all good and motherly advice from Lady Durant in the pious shelter of the Court, Ralph Seton at Ludbrooke Hall, five miles away from them, was with his ruined father and his father's associates, leading a life during each vacation that already made the boy talked of as a baby-prodigal, a hopeful chip of the old block, throughout the country.

But at sixteen, the age when Gerald's emancipation from virtue was hereafter to begin, came young Seton's emancipation from vice—such skin-deep, schoolboy vice, of drinking and betting and billiard playing as it was ! His father died : and on the day of the funeral, the trustees told the boy the exact amount of debts to which he was heir. So many thousands of pounds from which the estate must legally clear itself ; so many other thousands which, being personal debts, or debts of honor, a son might lawfully disclaim on coming of age.

Ralph had loved his father with the kind of passionate affection which open-handed, jovial, devil-may-care men like James Seton not unfrequently inspire in the children they are ruining ; and not one bitter thought rose in his heart as the prospect of his own beggared life was laid before him. " My father never denied me anything—my father never said a harsh word to me in my life." These were the only words he could stammer out ; these were the recollections which made the tears run, like a girl's, down his face, when relations and lawyer spoke to him, with solemn looks and big words, of his father's extravagance, and the awful warnings that all these squandered

thousands ought to prove to him. And the relations and lawyer exchanged opinions during their journey back to London after the funeral, as to whether the boy was a milksop or stupid, or only reckless like poor James.

He was not a milksop or stupid, neither was he at sixteen a hero or a philosopher. In intellect Ralph was then, as now, a very ordinary fellow indeed; but something better than intellect—a large, loving heart, and strength of will, derived possibly from remote Scottish ancestors, not certainly from the training of his early years—made him take up and hold to a noble purpose in life. Not a shilling of his dead father's debts but should eventually be paid: not a stain should rest upon his dead father's name if the work of his own right arm, the sacrifice of his whole life if need be, could cleanse it away. If Ludbrooke were let at once the estate would clear itself in five years, the trustees had told him. In another five or six years, he calculated for himself, the debts of "honor" of James Seton might also be paid. What was to become of the heir of Ludbrooke during this time—for the foregoing little exercise in arithmetic included no payments whatever save those to creditors? The poor boy on the evening of the funeral went round to the stables, the least desolate place it seemed to him, and standing there alone, looking wistfully at his favorite horse, a hunter James Seton had given two hundred guineas for some months before, asked himself this question: What was to become, during the next ten or twelve years, of the heir of Ludbrooke?

Most men in whom lies the germ of solid success can early test their own capacities pretty accurately. Standing alone with tear-stained cheek on this miserable day, when he stepped abruptly from childhood to man's estate, Ralph Seton examined, one by one, his abilities, such as they were, and decided that as far as books and study went he could do—nothing. He did not for a moment doubt his own strength in aught save books. An Eton boy of sixteen knows tolerably well the sort of place he has held, and is likely to hold, among his peers. Young Seton was bold of spirit, strong in body; and possessed no small portion of that robust common sense and tact combined for which the Scotch word "canny" has not an English equivalent. In the world of boys he had held his ground, and he had no doubt of holding it in the world of men. Only, in what capacity? On this forlorn evening he thought over every employment by which money, traditionally, can be made—the bar, or East India service, or literature, for none of which he had capacity; commerce, for which he had neither capacity nor capital—then decided that, as he could choose no profession by which to make money, he must accept one by which at least he could avoid spending it.

"I have brains enough to wear a red coat and be shot at," he thought at last; "and, if I am not killed at once, I can exchange to India, and live upon my pay there." Upon which such visions of brave deeds and glory, elephant-hunting and pig-sticking, rose before the lad's imagination, as made him after a while go back to the house with a somewhat brightened face. And that night he wrote a letter to his guardian and next of kin setting forth his determination, and begging that the family interest might be used to get him a commission in some regiment on, or bound for, active service without delay.

Now the words "active service," or "wearing a red coat to be shot at," bore a very different significance at a time when the battle of the Alma had been newly fought to what they bear now; and Ralph's guardian, a good, practical man of business, at once decided to grant the boy his wish. The army *was* about the best provision that could be made for poor James Seton's

son ; and without unnecessary delay the family interest set itself to work, to get young Ralph his commission. Not very much interest at that time was wanted ; no need of studying for examination ; no difficulties raised even as to age. On the evening of his father's funeral, Ralph first thought of the red coat—six weeks later he wore one, and was on his way to the Crimea ; Ludbrooke was let to a pottery-manufacturer, and the furniture, hunters, pictures, all the holy things of Ralph's childhood, were in the hands of the Jews.

He went through all the Crimean campaign, and, to the comfort of his relatives, was not killed ; only at Inkerman he got that sabre-cut that marked him for life from a Cossack cuirassier, and his share of ague, rheumatism and fever, in the trenches. He had no opportunity of performing extraordinary deeds of valor, nor was the circumstance of Ensign Seton's face being cut open to the bone mentioned in any of the dispatches sent home to a grateful nation save as a "scratch." By virtue of other men's deaths he got tolerably rapid promotion ; his good constitution carried him through his ague and fever ; his wound would certainly disfigure him frightfully for years to come, the surgeons said, but it healed as it ought. And at the end of the war he was in possession of his medals, a captain's pay, and the knowledge, so well did fate obey his wishes, that his regiment was spoken of by those high in authority as "safe for India." At the attack of the Redan—the inglorious ninety minutes, during which as many heroes fell as at Inkerman—Ralph Seton, and every other officer on the field, had behaved to the full as bravely, poor fellows, as though it had been another charge of the Six Hundred. But the men of his regiment had wavered, or were thought to have wavered ; they were young boys, raw recruits, arrived from England a week before, and had many of them never fired a rifle in their lives ; at all events a court of inquiry was held in consequence of their alleged misconduct, and although no official stigma was actually affixed to its name, it was perfectly well known in the army that the —th, or such of the —th as should remain, would, after the peace, be "safe for India."

To India they went, and had continued there ever since ; the regimental plate and the colors, that is to say ; the colonel, Major Seton, the quartermaster, and a few of the men—the mutiny, and two or three of the unhealthiest stations in Bengal, not having left much more of what originally sailed from England under the name of the —th. During these years Ralph Seton had returned once, for health's sake, to Europe, during which time he made the acquaintance of Mr. Lovell in Italy. With the exception of those solitary eighteen months, his life from the day he joined until now, more than thirteen years, had been, plainly and literally, a life spent on duty. He liked his profession as most men after five-and-twenty do like the army ; tolerated it as an evil, one degree better than the poverty and idleness combined which would have awaited him had he left it. Until every farthing of his father's debts were clear, he had sworn to himself not to touch a shilling of his income, and to this oath he kept—living on his pay from first to last, and holding, with stubborn fidelity, by his old regiment into whatever station it was ordered, and when all his brother officers in turn went home invalided, or exchanged, or sold. For amusement he shot tigers and stuck pigs, yearly feeling rather less excitement, perhaps, in the pursuit of these animals ; and for society, confined himself exclusively to men, among whom, from the tough colonel down to the rawest griff in the regiment, "old Seton" was popular.

To women—to the ladies, that is to say, of Indian stations—Major Seton was an enigma. In spite of his scarred and sunburnt face, he might, had he chosen, have been a favorite with them, for he possessed that nameless charm of thorough, simple manliness, which even the most frivolous women in their hearts find more irresistible than all Adonis forms and Grecian profiles. But he did not choose it. If, accidentally, he was thrown with the wives or sisters of his brother officers, he was deferential, almost tenderly courteous, in his manner toward them, but there it ended. When he met them at the band or at their drives next day, he returned their smiles with his usual grave salute—horrible old moustache as he was—and neither saw, nor attempted to see, more of them until some new accident forced him into their society.

Was he afraid of them, or of himself, or was he only a commonplace woman-hater? How should they tell? What should these gay Indian ladies know of the purpose of that lonely life, of the fair, unsullied ideal, which, after long years of a soldier's life, Major Seton yet held to in his heart of women and of love? Round the bungalows of other men hung pictures of fair faces by the score—operatic celebrities, women of the east and of the west, beauties of all nations and all climates; round Major Seton's hung a series of Landseer's proofs, a dozen or so of men's photographs, and, of late years, one oil-painting of a girl—a girl of about eleven, with blue eyes and a mignonne dark face, standing bareheaded under an Italian sky, and with a panorama of the bay of Genoa outstretched at her feet. Before his visit to Europe there had, it was remembered, been two or three women's portraits on his wall; but upon his return to India he cleared these scrupulously away before hanging up his new possession. "I just prefer seeing the child alone," he remarked, quietly, when one of his friends attempted to joke with him on the dethronement of old favorites; and after this no one asked him any further questions on the subject. There were few men who chose to question Major Seton on any subject respecting which he had once shown a disposition to be reticent.

"And you find her a great deal changed, Ralph?" said Mr. Lovell, while Ralph still continued to stroke down his moustache, and look silently at Archie. "You would not have recognized the little Italian girl you used to play with in this tall, stately, full-grown young person?"

"I should have recognized her anywhere," answered Ralph, "or at least I believe I should," he added, promptly. "Knowing that you lived at Morteville, and suspecting this to be your house, I certainly remembered Archie's face the first moment that I had a glimpse of it at the window."

"And if any other young woman with red hair and a brown face had been looking out you would have recognized her just the same," cried Archie, carelessly. "One finds what one expects to find! Now that I am told you are Major Seton, I remember Major Seton. If I had met you anywhere else——" she hesitated, and her eyes sank under his.

"If you had met Major Seton anywhere else," put in Bettina, opportunely, "I should have been with you, of course, Archie, and should have helped you to recollect your papa's friend." The poor little woman was quite bristling with her new sense of wanting everybody belonging to her to be decorous. "Archie needs the society of a few young girls of her own age, Major Seton," she added, apologetically. "Travelling about in the wild way we have done, I have thought it best never to let her mix with any other young people, but living settled in an English county, of course it will be very different."

And then Bettina—Mr. Lovell having gone away to store his cabinets safe

out of reach of Jeanneton's hands—put Major Seton through a long course of questions as to the social capabilities of Hatton. Plenty of rich manufacturing people? ah, yes, very well in their way, but not what she had been accustomed to in her youth, and the neighboring clergy, of course, and Major Seton himself. But what immediate neighbors?—nice people?—people they would be likely to get on with? and with any girl of Archie's age in the family?

"Well," said Major Seton, "the people to whom you will be nearest are the Durants. Durant's Court is about two miles from the rectory, and Lucia is, I should think, about the same age as Archie."

"Durant—Durant!" chirped Bettina. "Dear me, how familiar it sounds! Archie, where can I have heard the name of Durant lately?"

But Archie had bent her head over a French railway-guide that lay upon the table, and was intently studying the advertisement of a company for reclaiming waste lands near Bordeaux. "I—I beg your pardon, Bettina! What did you say? Davenant? Douro? oh, Durant—why, Durant was the name of that young Englishman I danced with at the ball the other night—don't you remember?"

"Of course it was. A nice little man, Major Seton, with yellow whiskers and a neat figure. Could it have been one of the Staffordshire family, should you think?"

A nice little man, with yellow whiskers and a neat figure! At any other time Archie would have fired up indignantly at such a hideous caricature of Gerald's handsome person, but she remained mute and still now, reading on without noting a word—though months afterward she could remember it accurately—of that prospectus for reclaiming the waste lands near Bordeaux, while she waited breathlessly for Major Seton's reply.

"A small man with yellow whiskers—that sounds like Gerald. You don't know his Christian name, I suppose?" But he addressed the question pointedly to Bettina, not Archie.

Mrs. Lovell answered, no; she had, indeed, not been introduced herself to Mr. Durant; could Archie remember if the name of the little man she danced with was Gerald?

"It was," answered Miss Lovell, laconically. "I know it, because he wrote his name down on my card, Gerald Sidney Durant." After which she went on diligently with her study of the waste lands. Liability of shareholders to be limited in accordance with the international treaty of 1862; capital already subscribed, 300,000 francs; and then on through a list of directors, bankers, brokers, auditors, and secretaries, down to the solicitors and temporary offices of the company.

"Well, Gerald Sidney Durant will before very long be one of your closest neighbors," went on Major Seton, in his quiet voice. "He is engaged to be married to his cousin Lucia, the heiress of Durant's Court."

Archie Lovell's heart turned to ice; Bettina, always fired into intense excitement by the barest mention of a marriage, began immediately to ply Major Seton with questions. When would it take place? Where would the young people live? How much a year would they have to start with? Had he not interrupted her, she would before long have got, no doubt, to the materials of the bride's dress, and what Archie would wear if she should be invited to be bridesmaid.

"It has been a very long engagement, indeed, Mrs. Lovell;" and something

in the distinct tone of his voice, in the scrupulous way in which he continued to address himself to Bettina, made Archie feel that every word he uttered was designedly, and of malice aforethought, addressed to herself. "An engagement commencing when Miss Durant was about two years of age and Gerald nine. There have been rumors of late, I hear, of a misunderstanding between them," he added; "but the idea of the engagement being really broken off is ridiculous. Sir John and Lady Durant are just as much in love with Gerald as Lucia is——"

"And Gerald himself?" cried Archie, as Major Seton hesitated, forgetting the waste lands and the part she was acting and everything else in her intense eagerness to hear what Gerald felt.

"Gerald himself *must* marry Lucia Durant," replied Major Seton, looking round, for the first time, at the girl's flushing face. "He has no choice at all in the matter."

"Oh, I thought a man always had some choice as to the woman he marries."

"Not when he is tied hand and foot, like poor Gerald. The lad is over head and ears in debt; his cousin Lucia on her marriage will have a clear fifteen hundred a year, and eventually every shilling her father has to leave. I should say, with what his wife brought him," added the major, in his accurate Scotch way, "very close upon fifty thousand pounds."

Fifty thousand pounds! Archie felt the same sort of profound crushing conviction as to her own worthlessness as she had done when Gerald first showed her the photograph of Lucia's faultless features. Fifty thousand pounds! and she, a pauper, had dared to think it possible that he liked her!

"I see," she murmured, half to herself, and dropping her face down over the book again; "I suppose there is no choice left when a man once decides to sell himself for money."

"Sell, my dear Archie!" cried Bettina. "Do leave off those silly, indeed indelicate expressions. This Mr. Gerald Durant is a very lucky man indeed, and it will be a great privilege to you having a nice young married woman living so near us. The young people will continue to live at the Court, I suppose, Major Seton?" And straightway visions of wedding-parties, dinner-parties, morning-calls, and the dresses that she, the rector's wife, would wear on all these occasions, presented themselves with delicious breadth and fulness of detail before Bettina's mind.

"When you condemn a man for marrying for money, you should remember what the man is," remarked Ralph, who had already fallen into the habit common to all human creatures who knew her, of answering about one in fifteen of Bettina's questions. "If you knew Gerald as I do, Archie, you would feel it impossible to apply any harsh terms to him, whatever he does."

"Should I?"

"Yes, I am quite sure you would. My own practical experience of Gerald's character has been confined to the years when we were boys together—or rather when I was an old boy, he a child; for there are a good many years between us—and to the few weeks I spent with him when I was home on leave seven years ago; but yet I believe I know him as well as if I had never lost sight of him in all the intervening time. What Gerald was at twelve I found him as a guardsman of nineteen, and shall find him again now at twenty-six. Characters like his develop, of course, but they don't change."

Just at this juncture Bettina—even in her new dreams of greatness not unmindful of the present honor of the house—remembered that there was only the remains of the cold fillet and a salad for supper, and jumping up, with a string of apologies to Major Seton, prepared to leave the room.

"I shan't be away from you five minutes, Major Seton, but Frederick will be impatient unless I help him with his cabinets." Mr. Lovell would not have let her touch one of them for the universe. "Archie, my love, amuse Major Seton by showing him your photographs while I am gone." And then she rushed off to the kitchen to send Jeanneton to the Couronne d'Argent (the back way, on account of Mrs. Maloney) for a roti and sweets; and Archie and Major Seton were left alone.

For the first time in her life Miss Lovell experienced the sensation of shyness. Her hands trembled; the color rose and fell in her face. When Bettina left the room it was as much as she could do not to get up and follow her. But Major Seton saw, or pretended that he saw, no symptom of her embarrassment.

"You have heard of your father's new prospects, of course, Archie?" he remarked, but without having the air of seeking to change their conversation. "I need scarcely ask you if you are glad at his good fortune. I suppose England is a sort of El Dorado to your mind at present?"

Then Archie raised her eyes, and looked at Ralph Seton full. He was scrutinizing her face, she felt, line by line, and she fancied there was an anxious, half-pained look upon his own, as though he would fain have bid her speak the truth, and trust in him, and take him to be her friend. Should she do so? Her heart said yes; and she stammered out his name—"Ralph!"

He was at her side in a moment; stooping over her low, and holding both her little cold hands in one of his own large ones. Archie's heart beat horribly thick—thicker far than when she stood alone on London Bridge by night with Gerald Durant. Gerald was young and handsome, and boyish; so much nearer her own size in every way than this great soldier, with his staid manner and his enormous height, and his rough, old, scarred, and weatherbeaten face—more scarred and weatherbeaten than she had known, now that she saw it close! A mortal terror overcame her that he might be going to kiss her again, and she jumped up nervously, and snatched her hands away from him.

"I—I think I must go after Bettina, Major Seton, that is," stammering and looking more and more frightened, "I mean papa may want me."

"Directly; when you have answered my question. Are you glad of this prospect of seeing England for the first time?"

"Why do you ask me?" she cried, the first instinctive impulse toward confession growing weaker every moment. "Of course I am glad. Of course it will be better to live respectably in a parsonage than to knock about the world as we have done." And she drew herself up to her full height, and tossing her hair back over her shoulders, looked steadily, almost defiantly, into Major Seton's face.

"And it really is the first time that you will see England!" he repeated, slowly and distinctly. "I understood your father right. You have never been in England since you were born?"

"Never!" cried Archie, with a sort of gasp. "Or, at least, papa and Bettina say so, and of course they ought to know."

After which she felt better; her dread of Ralph, her shyness, her hesitation

gone. She was in a new world; and yet it seemed to her as though she had been accustomed to it all her life; as though falsehoods were very easy to tell when the time came; nay, more, as though, after the first cold shock was over, there was a kind of pleasant pungency or zest in telling them!

Major Seton walked away to the window, plunged his hands into his coat-pockets, and put his lips into the set, compressed position which for him meant whistling. "He knows nothing," thought Archie, as she sat watching him. "He is not sure, or he would have asked me more questions, and I was right to put him off. Am I to go about telling wild stories of myself to everybody, now that poor papa is a rector?"

And forgetting that she wanted to follow Bettina, she sat down and returned to the study of the waste lands, while Ralph Seton stood for five minutes or more in the same attitude, his lips going through the same pantomime of whistling as he gazed out steadily into the street.

He suffered—strong man as he was—an intense, a fearful loss during these five minutes: he lost the one pure belief of the last six years of his life. The women he had taken down from his walls when he first hung Archie there, might be put back again he felt; the picture of the fresh, unsullied child, for whose sake he had dethroned them, was the picture of something that had no existence now. Archie Lovell was a woman, just as well worth loving and marrying as other women perhaps, but his ideal of truth and innocence and unstained loyalty no longer.

He came back, and looked at her very long and kindly. "Miss Lovell," he said at last, for the first time not calling her Archie, "you are a grown-up young lady as your father reminded me now, and I—well, there is more difference between us by far than there was in Genoa, when you were a little child and I was your playfellow—your tame bear rather, as you used to call me. I can't expect you will give me your confidence now as you used, but"—his voice shook slightly—"I hope we shall be very good neighbors indeed when you come to England, and that if ever you should by possibility need me you will look upon me as your friend."

But though he was quite close to where she sat, he made no attempt to approach any nearer to her now; and with a quick contraction of the heart, the girl felt that she need not be afraid of the pressure of the huge hands, of the contact of the rough moustache again. Half child, half woman as she was, Archie Lovell's real liking for Major Seton dated from that moment. For in that moment she acknowledged him to be, not her slave, not her equal, but her master!

"If you don't like to tell the truth, don't tell it. I shall not betray you, and I will play with you just as usual. Only—don't kiss me. I will never let you kiss me until you are brave enough to take the blame off Tino." She recalled again that threat of years ago; recalled the night she had cried so bitterly because he had held so staunchly to his word; and how at length he *had* kissed her again; kissed and loved, and trusted her more than ever! What would he think if he knew the truth now? Would he ever take her back to his regard if he discovered the falsehood she had this moment told him?

As she bent her face low down over her book, Major Seton stood and watched her still. He watched the outline of the graceful head; the bend of the girlish throat, the delicately-modelled arm that lay upon the table, the dark lashes resting on the soft, flushed cheek—every outward charm devel-

oped into sweet perfection of this child he had made an idol of! And as he stood, he put her resolutely away out of his heart. The thought of coming back and finding her thus; the child's face changed into a woman's—but the child's loyal heart matured into a woman's integrity—the hope of one day winning her for his wife, had been, during more than six years, the poetry, the brightness of Ralph Seton's lonely life. And now with the material part of his destiny accomplished, his father's debts paid, Ludbrooke his own again, and Archie before him—fairer than he had seen her in his dreams—he stood, even in the first hour of their meeting, and put her resolutely away out of his heart.

He was no enthusiast, with romantic visions of women being angels; he was a very plain and cautious man, fresh enough, certainly, to desire to possess a beautiful face by his own fireside, but who had seen sufficient of the world, and of the worst part of the world, to know when prudence bade him subordinate inclination to reason. For common conventionalities, for what are termed the opinions of society, he cared nothing. If Archie had boldly confessed that she had gone to London with Gerald, nay, had she confessed that she went of set purpose, not by accident, he might have liked her rather the better for the pluck such an escapade showed—experience having told him that, in extreme youth the best women are sometimes those who incur the maddest risks. But a girl who, at seventeen, could raise her blue eyes innocently, and toss her curls back like a child, and, looking full into a man's face, tell a deliberate falsehood, as she had done a minute ago, was no wife for him. He loved her; would love her with passion if he married her; would put his life, and what was dearer than his life, into her hands, and then—some day wake to find that the blue eyes were traitors, the red lips forsworn! He had seen not a few such endings to men's happiness in India, and was too great a coward (this was his own thought) to run the risk himself. A girl who could deceive without a blush at seventeen, might make a good wife still for some young fellow who should so command her heart as to put all temptation to deceit out of her way. An old soldier like him must marry a truer or a plainer woman if he married at all—but never this one!

And so, with tender pity for the little girl, with chivalrous resolve to be her friend all the more because from henceforth he would never be her lover, Major Seton put Archie away out his heart as he stood and looked at her.

CHAPTER XX.

CAPTAIN WATERS' SENSE OF DUTY.

MAJOR SETON returned to England again that evening. He had not been able, he said, to deny himself the pleasure of bearing good news to his old friends, but it was impossible for him to do more than pay them a flying visit now. His papers must be sent in to the Horse Guards at once; he had a visit to pay in Scotland; hosts of lawyers' business to get through in London. And when Archie and Mr. Lovell went down to the pier to see him off by the last steamer, they never knew that among the luggage from the *Couronne d'Argent* was a portmanteau bearing the name of Major Seton, —th Regiment; never knew that, in spite of his business, he had made preparations for staying with them a week, and had remained five hours.

Before leaving home Miss Lovell stole out into the courtyard of the house, and gathered a branch of myrtle in full flower that grew against its southern wall. She wore it in her belt till the minute came for saying good-by; then took it out and began to trifle with its leaves irresolutely. If Major Seton would only ask her for it, she thought! If she could only see her flower in his button-hole when he went away, she should feel as if there was a sort of friendly compact between them still. She remembered the jealous care with which she used to pin a flower into his coat every morning at Genoa, and how, withered or not withered, he always left it there through the remainder of the day. But Major Seton held his hand out and said, "Good-by, Miss Lovell," very much in the same tone as he said good-by to her father; then went quietly away down the steps to the boat that was waiting to take him to the steamer. A choking feeling came in Archie's throat as she leant across the bulwark of the pier and watched him. How different Gerald's handsome, animated face had looked when he bade her good-by—horrible grim old soldier that Major Seton was! And partly through temper, partly by accident, partly on purpose—who shall divine the motives of a girl of seventeen?—she flung away her myrtle-branch, and it fell into the boat, almost between Major Seton's hands.

"Well aimed, child," said her father, putting his arm round her shoulder. "You and Ralph are just as fierce lovers as ever, I see, Archie."

"Lovers!" cried Archie, with a quick toss of the head. "You forget, I think, papa, that I'm not eleven years old now. Poor old Ralph, a lover for me, indeed!" But she watched very narrowly to see what poor old Ralph would do, and she kissed her hand to him with one of her brightest smiles, as soon as she saw with what tender care he picked her myrtle up; and how religiously he stored it away within the breast of his gray great-coat.

And this was the picture of her that Ralph took away with him; her face flushing in the setting sun; her blue eyes smiling; her lips parted as she kissed her little hand to him; her father's arm around her shoulder. Major Seton betook himself to one of the paddle-boxes, from whence he watched the two figures on the pier, and afterward Morteville, till all were out of sight. Then he got out his pocket-book, and, turning still in the direction of France, looked long and closely at a photograph that Mr. Lovell had given him before he left; a photograph of a girl, with long, fair hair unbound, dressed in a loose blouse, with a palette and brushes in her hand; and finally, he took from his breast the piece of myrtle that Archie had thrown to him, and held it (no one fortunately being near to witness the utterly ridiculous action) to his lips.

These were the first steps by which the old moustache carried out his resolve of putting Miss Lovell away out of his heart!

Meanwhile, Mr. Lovell and his daughter strolled slowly homeward in the pleasant, evening sunlight. The last twenty-four hours seemed to have alienated Archie strangely from all her former happy, childish life; and she clung now with a welcome sense of peace to the dear arm which had been her stay always; looked up with a remorseful yearning of love to the dear face which she knew no folly, no guilt of hers, could ever cause to look upon her coldly. What was Gerald Durant, what was Major Seton, compared to him? A pang smote her heart as she felt how quickly she had been able to forget him for these strangers; the consciousness that she *had* forgotten him made her manner to him tenderer, her smile more loving than usual, as they walked along.

"That cabinet you have bought is a beauty, papa. I shall hardly like it to ever go away again. You never picked up such a *bonheur du jour* before."

"Archie," answered Mr. Lovell, in the calm voice of a man announcing some excellence too patent to need enlarging upon, "it is a Reisener, the design by Boucher, and executed in marqueterie with an art, a delicacy, that makes it a perfect cabinet picture in wood. If it is worth a sou it is worth four thousand francs. Perhaps now that I am a rich man," added the poor fellow, looking as radiant as a child, "a rich country parson, Archie, with four hundred pounds a year, I may feel myself justified in keeping that cabinet for my own enjoyment."

"I wish you could, papa, and the clock, too—that beautiful Boule clock. Ah, if we had only more money! Money enough to pay off all our debts, and start in England clear."

"Oh, as to money, I have arranged that very easily," said Mr. Lovell, lightly. "But don't mistake about the clock, Archie. As a speculation, I did well to buy it; but I would not care to possess it as a gift. Boule, as you know, had two styles. In his first and glorious one, he worked in plain, honest brass and ebony. In his second—in his decadence, his shame!—he sacrificed art to the miserable fashion of the day, of which this tawdry toy I bought at Amiens is a specimen. Lowered himself and his splendid talent to mother-of-pearl. Don't forget this again, child; 'tis a most important distinction."

"And the money, papa? The money to pay off all our creditors and start us afresh in England?"

"Oh, yes, the money! A mere trifle—six or eight hundred pounds at most."

"And how shall we raise it? Would the bishop advance your salary, do you think, if you were to explain everything to him?" Miss Lovell's knowledge of church matters was sketchy in the extreme.

"The bishop advance my salary!" said Mr. Lovell, laughing. "No, you little goose. Some one much better than a bishop has advanced me what I want already."

Archie's cheeks fired in a moment. She knew too well her father's fatal habit of borrowing from whomsoever he came across to doubt the meaning of his words. This explained the long conversation which her father and Major Seton had had together in the studio; this explained the cause of his joyous light-heartedness as they walked down to see Ralph off by the steamer.

"Oh, papa, I hope poor Major Seton has not—"

"Archie, my love," interrupted Mr. Lovell quickly, "poor Major Seton is a man with a clear twelve or fifteen hundred a year, and—thanks to his own honorable exertions and economy—a very handsome balance at his banker's. I explained to him the exact position in which I stand, and how my new poem, or 'Troy,' or both, must be sacrificed to pay my debts, and he saw instantly, as a matter of business—a matter of business, my dear, that you can't understand—how much wiser it would be to bide a fitting time instead of trying to force works of art or literature upon the market. In six weeks 'Troy' will be finished. I shall exhibit it at the Royal Academy next Spring, and if it only brings me five or six hundred pounds (the half of its real value), it will go a great ways toward setting us straight."

"And meanwhile Major Seton has helped us? Tell me, papa, I would rather know."

"Certainly, Archie, you shall know. I like you to hear everything that is in our good old friend's favor. In the meanwhile, Seton advances me one thousand pounds, to be repaid him with the interest of fifty pounds this day year. We shall thus be enabled to pay off every farthing of our foreign debts, to sacrifice neither 'Troy' nor my book, and to surround ourselves in our poor little parsonage with objects of art and grace instead of the mere bodily necessities, the bare walls and chairs and tables, with which most country parsons are, I fancy, content! Ralph is a shrewd fellow," he added; "no doubt of that. The Scotch blood shows in his aptness for business, if in nothing else. Five per cent. without risk is an investment one does not meet with every day. He told me so himself."

Archie was silent. To argue with her father on money matters was, she well knew, fruitless. He believed simply that he was acting with the nicest honor in paying his foreign debts out of another man's money; believed implicitly that "Troy" would sell for five hundred guineas. Her quick imagination pictured him already, dreaming and poetizing, and living beyond his means (that was inevitable) in the new rectory; the house filled with pictures and cabinets. "Troy" unsold, and the interest even of that thousand pounds of Ralph's never paid. "You know best, papa," with a quiet little reproach in her voice; "and when it is a question of selling your pictures or poems, I don't like to speak a word. But I do wish we could have started in England without being under obligation to any one."

"You make me feel my want of success, Archie, when you say that," was his answer. Whenever money affairs were talked of, Mr. Lovell had a trick of falling back plaintively upon his hard work and his evil luck, as though to turn aside his listener from the unwelcome subject. "I have not—God knows I have not—failed, as far as labor goes, one year since you were born. Only the reward has been tardy of coming! If I had had the luck of other men, writers and painters, inferior to me in ability, you would not have to reproach me now, child, with my want of independence."

A flush passed over his pale face, and in a moment Archie repented of what she had said, and fell to comforting him—the wise head of seventeen comforting the baby of forty-five—as she had done all her life whenever the word "failure" passed his lips. "They will not go on misunderstanding you forever, dear. When we live in England, you'll be able to know the Royal Academy people personally, and when they know you, they will be sure to like you, and to accept your pictures. I dare say it's a great deal more favor than merit, if we really knew, that gets pictures and poems accepted in London; and your new poem must be liked, I am sure of it. There is only a quarter of a canto to finish still, is there, papa?"

And having now started her father upon the subject, which to him embraced all other interests of life, Archie felt, with intense relief, that this at least would be no time for her own confession. She had meant faithfully to tell him everything during their walk home. Every word she had spoken had been, in reality, a prelude to the confession she was seeking to make. Yet now that chance seemed to have turned the opportunity for confession aside, she was thankful exceedingly for the reprieve. Let him be at peace to-day at all events, poor fellow! Let him be happy in the discussion of his new and brightened prospects, and to-morrow, when she had had a night to think over it all, and frame her story into the words that should pain him least, she would tell him and Bettina together what she had done.

Just as they reached their house in the Rue d'Artois, they were met by Captain Waters, dressed in the height of French watering-place fashion, and smoking his twelfth or final cigarette before dinner. As Archie and her father approached, he put himself so resolutely, hat in hand, in their path, that Mr. Lovell, who ordinarily shunned all the English world of Morteville, felt himself constrained to stop.

"A fine evening, Miss Wilson. You have been taking your usual stroll on the sands, I suppose?"

"No, Captain Waters; we have been on the pier seeing a friend of ours away by the steamer."

It was new for the Lovell family to possess a friend in Morteville, and Archie felt a little proud of announcing the fact.

"Your friend will have a fine passage, then. It was very calm at sea last night, was it not?"

"I—I believe so," she answered, her face flushing scarlet at the suddenness of the question. "But I was told you went over to the Calais *fêtes* yesterday, Captain Waters. You ought to know."

"My wife and myself spent yesterday in Amiens," remarked Mr. Lovell, innocently. "We were at the sale of the Chateau Floriac, and only returned this morning. It was one of the most extraordinary sales of old and valuable wood-carvings that I remember to have seen in France, Captain Waters. I purchased myself a *bonheur du jour* that is known, historically, to have been carved for Madame de Pompadour, and a clock—but I don't know whether you are a connoisseur in the artifice of that particular period, sir?"

"I believe I am a connoisseur in the artifices of all periods and all nations," answered Waters, with an imperceptible smile, and a glance at Archie, whose mingled *finesse* and insolence it would be hard to describe. "But my knowledge," he added, addressing himself deferentially to Mr. Lovell, "or what passes to myself for knowledge in such matters, would be contemptible compared to yours. I have long heard that in all matters of antiquarian art your judgment is simply unrivalled."

"Well—yes—I believe it is the one subject I know something about," replied Mr. Lovell, for whose easily-pleased vanity no flattery was too palpable. "In such rare intervals of leisure as I have been able to snatch from my own work, I have dabbled for years in bric-bracquerie all over Europe, and with tolerable success."

"And by this time must have quite a collection of art treasures?" said Waters, who seemed determined to prolong the conversation. "You have not got them with you here in Morteville, of course?"

"No, no," answered Mr. Lovell. "My poor art treasures, as you are pleased to call them, are in Paris, and will remain there till I take them with me to England—I hope, in two or three weeks from the present time."

Captain Waters was politely interested at once in Mr. Wilson's departure; had no idea that Morteville was so soon to lose them; and poor Mr. Lovell, in his simplicity, began forthwith to expatiate on his plans, while Archie, her heart swelling with indignant disgust, stood silently by and listened. She knew her father's peculiarity on this point of old. Shy to the most painful degree, shy to such an extent that he would walk any number of miles sooner than have to stop and speak to an acquaintance in the street, Mr. Lovell, in the hands of a man like Waters, could, with one or two well-timed compliments, be drawn into the foolish confidence of a child.

"We have been living very quietly indeed here in Morteville, Captain Waters," he said at last, "which must explain the want of hospitality I have shown to my friends, yourself among others"—he had spoken to Waters about twice in his life before—"friends whom, under different circumstances, it would have given me real pleasure to entertain; but if you ever come to our part of the country, I should be happy, very happy indeed, to see you." He was meditating a sidelong escape to the house as he said this, and thought that a hazy offer of distant hospitality might be the easiest way of covering his retreat.

Captain Waters raised his hat in his courteous, foreign fashion, and expressed the pleasure it would give him to renew Mr. Wilson's acquaintance. "In—in Leicestershire, I think you said?" he added, carelessly. "A county I know remarkably well, and often visit."

"No, in Staffordshire—Hatton, in Staffordshire," said Mr. Lovell; "stay, I will give you the address." And he took out a card, and wrote upon it in pencil his address, "The Honorable and Rev. Frederick Lovell, Hatton, Staffordshire;" then shaking his friend's hand with warmth, prompted by his intense nervous desire to get quit of him, ran away into the house.

Captain Waters examined the card curiously for a minute. "The Honorable and Rev. Frederick Lovell, Miss Wilson?" he remarked, raising his eyes to Archie's face. "I must really ask you to decipher this mystery for me. Who is the Honorable and Reverend Frederick Lovell? and why has Mr. Wilson been kind enough to give me his address?"

"The Reverend Frederick Lovell is my father," answered Archie, stiffly; "I am sure I cannot tell why he gave you his address."

She moved, as though to follow her father into the house, but Captain Waters had placed himself in such a position that she could not pass without actually requesting him to move. "And—my question may seem indiscreet," he continued; "but why have we here in Morteville not known the honorable and reverend character of the gentleman who was living among us?"

"Because, living in such a place, and among *such* people, my father found it convenient to pass under an assumed name," cried Archie, with a superb toss of her head. "Are you satisfied, Captain Waters?"

"Oh, entirely," answered Waters, with a half smile. "Living in such a place, and among *such* people, the Honorable Frederick Lovell has shown great wisdom, I think, in concealing his name. How long has your papa been rector of Hatton, Miss Wilson?—Miss Lovell, I really beg your pardon for falling back into old bad habits."

"There is no need to apologize—indeed, I hardly see why you should talk of old habits. Did we ever speak to each other in our lives before, Captain Waters? My father has been rector of Hatton about four days. The old rector died a week or so ago, and Lord Lovell, my grandfather, has given the living to papa. I must really ask you to let me pass, please."

She swept past him with the manner of a little queen, and turning slightly as soon as she found herself within the shelter of their own door, gave him a freezing inclination of her head, as much as to say: "Go! I have dismissed you!"

Captain Waters admired Archie Lovell warmly at this minute. That she suspected his possession of her secret he was certain; that she dared to brave him, answer his impertinent questions with impertinent answers, and stand looking at him now with this air of regal dismissal, pleased him infinitely.

To have possessed the secret of any ordinary English school-girl of her age would have offered poor chance either of profit or amusement to himself. An ordinary school-girl, who would have blushed and cried, and supplicated to him to spare her, and then probably have gone straightway and betrayed herself to her mamma! To possess the secret of a girl like this—a girl who, at her age, had a woman's courage as well as a woman's duplicity—might, well worked, be really a little mine of diversion and of profit to him. For a secret that escapade evidently was: Mr. Lovell's innocent account of his journey to Amiens had betrayed so much to him, and however foolhardy the girl had been when she was Miss Wilson, it was almost mathematically clear to Captain Waters' perception that Miss Lovell, the daughter of the Honorable and Reverend rector of Hatton, would be sage!

It was the habit of this man's life—a necessity forced upon him by his profession, perhaps—to assign to every human creature with whom he was thrown the worst, the most selfish motives possible. "My lot has been cast among bad specimens of humanity," he would say, candidly, in speaking of his own cynicism. "For more years than I can count, the worst people in the worst continental towns have been my study, and when, by accident, I have to deal with the really good and virtuous, I mechanically apply the same low standard to them as to the rest. And it is really curious to remark," he would add, putting up his eye-glass, and looking languidly in his listener's face, "curious, very, to remark how nicely the same measure seems to fit everybody after all!"

"And you will leave Morteville soon, then, I fear, Miss Lovell, from what your papa said."

"Very soon, I hope, Captain Waters. I am heartily glad to get away from the place, and from everything connected with it."

"Everything, Miss Lovell? Can you really say so? Will you have no one pleasant recollection of poor little Morteville? No walk, no ball, at which you have enjoyed yourself?"

"No; there is not one circumstance, and certainly not one person here, that I want to remember." But still she did not go away. Something in the expression of Waters' face seemed to constrain her, in spite of her repugnance for the man, to hear all that he had to say.

"I understand. The past and all belonging to it, pleasant or the reverse, is to be buried. Miss Lovell"—abruptly—"is Hatton, in Staffordshire, anywhere in the neighborhood of Durant's Court, do you know?"

Her heart beat so violently, that for a moment she could not trust herself to speak; then, with a supreme effort of self-command, she answered, as indifferently as she could, yes. The rectory at Hatton was, she had heard, about two miles distant from Durant's Court.

"Ah! that will be charming for all parties," said Waters, pleasantly. "No wonder, Miss Lovell, that you are glad to leave Morteville. I should like very much myself to meet Gerald Durant again," he added. "He was an uncommonly pleasant fellow in his way, capital companion, and all that, but not quite the stamp of man, perhaps, one could make a friend of. Shifty, rather; a new caprice every five minutes; no sooner winning a thing than he was sure to tire of it. You agree with me, Miss Lovell?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," cried Archie, desperately. "What should I know of Mr. Durant? Why do you ask me?"

Waters advanced a step within the open doorway, and out his head quite

close to Archie's. "Miss Lovell," he whispered, "I am sorry that you treat me with so little confidence. You are wrong, I think; for I wish—upon my soul I wish—to stand your friend; and can do so. Do you believe me?"

A look of frightened disgust was all her answer; but Captain Waters did not appear in the slightest degree discountenanced. "This is not the time to tell you what I mean," he went on, still in a half-whisper, and in the same odious closeness of position. "What I have got to say will take time, and should be said in a place"—and as he spoke he glanced at Madame Brun's open window—"where there is no possibility of eaves-droppers. Now, if I might meet you on the Grève of a morning? To-morrow, for example?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. What can you have to tell me?" she stammered. "If you want to say anything, say it now. When I walk on the Grève it is with papa."

Just at this moment Jeanneton—hot and indignant still, from her recent encounters with Bettina—came forth; laden with straw, bass dust, and deposit of all kinds from the cases of bric-a-brac, on her way to the court.

Waters was not slow at turning her opportune appearance to account. "You see this is not a place to talk in, Miss Lovell," he urged, but in a coldly deferential manner, now that the servant's eyes were upon them. "Tell me, please, if I can see you on the Grève to-morrow, or not? There is a very unpleasant story going the round of the place to-day, which makes it my duty to communicate with some member of your family. Can you meet me, or," he added this with marked emphasis, "shall my communication be made in writing to Mr. Lovell himself?"

He had found out the way to subjugate her at last. At the mention of her father, at the thought of what this story must be that Waters threatened to write to him about, every tinge of color forsook Archie's face. She clasped her hands together as if a sharp bodily pain had smitten her. "No, no, Captain Waters! write nothing, say nothing to papa, and I will meet you whenever you choose. On the Grève, if you will, to-morrow morning. Only, if he is with me, say nothing, please, till I can manage to see you alone! We always like to spare poor papa any trouble that we can," she added, half apologetically, and lifting her eyes with an expression of mute entreaty to Captain Waters' impassive face.

"Don't be afraid, Miss Lovell; I shall behave with the most perfect discretion in every way, you may rest assured. To-morrow morning on the Grève, then; between ten and eleven will not be too early? And in the meantime, mademoiselle, *au plaisir de vous révoir.*"

He took his hat off to the ground, and then sauntered jauntily away down the Rue d'Artois, twirling his diminutive cane in one little well-gloved hand, with the other alternately caressing his pointed, flaxen moustache, and putting up his eye-glass, but with dilettante curiosity rather than impertinence, at every woman who chanced to pass him on the *trottoir*.

"And this is respectability," thought Archie, bitterly. "This is Philistinism, and the kind of price one has to pay for it! Oh! that the rector of Hatton hadn't died, and that I might have dared tell Ralph the truth, and bade this man and every one else in Morteville do their worst!"

And with a hard, sullen look, such as in all her happy Bohemian life her face had never worn before, her teeth set, her eyes fixed and dilated till all their blue seemed gone, she stood and watched Captain Waters' retreating figure till it was out of sight.

LITERARY FRONDEURS.

WHEN David, the heroic and beautiful youth of the Hebrew story, took the smooth stones from the brook and his sling in his hand, and went forth to destroy Goliath, he was a type of the *frondeur*.

The ancients maintained frondeurs in their armies; they were men trained to use the sling. To us they serve as the physical type of the frondeur. The literary frondeur is one who *slings* truths—unwelcome and often destructive truths—at some giant sham or honored Mumbo-Jumbo of society.

The moral and political and social meaning of *frondeur* grew out of the "wars of the Fronde," and the term in France means one who assails, criticises, or mocks established facts or appearances. When you say a man is a frondeur, you mean that he affronts, outrages, defies, or rails at something which time or custom has made respectable.

To write the history of frondeurs would be to write the biography of all the men who have broken up the stupid tranquillity of society; who have prevented the stagnation of great or little communities; who have destroyed, that others might build.

That delightful old babbler, Montaigne the essayist, might have been a consummate frondeur; but he kept so quiet and expressed himself with so much seeming indifference that he was allowed to pass undisturbed in the midst of the animosity and lawlessness of civil war. His imperturbable calm and good temper marked the depth of his distrust of venerable facts. Montaigne had a prudent mind in a sickly body. With a powerful physique he would have affronted more and questioned less. Montaigne was a literary frondeur dormant. Rabelais a literary frondeur jovial and active. Mirabeau was probably the most irresistible frondeur that ever lived. But in France, the cradle and home of frondeurs, the distinction of the character is not much remarked, because all share it more or less.

The rôle of the frondeur is enacted for a brief period by all men of decided genius and adequate physique. With most men of positive force it is confined to early manhood; the great and venerable and splendid facts of our civilization soon overawe, force allegiance, and finally evoke complacent eulogies.

Shelley was a frondeur, consummate, noble, uncalculating; and he bruised himself in his attacks on the great, gross facts of English society.

If you wish to know what a literary frondeur is *not* like, read "The Spectator" of Addison, "Proverbial Philosophy" by Tupper, and "Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson," by A. H. K. Boyd.

Logic, understanding, the strength of majorities, patronage—these are on the side of the Philistines—the Goliaths—of our civilization, and Dr. Johnson, overbearing, sturdy, impatient of opposition, and accustomed to great deference, was the best modern Goliath, the best leader of the Philistines of

English letters. Macaulay was his successor, and he wielded a more pointed weapon; he was better equipped, but he did not have the attacking instinct, the fighting weight and energy of old Dr. Johnson. Genius, reason, vitality—these are on the side of the frondeurs, and Heine in Germany, George Sand in France, Carlyle in England, and Thoreau in this country, are the most perfect modern types.

Now and then a Philistine, reacting against the tranquillity and the absence of sensation of the great and swarming party to which he belongs, acts the part of a frondeur. When Gail Hamilton wrote her plea for a nobler life, and a purer and more equal relation between man and wife, called "A New Atmosphere," she became a frondeur, for she assailed the orthodox idea of the married state, and she appalled and outraged the pious censors of the most bigoted section of the great army of American Philistines. By Philistines I mean all those who look at life and letters and art, without sympathy for their most unconstrained forms, and who are without liberality; who are rigid and inflexible in their moral sense, pedantic in their literary and artistic sense; who are without expansiveness of nature; who are insensible to the finest issues of life; who accumulate but do not distribute; who are stupid materialists or sickly spiritualists, and either do not know or dare not use this world as "one vast source of delicious sensation."

A pure example of a literary Philistine is hard to find, for quickness of sympathy at least is a very common accompaniment of the talent of the writer, and although he may be the exponent of the Philistines, he is never utterly without light himself; for some light is the condition of the exercise of his talent.

The two most perfect types of the literary frondeur in this country were Edgar A. Poe and Henry D. Thoreau—the first a man of letters with the artistic or literary spirit, the second a man of letters without the artistic spirit, but so thoroughly emancipated and so sincere that his writings have the beauty of truth if not the truth of beauty. Poe disturbed the tranquil self-satisfaction of a great many excellent men and meritorious writers; Thoreau affronted every literary man in the country by the practical teaching of his life, and the straightforward expression of his aversion to clergymen, towns, cities, newspapers, and, in a word, civilization. His voluntary isolation cost him grace and sweetness; Poe's selfish worship of the beautiful, and his moral indifference, or torpor, destroyed his life. Sooner or later most of the frondeurs destroy themselves, or waste themselves, or they become Philistines, and are skilful, and over their dessert and wine (for they are bought with a price and become rich) talk like Browning's Bishop Blougram with Gigadibs the literary man. It is then that sophistry and erudition take the place of sincerity and force, and thus the leaders are lost, and literature becomes corrupted, that is, rhetorical and verbose, full of noise and signifying nothing.

Whenever the spirit of the frondeur is active we have an insurrection against routine and vulgarity. Among artists it resists the advancement of the mechanical spirit; among men of letters it resists the authority of conventionality. It may seem strange that in literature Americans have not offered many rare types of the frondeur; but whoever reflects on the truth of De Tocqueville's remarks *apropos* of literature in this country will cease to be surprised at our timidity and our deference to authority.

Our cultivated classes do not understand the literature of a people as the next thing to the people's life; they understand literature as an amplifica-

tion, an extension, or a duplication of something that attained its growth centuries ago; something the form of which is fixed, and which we are to repeat after the original pattern. Our average writers outside of journalism have been more studious to watch the masterpieces of English literature, or the ancient classics, than to report contemporary life. They seem to desire to advertise their readers of the great and honorable company they have met, and to show how well they have caught the tone and spirit of the aristocrats of letters. The literary frondeur has no place among these well-plumed mocking-birds.

We have but few literary frondeurs. The equality of conditions in this country forms a powerful and all-pervading sentiment, and almost dictates the thoughts with which we shall regard the leading facts of our individual and social life. So few of us are addicted to reverie, and what De Tocqueville calls the solitary meditations which commonly precede the great emotions of the heart and prepare us for the reception of exceptional and personal passions, that we live without violent and capricious sources of excitement, or, like a nation of stock-jobbers, seek it outside of the domain of sentiment, in the fluctuations and crises of the gold market. Our men of letters write merely to amuse or instruct the American people; scarcely a man, outside of politics, exposes our social limitations or mocks or assails our prejudices, or *slings*, like a true frondeur, a destructive truth at the gods we worship. Our most aggressive men are not literary men; they are in public life, they are men of action, and chiefest among them is Lieutenant-General Sherman. What a rare frondeur to win the gratitude of his contemporaries!

The best period of literary activity among American thinkers began with Emerson; and Emerson and his peers have outlived the force which impelled their vigorous protest against dominant insincerities in Church and State. The most vigorous native contemporary we now have is Henry James; and Henry James is not active enough, or seems not to have sufficient energy, to exercise a direct influence commensurate with his intellectual vigor and daring. How deeply he feels, how comprehensive is his thought, how bold, frank, naked is his utterance, you will discover when you read "Substance and Shadow;" and also, more especially, because obvious in its bearing upon our common living and thinking, the *appendix* of that difficult and sturdy book.

When we think of literary frondeurs, we think of a company that cannot claim Hawthorne (he was too much of an artist to be a frondeur), cannot claim Lowell, cannot claim Longfellow, cannot claim Bryant, cannot claim Whittier, cannot claim Hillard; and these are honored names, expressive of delightful works. Our literary frondeurs are very different. Emerson, Theodore Parker, Thoreau, Edgar Poe and Henry James. To-day, among the rising men we know of none; all are under the rule of conformity, express the average sentiment and thought of our reading public. Our rising men have placed their feet on very old, very firm ladders, and they climb to reputation on common steps. Mrs. Stoddard might be a frondeur; she has the instincts of a frondeur, but she has not the *abandon* of a frondeur, and she hesitates on "the dangerous edge of things."

Lowell is too close to Harvard, and too much involved in the gratifying social life of Boston, and is beyond the aggressive period of life. We cannot expect that he will exercise his literary faculty save in the service of the most time-honored institutions.

I loved Lowell up to the time of his criticism on Thoreau—after his paper

on Carlyle, the best piece of literary criticism ever written on this side of the Atlantic; but it was written for Boston, and Lowell loaned his wit, his humor, the prestige of his literary reputation, to arraign and pronounce judgment against the most blameless and sincere man of letters who ever in this country resisted the majority—the man who has been most independent of foreign and local models; who has, with Emerson, done most to destroy the prestige of dilettanteism.

I do not reproach Lowell that he criticised Thoreau, for when Lowell criticises he instructs and entertains us; I reproach him that he stood among the self-righteous crowd of Thoreau's detractors, that is, among tradesmen, presiding officers, lecturers, mill-owners, and spoke *their* thought about Thoreau; interpolated *their* Poor-Richard philosophy of life with the purer text of his own literary appreciation of Thoreau. As Lowell is more of an artist than Thoreau, and was disturbed by Thoreau's want of sweetness, and grace, and suavity, I can understand and welcome his criticism; but as he is a man of letters, quick to resent the tyranny of American Philistines, and a lover of the most indigenous growth we have yet to show in our native literature, I mourn that he allowed himself to act as prosecutor for the Boston public; and I can only acknowledge that, as literary Attorney-General for the State, his arraignment and prosecution of Thoreau before the North American tribunal was an ingenious and brilliant effort; and after it, I have no doubt but that the kid glove literary and clerical mob of the country were ready to cry out, Release Barabbas but crucify Thoreau, for he has mocked our gods and he has been indifferent to our high priests.

The only man now living whose mind has made its mark in American letters, and who may be said to be entirely free from all trammels, is Emerson; and if Emerson had the dramatic genius of Carlyle, he would be the most consummate frondeur that ever lived. But Emerson has very little power of action. He is now old and passive, and his most daring utterance fails to impart movement to those who think differently or are sluggish in their relation to vital truths. Superadd to Emerson's mental perception—so marvellously clear and direct and searching—the physical organization of a Mirabeau, and we should have a literary force so active to-day that De Tocqueville's reproach would no longer apply to this country, and we should verify his prediction, when he said: "If the minds of Americans were free from all trammels, they would very shortly become the most daring innovators and the most implacable disputants in the world; but," he continues, "the imagination of the Americans, even in its greatest flights, is circumspect and undecided; its impulses are checked and its works unfinished."

In that truly dispassionate and accurate examination of the tendencies of modern civilization, and more especially of English civilization, I mean John Stuart Mill's book on "Liberty," we have a very philosophic statement of the dangers of conformity, and a protest against the uniform level exacted by modern society; we have also a plea for eccentricity, and the most well-balanced thinker in England announces his apprehensions of a fatal suppression of the individuality of the modern man. Mill's book on "Liberty" is not the *sting* of a young and reckless frondeur; it is the deliberate utterance of a thinker, who says, "come, let us reason together;" and his most patient reasoning justifies the action of the frondeur and impresses us with the necessity of a most active resistance to the tendencies of the organization of modern society, and, as a consequence, of modern letters.

One of the chief causes of the absence of picturesque and novel thought, and picturesque and novel expression, is the wide-spread influence of the newspaper, that great centre of opinion. The newspaper appropriates the most active and vital literary men of the country, and does not allow those men time to feel deeply or think profoundly. It exacts immediate utterance on the dominant questions of each day, and it makes the man of letters and the thinker careful only to express the sense of the public, and it disciplines him to suppress his peculiar views—in a word, his individuality. The truth is, that the freshest and strongest literary man employed by the daily press is very soon forced into routine, ceases to think as a frondeur, and soon expresses himself like an automatic repeating instrument. The literary frondeurs employed by the daily press may be counted on our fingers. They aim to say the thing that is pleasant; and the press of our country is threatened with the same mechanical life which sometimes overtakes the clergymen of the land. The thoughts hastily elaborated by the press are the floating thoughts of the public. Now and then a literary frondeur breaks the uniform level; now and then, in a chance editorial, or in a stray magazine article, he surprises a public with thoughts they have not worn threadbare, or soiled, or handled until they have become defaced, and he breaks the average tranquillity. But he scarcely repeats his sling, for Mrs. Grundy writes letters of remonstrance, and complains that *her* windows have been broken. It is dangerous to “let loose a thinker.” If he is young, he will *sling* truths; he will assault the leader of the Philistines. If he is beyond the ardor of his blood, and is slow in his nature, he will *mine* the great fortresses of privilege and prejudice, and wait to see the destruction which he has calculated and anticipated. But this country belongs to young men; we do not wait for the slow innovations of time. Let us therefore have frondeurs; let us have literary frondeurs; let us assault the great, gross body of our time.

We want literary frondeurs to destroy our self-satisfaction. We must be made restless—placed beyond the flattering sounds of our material prosperity; we must live better; we must be more artistic, less mechanical. We are taking great trouble, with mills and stock-boards, to heap up money to enrich our children; to be called rich ourselves; and in the meantime we live meanly—we live meanly to die rich. Do you know what About says? “Children inherit not only the capital which we have heaped, but also the habits which we have taken. He who has lived like a pig to leave his son the fortune of a prince, risks, more or less, leaving his fortune to another pig.”

A few literary frondeurs in the army of American progress would break a great many vulgar mirrors in our industrial palaces—would shock a great many families; but the next generation would have more artistic homes, would lead freer lives, and the manhood of the nation would be much more frank in expression and in action.

We need frondeurs. They prevent stagnation; they frighten the sheep, but they save them from the wolf. The rank and file of society have always been as sheep, and they have followed the “bell-wether.” How well we understand the mingled indignation and contempt of one of their best friends! “The people, in the hands of statesmen, are like sheep in the hands of their shearers, and, like them, they stand wondering at being so smartly shorn. What fine men! and how well shorn we are! Oh, animals! Your very hogs squeal, and do not amuse themselves with or admire the shears that disfigure them!”

The frondeurs of to-day are the dogs that rouse us from our after-dinner nap, and which we curse until we have heeded their warnings; and then we think of them with tardy gratitude, and call them the guardians of the sheep fold.

Every assault, every revolt, every sally of man, is based on a vital and urgent truth, for nothing less can give man, who is a social being, and loves the approbation of his fellows, the impulsion necessary to act the part of the frondeur. But to accept the routine, to fill the place which you find, to conform, requires only a sluggish or a selfish nature; and to honor custom, it is simply necessary to be something of a slave and something of a hypocrite.

The great word of to-day is the instructed sense of majorities, or the force of public opinion. That word does very well in mechanical matters, but in all that relates to the finest issues of life, it does very wrong. If not, then the average sense of the public is better than that of the noblest teachers and guides of the race—which is absurd to believe. It is the individual man who is penetrating, noble, learned, tender, and the author of great works. And in matters of art, of literature, of science, of morals, of politics, we are indebted to a few individuals who were the frondeurs of their time. I will not go back to the most sacred and loved names of antiquity; I will not bring forth the impressive and tender masters of the Hebrew, of the Christian, or of the Greek. Pass by those great and sacred shades; they have lost the color of their local and original life; in the understanding of the people to-day they are mighty ideals, but scarcely related to their age as human beings. To-day dreams when it looks on the past, and it eliminates everything local, everything familiar, from the action of the heroes and martyrs of yesterday, although a frondeur here and there strives to correct the people's vague and lofty conception. They seek to show that the men who have bequeathed great and vital and sacred names to us were the frondeurs of their time, just as Luther was a frondeur, just as Shelley was a frondeur, just as in art, ten years ago, Ruskin was a frondeur, just as in literature Carlyle remains a frondeur, just as in ethics Emerson is a frondeur. But to-day, in this country, have we a literary frondeur?

EUGENE BENSON.

RACHEL AND RISTORI.

THERE is certainly no audience in the world more critical, more tasteful, more discriminating than a collection of Parisian notabilities, critics, artists and *gens du monde*, when assembled to decide upon the merits of any actor or singer who presumes to challenge their verdict, and to claim a position as a leader in either profession. But, though exacting, quick to detect pretension, and unmerciful in their condemnation of inferiority or presumption, the Parisians greet true merit with the most prompt recognition, and accord to those who deserve it enthusiastic praise. Having once acknowledged the claim of an artist, Parisians treat the fortunate individual with undeviating favor, and expect the world to recognize their verdict. I make this short preamble merely to call attention to the fact that the subjects of this brief sketch, Rachel and Ristori, both obtained remarkable histrionic triumphs in Paris, and that hence there can be no doubt as to their great talent. This is not to be called in question here, my object being simply to relate the different impressions made upon me by these actresses and to endeavor to describe the peculiarities in their physique and their acting.

Rachel came to this country at a time when she had been suffering physically, and hence appeared to less advantage than when, in the zenith of her power, she created such a marked sensation in Paris. At that period, also, public taste here was less cultivated than at present, and but comparatively few persons understood the French language. Laboring under these disadvantages, Rachel did not make the impression her admirers expected; she felt chagrined, and consequently played with less spirit, less purpose. But still those capable of judging of her talent, saw in her the most wonderful of artists. She was tall, graceful, finely formed; her face was more intellectual than handsome; but, lighted up with passion, or drooping in sorrow, her eyes, large, liquid dark orbs, seemed more than beautiful. There was a magic, a witchery, in her glances. I have seen her in Paris stalk silently upon the stage, approach the front, and remain gazing at the audience. Not a word did she speak, her hands hung by her side, she stood motionless. But her eyes were ablaze, her gaze intent, fierce, savage. She was meditating murder! A hush would come over the immense audience, women involuntarily turned away from that glance, men breathed more heavily, and wished that she would break the painful silence. At last, subdued by the power of that fierce look, the awful reality of vengeful anger which it expressed, the audience perceptibly shivered and grew uncomfortable. Then, when the silence seemed wholly intolerable, the pent-up rage, the anger of the wronged woman burst forth with the irresistible force of a torrent. The tall figure drawn to its utmost height, the heaving breast, the swaying arms, the pale face, the firmly compressed mouth, were all so indicative of the fierce mood to be represented that one forgot the actress and deemed it all true—too true. When, seizing

her dagger, Rachel rushed from the stage, the wonderfully impressed spectators then seemed in their frantic applause to find some relief for their overwrought feelings. The power to thus impress her audience Rachel undoubtedly derived from the natural force, the imperiousness, of her character. There was a magnetism about the woman, and a depth of feeling, truly remarkable. I have seen her lying on the floor of her dressing-room in the theatre, prostrated and weeping, after going through some principal portrayal, into which she had entered with so much intensity as to affect even herself. On the stage, her tears, her sobs, were real, unfeigned; hence, in her moments of sorrow, she deeply moved her audiences. They could not but be swayed by such real, such life-like representations.

Rachel was certainly the very personification of dramatic genius. She was, in herself, through the force of a powerful will and strong passions, capable of controlling weaker minds; and exerted over an audience something akin to fascination. Those who gazed at her instinctively understood and appreciated this woman's force, and admired her with an intensity they scarcely comprehended. To have stated to these people that there could exist the rival of Rachel, would have been to subject one's self to indignant if not insulting denial. Her sway was complete. She was "The Tragic Muse."

Rachel, as I said above, was graceful. She possessed a natural ease, and had acquired a refinement of manner which lent her additional attractions. Setting aside the fact that she was immensely popular, owing to her talent and preëminence as an artist, Rachel would have been remarked in any society. Her appearance was attractive, her manner charming; she was witty in conversation, fond of company, was, in fact, a *bon-vivant*, and not a little given to the encouragement of the many passionate attachments she created. This inconstancy was the chief fault ascribed to her, but she paid no heed to the *cancans* about her, or to the little epigrams which the satirical Parisians indulged in at her expense, on this subject. She was aware of her great power, and did not notice such attacks. While Rachel lived, no one could hope to rival her in the estimation of the Parisians, and she was well aware of this. Doubtless the conviction, while it added to the natural imperiousness of her will, gave the more strength and sway to her talent. She was not one to grow supine from excess of popularity. Instinctively a tragic actress, she loved her art, and ever respected it. When ill health forced her to leave the stage, she pined. In fact there can be no doubt that she grew discouraged, and died broken-hearted, from the deprivation of those triumphs which had become to her the great object of life.

Ristori is altogether dissimilar in appearance and character to Rachel. The latter was naturally a dramatic genius; the former has become a great actress by dint of careful and constant study. What was impulse in Rachel, is the result of experience and imitation in Ristori; but the art is so great, so like nature, that the most critical alone discover the distinction. It must have cost Ristori a world of anxious toil to thus become so great. We scarcely know which most to admire, the natural impulsive genius of the French actress, or the studied finish and wonderful art of the Italian. Ristori is not so pleasing in her appearance, was never so personally attractive, as Rachel. I do not say this without a due sense of the fact that such comparisons are to be avoided if possible, but I scarcely see how I can in this instance refrain from noting the distinction. The Italian artist's features are not so regular, she is not so fair, her figure is less remarkably elegant, and, above all, she has

not such wondrously beautiful eyes. In society she is not so fascinating, but she has an immeasurable superiority in the purity of her character and the goodness of her heart. She is a faithful wife, a tender mother. Her reputation is unstained, her charitable instincts unbounded. She is ever playing for the benefit of the sick or of the poor, and is individually beloved, where her great rival was only admired for her talent.

I witnessed the first appearance of Ristori in Paris in 1859, and I well remember how great was the sensation produced by this event. The fame of the Italian *tragédienne* had already reached the city. She now came there to lay claim to the first eminence in her art. All the renowned authors, critics, artists and leaders of fashion in Paris were assembled to witness the *début* of Ristori. Jules Janin, Théophile Gautier, Alexandre Dumas, Henri de Pène, Edmond About, Fiorentino, Mocquard, Auber, and others of like eminence were present. The members of the Court, the Italian Minister, in short, all the world of Paris, were there, and the actress must have been a stoic indeed, had she not trembled at the ordeal. She braved it, however, and as she entered fully into the spirit of her impersonation, she grew more and more confident, and drew from her audience murmurs of applause. Ere the close of the performance, she had aroused a feeling of genuine admiration for her talent, and as the curtain fell, she was recalled with enthusiastic plaudits.

A good instance of Ristori's moral courage and steady judgment was her production of the "Medea" of M. Ernest Legouve. This tragedy had been submitted to M^{lle} Rachel, who declined to appear as its heroine, because, in her opinion, the Parisian public would not tolerate a personation in which a mother destroys her own children rather than to have them know the worthlessness of a criminal father. Ristori created the character, and triumphantly depicted it even in the presence of Rachel herself, who saw, when her fault in judgment could not be remedied, that she had made a mistake that had inured to the glory of her rival.

It was an especial triumph for Ristori that she succeeded admirably in Paris, even when she attempted to play in French, because she does not speak the language well. She has the peculiar accent which Italians never seem to lose in speaking French; and were she not so forcible, so dramatic, so true to life, the Parisians, ever ready to seize upon the slightest approach to the ridiculous, would have laughed at her.

In coming to this country now, Ristori is fortunate. The taste of the public has been cultivated. Travel to Europe has become so general, that a vast number of people here have had opportunities of witnessing the most artistic performances in the Old World, and will be all the better able to appreciate her rare talent. She will be surrounded by the adequate accessories. Cultivated to the highest degree, her talent has become so near an approach to genius as to be irresistible in its effect. She will not fascinate the public as Rachel in the zenith of her power would have done, but she will charm them by her artistic representations.

I shall add to this brief parallel between the two great tragic actresses of the century, a few specimens of the dramatic compositions which Ristori intends to interpret, for which I am indebted to the manuscript translations of Mr. Isaac C. Pray of New York.

The story of Legouve's "Medea" needs no explanation. It is the familiar and savage old Greek legend. In the following passage, Medea, deserted by Jason, and wandering with her two children, tells her story to Cræusa, at

Corinth. She does not yet know that Jason is at Corinth, still less that he is to marry Cræusa :

In a far distant land fate made my home—
A regal one, where I to womanhood
Grew at the side of wealth and power, though born
Amid the wildness of a savage clime.
My parents loved me and the gods were kind ;
My royal home was blest. A stranger chief
One day upon that distant shore arrived,
To seek, through danger, glory and a name.
My father welcomed him, and I beheld
His noble form not only to admire,
But moved with all the silent ecstasy
Of instant love. He spake. His voice was music.
He spake to *me*—his voice was love. Then fate
Decreed that I should breathe, exist, for him
Alone. I made his wishes quickly mine—
His glory mine ! All that the world possessed
Seemed due to him. To give him power I needs
Must rob my father. This I did. For him
I should betray my native land. That crime
Was mine ! Nay, more ! I too, must reckless hurl
Defiance to the gods. That sacrilege
Was mine ! He was my only god ! Ay, home—
A throne—religion—all—I left for him,
And joyed in all the loss I counted gain
To see him fall a victor at my feet
And breathe between his kisses as he knelt,
“ Love, all my victories are inspired by thee ! ”

Medea then refers to the terror inspired by her story, and describes the presentiment she had on entering Corinth :

Thou tremblest ! Ah, I've not told all.
I've not revealed the visions forced upon me—
The tortures which the Furies on me hurl
To crush my reeling senses. Yet hear me !
As I approached yon gates, a shadow stood
And sternly whispered in my shrinking ear
“ O shudder, guilty one ! Within these walls
The implacable Eumenides in anger
Await thee ! ” Then, the air seemed thick with vengeance,
Clouded with blood !

In her interview with Jason, Medea thus refers to the guilty intercourse between the lovers and to the subsequent crimes :

Thy tender wish is not obscurely veiled.
Thy plan is clear. But where—where is the land
Wherein 'tis possible a wretch like me
Can dwell in happiness ? My native land ?
For thee I have despoiled it of its glory—
For thee its priestess now is wildly named
The Colchian Sorceress ! Or shall I go
To Thrace ? Its sea is crimsoned with the blood
Of my own brother—shed for thee ! No—no !
Before we think of exile, let us find
Some spot that has not yet been cursed for thee !

"Again I should be free?" Thou hast forgot
 How strongly bound are we two now, as one—
 Ay, not alone by love—but clasped by crime!
 —Who slew my brother, and for what?
 Because he would avenge a sister's wrongs!
 Hast thou forgotten how, when he was dying,
 He caught his own life's blood in both his hands
 And dashed it in our faces, as he cried
 "Be cursed, ye fratricides!" O, canst thou think
 The power exists to snap asunder bonds
 Like ours—a union solemnized with blood,
 Or that such guilty hearts as ours can hope
 For blissful love beyond ourselves? Yet thou
 Hast rashly sought to make another union—
 Calling upon the gods to bless the rites!
 This is thy love! And thou art Jason—yes!
 And I Medea, standing now to hear
 Thy cold decree—"Go—go, abandoned one,
 I can forget thee, for I love another!"

We give a single extract from Dr. Mosenthal's "Deborah," in which Ristori will appear during the first two weeks of her engagement. This work, as originally written, is not known in this country, but the popular play of "Leah, the Forsaken," is an enfeebled translation of it. The following passage is the imprecation of the Jewess upon her lover after he has betrayed and deserted her:

May the old man who weakened that I loved thee,
 The widow who did hunger that I sought thee,
 The babe who thirsted when I followed thee,
 Hang like dark spectres o'er thy cruel soul!
 Unrest be thine, as we must restless wander—
 Bear thou reproaches as we bear reproach!
 Accursed be the spot where stands thy home—
 Others keep faith with thee, as thou with me—
 Cursed be thy offspring, ere it come to life—
 Perish its struggling life, as thy false love;
 Or, if it e'er should be a living thing,
 Be on its forehead stamped the mark of Cain!
 And may it languish on its mother's breast,
 As on the Hebrew mother's pined her child!
 And as our blind old man in darkness groped,
 So may thy father, witness of thy crime,
 In blindness wander to his grave! Accursed,
 Three times accursed be thou and thine forever!
 And as our people on mount Ebal cried—
 So do I cry aloud, three times, to thee:
 False one, to thee, Amen, Amen, Amen!

"Giuditta" is a dramatized version of the Scripture story of Judith and Holofernes. It was written by Paolo Giacometti, a modern Italian dramatist, who has also composed for his countrywoman two other plays, "Bianca Visconti," and "Elizabetta," the last founded upon scenes in the life of Queen Elizabeth. The space available for this article will not, however, admit further specimens.

H. A. DELILLE.

ATLANTIC TELEGRAPHY.

MR. CYRUS W. FIELD has crossed the Atlantic thirty-eight times on telegraphic errands. The cable laid during July last is the third cable laid, after four voyages for the purpose, and ten years of incessant labor, large loss, and steady failure. The companies of which Mr. Field has been the most efficient member have, up to this date, invested in the Atlantic Ocean a permanently pickled total of about ten million dollars. When the first message on the present telegraph came across the ocean on the 28th of July last, the Western Continent went eight days ahead in its news with one soundless jump, and now is to have a long week more of Europe than heretofore. In telegraphing westward, with the sun, we beat him; and the message which leaves London at ten o'clock (delays excepted) reaches New-York nearly five hours earlier than it was sent. He who should hope by any such means to make the wheels of time roll backward, or to grow young by travelling rapidly westward, would waste his hoping. Yet the fact has a very curious interest as showing plainly how our notion of Time is not absolute, but only an idea which we get from comparing one length of it or another length of it with one whirl or one swing of the earth. Deprive man of the planetary motions, and (as he is now made) the category of Time will disappear out of his thinking apparatus. But this is aside.

A successful Atlantic telegraph will not, in itself, be so monstrous an advance in the art of far-writing. Its significance is in the importance of the two parties who talk through it. It is 1,660 "knots," or about 1,922 miles long. But a wire 1,535 miles long, between Malta and Alexandria, has already been successfully worked for five years together.

It is very obvious that "the public"—whatever that means—has become wonderfully wise since its first ludicrous demonstration over the cable of 1858. We do not intend to invest any gratuitous emotions now. We are not to be fooled into a second celebration. We shall set forth no marriage service in a hurry with the funeral baked meats of the former ceremony. In fact, we propose to be rather incredulous this time as to the actual doing of the thing at all; and when we hear that the Company are receiving thirteen hundred dollars a day in gold at the New York end of the line alone (namely, on the 2d of August), we thrust each his tongue in his cheek, and hope satirically that those confiding patrons may get what they pay for.

For our own part, we hope, first of all, that Doctor Holmes will write as funny a poem this time as he did before about the Ceruleo-Nasal myth, "All Right, De Sautey." Next, however, we will agree to wish success to the cable. There has been some objection to the proposed tariff of rates; but the Company might argue, as a matter of business, that rates must be so high that customers will not be too numerous—that is, that the operator must clear the docket daily. It would never do to have messages waiting on file for tomorrow or next week. As a matter of business, also, the Company are bound

to charge as much as they can get. We are not aware of any private individual who would not, nor do we believe that any such private individual can be shown. But to the arithmetic. The Company charges £1 a word, and can send, they say, twelve and a half words a minute. Say ten words a minute, however, and you have an income (including nights, Sundays, and holidays) of ten pounds a minute, or five millions two hundred and fifty-six thousand pounds sterling a year; or, roughly, at five dollars to a pound, twenty-six million two hundred and eighty thousand dollars a year *in gold*. The multiplication table must be applied once more, however, before the figure is brought entirely home to the business and bosoms of the greenbacked generality of Americans. With gold at 150 (as it is at this writing), the yearly revenue of the Company will be, in greenbacks, thirty-nine million four hundred and twenty thousand dollars. This is the annual income, remember, on a total original investment of ten million dollars, or about four hundred per cent. a year, returning the original capital once in every three months. This is a monstrous revenue; and probably those who would 'most like it for themselves will be loudest in objecting to its belonging to others. But if it is too large, the trouble will quickly cure itself, for it will cause another line. As a matter of fact, except one man, the only actual complaint hitherto has been from one or two newspaper publishers, and the London business men urged that the price should be made *two guineas* a word.

The first public suggestion of an Atlantic Telegraph by way of Newfoundland, according to Dr. Field, from whose entertaining history* of the enterprise of his brother, Cyrus W. Field, many particulars have been drawn for this paper, was made at St. John's, N. F., November 8, 1850, by Bishop Mullock, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Newfoundland, in a letter to the St. John's "Courier."

Mr. F. N. Gisborne had, during the previous Winter, conceived the idea of a telegraph from the mainland to St. John's, but he proposed to use carrier-pigeons and boats in crossing over from Newfoundland to Cape Breton. This line he had partly built, when his backers failed him, and he came to New York after help, and was introduced to Mr. Cyrus W. Field. This was in the beginning of 1854. Mr. Field, quickly taking up the idea, not in Gisborne's shape of a land telegraph to St. John's, with pigeon connections to the continent, but in the form of the Atlantic Telegraph, wrote at once to Maury, then of the United States National Observatory, and to Professor Morse. Of Maury he asked whether a telegraph could be laid across the sea? And in return he received an account of the "telegraphic plateau" discovered the year before, just in season, which lies between Ireland and Newfoundland, as exactly in the right track as if it had been built for the Company. Of Professor Morse he asked whether telegraphing could be done across such a line after it was laid? And the great telegrapher answered not only yes, with all his heart, but showed how, on August 10, 1843, he had written to Mr. Spencer, Secretary of the United States Treasury, a definite expression of his full conviction that exactly this proposed thing would be done. Thus encouraged, Mr. Field, by urgent argument, formed the New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company, whose five original members were, Peter Cooper (President), Moses Taylor, Marshall O. Roberts, Chandler White, and himself. This Company was chartered in Newfoundland in the Spring of 1854, and

* History of the Atlantic Telegraph. By Henry M. Field, D. D. 12mo., pp. 367. New York: 1866. C. Scribner & Co.

finally organized May 8, 1854, at six o'clock in the morning. They were "early birds," these pioneer ocean telegraphers; but as the figures just above may show, they were hunting a very long, large and valuable worm, and apparently they have caught him.

That Summer the land telegraph along the southern shore of Newfoundland was begun, and pushed vigorously through a most savage and inhospitable wilderness. In the end of the year Mr. Field went to England and ordered a submarine cable for crossing the Gulf of St. Lawrence. This came over during the next Summer, but in trying to lay it, in August, 1855, from a sailing vessel towed by a steamer, it broke and forty miles of it were lost. Mr. Field went to England and ordered another. The next year it was successfully laid, and by the end of 1856 the Company had a hundred and forty miles of telegraph in Cape Breton Island, four hundred miles in Newfoundland, and seventy miles under the St. Lawrence, all well at work.

But in this enterprise the proverb was reversed—it was the last step that cost. To this the Company had now come. During 1856, at Mr. Field's application, Lieutenant Berryman, U. S. N., had for a second time surveyed and sounded the "telegraphic plateau." In 1857, also at Mr. Field's request, the British Lieutenant-Commander Dayman made a third independent corroborative survey, and it was demonstrated that there was a level, shallow path across the ocean, as if on purpose to lay the telegraph in. "Shallow," however, is here a relative term only; and by no means indicates that a fluvial little boy with his trousers rolled up, could get across with dry clothes. It means only from a mile and a quarter to two miles deep, as compared with six miles, which is positively deep, even for the Atlantic.

Mr. Field now went to England, as there were no manufacturing concerns in this country that could do the requisite work. There he set on foot and vigorously pursued a laborious series of experiments, receiving much sympathy, encouragement and aid from eminent English engineers and scientists, such as Messrs. Brett, Faraday, Brunel, Whitehouse, Bright, etc., as well as from Professor Morse, then at London. It was ascertained by actual experiment that telegraphing could be done through one length of two thousand miles of wire. It was found that gutta-percha, introduced into the useful arts only a few years before, was exactly the insulator required for a submarine line. And hundreds of specimen cables were made up, to test all manner of combinations of copper wire, iron wire, tar, hemp, gutta-percha and patent compositions.

A curious prophecy made by the late Mr. Brunel during this visit by Mr. Field to England has never been printed, we believe, in America. After Mr. Field's first meeting for consultation with some of the English electricians and engineers, Mr. Brunel took him aside, and advised substantially thus: "Now, Mr. Field, don't spend any more of your time in convincing all these scientific men that this telegraph can be laid. It's too soon. It's all a matter of experiment. You must go to work and *lose one or two cables*, and by that time you'll know all about it." This is just what has been done.

When the mechanical problems were satisfactorily solved, the financial one came up; and in ready response to Mr. Field's application, the English Government agreed to supply all the aid they could in ships and soundings, and to guarantee four per cent. a year on the capital needed (£350,000).

Next, a British company was organized—"The Atlantic Telegraph Company"—to cover the proper British proportion of the intended expense; as

the American Company had thus far paid out of their own pockets all the cost of the enterprise. This was accomplished in December, 1856, three hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling paid up, Mr. George Peabody's firm subscribing and paying £10,000, and Mr. Field himself £88,000; and a contract was made with Glass, Elliot & Co., of London, for half the cable, and with R. S. Newall and Co., of Liverpool, for the rest.

This done, Mr. Field came back to America and set about the most thankless and disgusting and difficult part of his whole enterprise. This was to secure for it a fair measure of aid from the Government of the United States. It might have been imagined that the Government of the great Republic, the home of freedom, the leader of human progress, and so forth, would equitably judge and justly deal upon a matter of this kind. But, in fact, Mr. Field's problem was substantially not that of informing and convincing a company of gentlemen, but that of escaping through a gang of vigilant and greedy pickpockets. We refer to the Congressional Lobby, and we hasten to add that the only blame which this lobby brings upon Congress is, the blame of its existence.

Whether or not Mr. Field found himself obliged to bribe any of these lobby thieves, we do not know. But so vigorous were they and their allies inside of the Capitol, that a bill for aiding the telegraph enterprise as much as the British Government did was only carried through the Senate by persistent and intense exertion and argument, by the help of many of its best and ablest members, and by a majority of one. Then it went through the House, after another severe fight, and was signed by Mr. Pierce the day before he left office.

This point carried, the aid of the Navy Department was heartily given, and the Niagara and Susquehanna, two of the best of our ships of war, were detailed for the expedition.

It is not necessary to describe in full the successive efforts to lay an Atlantic Telegraph cable. The first voyage was commenced August 6, 1857, and the cable broke after 335 miles were laid, in consequence of the too vigorous application of the brakes. The second experiment was made in June, 1858, the Niagara and Agamemnon meeting in mid-ocean and laying the cable both ways at once. This time about 200 miles were laid, when the cable broke, from some cause unknown. The third experiment was made that same season, as soon as the squadron could refit and return, the mid-sea splice dating July 29th, and the connection being completed August 5th.

Upon this occasion the citizens of the United States went into a tremendous dance of delight, procession, festivity, voting and resolution, the President and the Queen exchanged congratulations, Mr. Field became wonderfully popular, and Mr. De Sauty said repeatedly "All Right!" until he gradually faded away in the singular manner described by Dr. Holmes' poetical epitaph on him.

There was a delay in the receiving of messages, however, which made many persons disbelieve that any transatlantic telegram whatever was received. Many still disbelieve it. But four hundred messages were certainly sent through that cable, during the four weeks of its operative existence. It ceased to work because it was not made well enough, and had been injured in storing and transferring. For absolute proof, however, Mr. Field gives an instance which is on record in the newspapers of the day. On August 14, 1858, the Arabia and Europa, Cunarders, ran into each other, and the former,

bound to Liverpool, had to put into St. John's for repairs. This was known in New York on the 17th, telegraphed to London on the 20th, and printed in the London papers next day, days before the Europa arrived. Other record proofs could be given; Mr. Field prints pages of them.

Mr. Cyrus W. Field, flung down quite to the bottom of the hill by these successive failures, kept at work just as usual. He secured further help from the British Government; kept in communication with the experimental committee of scientific men which that Government appointed, and which in July, 1863, reported that an ocean cable could be laid and used; and worked on every chance that he could discover in England, the United States and the Provinces. The American Government was well disposed, but the rebellion now broke out, and demanded all its time and money. Will and work, and scientific progress and testimony, all together, however, overbalanced the discouragements, and in August, 1863, the Board, not even having raised the capital for a new cable, advertised for proposals for another, and received seventeen answers. A third company, the "Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company," was organized, of which Glass, Elliot & Co., who received the contract for the cable, were members. This Company now undertook to lay the cable. The Great Eastern was purchased to do it with; the money raised; the cable manufactured and stowed—it was similar to that laid a few days ago except that its outer threads were tarred—and, on July 23, 1865, the third telegraph voyage was begun, from Foilhommerum Bay, in the west of Ireland. The cable broke, however, on Wednesday, August 1st, during an attempt to haul it in to cut out a fault, and another failure was added to the list. Upon this voyage the paying-out machinery worked for the first time in an entirely satisfactory manner, and the conducting power of the cable was found astonishingly perfect. So delicate and complete was its sensitiveness that the motion given to the wire by that of the ship was felt and indicated, and every roll of the Great Eastern, fourteen hundred miles away, was thus timed to the observers on the galvanometer in Ireland.

The imperfection which caused this fatal delay was undoubtedly a small wire thrust into the cable so as to destroy the insulation. Such a wire had been twice before found, and ten miles of the cable had once been hauled aboard again, and the piece cut out. Whether this was an accident or the work of one of the men handling the cable, is not known. But it is known that exactly such a thing was purposely done to a submarine cable a year or two before, and the perpetrators discovered. And, moreover, the three wires found in the cable on the present voyage were all discovered while the same gang of hands was at work. If the hauling-in machinery had worked as well as that for paying-out, the delay and drifting which chafed and weakened the cable would not have occurred, and it is almost certain that the line would have been laid last year instead of this. A number of efforts were made to grapple and raise the lost cable, which could then have been spliced and the voyage completed; but though it was thrice apparently caught, the grappling ropes broke, and it could not be raised.

The voyage of 1866 was begun July 13th, from Valentia, in Ireland, and completed July 28th, when telegraphic communication between Europe and America was opened for the second time. How long it will continue is, of course, as uncertain as anything in the future; but the ten years' labor which has been expended in the work has substantially proved—unless scientific judgments are worthless—that the Atlantic Telegraph is possible, is practicable, is practical, is certain.

FRED. B. PERKINS.

NEBULÆ.

—“FELIX HOLT” is not a book that will add much to the reputation of the author of “Adam Bede” and of “Romola.” It is not without traces of the same hand that wrought those admirable works; it brings up memories of “Romola” particularly; but it is as much inferior to that book in its insight and exhibition of hidden motives, as it is to “Adam Bede” in clear imagination of character, and the strong interest of the story. It is like “Romola” chiefly in a kind of perpetual protest, or sad, continuous murmur, felt by the reader, even when not expressed in words by the author, against men for lack of sympathy and for selfishness in their relations with women—relations not only of lover and mistress, husband and wife, but son and mother, father and daughter, friend. Mrs. Lewes (for that is the real name of George Eliot; she is the wife of George Lewes, author of the “Biographical History of Philosophy,” and editor of the “London Fortnightly Review,”) contrives to make every man feel, as he lays down “Romola” and “Felix Holt,” that he is a stony-hearted, mean-spirited, contemptible wretch, who has all his life been receiving favors from women which he has requited with ingratitude, and whose only excellence is in that strength in which the dullest jackass or the most vicious wild beast is his superior. We do not mean to say that this, which may be called the modern feminine view of manhood, is not the correct one; but still, venturing a word of retort in behalf of our much put-upon and down-trodden sex, we suggest that instances have come to the knowledge of members of that sex, in which creatures of the worthier, the superior, to wit, the female sex, have been selfish, hard-hearted, ungrateful and unsympathizing man-ward, looking upon the he animal of their species as a creature estimable just in so far as he was able to minister to their wants, to decorate them, and make them—for something that they had, not for what they were, that being beyond the reach of external influence—the object of envy to other women; which envy has appeared to some of the inferior sex in question, to be regarded as the sweetest drop in the cup of female happiness. Mrs. Lewes appears to be of the opinion of the Scotch boy who horrified his elders by stoutly declaring that he did not wish to be regenerated, “because regeneration means bein’ born agen; and wha kens but I might na be a lassie?” But surely if we men are such gross-natured, selfish creatures as she makes us out to be in her later novels, is she not lucky that she is not one of us, unless, indeed, she believes it better to have a low nature with the power of gratifying selfish desires, than a higher nature which must needs suffer ingratitude and practise self-denial? Mrs. Lewes occasionally leads us to surmise that she does so believe. In this very book, Esther, the heroine, who is making a long visit to a Mrs. Transome, elicits the following commendation from both her hostess and Mrs. Lewes: “She must have behaved charmingly; for one day when she had tripped across the room, to put the

screen just in the right place, Mrs. Transome said, taking her by the hand, 'My dear, you make me wish I had a daughter?'" Holy, maternal aspiration, to be drawn out by having the screen put just in the right place! In very deed Esther must have behaved charmingly. Does woman prize her very children because they minister to her? and are the ministrations of strangers the liveliest stimulants to her maternal instincts? We utterly refuse assent to these implied propositions. "Felix Holt" should have been called Transome Court for two reasons. Felix Holt, the man, is by no means the most prominent or the most interesting character in it; and the affairs of the Transome family and the possession of their estate do give the chief interest to the story, the most important scenes of which pass at Transome Court itself. Felix Holt is an honest visionary who, rebelling equally against oppression and pretence, longs and strives, as so many before him have longed and striven, to lift up the weak and the down-trodden, and chooses to remain in the lowest class of British artisans, even in external matters, as a protest on his part against smug, money-getting respectability. His father invented a quack medicine and threw upon it. The son, knowing the medicine to be worthless, refuses, after his father's death, to allow the sale to continue; and works to support his mother and himself in their little home in a back street of a small town in a remote rural district. Esther, the heroine, is supposed to be the daughter of a queer little dissenting minister (whose theological cast of mind and phraseology are, by the way, a little affected and overdone); but she is really Miss Bycliffe and the heiress of Transome Court. She is a charming woman, one of the loveliest and most truly feminine creations of modern fiction; one of those women whose pure, true hearts, bright intelligence, passionate natures, and winning ways, make them the delight of any man worthy of them who can win one of them to love him. So perfect is Esther in her woman's nature, so free from all unloveliness, with all her decision of character and her piquant manner, reaching even to sauciness, that almost every young reader of her own sex will wish that she might be like her; and some, the sweetest and the best among them, will see that they are like her—only not in personal appearance. For Esther is exquisitely beautiful; and it is very remarkable how much more willing we are to confess a certain pride in our moral or intellectual nature, for which we are in some sort responsible, than in our persons, with the acceptableness of which we have nothing to do whatever. Esther is not only this pearl of womanhood; but she is the daintiest creature that could live outside a fresh blown rose. Any thing coarse, in fabric, in taste, in odor, annoys her. She cannot use any other than the finest handkerchiefs or the freshest gloves without disgust. Her perceptions being acute, she cannot but see the exquisiteness of her own person, and seeing, cannot but rejoice in it. She glories in her very daintiness. This is her weak side—a weakness of which no man who can appreciate her would wish her free. Yet this dainty, high-strung woman, this rose of beauty, this lily of personal purity, is made to love Felix Holt, to love him so that she gives up for him, unasked, her inheritance, and with it, what is more than mere wealth, the opportunity of living among people of tastes and breeding like her own. The author has laid out all her great skill in the endeavor to make this love seem consistent with the conditions under which it is bestowed; but in our judgment her labor, admirable as it is, is all in vain. Esther might be brought to admire Felix Holt's nobility of soul, to sympathize with his aspirations, to be his devotee, his humble follower,

although so sharp a wit as hers must surely, it would seem, have pierced some of his air-blown fancies; but there goes something more than this to the love of a woman for a man. All this a woman might give to a man who in his person was repulsive to her; and all that we see of Felix Holt shows him to be a man whose personal habits could not but have been repulsive to a woman like Esther. That such a woman might be led to sacrifice herself to such a man for a great purpose or for what he could give her, is among the sad possibilities of life as we find it; but a love for such a man on the part of such a woman as Esther which leads her to sacrifice to him all that her soul before had most desired, seems little less than monstrous. There is a great deal in the book that is superfluous and somewhat wearisome; the details of an election, which have been made use of as machinery *ad nauseam*, and which here only serve to send Felix to prison from which he is immediately released; a defeated attempt at a theological discussion between two clergymen, which serves no purpose whatever. But it is only in comparison with herself, or with novelists of the first class, or with those of the second class in their very best efforts—"Maxwell Drewitt" for instance—that Mrs. Lewes loses ground in her last book. "Felix Holt" is no common novel. It has personages very clearly imagined, if not very new, whose thoughts and actions always interest us—much more, indeed, than their fate: Mrs. Holt, mother of Felix, who reminds us of Dickens's women of the Mrs. Nickleby type, and who yet has a character of her own; the Reverend John Lingon, commonly called Jack, a hearty, outspoken, hunting, tory Rector; Harold Transome, his nephew, an energetic voluptuary, whose English traits have been modified by a long residence in the East. His views about women will cause him to be loathed by the female intelligences of our day. "I hate English wives," he says; "they want to give their opinion about everything; they interfere with a man's life." And the author says for him on another occasion, that "Western women were not to his taste. They showed a transition from the feebly animal, to the thinking being, which was simply troublesome. Harold preferred a slow-witted, large-eyed woman, silent and affectionate, with a load of black hair weighing much more heavily than her brains." Must a man go to the East to learn to like large-eyed women, silent and affectionate, and with a load of hair? we won't insist upon the color, only upon the preponderance. But the personage whose character is most originally conceived and delicately elaborated, Esther herself hardly excepted, is Mrs. Transome, Harold's mother—a woman who has erred, and suffered, and hoped, as strong natures err, and suffer, and hope; and who finds the joy she longed and waited for turn to ashes upon her lips. She is not an altogether pleasant person, and was not meant to be so; but it is impossible to read the story of her sad experience without profoundest sympathy, or without admiration, in this case unqualified, of the art with which the author has developed her character and revealed her inner life.

—THE sentiment of family antiquity seems to be spontaneous and ineradicable. It exists among savage, as well as among civilized people; it is cherished as warmly by some of the sincerest advocates of political democracy as by the most bigoted aristocrat in Spain or Austria. Power, wealth, consequence of any kind continuing in a family for two or three generations, awaken this sentiment; but it exists, perhaps in its strongest, although not its most pretentious form, in men who can look back upon a family distinguished only for worth, intelligence and good-breeding—men who can only

share the boast about St. Patrick in the song, that he "was a gentleman, and come of daycent payple." It is a common mistake to suppose that noble families have longer pedigrees, and, of necessity, a more illustrious descent than those who, in countries where rank obtains, merely rank as gentry. Many noble families have such a descent, but many have not. The pedigrees of not a few noble families in Europe which are sound for four hundred years, beyond that become quite mythical; a very few can trace their lineage certainly for eight or nine hundred years; but the majority at the present day would be puzzled to tell sure'y the name of their ancestor before A. D. 1450. The number of noble families in England who held their titles before the Wars of the Roses, which came to an end A. D. 1485, is very few, hardly more than a dozen; but the number of families, noble and commoner, whose pedigrees stretch in a well authenticated line far beyond that period is very large, and is much larger in proportion among the commoners than among the nobility. There are many persons outside the royal family in Great Britain, and a few on the Continent of Europe, who are entitled to quarter the royal arms by virtue of direct and well ascertained descent from Plantagenet or Tudor kings; and the number of these among the gentry is very much larger than among the nobility. There are, or in 1851 there were, one hundred and sixty-nine persons thus entitled to quarter the royal arms of England—not of Great Britain, and of those one hundred and twenty-one were commoners. Among these is a Mr. Henry Green, who is seventeenth in direct descent from Edward III., King of England, A. D. 1327 to 1377. A Mr. Edward Adams is nineteenth in direct descent from the same monarch; and this gentleman includes among his ancestors Charlemagne himself. He is a simple gentleman, as his forefathers have been for generations; but in the stained-glass window of an old church in Tidenham are the arms and the name of one of his ancestors who was in Parliament A. D. 1296. There are Cusacks here in plenty among our day laborers; but there is a Mr. James W. Cusack in Dublin, who is entitled to quarter the royal arms of England in virtue of direct descent from Edward I., A. D. 1274–1307. The number of illustrious personages who are found in one line or the other among the ancestors of comparatively obscure, though well-born people, is so great that persons unaccustomed to trace genealogies can, with difficulty, be induced to believe in the correctness of such pedigrees. But that many of them are perfectly sound, is as true as that some of them are doubtful, or even fabricated. The most remarkable person in this respect, mentioned by John Bernard Burke, in his history of the Royal Family of Great Britain, is the Reverend Mr. John Hamilton Gray, who, in 1851, was living at Cartyne, Scotland, and who has the right to quarter the three lions passant upon his shield. In this gentleman's pedigree, which Mr. Burke gives in full, we find, in one line, Charlemagne, Henry II. of England, and Waldemar, Fourth King of Denmark; in another, Constantine Porphyrogenitus, Emperor of the East, A. D. 908–959, Hugh Capet, King of France, A. D. 940–966, Rodolph of Hapsburg, founder of the now apparently declining imperial house of Austria, Isaac Angelus, Emperor of the East, A. D. 1155–1204, and Frederic Barbarossa, Emperor of Germany; in another, Alfred the Great King of England, Malcolm Canmore, King of Scotland, William the Conqueror, Henry of Navarre, and kings of England and France by the dozen. This gentleman's pedigree is as unbroken and as easily traced as that of Queen Victoria herself. There are not a few people in this country whose pedigrees are as long

and as well authenticated as that of any nobleman in England, though very few indeed who number such illustrious personages as those above named among their forefathers. But we know of one family whose descent from Algar, Earl of Mercia, through Godiva, the Lady Godiva, is clearly shown. A fact with regard to another family is remarkable. It happened one day in London, some years ago, that as a gentleman received a seal ring from a jeweller, another, a bystander, getting a glimpse of it, asked to be allowed to examine it. Permission was given, when he said, "I beg pardon, sir, here are the arms of Sir William Wallace; now the only family that has the right to quarter those arms is in America." To his surprise, the owner of the ring replied, "Quite right, sir; and I am Mr. —, of —, in America." All this has its interest to those whom it directly concerns, but merely as a matter of family history. The day has fortunately passed, in this country, at least, when parentage secured privilege. But none the less, however, are those persons both foolish and fraudulent, who assume armorial distinctions to which they have not a right by lineal descent. We heard not long ago of a case in which a pursuivant stepped up to an American's carriage in London and erased the arms from the panel. They were those of a ducal house, the family name of which was also that of the American. But he had, therefore, no more right to their arms than he had to the Duke's balance in the bank.

— THERE are some facts in regard to the cholera which are not generally known, and which, in addition to their intrinsic interest, have value both for the warning and the encouragement they give. We all know how it first appeared in 1817 at Jessore, a town in Hindostan about one hundred miles north-east of Calcutta, and thence marched steadily westward, so that in fifteen years it reached this country. It marched also eastward through China, destroying the inhabitants by the hundred thousand; but on each shore of the Pacific it stopped. It has crossed the Atlantic Ocean three times, but it has never crossed the Pacific. It is not generally known how this fearful scourge was bred into an epidemic plague in Jessore; for it had existed as a mild and purely local disease in India for a long time. Jessore is a thickly populated town, and is situated upon a flat, reedy bank of the Ganges, but slightly above the sea level. In the rainy season, it becomes a fetid swamp, filled with rank tropical vegetation. Surrounded by this water, stand the bazaars and the houses. From the habits of the Eastern people this water became impregnated with filth. So also did the river which, in addition, received the remains of partly burned corpses thrown into it in accordance with religious superstition. The water thus defiled was often used for drinking. When we say that a town is very dirty, we understand the phrase as meaning something very bad; but those of us who have not seen a Turkish or an Eastern town, have not formed to ourselves an idea of the degree of dirtiness to which they attain. In these towns—in all of them—offal and filth of every kind is simply deposited in the street. No other receptacle is provided for it. There it is placed originally or by speedy transfer; and what is not consumed by dogs and fouler and more hideous creatures of earth or air, remains under a burning sun, alternating with copious rains—a heap of decomposing animal and vegetable matter. If in an unusually rich town, as in Constantinople, there is an attempt at drainage, the only drain is an open ditch in the middle of the narrow street through which the foul wash flows sluggishly to an almost tideless harbor. All these conditions existed in the most aggravated form at Jessore, and in 1817 it happened that the rice har-

vest turned out badly, and that in addition to this cause of imperfect nutrition, the season proved unfavorable for curing fish, so that that year much spoiled fish was eaten by the poor natives, who are rich with three pence sterling a day. Under these conditions malignant Asiatic cholera first appeared; a specific poison was developed which, although its virulence has abated during the lapse of years, has not yet been destroyed, and which will probably exist until the conditions under which it was developed are entirely removed. There is a peculiarity about cholera among epidemic plagues in regard to its propagation. The dispute as to whether it is infectious or contagious is yet unsettled. The London "Spectator," in a recent article, written, as we happen to know, by a man of great intelligence who has lived for years in India, scouts the notion that cholera is contagious, and says, besides, that it can no more be carried by a ship than gout. The person afflicted can be carried, but not the disease. On the other hand, Dr. John C. Peters, from whose most interesting and valuable monograph upon cholera, which is yet unpublished, we derive some of the information for this article, appears to be decidedly of the opinion that cholera is contagious. By infection, in its distinctive sense, we understand communication without personal contact or agency, which is usually a comparatively slow as well as a subtle process; by contagion, communication by contact, direct or indirect, with a diseased individual, the process being simple and almost instantaneous. It may be properly said that miasma and miasmatic diseases are infectious, but not that they are contagious. Miasmatic air is infected with, and infects with, disease which is not contagious. The air of a whole region may be infected with these diseases, against which personal isolation is no defence. Such a disease is intermittent fever. Contagious diseases affect individuals, not regions, although the individuals are multitudinous; and against these individual isolation is defence. Such are small-pox, scarlet fever, measles. The history of the progress of cholera distinguishes it from these two kinds of epidemic disease. Contrary to the assertion of the writer in the "Spectator," it may be, and has on each outbreak of the plague always been, carried by ships and also by caravans. The religious festivals of the East and the pilgrimages to them have been the principal means of diffusing cholera throughout the East. Madras is chiefly English, and is well built and comparatively clean and healthy. About forty-five miles from it is a native town called Conjeiveram, which is distinguished among native towns for its salubrious conditions, and for its actual health. But there is an annual native feast held in this town; and at this cholera always broke out, and was almost always brought back to Madras by returning pilgrims, until the year 1864, when hygienic measures, as thorough as possible, chiefly in regard to cleanliness, were adopted by the Madras presidency, in Conjeiveram during the festival; and no case of cholera occurred either in Conjeiveram or afterward in Madras. Of the immensity of the human swarms called together by these Eastern festivals and pilgrimages, both Mohammedan and Hindoo, and of the accumulation of wretchedness and filth which they cause, we have no adequate idea. At the yearly festival in Mecca in May of last year more than seven hundred thousand pilgrims arrived, accompanied by more than one million of beasts. These people, eating that at which our stomachs would revolt, and getting very little even of such food, drinking water defiled by all conceivable abominations, marching under a burning sun, never washing themselves, never changing their underclothes till they are worn out, and giving themselves up without reserve to debauchery of all kinds, leaving their dead

unburied, and the offal of their numerous sacrifices also exposed, not only die by thousands of cholera, but leave every camping ground occupied by them impregnated with the cholera poison. Healthy caravans, or regiments of European troops, occupying these camping grounds, or even crossing the trail of these wretched pilgrims, are smitten with the plague, which subsides as soon as they are marched a few miles away. At Mecca last year more than forty thousand of the pilgrims died of cholera. From that place the course of the plague to Europe is easily traced. Nearly twenty thousand pilgrims from Mecca passed the Isthmus of Suez, early in 1865, to embark at Alexandria for Europe and Algeria. Suez and Alexandria were free from cholera until the return of these pilgrims. Then the plague broke out. It was taken to Cairo, to Constantinople, to Algeria by ships; carried by them just as manifestly as the bales of goods or the persons that were on shipboard. It is found, too, that its advance from the eastern extremity of the Mediterranean to Western Europe, and thence to America, has been rapid just in proportion to the fleetness and the number of the vessels employed in commerce. When it first appeared, fifteen years were occupied in its passage from Jessore to America. Now, with fleets of steamers to carry it, the journey from Mecca hither is performed in little more than two years. For a long time it was supposed that the seeds of cholera were borne upon the air. But if upon the air, then of course with the air; and there is no record of a wind that blew steadily, or with moderate intermission, for thirteen years from Calcutta to Moscow; and that was the time taken by the plague to go from the Indian to the Muscovite capital. On the contrary, it is known that cholera advanced in India from east to west in the face of the monsoons which blew steadily night and day in the opposite direction; and it marched down the coast of Bengal against a wind blowing steadily northward. But it always follows the course of travellers. The seed of cholera then is a poison which can be carried about by men and *left behind them* (as we have seen in regard to the camping grounds) just like any other poison. It is not infectious, like the malarious fevers, nor contagious, like smallpox; but may it not properly be characterized as *convectious*?—a word (from *veho*, *vectum*,) which we propose, not knowing whether or no it has been suggested or ever used before. This brief examination of the origin and spread of cholera is encouraging in that it shows clearly that the plague can be restrained and trampled out by means in possession of civilized nations. A disease which can be carried can be stopped in its course. Thorough quarantine is an effectual barrier against it. A disease the conditions of which are filth, unwholesome, insufficient food and impure water, overcrowding and debauchery, can be deprived of the means of its existence by cleanliness, wholesome food, pure water, fresh air, and an orderly decent life. Let every man feel it to be his duty to secure these for himself and for his neighbors to the extent of his ability, and we may escape comparatively uncourged. It may safely be predicted that there will be no cholera among the Shakers.



LE RENARD PRECHE AUX POULES.

THE GALAXY.

SEPTEMBER. 15, 1866.

ARCHIE LOVELL.

BY MRS. EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "MISS FORRESTER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

ARCHIE'S CONFESSION.

IN all the great and solemn crises of her earthly pilgrimage—creditors pressing them more sorely than their wont; old Lord Lovell returning inhuman answers to appeals for money; poor Frederick's pictures making their periodical journeys home, unsold, from London—the instant devastation, or, as she termed it herself, "setting to rights," of the entire clothing of the household, had been, for years past, an unfailing source of comfort to Bettina's troubled spirit.

This devastation, a kind of sacrifice laid upon the altar of the *Dii penates*—and having its origin, doubtless, in that mysterious instinct which has made man from the earliest ages believe in some occult power of propitiatory offerings to avert impending grief—had, indeed, by force of habit become incorporated at length as a vital, or integral, part of Bettina's religion. And so to-day, although the news of coming into four hundred a year, beside the glebe, was an occasion rather for thanksgiving than humiliation, her heart, staunch to its traditions, had flown (after due preliminary torture of the acolyte, Jeanneton) to the formal celebration of the rites or services of her creed for relief.

Now the first feature in these rites was to take out everybody's clothes from their different drawers and cupboards, and to pile them in heaps on beds, chairs, and all other available pieces of furniture round the rooms; the second, to sort them over, or subdivide them indefinitely over the floors until there was no place left on which to plant the sole of the foot; the third, to sit down and cry over every one's extravagance, Archie's growth, and the ravages of moth; and the last, to make long lists, never looked at again by human eye, of every article of clothing the family possessed, and then return them, meekly, and with no discernible result whatever of her labors, to their place. The moment that Archie and her father left the house with Major Seton, Bettina prepared herself for action; and rushing away to Mr. Lovell's room, threw herself with true fanatical ardor upon the first initiatory task of turn-

ing every piece of furniture it possessed inside out. This done, she had devoted half an hour or so to the dismemberment of her own bureaux; then returned, meted out and subdivided her husband's wardrobe until tall pyramids of cloth (looking each of them not very unlike Mr. Lovell himself) were dotted at random all over his floor; and finally, faithful to her principle of making every part of the habitation untenable at the same moment, had betaken herself, after a discursive but thorough routing of two presses of house linen on her road, to Archie's room.

The usual shortcomings with regard to hooks and buttons; the usual chaos of gloves that wouldn't match; unmended stockings; boots spoilt with salt water, and frocks grown too short in the skirt; "and every one of her white dresses in the wash at once," thought Bettina, shaking her head despondently, as with paper and pencil in her hand she sought in vain for any coherent article wherewith to head her list. "I'd better begin with the ball-dress after all. That at least must be in a condition to describe." And with honorable pride she unpinned the white linen wrapper in which she had encased all the paraphernalia of Archie's one night of dissipation, and prepared herself to take a leisurely inventory of its contents.

"Upper skirt of white grenadine; item, puffed and underskirt of ditto; item, white silk body and trimming; item, clear Swiss muslin skirt." The upper skirt, the puffed skirt, the white silk body and trimmings, all there to cry "adsum." But where was the clear Swiss muslin skirt?

With the tightening of the heart that is said to prelude the on-coming of any dread discovery, Bettina made a convulsive dash at the tower of half-clean skirts resting on poor Archie's little bed, and found it. It! The skirt for which she had paid two francs fifty centimes the mètre, which her own hands had folded and left fair and unsullied with the rest, now a blackened, tumbled rag (I record what Bettina thought) trodden out in the hem; torn away from the gathers; and with a good half yard of mingled dust and mud as a trimming round the bottom of the skirt!

Mrs. Lovell staggered back against the wash-stand—the only thing untenanted by clothes in the room—and one solitary word rose to her lips—Jeanne-ton! As a clever detective, by a single, seemingly unimportant fact—the impress of a foot, the wadding out of a pistol—first gets hold of a clue that shall enable him to follow the tortuous windings of crime, and ultimately discover its guilty author, so did Bettina, on the spot, evolve a whole labyrinth of mystery and of crime from the condition of those nine yards of torn and blackened muslin. And the key note to that crime, the solution to that mystery was—Jeanne-ton.

Mrs. Lovell had long held opinions from which no argument could move her, as to the fatal results of allowing foreign servant-girls their liberty with regard to processions, fêtes, balls, and the like diversions. "We know what such things would lead to in England," she used to say, when Mr. Lovell would try to put in a word about the allowance to be made for varying custom, temperament, religion, in different countries; "the depraved inclinations of the lower classes *must* be the same everywhere." Here was blackest confirmation of her opinions! Here was refutation direct of all fine sentimental theories about the necessity of giving these light-hearted peasants their innocent amusements! Here was proof incontestable of what such amusement and such theories led to! In the absence of her master and mistress—doubtless when Archie, poor child, was asleep—this creature had

dressed herself up in all the finery she could collect; gone off to some guin-gette, some godless place of unhallowed out-of-door revelry, and waltzed there (in muslin that cost two francs fifty centimes the mètre) till morning.

"Well for me if my trinkets are right," thought Bettina. "Well for me if the light-hearted peasant did not make herself up a cap out of my best point-lace!" And actually bristling with rage, so vividly did this revolting image rise before her imagination, she stalked off, bearing on her arm the muslin skirt, the direct and positive proof of the *corpus delicti*, into her own apartment.

A moment's glance told her that her point d'Alençon was intact, and her jewel-box also. "The woman would not risk a felony," she thought, with crushing bitterness. "Point-lace and trinkets would have set the secret police upon her track at once." The secret police was one of Bettina's strongest beliefs; was, indeed, the only portion of the French nation for which she had the faintest respect. "Pocket-handkerchiefs, silk stockings, the nice etceteras of the toilet, would be nearer her mark."

However, not a handkerchief, not a stocking, not an etcetera of any kind was missing; and Bettina was about to give up further search, half-satisfied, half in disappointment—so inscrutable is woman's nature—when her eyes fell upon a minute portion of silver-paper, sticking out from one corner of the lid of her best parasol case; the gray silk that dear Madame Bonnechose of Amiens had presented to her on New Year's day. To open the case, to unfold the paper wrappings, and put up the parasol, was the work of a second; and now—now a sight did meet Mrs. Lovell's gaze which made the blood turn to fire within her veins. The parasol which she had last worn on Easter Sunday, had last gazed at in pristine, immaculate purity, was ridged, engrained, covered with marks of black; a certain wavy appearance round the edge of these defilements showed that a guilty hand had tried in vain to rub them out, and a faint smell of benzine, extracted doubtless from her own bottle on the chimney-piece, told how the commission of the whole crime must have been of recent date.

"She could not have worn a parasol at night;" this was Mrs. Lovell's first thought. "Then Archie must have given her leave to go out in the daytime," her second. And, resolved to bring the offender to instant and condign punishment, she went forth that moment into the corridor and called aloud, and in no sweet or conciliatory tone, to her stepdaughter to come to her.

Archie had been in the house about five minutes and was sitting alone in the salon in her walking dress, thinking still of the blessings of Philistinism, when she heard the sharp, metallic ring of Mrs. Lovell's voice.

"Oh, now for the old story," thought the girl; "so many buttons wanting, so many boots spoilt, so many dresses at the wash. What a pleasant preface to all that I have got to say!" And she sauntered slowly off to Bettina's room, stopping to look out of every window she passed on the way, and singing aloud little Italian snatches about republicanism and liberty, as it was her habit to do whenever she felt that one of her stepmother's sermons was in store for her.

"Well, Bettina, child, what is it?" she cried, as she entered the room, throwing up her sailor's hat in the air and catching it as she walked. "Fourteen hooks and eyes, twenty-two buttons, a dozen——"

And then Miss Lovell stopped short—stopped short; and as long as she lived, I fancy, never played at ball with her hat again! Ostentatiously out-

spread upon two chairs before her was the white muslin skirt; the gray parasol open on the floor; the whole air of the room faintly redolent of benzine; and Bettina, like an angry spirit, standing, pointing, with heated face and vengeful eyes, to these mute evidences of her guilt.

"You—you want me, Bettina?" she stammered.

Mrs. Lovell for answer walked straight up to the door, shut and locked it, and then returned to her stepdaughter's side. "Archie," she said, "I don't say to you to tell me the truth. That, I believe, you always do. I ask you a plain question, and know that you will answer it on your honor. Why did you let Jeanneton go out after all I said to you?"

"Because she wanted to go," said Archie, her eyes sinking on the floor. "She wanted a holiday, and I thought it hard she should keep in, with only me to wait on, and I let her go."

"At what time?"

"At about two or three—I really did not look at the clock."

"And when did she return?"

"When did she return?" faltered the girl, her heart beating so loud that she thought Bettina must have heard its throbs.

"Yes; when did she return? Speak out, child. I am not going to be angry with you."

"She came back—oh, Bettina, don't send her away—don't do anything to prevent other people taking her when we're gone. She came back this morning about eight. You know her village is a good two leagues away. I know she wanted to go and see her grandfather——"

"Her grandfather!" cried Bettina, in the tone which among women of her stamp so admirably takes the place of the strong words current among wicked men; "her grandfather, indeed. Yes, I suppose so. Light-hearted foreign peasants must have their amusements, your papa says, and their family affections too—their *grandfathers*! and must visit them in their mistress's clothes; clear muslin slips at two fifty the mètre, and French-gray parasol. Oh, certainly!"

Mrs. Lovell seated herself in a position of acrid discomfort upon about three inches of a heavy-piled chair; and tapped one of her feet viciously upon the floor for a minute or so. "I don't know that I was ever so insulted by a servant in my life before," she burst forth at last. "And it's not for the worth of the things alone—not for the worth of the things she has destroyed—but for her insolence in wearing them, and her cruelty in leaving you. Away all night, and you, child as you are, here alone! You might have been murdered! we might have lost every ounce of plate we are worth! but she shall go this day. Don't speak a word, Archie, don't speak a word." Bettina's eyes were in a blaze. "I'm not angry with you now, but I shall be if you speak a word. She shall go this day. A parasol that would have lasted me for years, and worked in to the very grain of the silk with this filthy benzine. Let no one ever tell me French servants are not depraved again—depraved to the very core?"

Then Archie raised her eyes to her stepmother's face: "Bettina," she cried, with desperate courage, "you are wrong. It was not Jeanneton who took the parasol, but I. I wanted to look nice, and I put on my new slip for a dress, and took your parasol, and I tried to clean it this morning, so that you shouldn't know, and—somehow the stuff made it run, and I'll save all my money and buy you another when we go to England!" she added, piteously. "Indeed, indeed I will, Bettina."

Mrs. Lovell rose; and without saying a word reëxamined the muslin skirt, breadth by breadth; the torn hem, the disorganized gathers, the half-yard of black mud for trimming. "Archie," she said, when her examination was over, "you are not telling me the truth. You are trying to screen Jeanneton, but it will not do. Where do you mean to tell me that you wore these things?"

"On the pier first," began Archie, with thickening breath.

"But on the pier there is no black mud at all," interrupted Bettina; "and on the pier you would not have had your clothes torn off your back; and on the pier the parasol would not have got grimed in dirt. Dirt! dirt is no word for it. 'Tis simply black—London black! and what beats my comprehension is to understand how the woman, vicious as she is, could have contrived to get it into such a state."

And now Archie, with hands tight clasped over her beating heart, felt that the time had come when she must speak. "London black. You are quite right. That's what it is, Bettina, and I tell you I did it, and Jeanneton is no more to blame than you."

Bettina stared at her in blank stupefaction. "I don't know what you mean, child," she cried, feeling frightened, she knew not why. "I don't know what nonsense this is that you are trying to tell me. You! you have never been in London since you were born."

"And if I was to tell you that I *have*!" exclaimed Archie, with sudden energy; "that I walked down to the pier to see Mr. Durant off, and then the sea looked so nice that I went out with him in a boat, and then—only to see it, you know—I went on board the steamer, and it started before I knew what I was about, and I went on to London, and stayed there two hours or more, and came back in the middle of the night by myself—if I was to tell you all this, and declare it to be true, what should you say to me, Bettina?"

The parasol, the skirt, dropped out of Mrs. Lovell's hands; a sickly greenish hue overspread her face.

"Does anybody know?" she gasped. The strongest instinct of her nature holding her true, even in an exigence like this, to the sacred cause of conventionality rather than of abstract right.

"No one," answered Archie boldly; "or to the best of my belief no one. Jeanneton had left before I started, and there was no one on the pier when I came back this morning—except Captain Waters, and I don't believe it possible that he could have seen me."

"And you—were in London—alone—with Mr. Durant?" but no words, no punctuation, can express the series of little spasms with which Bettina jerked out these questions. "Alone, you say, and they live close to your father's rectory. Archie, miserable child, do you know what this is that you have done?"

"Certainly, I know," cried Miss Lovell, not without a half-smile at the ludicrous, stony terror of Bettina's face. "I went on board the steamer, foolishly, I'll allow, and off it started, and——"

"And you have ruined us! Just that. Ruined your father and me and yourself! Now laugh if you like!" Mrs. Lovell wept. "After the religious way I've brought you up," she sobbed, "and to choose the very time when your papa is made a dignitary of the church to disgrace yourself——"

And she rocked herself in a manner highly suggestive of hysterics from side to side as she sat.

Archie watched her stepmother with a curious set look about her handsome lips, a curious hard expression in her blue eyes. "You are thoroughly unjust to me, Bettina," she said at last. "I am as sorry about the parasol as you can be, and about the expense too, for we shall have to send Mr. Durant forty-two shillings and a sixpence that he lent me on the journey, and I know now that I was foolish to go on board the steamer, or even to see him off at all, if you like. But when you use such words as disgrace and ruin, I say you are unjust. I have done nothing wrong. I have disgraced nobody."

And she walked across the room and seated herself sullenly by the window—the window from whence she had watched Ralph Seton arrive that morning. "If I had told papa first, as I ought to have done, I shouldn't have been judged so harshly!" she cried, after a silence, broken only by occasional rising sobs on the part of Bettina. "Papa will never call me disgraced as long as I do nothing that is really wrong."

"No, your papa would not see disgrace when all other people would see it!" answered Bettina. "His simplicity, his trust, should have kept you straight." Ah, how well do women know where to pierce through the weakest part of each other's armor! "Your papa lives in his clocks and his cabinets, and knows about as much of the world of men and women as a baby. *He* would think nothing of it, poor fellow; but when all the world, when his parishioners, when the family at the Court, know of it, it's not very difficult to foretell what they will say of him!"

"And what, pray?" exclaimed Archie, aflush with indignation at the bare mention of her father being lightly spoken of. "Supposing everything known—supposing people should call me foolish or wicked, or anything they choose, what has that got to do with papa?"

"Everything," answered Mrs. Lovell, curtly. "It has got everything to do with him, and his good name, and his reputation, and his prospects in life. If you were a boy, Archie—and if it wasn't like disputing with Providence, I wish from my heart you were one—you might be as wild as wild can be. You might commit any crime—forgery even—for I remember there was the Earl of Somebody's eldest son, only I'm too agitated to remember names—and still pull round, and everything be forgotten. But a girl! No false step a girl makes *can* be got over, unless, perhaps, in the very highest circles, which we are not. Oh, it's very well to say there is no real difference!" This, as Archie, with quivering lips, was about to speak. "And I know the Scripture makes none; and, indeed, I always myself have thought it hard. . . . However"—and Bettina rescued herself with a start from the dreadful depths of heresy to which she was falling—"what we've got to think of is, what the world says. You have done one of the things no woman can ever recover from if it becomes known. You have been away—that I should sit here and say it calmly—for hours and hours in the company of a young man, and your good name is as much gone—but I'm too agitated, too miserable, to go into details. No honest young girl knowing this would associate with you. No man knowing it would marry you. And as to the county families noticing us——"

Mrs. Lovell covered up her face in her pocket-handkerchief, and for a minute or two there was dead silence between them. Then Archie left her place by the window, crossed the room, and stood erect and tearless, but white to her very lips, by her stepmother's side. "Bettina," she said, in a voice from which all the old fresh childish ring seemed to have suddenly died, "Is this

true that you are telling me? Would papa be so badly spoken of if this thing that I have done got known?"

"He would be bli—bli—blighted," sobbed Bettina, fiercely. "For another man it would be bad enough, but for a clergyman such disgrace——"

"That will do," interrupted Archie. "You need not repeat that word so often, I think. And no one would marry me!" with a little hard attempt at a laugh at this; "and the families in the county wouldn't know us! Would they continue to be on terms with Mr. Gerald Durant, do you suppose?"

"Archie, don't drive me wild by asking such absurd questions! You, a girl of seventeen, to talk like a child of seven! Mr. Gerald Durant! Why, of course, people would look upon the affair as something rather in his favor than otherwise. Who ever thinks worse of a young man for such an escapade as this?"

"But Mr. Durant is eight years older than me, Bettina. If going to London with him was a thing to disgrace me so fearfully, he must have known it, and I would have landed at Calais, when the steamer stopped, if he had only spoken a word of all this. I went on, as I told him, because a number of the Morteville people were there, and I thought papa would be hurt if they got up a story about my landing so far away from home alone. Why didn't Mr. Durant save me when he might have done it?"

"Because no one ever saves anybody," said Bettina, bringing out this clinching truth with stinging emphasis. "Any one on earth hearing the story would say that *you* were to blame throughout, and that Mr. Durant just acted as any other young man would have done under the circumstances. Save you! If you had attended more to your religious exercises, Archie, to the books, the evening readings you have made so light of, you wouldn't have looked to anything but yourself, and your own self-respect, to save you when the time of temptation came."

"Ah, unfortunately I was not remembering myself at all just then—only papa." And then she turned away, and pacing hurriedly up and down the room, began to think—not of her own folly; of her own threatened shame; of the share Gerald had really had in her guilt; of Bettina's, of the world's injustice: these thoughts were for the future—but of her father. Her father on the threshold of a new life, and with all the honor and peace that would have made that life sweet to him, darkened by *her*.

"Bettina," she exclaimed, stopping at last in her walk, "I don't see the absolute necessity of this story of mine ever being known; do you?"

"That entirely depends," said Mrs. Lovell, drearily, her mind at once taking hold of the practical, not the moral, difficulty of the case. "In the first place, this Mr. Gerald Durant will be quite sure some day to talk about it all himself——"

"No," interrupted Archie, "I am sure he won't—weak and vain though he may be!" she added, with a suppressed bitterness very new to hear in her voice.

"Well, perhaps not," answered Bettina, "though I would never trust any man long with a secret that was flattering to his own vanity. The next thing is, did any one see you when you landed here? You may think not, but, depend upon it, some one did. I've remarked all my life that if you have got on a new dress, or are walking with a good acquaintance, or successful in any way, people seem to keep indoors on purpose rather than see you; but the moment you're looking shabby or poor, or walking with somebody you are

ashamed of, you seem to meet everybody you know in the world in flocks. Of course some one saw you. Why, you said just now that Captain Waters met you on the pier when you landed."

"But if—if I could be sure no one else saw me, or of not being betrayed by him, would you think it right, for papa's sake I mean, that we should try to hush the story of all this up?"

"I think," said Bettina, with solemn energy, "that we should be wicked and ungrateful to Providence if we did not do everything in our power to hush it up! I think that if, by extraordinary good fortune, you did go and return unseen (which I cannot believe), we ought never, even among ourselves, to let this thing be spoken of again. You are young, child"—and for the first time Bettina's face began to soften at the sight of the girl's rigid, tight-clasped hands, and wide-open, tearless eyes—"and I'm not harsh on you in my heart, only I know it is just one of the things there is no getting over, and Mr. Durant engaged to his cousin, too—which of course would make all the family harder upon you—and after the way I have brought you up! and just when your papa has been made a dignitary of the church and everything . . . however, we'll talk over what can be done, and in the right frame, Archie, the right and humble frame upon which alone, poor worms of an hour as we are! we can expect a blessing."

After which curious confusion of entomological and other metaphors, Mrs. Lovell, with the peculiar tottering gait which women of her way of thinking invariably assume under trouble, went off to her own apartment for her smelling-salts, a clean pocket-handkerchief, and a pile of good books, with which armory of affliction she presently returned, evidently determined to make a night of it in her stepdaughter's room.

But her stepdaughter had no such intention for her. Her first horror over at hearing the position in which she stood put into words, Archie Lovell's courage, determination, stout, rebellious spirit, all returned to her. "Bettina," she said, catching hold of her stepmother's arm with a suddenness that in her present weak state flattened her up, smelling-salts, good books, and all, against the door, and wearing, to Mrs. Lovell's horror, something of the old devil-may-care expression on her face, "it's a settled thing, is it? I must do my best first to get Captain Waters to be silent, and for ourselves we are going, if we can, to tell a falsehood, any number of falsehoods, you and I, about this journey of mine to London?"

"Tell—oh, Archie! I hope we shall never have to speak of it even while we live."

"Very well, Bettina," we'll put it as prettily as we can. Not tell, but act falsehoods. First to papa, of course, for if he knew a thing—poor papa!" her voice faltering, "every one else in the world would know it too; next to the whole of the parishioners, churchwardens, whatever the people are called that belong to rectors, when I stand by and hear how I have never been in England before, etcetera; to the family at the Court, above all; and to Major Seton; and to, or rather with, Mr. Durant when I see him; and some day," with the little, hard laugh again, "to any happy man whom we can deceive into wanting to marry me? This we have decided upon doing—haven't we?"

"Oh, Archie, don't look so hardened! don't laugh, child, when you ought to be on your bended knees, praying that your heart of stone might be changed into a heart of flesh! It's very wicked of you to use such a word as

falsehood at all. There are circumstances in which even on the highest authority we know that concealment is permitted. At chapter ten——”

“Bettina,” interrupted Archie, with the blood mounting crimson to her forehead, and stamping one little foot angrily on the floor, “for mercy’s sake let us have none of this, please! I have done a foolish thing that lasted one day, and now I am going to do a mean one that will last all the days of my life! And of my own free will, mind, and not for papa’s sake alone. I don’t want to be disgraced. I don’t want not to be noticed. I don’t want to think that no one would marry me—but I won’t have any goody talk about it! I won’t hear of texts that bear us out in our meanness—as if you couldn’t distort some text for everything wicked that was ever done! and above all I won’t have tears and lamentations and smelling-bottles. If we can hush it all up there is no great harm done; and if we cannot, we cannot. In either case there is no use crying and bemoaning and pretending to pray to heaven when we are only hoping we shan’t be found out on earth. You’ve been piling up all papa’s clothes into pyramids as usual, I see, Bettina, and now the best thing you can do is to go and write your list out and put them in their places again.”

And Miss Lovell burst into a fit of laughter that if not thoroughly real was loud enough to reach Mr. Lovell in his painting-room at the other side of the house, and make him think, and rejoice to think, how happy his little girl was at the good fortune that had befallen them!

Archie laughed on as she watched Bettina obediently bear back the books and smelling-bottle to her own room; and she sang aloud—the same kind of songs she sang to the two old English ladies in the train—as long as she knew her stepmother’s door was open, and that she could be heard. Only when Mrs. Lovell had shut herself in, and when all the house was silent, and the girl felt that she was alone at last, did the songs die on her lips and the laughter too. And then she walked up to her glass, and looking hard into her own face for companionship, asked herself, blankly, what manner of shame this was that she had incurred.

Disgrace! Ruin! No young girl, if this story was known, would associate with her; no man would seek to marry her. Bettina said this; and Bettina understood the world; and higher authority than Bettina had she none. Never in her life before, she thought, had she looked so pretty as at this minute. The bright blood was burning clear through her dark cheeks. A light such as she never knew that they could wear was in her eyes. Her hair, with the evening light upon its changing hues, shone, like an aureole of pure gold, around her face.

An intense pity for herself, an intense regret for all that she had newly thrown away, came into her childish heart. “I will not be disgraced, I will not!” she thought, passionately. “I am too good for disgrace and ruin! Major Seton thought I was pretty—didn’t his face change when I threw him my myrtle? and Gerald Durant thought so, and liked me better than Lucia, with all her classic lines! I *am* pretty; too pretty not to be liked and admired and loved. If I was old, four or five and twenty, and plain, it would be different. I think I could be honorable and tell the truth then, but not now. I’m only seventeen, and I want people to fall in love with me, and pay me attention, and think me handsome (*piquante, mignonne, belle aux yeux bleus*—those were Gerald’s words for me!). I want all the county people to make much of papa and to have me at their parties. . . . If I look then as

I do now, Gerald will be sure to ask me to dance oftener than Miss Durant, the heiress. . . And Major Seton—ah, how Ralph would despise me if he knew to what I have sunk! what a falsehood I have told him—what a falsehood all my future life is going to be!”

And at the thought of Ralph the mobile nature softened in a moment; the heart of stone, as Bettina would have said, was changed into a heart of flesh. Archie's head sank upon her breast for a minute or two; her lips quivered piteously; and then a flood of the hottest tears that she had ever shed was the unheroic termination of all her fortitude and all her courage.

Quite late in the evening, as Mr. Lovell was standing before “Troy,” his pipe in his mouth, and dreaming dreams of greatness, as was his wont, his daughter came in, neither singing nor chattering, but pale, subdued and silent, and crept up to his side. The daylight had well nigh faded; but Mr. Lovell could see that her face was pinched and white; and that all the glorious, tawny hair was pinned up tightly, giving her a strange, altered look of womanhood, around her head.

“Archie, my little girl, you are pale,” holding her face up between his hands, and scrutinizing it closely, “and all your hair pinned and twisted up like an old woman's! Is this some whim of Bettina's, or what?”

“It's my own fancy, papa,” she answered, “and you must let me keep it so, please. Now that we are going to England, you know, it wouldn't do for me, at my age, to wear my hair hanging about like a child's.”

“Why not?” said Mr. Lovell, “and what are you but a child? If I like to see you so, why should you care for fashion, Archie?”

She had to turn her face away before she could answer; it caused her such new, such poignant pain to say or look otherwise than as she felt to him; then, after a minute, “I care for what you think of me more than for all the fashion in the world,” she said. “You believe that? But I know that there are a great many things I must alter about myself now. Running about here in Morteville, as Archie Wilson, and with you, only a poor artist, you know, dear, I may have been very well”—(“Very well, indeed,” Mr. Lovell interpolates)—“but living among English people, and the daughter of a rector, I should be thought wild and unlike other people, and so I'm going to reform myself at once by braiding up my red hair round my head, and leaving off my sailor's hat, and trying, if I can, to look like a lady, not a boy.”

“You will not be as good-looking, child. But, of course, you and Bettina will do as you choose!”

“And you will like me just the same, papa?” a wistful tremor in her voice. “Whatever I was, plain, or pretty, or wicked, or good, you would like me just the same?”

“My little one.” This was all Mr. Lovell answered; but with what a world of tenderness! every note in the diapason of love softly swept by those three words: “My little one!”

She took one of his hands into hers, and so they stood together, as their way was at this hour, saying little, and both gazing at the indistinct glories of “Troy,” less unlike nature now than at any other hour in the twenty-four, until the canvas insensibly melted into the gray walls of the painting-room, and Jeanneton's voice was heard generally announcing from the kitchen door, after the manner of a gong or dinner bell, that supper was on the table.

“So ends our last look at ‘Troy,’” remarked Mr. Lovell, as they turned to go away; “or our last look at it in Morteville-sur-mer. Seton tells me I am

wanted in the parish at once, and to-morrow morning I shall set about packing up my pictures the first thing."

"So ends the last evening of the poor old life," added Archie, lingering at the threshold of the room where so many peaceful hours of her child's existence had been passed. "Shall we ever be as happy, now that we are Philistines, as we have been here, I wonder?"

"We shall have four hundred a year, instead of being beggars!" cried Bettina, who had been reading good books and pondering over the chances of discovery, until her temper was anything but sweet. "And I think it quite time for you, for *you*, Archie, to have done with that profane talk about Philistines. *Pour vous Jeanneton*," and she turned round with sudden animosity upon the servant; "*je vous dismis. Ce jour semaine vous allez; and sang caractere, vous souvenez, sang caractere.*"

If their own reputation was to be damaged, it was something, Bettina felt, to be able to send forth this worthless creature also, *sang caractere*, to the world. Something. Not a satisfaction, of course. She was too Christian a woman to take any delight in the misfortunes of others. But a duty which, at this season of trial, she had an excessively righteous relish in performing.

CHAPTER XXII.

A VAMPIRE "AT HOME."

It was getting on for ten o'clock that night, when Captain Waters, in a full suit of black, and with every nice adjunct of dandy evening-dress—primrose gloves, bouquet for the button-hole, liliputian tie, embroidered shirt—faultlessly complete, sauntered away from the door of the Couronne d'Argent. During the last few days, invitations for a high tea to be held by Miss Marks on this third evening of August had been current among the English society of Morteville, and to Miss Marks' house Captain Waters, sorely against the convictions of his life with regard to tea in general, was now going.

Miss Gussy inhabited with her papa a modest lodging in one of the least airy parts of Morteville. Of Mr. Marks it is needless to say more than that he was a frightened-looking, dilapidated old person, consuming a good deal of snuff and very little soap (one of the poor, broken-down old men, redolent in France of absinthe, and in England of gin and water, who do possess daughters like Gussy, and live in shady suburbs of shady watering-places); to whom on all festive occasions Miss Gussy said briefly, "Go to bed, pa," and he went. Of the lodging, that it was *entre cour et jardin*, surrounded, that is, by high, damp walls, take it on whichever side you liked, and pervaded by a nameless flavor of bygone meals, mould and snuff; the ghosts perhaps of generations of old lodgers all of the stamp of Mr. Marks; the walls covered with dislocated chalk-drawings—carved frames and all the work of Miss Marks' own fair hand—and the furniture generally belonging to that type of squalid tawdriness, threadbare finery, gilding, decay and dirt combined, which ordinarily characterizes the third or fourth class French lodging-houses of towns like Morteville. A type which the pen that drew the boarding-house Vauquer in the Père Goriot alone could reproduce in its integrity.

Miss Marks you have already seen; and I have only to record that on this especial evening she wore, in her capacity of hostess, a white muslin frock, with a sash carelessly knotted behind, sleeves tied up on the shoulders, like

an infant going to be christened, and a simple bit of blue ribbon in her hair. "As if she was fifteen, not five and thirty," whispered Mrs. Maloney to one of her friends the minute she entered. "A waist a yard and a quarter round, and a sash. *Dear Gussy*, how well you are looking!" and they kiss. "The madonna style of braiding back the hair suits your face so exactly."

Mrs. Maloney herself was in a green silk: in the green silk, rather—the Maloney silk was a case in speaking of which the definite article is admissible. Fearfully and wonderfully full-dressed—to use the favorite irony of the fashion-books—though this ancient beauty loved to be in a ball-room, she held it correct taste to appear in what she termed "demmy toilets" at small parties. Hence the green silk, chastely trimmed with imitation Cluny lace, was cut high upon the shoulders, but beautifully less, as one sees in Sir Peter Lely's portraits, beneath the throat: a style admirably suited to the plump Dolly Varden figure which Mrs. Maloney in her heart believed herself to possess. Rows of inexpensive pearl beads were twisted, repeatedly but in vain, around the yellow, shrivelled neck; and under one poor withered ear, playfully nestling amidst hair which "Batchelor's World-famed Fluid" had converted into lustrous purple, shot in side-lights with rainbow hues of pink and green, was a single moss rosebud: emblem of love, and youth, and innocent freshness like its wearer.

As Waters entered the room, his opera-hat under his arm, his eyes fell upon these two young creatures, who both looked up at him with a coy little start as he approached; and intent upon getting over the work before him as quickly as possible, he at once walked across the room in his quiet, well-bred way, and after saluting Miss Marks and receiving her playful reproaches for being so late, seated himself on a pile of music-books—the safest resting-place in the room Captain Waters thought—at Mrs. Maloney's side.

"Not playing whist, Mrs. Maloney?" he remarked, glancing toward a pair of quivering shoulders, and one mammoth elbow, on his right, and forming inductive guesses—as a comparative anatomist from the shin-bone of a megatherium might infer the history of an epoch—as to the probable existence of Mrs. O'Rourke's partner, adversaries, and a whist-table. "How is it that you and Miss Marks are both sitting out to-night?"

"Me?" cried the girl Gussy, giddily, if not with the grammar one would have expected from an author of her repute. "Me play whist? Why, you have to remember all the horrid cards, and sit ever so long without opening your lips! Fancy me being silent and remembering anything for two minutes together." Archly this, and with a toss of her head and a little scream such as children do unconsciously break forth with in the bib-and-tucker stage of existence. "We have been playing Beggar-my-neighbor for bonbons, Captain Waters," she added with pretty simplicity, "and Mr. Montacute, dreadful creature! has already beaten me out of two games."

At the mention of Mr. Montacute, Waters looked more closely behind the screen of Miss Gussy's voluminous muslin draperies, and at last perceived, very blushing and frightened, little Willie Montacute, well secured in a corner, and helplessly grasping a time-honored and adhesive pack of cards in his hand. Miss Marks, when she did run a victim to earth, had a plan of stopping him by thus outstretching herself, bodily as it were, before the path to freedom; and with very young boys, or very feeble old men, generally found the feint, for one evening, a successful one.

"Ah, Willie, my boy, how are you?" said Waters. "On your feet again,

then, after your seasickness? Would you believe it, Mrs. Maloney, though the sea was as smooth as glass, that fellow managed to be ill last night on our way from Calais here?"

"There was a deuced heavy swell," said Master Montacute, "and it wasn't really the sea at all, but the poisonous dinner we got at Calais——"

"Of course," interrupted Waters, good humoredly; he is in high good humor with every one this evening. "It is never the sea that makes people ill. You ought to have come with us," he added, turning carelessly to Mrs. Maloney. "We had a very pleasant day, barring the heat, and saw a good deal, really, that was worth seeing."

"Ahem, so I hear!" answered the Maloney, drawing down her thin upper lip with unction; "a great deal that, in one deplorable sense, *was* very well worth seeing, Captain Waters."

Waters raised his eyes for half a second to her face, and knew that his suspicions were correct: that he had done right in coming to this atrocious tea-party after all. "The peasants?" he suggested innocently. "Well, in masses they did look picturesque, didn't they, Miss Marks? Just when Monseigneur was blessing them, and with flags waving and incense swinging—but when you see them close, the ugliness of the women in this part of France is something, really——"

"Oh, peasants!" interrupted Mrs. Maloney, tapping Waters upon the arm with her fan with shrivelled playfulness. "Sure you know as well as I do, Captain Waters, that it's not peasants I'm thinking of."

"What then?" asked Waters, putting up his eyeglass and looking about him with the dazed look that his white, inanimate face was so well fitted to express. "Miss Marks, you were there. What was this interesting sight that I had the stupidity to miss at Calais?"

"Are you sure you did miss it?" said Gussy, lowering her voice, and bringing her great bird-like eyes to bear upon Waters in a way that, it is only just to state, he never would have allowed save in the execution of business. "You certainly were in the best position on the pier for seeing everything when it occurred."

Waters was silent: then a faint smile just parted his lips, and for a minute or two he examined curiously the bunch of charms which hung from his watch-chain. "Ladies are terribly sharp observers," he remarked, at length; "but I positively do not know what you mean on this particular occasion. My friend Durant was on board an excursion steamer bound for London, and I spoke to him. Had this anything to do with the circumstances you are speaking of?"

"Oh, Captain Waters, how ridiculous you are to pretend such innocence!" cried Gussy, warming. "When you *must* have seen just as plain as I did."

"Seen what? I give you my honor I am as utterly in the dark as ever."

But even this valuable offer did not change Miss Marks in her opinions. "I can tell by your face that you know everything, Captain Waters. Mr. Durant had a companion with him, and that companion was—Archie Wilson!"

Captain Waters literally started two inches from the music books; his eyeglass fell down with a crash against the admirable counterfeits of diamonds that he wore as shirt studs. "Miss Wilson? Oh!" with a change of countenance that, as a bit of finished drawing-room comedy, would not have discredited Charles Mathews himself. "That is excellent! Durant run away

with Miss Wilson! I must tell him about this the first letter I write. Why, Archie Wilson is in Morteville at this minute," he added, keenly noting all the time the effect that his abilities were producing on his audience. "I was talking to her and her father not three hours ago at the door of their own house."

"Oh, so we hear!" cried the Maloney, bridling; "so we hear. Miss Wilson is back in Morteville already, and in my humble opinion this shows pretty clearly what kind of person she is. After an esclandre of this kind to dare to face us all again! Only that—really," casting down her eyes timidly, "I don't know the subject is one fit for us to discuss, I should say that Archie Wilson would have shown herself to be a shade—a shade less hardened if she had stopped away from Morteville altogether!"

Whereupon Captain Waters laughed—smiled, I mean. The man had not laughed for years. "I never heard a better thing than this in my life!" he exclaimed; "never. What in the name of everything that is ridiculous, Mrs. Maloney, makes you fix upon Archie Wilson as Durant's companion?"

"Oh, my authority is Miss Marks!" answered Maloney, promptly. "Let Miss Marks speak for herself. I know nothing whatever about it, except what Miss Marks has told me."

"Well, then, Miss Marks, will you tell me, please? I should not like to lose a word of this new and horrible scandal about Archie Wilson."

And thus adjured, Gussy spoke. She was not as near as Captain Waters, of course, but she saw Archie Wilson distinctly at Mr. Durant's side. Recognized the sailor's hat and blue vail; the white dress; recognized the whole figure of the girl herself. Not her face, certainly, for her vail was down; and the Miss Montacutes and Mr. Montacute—here Willie, with vehement blushes, begged that he might not be brought forward in any way—recognized her, too. By what steamer Miss Wilson might have returned she knew not. That Miss Wilson was Mr. Durant's companion on board the steamer that stopped at the Calais pier she would declare on oath.

"And I," said Waters, rising quietly from his place, and speaking in an intentionally clear and distinct voice, "I will declare, on oath, that the whole story is impossible! I went down this morning to see the first steamer arrive from Folkestone, and Archie Wilson was on the pier before me. I stood not twenty paces from her as I waited to see the steamer come in."

A general hush: even the whist-players interested—for every one in the room, every English person in Morteville, had already heard Miss Marks' whispered story of Archie's flight. "I happen," continued Waters, "luckily for my friend's daughter, to be able to swear to her being on the pier before the arrival of the steamer this morning, and if you like it, Miss Marks, I can do more. I can tell you who the young person you saw on board the Lord of the Isles really was."

"Oh, I'm sure I want to hear no more about it!" cried Gussy, growing scarlet as every pair of eyes in the room turned upon her. "If it was not Archie Wilson, and of course you have proved to us it was not, Captain Waters, I will say no more about it—and will never trust the evidence of my eyes again while I live!" she added, under her breath.

"Well," said Waters, deliberately, and stroking his floss-silk moustache into infinitesimal points while he looked at Gussy's face, "as for saying no more about it, Miss Marks, I don't know. When an accusation as serious as this has been openly brought against a lady, I conceive it to be the duty of the

accusers to contradict what they have stated as soon as they are themselves convinced of their mistake."

The voice of Mrs. O'Rourke, with the sound it ever assumed after dinner—a hollow rumbling sound, as of a volcano deadened by the weight of much accumulated strata—here remarked, "There were some persons whom no scandal could damage. An accusation more or less against Archie Wilson would really matter little."

"The remark is just," said Waters, with cold impertinence; he knew himself to be on the eve of leaving Morteville, and able therefore to be indifferent about Mrs. O'Rourke's dinners—"the application faulty. There are persons, Mrs. O'Rourke—whose authority, but yours, should one accept on such a point?—whom no scandal could damage, but Archie Wilson is not one of them. Archie Wilson!" he interrupted himself, suddenly, and as if he had not been gradually working up to this climax from the first moment he entered the room, "no, I will speak of her so no longer. The necessity for the incognito is over. Archie Lovell is the daughter of a man of position and birth. Her father is the rector of Hatton in Staffordshire, her grandfather is Lord Lovell, and it is unfit that the ribald talk of Morteville tongues should even go near her. Ladies, of course, have their own prerogative!" added Waters, looking with a sneer at Mrs. Maloney and Miss Marks. "They may talk as they choose without peril. If any man still thinks that Miss Lovell accompanied Durant away from Morteville, I should be very happy to talk over the matter with him in any spirit or at any time that he chooses."

And Waters glanced round him with the warlike aspect he had learnt in Italian cafés, and twirled up his well-waxed moustaches till little Willie Montacute thanked his stars he, for one, had not been fool enough to give an opinion in the matter. Reckless bravery, never terminating in bloodshed, was one of Waters' leading characteristics; and the present moment, with a room full of women, one little boy, and three trembling old gentlemen, all rather deaf, and mildly playing at threepenny whist, was, he felt, just an occasion to display it.

"Rector of Hatton—Lord Lovell!" gasped Gussy; no one showing any eagerness in the picking up of Captain Waters' gauntlet. "Well, it's very strange, but I always did think Mr.—Mr. Lovell had a look of birth about him, and Archie, if you recollect, Mrs. Maloney?" Maloney looks stonily forgetful of everything. "I've often said to you, I thought there was something *distingué* about her face. Poor little girl, I'm sure I'm very glad this last story has all turned out to be a mistake!"

"And will do your best, I am convinced," said Waters, with emphasis, "to see that the story is contradicted. Ladies, I have the honor of wishing you good-night."

After which—regardless of conviviality in the form of *vin-ordinaire* negus, four *brioche*s on one plate, and three *patés* on another, that a hired old waiter, mouldy, like everything else about the house, was bearing in upon a tea-tray—Captain Waters bowed himself out of the presence; and the ladies were left alone. Alone, to digest the news as best they might; to affect to doubt; to trust Captain Waters was not deceived; and to form immediate plans, each one of them in her heart, for letting the Lovells know that it was never her, oh, never! who said any of the unkind things that certainly *had* been said in Morteville about dear little Archie.

Can worse be recorded of all these women? When all they knew of Archie Lovell was that she was fresh, fair and young, they reviled her. When they were assured of her social superiority to themselves ("her father an honorable," thought Gussy, "her grandfather a lord! oh, if I can only get her to write to me!") they were ready in an instant to grovel at her feet. Can human meanness go further?

As Waters was walking back to his hotel, he thought with a feeling of positive sickness over that last hour's work he had gone through. In men like him—men from whose hearts the very last traditions of honor have fled—the hereditary finer instincts of gentlemen do occasionally linger still. Of all this Morteville vampire brood Waters was, in fact, perhaps the most morally worthless; ten minutes ago had declared himself ready to take his oath to a falsehood; was organizing a scheme to make the secret of a child of seventeen a "property;" had defended her to-night only to get the whole speculation more securely into his own hands—not actually with any idea of immediate gain, but as a lien, a possible hold, upon her through every year of her future life. And still to himself he seemed a prince among them all. He might, for money, have to do queer things, to put up with queer acquaintance now and then; but to the lowest dregs of all, to the standard of the O'Rourke and Maloney, he felt that he could never sink. He might be a scoundrel: a good many well-born men have been that; one of a *canaille* like this, never!

Noblesse oblige. As a lad—with keen vividness old memories throng upon him as he walks slowly home to his hotel now, as a lad—one false step about money had cast him down, certainly, from the level of his peers. But no false step, no number of false steps, can ever thoroughly drain out the blue blood from a man's veins. Was he, in truth, so very dishonorable then, he wonders? He doesn't know now; he knows only that he was very foolish, and that he got found out; and was banished from his father's house, and from his club, and from society generally. Banished from every respectable employment that he was fitted for; and he was too well-born and nurtured to work, forced in some measure to take up a profession that he was fitted for, but which was not respectable. The profession of living about in places like Homburg, Florence, Morteville-sur-mer, and making money out of every man, woman, or child he comes across.

Standing in the pure Summer night—he feels he wants a great deal of fresh air to renew the oxygen that Miss Marks' rooms have exhausted from his delicate lungs—Waters looks back upon the bygone years and thinks sorrowfully (a man is never so callous but that, at times, he can be tender over himself) upon the hard lines on which his life has fallen! the ill-luck that now, in this middle age, makes him a waif among such people as these in Morteville, instead of a country gentleman like his elder brother; or a guardsman, like his younger one, the fool Dolly; or a man deep in red tape like his cousin—whose sums he used to do at school; or a foreign diplomatist, high in honor and repute, like the other cousin—who used to steal his marbles when he was asleep. He was a cleverer and a better boy than any of them, he remembers; and they are—where they are! and he is here—a card-sharper, a lonely wretch, whose solace is in brandy and tobacco, and whose associates are such people as these he has just left. And everything's a fluke! falling to work resignedly at cigarette-making; and it's a great thing for a man to feel, however unfor-

nate he is, that he is a gentleman by birth; that there are depths of mean and paltry degradation to which he can never sink!

And then he chalks out with greater precision to himself the exact words in which he shall conduct his interview to-morrow with Miss Lovell.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LE RENARD PRECHE AUX POULES!

HE kept to his appointment at eleven, punctually; and found Archie already waiting for him on the plateau. The plateau, as every one knows, is the name given to the portion of the sea walk immediately in front of the Morteville *établissement*; and as eleven o'clock is here, as in other French watering-places, the hour when the promenades and beach are most crowded, the meeting of Captain Waters and Miss Lovell was not likely, even among the English residents of the place, to attract observation. As for the French, never much prone to scandal, they were at the present time engaged to a man. One section dancing about in the sea in the fantastic serge suits that a paternal imperial government imposes upon its children; another ranged on tiers of chairs upon the beach, watching them, with the intense interest an English mind can never thoroughly understand; a third, still by the aid of opera-glasses well within view of their friends in the sea, drinking *consommés*, smoking, reading the papers, and playing dominoes beneath the canvas awning outside the *établissement*.

Waters came up, his hat in his hand, to Archie, who was walking slowly up and down the plateau in one of the least crowded parts, evidently and without concealment waiting for him. She was paler than usual, and her hair plainly braided back, in the new fashion she had adopted, gave an aged and worn look to her face that Waters was not slow to notice.

"What a different scene all this is to the kind of thing one meets with in our English watering-places," he remarked, as a matter of course turning round and walking by her side; "I am not quite sure after all, though, that the advantage is on our side."

"I don't know," said Archie, coldly, "I have never been in England, I mean never at an English watering-place."

"Then you have been spared witnessing as much human dullness as can be collected together at one time and in one place," Captain Waters answered, without noticing her abrupt, almost sullen manner. "We go to the sea expressly to bore ourselves, the French to escape from being bored; and I must say I think they are right, although I can't join in the raptures Frenchmen go into about some of their seaside fashions, the marine costume of the Parisiennes, for example, with regard to beauty. Do you read French novels, Miss Lovell?"

"I do not."

"A very good thing for you"—the shorter her answers the pleasanter grew the tone of Waters' voice—"a very good thing indeed. English people in general taboo French novels, because they are supposed to be wrong, but the fact is they are only horribly stupid, as stupid very nearly as English ones. However—what was I going to say?—oh, the other day I read in a French novel, and a very excellent one, a description of how a lovely Parisienne

looks in her black serge dress in the water. 'Une divinité des eaux!'" Waters speaks French like a Frenchman. "'Vous auriez dit une statue de marbre noir à tête blanche. Depuis la pointe de ses jolis pieds jusqu'à ses grands cheveux elle défiait la critique la plus malveillante. Il n'y avait qu'à tomber à genoux devant cet admirable corps!'" Now, Miss Lovell, without being the most spiteful critic in the world, I must confess that French women in the water look to me very much more like half-drowned brown rats than like marble statues or divinities. You agree with me?"

She made him no answer whatever; only walked along by his side, her head turned away from him, without the ghost of a smile or of response from her lips; and Waters began to see that whatever he wanted to say he must say, without preamble, without assistance of any kind from his companion. "It is the same in everything," he remarked presently; "five hundred people in France sit on the burning sand to watch five hundred other people, ridiculously dressed, but whom they think marble divinities, jump up and down in the water, and the English call the whole scene by very hard names indeed. We, on the other hand, do many things, or rather our young ladies do, which French conventions look upon with absolute horror. You don't mind a cigarette?—thanks." And he made and lit one, while Miss Lovell still walked on silent, and with averted, scornful face, by his side.

And then Captain Waters spoke out. "I am very glad, Miss Lovell, that I happened to be on the pier when the steamer arrived from England yesterday morning—glad for every reason. Do you know—but I need not ask; how should you?—that a most absurd, a most malicious story is being circulated in Morteville at the present moment——"

"About—about me?" she interrupted, with quivering lips, and still keeping her face turned aside from him.

"Well, yes; I am sorry to say, about you. I don't know that I should say it is being circulated at this present moment, for I have done my best to stop it; but up to a very late hour yesterday it was the talk of all the English here that—forgive me even for repeating it—that you had gone away to London in the same steamer with Durant."

Miss Lovell acted no surprise; made no attempt at denial. "Go on, if you please," she said, abruptly. "This is not all, I suppose. Tell me everything you have got to say."

"Well, Miss Lovell, judging from a word that fell from your father's lips when I was speaking to him yesterday, I felt sure that—that this Morteville story ought to be looked upon as an invention. Mr. Lovell hinted, I think, that you were at home alone yesterday, and (as it is physically impossible for any person to be in two places at once) I have taken upon myself to contradict the story as a pure and malignant invention."

"And they believed you?" she cried, quickly, and looking round at his face for the first time. "Captain Waters, I hope you will be good enough to tell me plainly. Have you made these people believe that what was stated was—false?" But her voice shook with the effort it cost her to bring out these words.

"Yes," he answered, with slow, intentional deliberation, that tortured her to the utmost. "I believe I may say now that the story is crushed—trodden under foot. It was no easy matter to do, I can assure you," he added. "There were several people beside myself on the Calais pier, and it became simply and literally a matter of hard swearing as to whether Mr. Durant's companion was or was not yourself."

"And you swore it was not I?"

"I did. I declared also that I saw you on the pier this morning before the arrival of the first steamer from England."

As Waters said this, Miss Lovell, the daughter of the rector of Hatton, drew a long breath of relief. Archie Wilson, the unfearing, uncompromising little Bohemian of old days, felt that never in all her seventeen years of life had she had such cause to blush for herself before. A degradation for which she knew no name, a shame from which her child's heart shrank, even while reason bid her play her part out, dyed her face scarlet as she walked by Captain Waters' side, and heard him recount the falsehoods he had told to save her.

"I am much obliged to you;" after a pause she said this, and in a stiff, measured tone, as if she was repeating something that she had painfully learnt by rote, and felt herself forced to say: "I don't know why you took my part at all. I don't ask why; but I thank you for papa and myself."

"And you will feel assured of my silence, Miss Lovell? You will feel assured that anything that I may accidentally happen to have witnessed will be a secret that I shall keep sacred while I live?"

"You are very good," was all poor Archie's answer, "and I am much obliged to you." For, indeed, she could see no reason either why he had befriended her now, or why her secret, or anything belonging to her, should be a sacred possession to Captain Waters for the future.

"And if, Miss Lovell, at any future time we meet again, you will let me regard myself in some measure as your friend?" The girl only looked a very faint assent. "I am going to leave Morteville, probably within the next twenty-four hours," he went on, talking in a quick, restless way, as he always did when he was forced to speak of his own affairs; "and perhaps—indeed, I think it most likely—my business will detain me for the Summer in England. Well, Miss Lovell, you must know that I am—I don't hesitate in saying it—a man with whom life has gone somewhat hard, and at times (horribly frequently such times succeed each other) I don't know where to put my hand on a shilling. It is so at this minute, I swear to you; and——"

She turned round: she looked at him so full, that Captain Waters' eyes shifted, in spite of all his assurance, from her gaze. "Do you mean, sir,"—very distinct and clear her question fell upon his ear—"that you want me to pay you? that this wretched secret of mine has a price?"

He smiled, and put up his eye-glass at a group of Parisian *divinités des eaux*, who happened to pass before them at this moment. "Well, no, Miss Lovell, I must confess that no such idea crossed my mind. No such idea, at all events, as that which your very melodramatic and picturesque language has placed before me! The facts, as we have come to such charmingly plain speaking, are briefly these: A young lady, granddaughter of a peer, daughter of a rector, everything of the highest respectability, leaves her home in the company of a stranger, and, sixteen or eighteen hours later, returns—her father and mother, who happen to be away from home, continuing ignorant of the escapade she has indulged in during their absence. Well, this escapade is—we won't use harsh words—a strong measure for a young lady to take, and this one of whom I speak has quite sense enough to keep her own counsel. Unfortunately the secret is not altogether hers. A third person, toward whom the heroine of the story feels rather unreasonably indignant, happens to see the two young people when they are already on their journey

to London; also, as luck will have it, watches the young lady when next day she returns *alone* to France, and——”

“And asks a price for keeping what he saw a secret!” interrupted Archie, undauntedly. “I quite understand you, sir, and all I have to say to you is—you must do your worst! Go, if you choose, and swear to the people here that what you swore to yesterday was false! I would do anything to screen papa, but it’s no use,” the tears rising in her eyes as she made the confession. “I have not a ten-franc piece in the world that I can call my own!”

Her mixture of courage and childishness so overcame Captain Waters’ sense of humor that, as nearly as he could ever be said to laugh, he laughed. “I am not quite so poor as you think me, Miss Lovell. You needn’t tell me you have no sous in your pocket exactly in the tone you would use to a too-persistent beggar in the street! When I asked you to meet me here to-day, I wished simply to put you on your guard with respect to Miss Marks and some other of the Morteville gossips. When I defended you last night, I did what I, or any man,” cried Waters, chivalrously, “must feel compelled by instinct to do when one young, pretty, and helpless woman is attacked by half a dozen others, who are neither young nor pretty, nor helpless for the matter of that. You have no particular cause, I think, to be angry with me. I really could not help recognizing you with Durant on board the Lord of the Isles at Calais—now, could I?”

She answered nothing, but stood still waiting for him to finish, and looking at him with flushed face, and with tears still standing in the beautifully-indignant eyes.

“When I spoke of ever meeting you again, I thought it right and honorable to explain to you my position—my want of position would be nearer the mark! Pride made me do so, Miss Lovell. When I thought of accepting your father’s kind invitation, pride made me explain to you the sort of visitor you would have in me, and then, you know, you interrupted me with a little burst of melodrama about payment and five-franc pieces. A somewhat cruel taunt, perhaps, to a poor threadbare fellow like me!” Waters looks sentimentally at his coat-sleeve, which is not in the least threadbare. “But you are too young to know the bitterness of your own words. Miss Lovell,” and he took his hat off with mock deference to the ground, “good-by, and set your mind at rest. I am not at all likely to turn traitor; only, when we meet next in the pleasant retirement of Staffordshire, speak to me with a little more kindness—shall I say gratitude?—than you have done this morning!” And he turned from her, and with his accustomed air of dandy indifference, strolled away in an opposite direction across the sands.

Her secret, so far, was safe, then. And yet, with a sinking heart Archie felt that it had been better every other tongue in Morteville had spoken of her at once than that Captain Waters should track her out in her new English life; that Captain Waters alone should have it in his power to betray her!

A JUNE DAY AT PORT HUDSON.

IN the month of May, 1863, the entire interest in the conduct of military affairs in the Department of the Gulf was centred at Port Hudson—the name of an obscure landing for the shipment of the products of the country, some thirty miles above Baton Rouge, on the left bank of the Mississippi. Hardly any mention had been made of it by the maps, prior to the war; but, like hundreds of kindred places, it was destined to be brought into historical notoriety by the stirring events of the Great Rebellion. The advantages of this situation, as a defensive position, could not escape the attention of the skilful engineers of the trans-Mississippi Rebel armies; and as early as the Summer of 1862, both General Butler and Admiral Porter had warned the departments at Washington that serious trouble must come from Port Hudson if forces were not sent to them with which to occupy it. In December of that year the Army of the Gulf was heavily reënforced, and Banks sent to command it; but the delay had given the Rebels ample time for their work. An army of ten thousand veterans from Mississippi, Arkansas and Louisiana, under Major-General Gardner, a graduate of West Point, garrisoned the place, and the stars and bars floated defiantly from the bluffs.

Nature and military art had joined to make the defences well-nigh impregnable. On a river-front of more than a mile, a cliff springs perpendicularly from the water to the height of eighty feet, resembling somewhat the Palisades of the Hudson, and forming a frowning wall against attack from the river; running in an irregular semicircle from the upper to the lower verge of this cliff, is a chain of hills, intersected with deep and tangled ravines, embracing the few buildings to which the name of Port Hudson was given—a church, a schoolhouse, a railroad station, and half a dozen sheds—which were used as hospitals during the siege. The appliances of military engineering had done their best to strengthen the place. Earthworks of formidable height crowned the hills, making a continuous line of defence from the river above to the river below; ditches, wide and deep, protected these works from assault, and a bristling abattis of felled timber filled the ravines in front. Guns of heavy calibre, the spoils of the Southwestern forts, commanded the river, and every practicable point of assault by land. They were the grim guardians which sealed the lower Mississippi to all commerce and communication with the country above; and Port Hudson itself was the key of the Rebellion south of Vicksburg. It was the one indispensable conquest to be achieved; it was the barrier which the Union arms in the Department of the Gulf were exerted to overthrow, in order that the great river might pass “unvexed to the sea.”

The Nineteenth army corps, under Major-General Banks, its first commander, closed around the Rebel lines about the 25th of May. It numbered, including a few colored regiments, nearly twenty thousand men, organized in

three divisions; the first two, under command of Grover and Emory, had swept through Western Louisiana, from Brashear to Alexandria, and thence descended to Port Hudson, crossing the Atchafalaya at Simmesport; the third, under Augur, had moved up from Baton Rouge, skirmishing with Rebel vedettes every step of the way, and effected a junction with the Commanding General at Port Hudson Plains. On the twenty-seventh the whole force advanced upon the outworks; and a battle ensued, bloody, desperate, and protracted through the day. The Rebels had chosen a strong position upon the Plains, and obstinately resisted the efforts of our army to drive them within their main fortifications. The loss of our troops was heavy, embracing such officers as Colonels Cowles and Chapin of Emory's division, and the gallant Captain Hubbard and Lieutenant Wrotnowski, of the staff; and upon this field General T. W. Sherman, of Port Royal fame, left a limb. Toward night the enemy yielded their position, and fell back to their principal defences. At several points of the line they were vigorously pressed, but no general assault of the works then occurred; and winding itself like a great serpent closely about the Rebel lines, our army at once entered upon the labors of the siege.

There was trouble threatened at New Orleans just at this time. It was thought that a revolt might be attempted by the more turbulent Secessionists, in the absence of the army, and General Emory was sent down to bring them under the iron hand of military rule. Weitzel assumed command of the division, and held the right centre, under Grover.

Of the precise shape and conformation of our lines at Port Hudson, it would be impossible to convey a correct idea, except in a description given by one whose duties rendered a thorough knowledge of them necessary. We knew very well that our army entirely encircled the place by land, cutting off all its communications with the world without, and that Farragut's fleet on the river was jealously guarding the approaches above and below. We understood that we composed a fraction of the force which was laboring for the reduction of the place, and in the prosecution of our share of the great work had but little time or disposition to visit other points of the situation. And nobody was deceived in regard to the perils and labors of the work in hand. History had rarely told us of the capitulation of a fortified post except through the bloody sweat of a painful siege; and Weitzel had said that Port Hudson must fall, but only through heavy sacrifices.

Between the spot where the One Hundred and Fourteenth New York lay and the Rebel works was a great ravine, or gulf—the latter word best describes it. In some places upon either side the hills projected out prominently into this pit; at others, the descent was gradual and easy. The crests of the hills bounding the gulf upon both sides were fortified and held by the opposing armies, lying within easy rifle-shot of each other; between lay the debatable ground, over which balls, shells, and bullets were hurled back and forth. The slopes of the hills, and the narrow intervening level at their bases, were thickly grown with brambles and thorny briers, tangled with felled timber, and abounding in precipitous and difficult descents. They were all that lay between us and the prize, but they were for many days neutral ground. By daylight no man set foot in it; hundreds of eyes were watching it for a mark, and no one transgressed the limits of his own works without instantly becoming a target. The two sides of the ridge which our sharpshooters occupied were strikingly contrasted. That which lay beneath the

Rebel guns was as bare of life and motion as though a pestilence had swept it; the other, although quite as rough in its character, teemed with animation. The nature of the ground was such that the companies were somewhat detached from each other, a felled tree serving as a means of communication. The men lay well down from the top of the ridge to avoid the flying balls, when not on duty in the rifle-pits. Many, for greater security, burrowed for shelter in the side of the bank. At the bottom of this bank ran a stream of water, much too small for the wants of the numbers that crowded it. The heat was well-nigh insufferable, though shade was abundant. The flies came in swarms to annoy us. All the cooking was done a mile to the rear, as the smoke would have betrayed our exact position. And here in this wide wilderness we lay, stifled by the sultry atmosphere, and sometimes drenched by rains. Back of us, at eligible points, were brigade and division headquarters, and field hospitals, enclosed in a paling of leafy branches, and protected at exposed points by cotton bales. Still further back were the supply depots, from which the army was fed, and the reserve artillery; and to and fro between Springfield Landing and the front, six-mule teams were constantly passing, laden or empty as they came or went.

From right to left of our line siege guns and mortars were in position at easy intervals. The guns were artfully concealed with branches, so that their position could be seen only at each discharge. The gunners were protected within an outwork of cotton bales, seven feet high, which effectually sheltered them from bullets.

Our rifle-pits were mere excavations of earth near the crest of the ridge, hollowed out square, so as to entirely conceal a man standing upright. An open way of the same depth led down to the middle part of the hill, so that we could pass to and fro without exposure. They were dug large enough to contain half-a-dozen men, with elbow-room sufficient to admit of the ordinary motions of loading and firing. Each company furnished a detail for one or more of these pits, the details being generally relieved every twelve hours. Their business was to stand, rifle in hand, scrutinizing sharply the Rebel position; to give warning of anything suspicious or unusual, and to send a bullet after any Rebel who might be incautious enough to show his head. The rifle-pits were completed by heavy loop-holed logs laid flat upon the top of the ridge. Through this narrow opening, three inches square, the rifleman surveyed the situation, giving emphasis to his vigilance by the occasional bark of his "Springfield." What could be actually seen of Port Hudson from these loop-holes (and there was no other safe point of observation) was very little. Heaps of earth surmounting the ridge upon the Rebel front indicated where their defences lay, but the trees in the background stood so thick that it was often impossible to define the shape of the works. There was a forest with a Rebel flag waving from the summit of the tallest tree; there were two or three dilapidated old buildings; and there was a desperate and stubborn enemy, invisible to our eyes. Between him and us was "a great gulf fixed," with boundaries of fire and lead, which, for the present, were respected.

Sometimes, after orders to cease firing, a silence like that of the tombs would brood over both the lines, and anon the crash of musketry from every rifle-pit, quickly and furiously answered by the enemy, and the thunderous roar of heavy ordnance, flinging death and destruction, pealed up in a wild tumult of discord. The sharpshooters were sometimes instructed to keep up

an uninterrupted fire, and again to wait for a mark. Deserters occasionally found their way into our lines at night, and, to distinguish them from enemies, particular orders were sent to the rifle-pits to allow single men to come in who appeared outside without arms. At times the batteries fired in regular alternation from right to left, with an impressive effect upon the listener. At night, when the darkness was a sufficient shelter from the Rebel riflemen, it was interesting to mount above the rifle-pits and watch the flashes from the heavy guns, and the flaming shells from the mortars, hissing and gyrating in a wide sweep far overhead, and sinking out of sight behind the trees. There was always, at night, a rumbling noise from the old buildings opposite, which was suspected to be occasioned by the grinding of corn. They were swept from the ground by our shells before the siege had terminated. Many artifices were used in the rifle-pits to delude the enemy, and draw his fire. A favorite ruse was the exposure of a cap above the loop-holes, on a stick. Small puffs of smoke would instantly break out from the Rebel works, and bullets whistle overhead and sink into the embankment; and, at the same instant, a dozen rifles would ring out from our pits, and as many balls speed over toward the little smoke-puffs. A shovel was observed one morning to rise and fall regularly over the edge of the works directly opposite us, as if throwing earth upon an unfinished part. Several marksmen upon our side immediately engaged in the work of *stopping that shovel*. The dirt flew in clouds from the embankment as their balls perforated it, several striking near the top, where the earth was supposed to lie thinner, and where a ball might find a head. Some Rebel may or may not have fallen beneath the persistent hail of lead that was poured upon this spot for half an hour; but the audacious shovel continued to rise and fall, depositing the earth as nonchalantly as if there were sense in it to appreciate the hazard. Suspicious noises, such as the barking of dogs and rumbling of wagons, would quickly draw a heavy fire. Clumps of bushes, half-way down the opposite bank, which looked like inviting spots for the concealment of a lookout, were subjected to the same searching inquiry.

The casualties upon our side during this desultory warfare were not numerous, although they occurred daily at different points along the lines. Stray bullets sometimes entered the loop-holes, killing or wounding the men on duty behind them. There were places where our paths ran over ground so high as to be in range of the Rebel rifles, and at these places men were frequently hit. The stream of bullets passing overhead was enormous; it is no exaggeration to say that tons of lead were thrown away for every life taken. Leaves, twigs and bark dropped from the trees, severed by passing balls, and the men often exhibited their clothing torn by the flying missiles. One instance occurs to me of a round hole perforated in the middle of a newspaper, in the hands of its reader. The Rebels readily admitted, upon the termination of the siege, that our sharpshooters had done remarkable execution. Many of their large guns were dismounted by our artillerists; my attention was afterward called to one from which the trunnion had been shaved as cleanly as if with a chisel.

Thus the siege "dragged its slow length." No nearer approaches had been made by engineering; Banks had thus far trusted to the weight of his metal, and the hope of starving out the enemy, for final success. One day there came an order to suspend all firing, and a party of officers with a white flag went over into the debatable ground, where they were met by another party

from the opposite lines. The rifle-pits were speedily relinquished, arms laid aside, and the combatants crowded the parapets, eyeing the proceedings with the curiosity of deep interest. Something unusual was evidently going forward. Presently the grotesque side of the soldier's nature came uppermost, and colloquies like the following were exchanged all along the line :

Blues—Halloa, there, you Rebels ! Wouldn't you like a trip to Mississippi, for your health ?

Grays—We're very well off here. How's Banks ? And when are you coming over here ?

Blues—Sooner than you'll want to see us. Wouldn't you like some coffee ? —(an article unknown in their Commissary Department.)

Grays—Coffee be —— ! How's Joe Hooker since Chancellorsville ?

Blues—Much better than Dick Taylor was after Bisland and Irish Bend. Do you get your mail regular ?

The truce lasted two hours ; and then the rifle-pits were repopulated, and the work of war resumed. But there was a meaning in that flag, which some of us conjectured before night. It was discussed in the pits, between the strokes of the ramrod, and officers lying beneath shady trees in the blistering heat of that afternoon speculated upon it. By and by somebody came to tell us of whispers that had been overheard at Division Headquarters, or what had been confided to somebody by the clerks that copied the orders. The night came—the still, solemn night, with its blazonry of stars, shining as they only do in the low latitudes ; and with it the Sergeant-Major, to inform the officers that the Colonel desired to see them all, immediately. We gathered before his tent-fly, stretched under the trees, and listened breathlessly to the intelligence which he gave us, emphasized now and then by the sullen roar of one of the Indiana thirty-twos from the hill above. We learned that the flag that morning had covered a demand from Banks to Gardner, for the immediate surrender of Port Hudson, and that the latter had responded that he considered it his duty to hold the place to the last extremity. An assault had been determined upon for the next day, Sunday, June 14th, before daylight. The blow was to be struck near the northeastern angle, where our artillerists had dismounted every Rebel gun. Weitzel's division was to lead, with the old brigade, the General's first command, in advance. Our Colonel had been over to reconnoitre the ground, and he described it minutely. A sheltered road had been cut around the base of the hill upon which the angle we were to assault was built, and we should be able to rush from shelter directly upon the works. The Seventy-fifth New York were to advance as skirmishers ; the Ninety-first New York were to close in rapidly with hand-grenades, and drive the Rebels back from the angle ; the Twenty-fourth Connecticut were next to rush forward and fill up the ditch with cotton bags ; and then the balance of Weitzel's old brigade—the Eighth Vermont, the One Hundred and Fourteenth and One Hundred and Sixtieth New York, must scale the works, attack with the bayonet, and fight vigorously till the whole division could be poured in. A foothold inside was all that was required ; there was to be a simultaneous attack at another point close by, and the weight of the attack was to be concentrated at whichever should be found most vulnerable ; while Dwight and Augur were to distract the attention of the enemy from the real attack, by continuous feinting on the right. Such, in brief, was the plan ; and the General was confident of success. He had told our Colonel that he should attend church in Port Hudson the next day.

The breathless interest of the school-boy hangs with an imaginative rapture over the night before a battle. Make a soldier of your school-boy, with a soldier's training, and he will find that the reality is a stern, simple one, divested of all romance. In the silence of the next hour I called my company together, and told them that on the morrow we were to be called upon for the soldier's gravest duty; that I knew they would perform it well, at whatever cost, and that they must endeavor to sleep in the few hours which would intervene. They heard me very quietly, and went back to their rest upon breaking ranks. They were all young, some quite boyish, and most of them had left pleasant homes among the hills of Central New York to fight for the flag. God only knows the emotions that thronged upon the hearts of the thousands within our lines that night who knew what their part must be in the bloody work of the morrow; the Omniscient alone can tell what tender faces flitted across their slumbers, or what memories of a happy past flooded them. I noticed that many left pictures and letters with those whose duty was to detain them in the rifle-pits; and here and there was a small group whispering in subdued tones. Yet soldiers are more than any other men creatures of habit, and even the shadow of a coming battle cannot deprive them of sleep. We slept that night peacefully and sweetly; but we are told that travellers have lain down by the crater of an uneasy volcano, and slept while the earth beneath them was heaving and shaking with the throes of the coming eruption.

* * * * *

The sleepers were quietly aroused at one o'clock; there was neither reveille nor any unnecessary noise to break the stillness of that early Sabbath morning. Coffee had been prepared, and was taken; belts were buckled, cartridge-boxes settled into place, canteens slung, and the companies formed at shouldered arms. The stars were still in the sky, but there were also clouds, and the faces of the men were distinguishable from each other only upon close inspection. The roll-call was not loud, but under the breath, and what little conversation was necessary was spoken in a low tone. Heavy details had been made to man the rifle-pits, and they had already moved into them. The companies filed into a ravine near regimental headquarters, one by one; the battalion was formed, the field officers joined it, dismounted, and the column moved out. The brigade was in motion by two o'clock, as a unit, the regiments promptly falling into column. Then there was a halt of half an hour or more near division headquarters, and there the whole attacking column was organized. A few lights shone faintly through the leafy screen, and I fancied that final words were being spoken, and cautious advice was repeated. The word "Forward!" was spoken from mouth to mouth, and the column took the route-step, marching by fours. The step was not hurried; there was ample time to reach the scene of operations before daylight, and there were occasional halts to be made, to allow troops collected ahead of us to clear the road. Most of the way was through thick woods, with gullies and ravines now and then to be crossed. There was not light enough to reveal the depth of the column; but muffled footfalls could be heard far back to the rear, and we could distinguish a mass of dimly-defined figures filling the road in front, all moving on with a steady tramp toward the scene of the approaching conflict. In many places arms were stacked among the trees, and the soldiers who bore them, probably the reserves, lined the road, and peered curiously into the faces of the passing column. They well knew whither we

were bound; and sometimes the sympathetic question greeted us, "what regiment, boys—what regiment?" A slight wind stirred as the morning advanced, just enough to move the branches overhead, and the air was cool and pleasant. There was little noise to break the stillness of those most silent hours; the joke and laugh of the long march had no place here; we moved on steadily, silently, almost funereally; and a curious observer might have fancied that he beheld a phantom host sweeping through the forest.

"No cymbal clashed, no clarion rung,
Still were the fife and drum."

The distance marched that morning was several miles, by a sinuous path which skirted our position toward the left, and then opened into the Bayou Sara road, leading directly into Port Hudson. The column filed to the right upon reaching this road, and advanced a short distance directly to the front. A thick growth of timber bordered it upon the right, and more reserves were crowded by it. It had grown less dark within half an hour, although there was some little time yet before the first light of morning, and two hours intervened before sunrise. A thin, almost transparent mist from the river filled the air, as if to keep back still longer the light that must look upon human bloodshed. By the side of the road some of us distinguished Generals Grover and Weitzel talking earnestly together, with frequent gestures toward the front. A little further on, a wide ravine intersected the road, which had been hastily bridged over for the more expeditious passage of the troops; and very few eyes failed to observe that the planking had been thickly lined with cotton, which entirely deadened the noise of our feet. It was a significant sign of the immediate vicinity of the enemy; and from this point the excitement of the morning fairly begun. Filing sharp to the right after crossing the bridge, the column plunged into a thick wood—traversed it—and emerged upon the other side in view of the Rebel position. Daylight was hardly with us yet; but there was a translucent gray in the atmosphere which was the prelude of dawn, and which obscured objects without concealing them. A musket-shot, a single report from far up the road, sent a thrill through the ranks, and the whispered comment, "The Seventy-fifth are in!" passed from lip to lip. I consulted my watch: the hour was just five o'clock. A series of low, irregular hills was before us, almost above us, covered with earth-works, within which still slumbered the unsuspecting enemy, not yet aware of our presence. Far over to the right the hills were higher, and were partially veiled in the exhalations of the morning; our own position which we had left three hours before. As we looked, another musket-shot sounded above us, apparently from the other side of the nearest hill, and immediately followed the sharp, irregular crack and clatter of the skirmishers' rifles. They seemed to be the preconcerted signal for the unleashing of all the furies of battle. The hills on our right, far as we could see, suddenly glowed with flame, and the uproar of fifty guns burst upon us, while shells and grape flew over the Rebel works with a combination of such devilish noises as are only heard in the infernal regions, or in a battle. Every discharge rent the misty cloak which shrouded the hills, and long, bright tongues of flame devoured the obscurity with an effect that instantly suggested that remarkable line of Campbell's "Hohenlinden:"

"Far flashed the red artillery."

The echoes of the cannonade rolled in endless reverberations through the ravines, and the unremitting crashing of musketry from the rifle-pits filled up every pause in this fearful chorus.

The sunken road referred to in a previous paragraph was cut closely around the hill whose base we had reached, and wound in a semicircle up toward the summit. It must have been two hundred yards in length, and was excavated to a depth of seven feet. There had been a brief halt at the edge of the wood for some purpose; but the column now moved rapidly forward, and as my regiment entered the shelter of the road, I heard the clear voice of the General shouting the order,

“Fix bayonets!”

There was no halt made for this purpose; the order had hardly been executed before another came.

“Forward—double-quick—march!”

The murmur which precedes a cheer was running through the column, when it was suddenly brought to a stand-still, and at the same instant a clamor of shouts and cries burst forth from the hill overhead, mingled with an incessant rattle of small-arms. And now commenced one of those sickening, disheartening delays, which are, if possible, more painful to bear than the horrors of the fight itself. The road was quite narrow; a group of fours filled it from side to side. Struggling to urge forward the men in front of us, we tried in vain to press on. Shouts came from the rear, “For God’s sake, don’t stop now; go on, and let us get through with it!” and the invariable answer was returned: “We can’t; the fighting up in front has choked up the road.” In a few moments an impulse was given, and the column slowly moved on again. A few rods more brought us to the deepest part of the road, so that all view of the scene of the conflict was shut out from us. As we progressed with fettered feet and swelling hearts, we could still see the flash of the guns along our lines, and their shells went low over our heads, in several cases inflicting wounds in the assaulting column. Every gun, great and small, around Port Hudson, united in this tumult of destruction, and the blended sounds of the strife were indescribable. Whoever attempts to portray a scene like this will be painfully reminded of the utter inadequacy of mere words and phrases to do it justice. Of all discords that ever violated the repose of nature, that of a battle is the worst. It is simply a hell on earth. And what Victor Hugo calls the *quid obscurum* of battles, seems to me to be the whole of a battle. It is all doubtful—all rush, and roar, and tumult, until the decisive point is turned by one side or the other; except perhaps that it may be clear enough to the Napoleonic genius that can “ride the whirlwind and direct the storm.”

Step by step, little by little, the column struggled upward. The crash of musketry overhead was redoubled, and the bullets now and then buried themselves deep in the face of the cutting, or whistled sharply overhead. Shells from our batteries were bursting painfully near us, and flying fragments passed through the ranks. The wounded began to stream down from the front; the faces of friends whom we knew in other regiments flitted by like phantom visions in a dream—all white and contorted with the agony of wounds, and some covered with blood.

“Heavy work for you, boys, up yonder!” I heard a familiar voice say. The speaker was Captain S——, of the Seventy-fifth. He recognized us as he went by, and tried hard to smile; but his right hand was grasping his left arm, which a bullet had shattered, and pain was written in every lineament of his face. There was no way for the wounded to leave the field other than by this same road, and they hurried past us with dripping wounds, some able

to walk, and others supported by their friends, with many of whom, no doubt, anxiety for their own personal safety was quite as strong a motive as humanity. No artist has ever yet placed, upon canvas a battle-picture so suggestive, so absolutely startling, as that narrow cut just then presented. It was the ebb and flow of battle compressed into a space of six feet in width; two human currents were setting past each other—one strong and vigorous, making all haste to reach the scene of action, the other feeble and halting, limping back to the rear in a ghastly procession, which warned us of the reception which we were to meet.

And still the column pressed upward, while every eye was bent anxiously forward to catch the first view of the position. It was no time for the exhibition of enthusiasm; nobody failed to understand that the assault was being furiously pressed, without an inch of advantage to us thus far. I looked at the faces of those about me, and saw that they perfectly understood it. There were some boyish faces there that were quite pale, and the bearded ones wore a look which was almost one of suffering; but one and all were silently nerving their hearts for the torment, and they kept right on. Filing to the left, we passed under the prostrate trunk of a tree, lying across the cut, the way narrowing here so that the files were undoubled, and the men were obliged to stoop half way to the earth to pass the obstacle. General Weitzel's Aides were endeavoring to make their way on foot through the dense mass, now up toward the front, and again back to the rear. And during all this time the crash of small-arms in advance grew sharper, and the yells of the combatants were louder and more startling.

It must have been more than half an hour from the time that my regiment entered the sunken road until it emerged from the other extremity under fire.

The sound of the strife rolled down from above in an increasing tumult; the bullets fell thicker into the road; the air was mingled with noises of battle. The sides of the cut began to slope toward the level of our feet; two rods more, and we were out of the covered way. There was an abrupt ascent, then a small area of rough, uneven ground, then a ditch, seven feet deep, and quite as wide, while beyond all rose a perpendicular earthwork, not less than twelve feet above the ditch, built in the form of a retreating angle. Here was the point chosen for the assault, and before it was being enacted a scene of slaughter replete with all the horrors of a close and desperate fight. There was not sufficient ground to allow a regiment to deploy to advantage; as fast as they were unmasked from the cut, the companies rushed with a shout up the ascent, across the intervening ground, and into the ditch. From the parapet of the Rebel work came a continual flash of rifles—not in volleys, but in an irregular burst which never ceased while the attack lasted. The Rebels were entirely sheltered behind their defences; hardly a head was to be seen above the parapet. The open space before the work was strewn with soldiers in blue, dead, dying, and severely wounded; they lay among the bushes, on the hillside, and covered the bottom of that awful ditch, yawning like a grave, at the foot of the work. For a whole hour there was a continued repetition of this scene; a yell, a rush, shouts, musket shots, cries and groans. The ditch was at last filled with the living and the dead; the former striving, within six yards of the muzzles of the Rebel rifles, to climb the face of the earthwork, and continually dropping back, with bullet-holes perforated clear through their bodies. The cotton bags, which were intended to fill up the ditch, were scattered over the ground before it,

with their bearers, in some cases, crouching for shelter behind them. The hand-grenades, upon which much reliance had been placed, exploded harmlessly against the face of the work. Wounded men were killed while trying to crawl beyond the range of the fire, or lay helpless under it, unable to hazard the attempt. The contracted space before the ditch was swept with rifle balls and buckshot; every repetition of the assault was met by the same murderous discharge, covering the ground thickly with its victims, and adding to the horrors of the scene. The air rang with shouts, groans and imprecations; there was a Babel of noise, an Aceldama of destruction.

The close of the first hour, when the east was reddening with sunrise, found the regiments scattered and broken up in hopeless confusion. All that desperate courage could do had been essayed to no purpose, except to show that the assault could not succeed. Charge after charge had been made and repulsed; the ditch was an obstacle which could not be overcome, and most of those who reached it unhurt were shot down in the attempt to return. Of my own regiment, one-third was placed *hors du combat*; three officers, including the Colonel, were mortally, and four others severely hurt; and other regiments suffered proportionately. The day was virtually decided against us by sunrise, although the troops were not withdrawn for some hours afterward, but lay prone to the earth, behind logs, stumps and ridges, discharging their rifles over the top of the work, and occasionally picking off an exposed head. Even dead bodies were made shelters for the living, and soldiers fired from behind their slain comrades. As the troops crowded up from the rear, they were sent forward to join in this bush-fighting; but there was no serious demonstration made after the sun was an hour high. The battle was lost and the blood shed before sunrise; but while it lasted there were deeds of conspicuous bravery exhibited which the annals of the war can hardly surpass. Upon the first charge of my own regiment, the color-guard was almost destroyed; the color-bearer was killed, and but two or three of the nine escaped with slight wounds. As the regiment fell back to reform, the flag was left, in the confusion of the moment, on the top of a ridge, exposed to the enemy's fire. It was saved by the gallantry of Private George Collins, of Company D, who crept to the spot and brought it away under a shower of balls. One year later, the same brave fellow fell at Winchester, faithful to his duty to the last. There was no lack of daring, and the long columns of the dead list showed how lavishly some of the best blood of the North was expended in that fruitless attack.

There was no bravery more conspicuous, nor were any sufferings more fearful, or any endurance stouter, during, and after, this assault, than those of Brigadier-General Halbert E. Paine,* who led his brigade in a charge across a field at another point of attack. Struck down by a Minié ball which shattered his leg, he lay on the field after his command was compelled to fall back, for *fourteen hours*, in the blistering sun, exposed to a continual fire from the works, and enduring such torments from thirst, heat, and swarms of insects, as can scarcely be comprehended. A full dozen of the brave fellows of this brigade were killed and wounded while trying to bring him water; and, finally, after nightfall, he was carried from the field more dead than alive. His leg was afterward amputated. It would be hard to conceive of more acute tortures than the wounded in this assault endured, who were compelled to lie where they fell until darkness shielded the succoring parties sent from

*Representative in the present Congress from the Milwaukee District of Wisconsin.

our lines. Death on the battle-field in such a situation is sternly stripped of all its romantic glories, and tenfold horrors superadded.

All the morning, while there was work to do, stretchers and ambulances were busy bearing back the wounded to the field-hospital, a mile to the rear. The sights and sounds of that place will scarcely bear description. A large enclosure of bare ground, surrounded with branches, was crowded in every part with the victims of the fight, the number constantly increasing. The surgeons were busy at their sickening work, and a chaplain was also there, striving to soothe the sufferers. Some were quiet, as if unconscious of the approach of death; some were writhing with pain, but laboring hard to suppress any audible tokens of it; others, entirely unnerved with pain and apprehension, shouted, blasphemed, or prayed in frantic tones. Some expired under the knife; some died before the surgeon could reach them, and others were carried from the table, groaning with their agony, to make room for new arrivals from the front. It was a scene too painful in its details to be dwelt upon.

The assault failed at all points; there was the same story throughout of desperate, reckless daring, and unavailing slaughter. Our losses in killed and wounded were not less than twelve hundred; those of the Rebels were slight, owing to their protected situation, and it is supposed that less than one hundred fell inside their works. On the second day after the fight, a truce was agreed upon for the purpose of burying the dead. Several hundreds were buried where they fell, many of them so blackened by exposure as to be past recognition.

The end came at last—but not then. It came twenty-five days later, after patient endurance, and saps, and mines, and starvation had accomplished the work that mere bravery could not—after Vicksburg had gone down before the genius of Grant, and Port Hudson was driven to sullen capitulation. It came on the 9th of July, when, with drums beating and banners flying, our victorious soldiers marched unchallenged into the enemy's works, and the long line of Rebel muskets were grounded before them. It came to us who did not witness the glory of that closing scene—to us who wrestled with death in the crowded wards of the Baton Rouge and New Orleans hospitals, steeling our hearts to the agony of terrible wounds as we lay on beds of suffering. There were dying eyes which grew brighter, and cheeks, white with the pallor of dissolution, into which the blood leaped once more as the cry ran through the ward, "Port Hudson has fallen!" And we who finally rose from the hospital pallets, whole of our hurts and preserved for still graver fortunes of the war—we, too, rejoiced to know that our toils, our perils, and our sufferings had not been in vain.

JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

MIGNONNE.

A LINGERING touch on mouth of mine,
A red, red draught of fiery wine—
O sweetest lips !

A dear caress of hand on brow,
A touch that stayeth with me now—
O kindest hand !

A glance from out the brownest eyes,
To which my tempted mouth replies—
O dear, sweet eyes !

A voice that keeps through girlhood's years
Its childhood's smiles, without its tears—
O darling voice !

That lingers with me as I write,
In murmurs of that hour's delight—
O happy time !

That hour when eyes and lips of thine
Bestowed the gift beseeched by mine—
That lingering gift !

Such rare Greek wine ! Such winsome blisses !
Once tasted, I must have thy kisses—
O sweetest lips !

MARIA LOUISA POOL.

PAMELA CLARKE.

CHAPTER I.

SHE is an American woman of the present, this Pamela Clarke; not by any means of the

Perfect woman nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, to command,"

and all the rest of it, school. She may be nobly planned—indeed, she feels sure that she is; but she has not yet been able to find out the plan, and therefore cannot make it work properly. There is always a loose screw somewhere, and although her friends tell her she has “cranks,” they can never be made to turn anything.

She and her brother Ichabod were born at the Beech Bend farm-house, and there they lived and loved and quarrelled together until he was sent to a classical school, where he was taught Greek, Latin, and mathematics, with all of the “loogies” and none of the “isms” of the day; and she to a seminary, where she learned music, and drawing, and half a dozen languages, and the names of all the sciences under heaven. I speak advisedly, for she learned all she was taught, while he was taught a great deal more than he ever learned.

After passing through this training, Ichabod went to the great metropolis to seek his fortune, and Pamela staid at the old farm-house to wait for hers; and as the Bend was in the heart of the wild woods, and the little village of Media, near by, was unknown to fame and tourists, there being no railroad within ten miles, there seemed to be a strong likelihood of her having to wait for it a very long time indeed.

When Ichabod rode away in the little brown wagon, Pamela stood on the front stoop and watched him until he was lost in the flaming red of early dawn. And her thoughts flew before him, and she saw the desk and stool waiting for him in the counting-house where other young men were bending over great ledgers; and she saw the warehouses filled with bales and boxes, and heard the creaking of the pulleys as the great weights were lifted up and up into the topmost stories; and she heard the shouts of men loading and unloading the ships at the wharf; and she saw the white sails glimmering over the seas, and the tall masts erect in many a harbor. And she thought: “All this is under the control of one will; all this wealth and power has been achieved by one man, who walked barefooted out of Media thirty years ago. It is possible for Ichabod to grasp all this; at all events, it is his privilege to strive for it.”

“Oh, how I wish I were a man!” said Pamela Clarke.

“Pamela, I wish you would sweep and dust the parlor. Jane has a sore finger, and I have not time to do it.”

It was Pamela's mother who spoke, and the daughter obeyed. She hated

housework ; she abhorred sewing. And when she caught a view of herself in the parlor looking-glass, with an old green veil pinned round her head, her face red, and eyebrows full of dust, she gave a contemptuous sniff, which brought on a fit of sneezing.

"Oh, how I wish I were a man!" said Pamela Clarke.

She brushed away at the furniture with such a vengeance that she broke the handle off the feather duster. And when her mother came in with a basket of stockings to be darned, Pamela upset it in the middle of the parlor floor, threw the basket out of the window, and, seizing her hat, she rushed out of the house to the river, where she sat in the boat, and rocked herself all day in the shadow of the beeches.

This was the commencement of a long sickness for Pamela—an illness of many months. She had no physical pain, no apparent fever ; but she wandered about pallid and ghost-like. The family physician was called in. He was a man of long experience, but Pamela's case baffled his skill. He had never met with anything like it among the simple country folk.

"Her malady is caused by mental inquietude," he said. "Let her be much out of doors, and give her society and exercise."

"She has a good deal of company," said Mrs. Clarke ; "and I cannot think she suffers from want of exercise, for she is always on the go. I can scarcely ever keep her in the house."

"If you meet with another case like mine, doctor," said Pamela—"and you are sure to meet with them, for it is an epidemic breaking out here and there among the women of America—I will give you a prescription for it."

The doctor was so astonished at the girl's assurance, that he took off his glasses. "Let us hear this new prescription for the new disease," he said.

"Oh, the prescription is as old as Adam. Occupation."

"If that is all," said the doctor, much relieved, "follow your own prescription. I warrant your mother can find plenty for you to do."

"But housework and sewing only make me worse."

"Then nurse the sick, or teach a public school. They need a teacher at The Corners."

"But all that don't lead to anything. It is drudgery without end or aim."

"Eh?" said the doctor.

"I am willing to toil ; to drudge, if necessary," said Pamela, "if it will only end in something beside rusty black and the cold corner of my brother's wife's fireside, or the greater happiness of a room in some great, dreary 'Old Ladies' Home.' I know people call me lazy, because I wander about the woods with only Grim for company, and rock myself in the boat under the beeches. But give me something to do that has will and force in it, so that I can look forward with hope of an accomplished purpose at last, and you will see how hard I can work."

"Fol-de-rol!" said the doctor. "Good women have contentedly lived and died without a thought of all this nonsense."

"And good men contentedly break stones and weed turnip-beds ; but if all men, therefore, broke stones and weeded turnip-beds, Media would never have had a doctor."

"It is temper," said the doctor, as he got into his rockaway. "That is what is the matter with the girl." And he gave the reins an angry jerk, and disappeared in a cloud of dust.

But Pamela grew worse, and good Mrs. Clarke thought she must be troub-

led about her spiritual condition; and she asked the minister to take a speedy opportunity of conversing with her daughter. Without any reserve, Pamela told him of her great trouble, and the good man was sorely puzzled.

"My dear young lady," he began, "if you were in any concern about your soul——"

"But I am not," said Pamela.

"Then I could serve you, I humbly hope; but the trouble that weighs upon your mind seems to relate entirely to the perishable things of earth, and therefore I can be of no service. My vocation is to point to erring sinners the road to heaven."

"That is my case exactly," said Pamela. "I am certainly an erring sinner, and I do earnestly desire, like everybody else, to be happy when I leave this world for another. But I have forty-seven years upon this earth yet before I reach three-score and ten; and although, as you say, that is but a speck compared with eternity, I am a mortal, and cannot comprehend the infinite, and to me forty-seven years is a very long time. Now, what am I to do during all those years? If I find the right thing to do, and do it in the right way, I have no concern but that my soul will be all right. It does no good to talk to me of the abstract truths of religion—I believe them all; but my nature is such that it cannot live in abstractions. I could never be a Mrs. Rowe. My life must be *practical*. Can you help me?"

"My dear child, you are in danger from the 'pride of life.' Pray for a more contented disposition, and wait at your own home, modestly and humbly, for God's will to be shown to you."

"That road will never take *me* to heaven," said Pamela Clarke.

When the Spring came, and the trees began to shake out their leaves to the soft winds, and the birds built their nests in the branches and sang sweet love-songs to each other, Pamela was not made one whit the better for all the beauty and gladness around her. It had all happened over and over again ever since she was born, and for long before, and would continue when she was nothing. Her life had no influence upon it, her individuality no concern with it.

But it chanced that just at this time there came to Media one whom Pamela revered. He wrote for the few, but his words were virgin gold. They wove a charm into the monotony of Pamela's thought; they fired her heart; but her life was in no respect the richer for them, for she could not turn them into minted, current coin.

Unbidden, she sought him out in his woodland haunts, and told him of the struggle she was passing through. He listened to her with painful interest.

"It is the same cry that is coming up from every quarter of the land. I see no present help. Have you no talents? Can you not work this energy into a poem, a picture, a romance, or make your ideal a reality on the stage?"

"No," said Pamela, "I have not a touch of genius. I do not expect or desire great renown. I cannot emulate a Cushman, a Browning, a Bonheur. If I had a talent for any art, I should have no further trouble. My life must be one of deeds, not ideas. I want the same opportunity of working out an honorable, *satisfying* career as my brother Ichabod has, and Ned Storey, and others that have gone from this village. Heaven knows some of them have small brains enough."

"I know what you want, but I cannot help you solve such a problem as

that. You must work it out for yourself; and if you ever arrive at the true solution, you will have done more for your age and country than all its statesmen, warriors, and poets. But I don't know," he said, after some moments' thought; "our energies to work out our own plans may be of little worth after all—perhaps worse than useless. We put one foot before another in the path that lies before us, and all reach the same goal at last. We write out the thoughts that come to us, perchance with no purpose and but little meaning; but the generations hereafter look back upon these thoughts in the aggregate, and are made wiser and better by them. And so it may be that mankind moves with a steady progress through the ages, whether we will it so or not. And as the solar system can never occupy the precise point of space it does now, so our generations, too, slowly, very slowly, are borne into wider and deeper spaces of thought, and we think *we* have done it all with our feeble energies."

"I do not know what you may be to others," said Pamela, "but to me you are like the tanager, which rushes through the forest like a stream of fiery light; but when he is out of sight, the woods are just as dark and sombre as they were before."

"Be it so; and learn a lesson therefrom. The dusky swallows, who live their homely lives under our eaves, chirp happily there from year to year, and we know them and love them."

Pamela went home, and gathering the few volumes of the written words of him she had just left in the woods, she put them upon the kitchen fire.

The Summer passed quietly at Beech Bend, and the early Autumn came; and, for the first time in a year, Pamela began to take an interest in life. Ichabod was coming home. If she must remain at the farm-house until she died of old age, like Grim, the house-dog, she could at least interest herself in her brother's success. She would live her life in his, as other women were living their lives in the muscles and brains of their husbands and brothers. She would achieve everything through Ichabod. She looked forward with pleasure to the long talks they would have together about his future career, and the wonders he was to perform, while she counselled him and sustained him in all troubles. And how much there was to learn of his present life—of the paintings and statues, the great actors, and the wonderful operas of which she dreamed, but might never hear. Her mother was pleased to see the old sparkle come back into her daughter's eyes, and a healthier glow into her cheeks.

It was just at the close of a delicious, purple-hued Autumn afternoon that she welcomed Ichabod home. When the family gathered around the supper-table she observed him critically. It was evident that he had got himself up with great care to make a proper impression on his country relatives. His hair was cut short, and rolled up in front, about an inch long in the back, and carefully brushed away from the part that ran down the middle of it. His moustache was black and long, and he was forever twirling the ends of it with his white fingers. It was surprising how soft and white his hands had grown in one year. On the little finger of his right hand was a seal ring of vast dimensions, of which he made a great display in handling his tea-cup. His trousers were of a light purple-gray, his vest a shaggy plaid, and his blue cravat was embroidered with yellow silk.

His mother looked at him with pride, but Pamela curled her lip, and crushed the biscuit she held so tightly between her fingers that it lay a little

heap of crumbs on the table-cloth. But she controlled herself, and quietly listened to the conversation; nay, after a time took part in it, and endeavored to draw from him some ennobling sentiment, some show of a worthy ambition.

He informed his audience that it was nothing for a fellow to smoke a half dozen cigars in an evening; that lager beer was not a bad drink, but that Rhine wine was better; that none of his sort of fellows ever went to the reading rooms. The Opera, he assured them, was "slow." He had thrice honored the house with his presence, and there was not a pretty woman in the troupe. The theatres were better. There was the Comedy of Polly Potluck, which had a run of three weeks. Nothing could be better, and Joe Sparkle was a tip-top actor, and M. a duck of an actress, and N. had the prettiest foot in the world. He feelingly requested that no allusions should be made to his business while at home. It was an awful bore to have a business. But he intended to stick to it. The "tin" was what he wanted, and it made a man feel pleasant to go about with a pocket full of "rocks." By what process "tin" was transmuted into "rocks," he did not stop to explain, because he was in a hurry to get to the grand climax of his oration, which was to announce with pride that he had won five games of billiards of Tom Aulick, who was the "crack" player of his set.

"If I had spent a year in New York I could have done better than that," said Pamela Clarke.

She walked out into the forest to brood over her bitter disappointment. It was clear that Ichabod's life was too narrow to enfold hers. It scarcely sufficed for himself. She sat down on a fallen tree and watched the squirrels carrying nuts to their holes; the crows winging their steady flight to their nests on the tall trees; and the birds tucking their children snugly up for the night.

"The Lord made the round world, and all that dwell therein, but what—what—what did he make *me* for?" said Pamela Clarke.

CHAPTER II.

ICHABOD returned to New York. The forest leaves grew dull in hue. The wind that swept up the river grew keen and sharp. Old Grim curled himself up by the kitchen fire, and Pamela formed a resolution. Fortune favored her in carrying it out, for, soon after, her father and mother left home for a week's visit, and Jane and the man who helped on the farm had too much to do to watch Pamela. So she put her little trunk inside of the brown wagon, and packed it there, and harnessed the horse with her own hands. She told Jane she was going to drive into Media to visit among her friends until her parents came home. She would send the horse to the tavern, and John could go for it in the evening. Jane was not surprised, for this arrangement had often been made before, and she was glad to be rid of so useless an individual as Pamela.

But at the very time that John was driving the brown wagon from Media to the farm, Pamela was eating her supper at a New York hotel. She felt very independent and proud of herself, and she would not send word to Ichabod that she was in the city. She would let him learn it from home, and she had a whole week before it would be necessary to write to her mother.

The next morning she searched the papers for a boarding-house advertise-

ment that suited her purse; and was so successful that that afternoon she had herself and trunk conveyed to Miss Kinney's, where she had a pleasant room ten feet square in the third story. Miss Kinney, of course, demanded "the best of references." Pamela was compelled reluctantly to give the name of the merchant in whose employ her brother was, as he was the only person in New York who knew anything of the Clarkes of Media. But she might have spared herself any uneasiness on this score, for Miss Kinney was entirely satisfied with so well-known a name, and never found the time to go to inquire of him about Pamela. She was too anxious to keep her large house full of boarders to be over-scrupulous in regard to those she received into it. And so it was nearly two weeks before Ichabod heard of his sister's flight from the farm.

It was a great change to Pamela from the stillness and homely refinement of the Beech Bend farm house to this great, noisy caravansary, with over a hundred men, women and children in it; and the country girl felt more alone among them than in the depths of the Beech Bend forest, for there was very little of the spirit of adaptation in Pamela. However, she soon found that Miss Kinney's boarders were by no means shy of making acquaintances, and she could have had half-a-dozen intimate friends in a week's time, had she been so minded. But she was of a very contrary mind, and held herself quite aloof from them all. The only one by whom she was attracted was a pretty, young widow, modest and gentle in her manners, and as reserved toward the rest of Miss Kinney's boarders as Pamela herself. This bond of sympathy drew them together, and our heroine confided to her new friend what had induced her to come to New York. Mrs. Corrie was charmed.

"I knew you were one of our kind the first time I saw you," she said. "I understand your position thoroughly. I have been through it all myself, and I belong to a society of women with the same unsatisfied longings and great aspirations as ourselves. Attend some of our meetings, and, if you like us, join us."

"With all my heart," said Pamela.

"But first we must get you some employment, as you say that you have but a hundred dollars, and that will soon melt away here. Of course your first letter from home will urge you to return, but I imagine that you will not consent."

"Never!" said Pamela, heartily.

"Then I can put you in the way of doing something that will pay very well. I know some gentlemen who wish a great deal of copying done. They offered it to me, but I am Secretary of our Association, and have not time for anything else. You can form no idea of the amount of letters and petitions that we send forth every year."

"And it must be a great task to read the letters sent in," said Pamela, who disliked manuscript reading.

"Well, I can't say that it is," said Mrs. Corrie, "because we don't get many. You see people take no notice of our letters and petitions. We don't expect it. We are sowing the seed now, and we must wait for the harvest."

"Oh! this weary waiting!" said Pamela.

"Yes, my dear, but we are all kept so busy that we don't have time to think much about that."

Pamela was grateful to Mrs. Corrie for her timely influence. She did not like copying, but it was easy work, and paid sufficiently well, and she regarded it as only a stepping stone to something higher.

Now I am not going to describe the Association to which it was Pamela's high privilege to be admitted. The "reliable gentlemen" who report such matters for the daily papers have so often told us all about similar Associations, that we have become familiar with them. Among its members were teachers, Bohemians, writers of a high grade, a few heads of families, many who aspired to be lawyers, doctors and ministers, and some who had become the two latter. Of course all the doctors were tall, and raw-boned, with great crooked noses, and loud voices; and the ministers were fat, coarse, squabby hypocrites; the would-be lawyers all wore glasses, and calf-skin boots; and all the women affected short, black dresses, and gloves too large by two sizes, and with the finger-ends sticking out in a very menacing and claw-like manner. It admits of no dispute that they knew nothing whatever of business; that they turned the reports bottom upward to read them, and wrote their petitions from right to left of the lines, which may account for their being always laid on the table in Congress. Certainly they all talked together, and never to the purpose, and could never be made "to define their position;" and altogether conducted themselves in a manner to be expected from the weakness of the feminine mind when it wanders out of a pudding bag or of the toe of a stocking. All this, and much more of the same kind, being familiar to the American public, will not be recorded here. But, as it unfortunately so happens that Mrs. Corrie has been already mentioned in these pages as pretty, modest, gentle and reserved, I hasten to relieve the mind of the American public by assuring it that, as she had a moderate fortune, she had embraced no profession, and as yet had no "mission," unless she so considered her position as Secretary.

But what did Pamela Clarke find there? She asked herself that question after every meeting, and was compelled each time to answer, "Nothing."

"It is all my own fault," thought Pamela. "I am not prepared for the bold measures they advocate. My slow-paced life at the Bend has unfitted me for such eagle flights. I am timid, after all, and among the squirrels and blue-jays I was so very strong! Everything seems to fail me, but I know this time it is my own fault."

And so, from a sense of duty, she allowed her name to be enrolled among the members.

It was about this time that Ichabod came to see her.

"You must go home," he said. "These women are not proper associates for you. They may be good enough in their way, but they live by their wits. Some of them write books, and I have heard that one of them is a doctor! Ugh! They ought to stay at home with their fathers, or get husbands to take care of them, and not go gadding about, and holding meetings, and making themselves ridiculous. Everybody laughs at them, and I don't want my sister to be laughed at, and it will spoil all your chances of getting married. And I do wish you would not make such a guy of yourself, with your hair stretched back from your face, and twisted into a little knot like a turnip. And your dress looks as if it had been fitted by Mrs. Noah."

"Ichabod," said Pamela, "your ways are not my ways. Follow your own noble instincts; lounge in lager beer saloons; put strong-scented lard on your hair; wear yellow vests and seal rings, and leave me in peace to my lower grade of intellect and humbler destiny. I shall not go home."

"You always were an obstinate, cranky girl," said Ichabod, "and now you can go to destruction in your own way."

And he left her, his yellow vest heaving with his high displeasure.

The next day, as if purposely to refute Ichabod's assertion, Pamela had an invitation to become Mrs. Towers. She respectfully declined, but Mr. Towers being a widower, and having arrived at an age not sensitive to rebuffs, he continued his attentions to Pamela until they became absolute persecutions. In vain did she treat him coldly, rudely; she could not get rid of him. She at last applied to Miss Kinney to interfere, and save her from such annoyances; but that lady was a skilful diplomatist, and, promising to perform wonders, did nothing whatever.

"Must I humiliate myself, and appeal to that creature with the horrid yellow vest and seal ring?" thought Pamela. "Heaven preserve us when society places us in such positions, and heaven forgive me for thinking thus of my brother."

She wrote to Ichabod, and he came, in the identical yellow vest and seal ring which had so excited her disgust.

"I have settled matters with that old Towers," he said. "He is harmless enough—only a conceited old fool, that fancies he was made on purpose for girls to fall in love with. He will trouble you no more. And now, will you go home?"

"No," said Pamela.

"Then I wash my hands of you."

But three days after came a note from him. It informed her that he was about to go West on business, though much against his will; that by way of doing his whole duty by her, he had engaged a room for her at Mrs. Ware's, No. 83 — Street; that it was very "select" there, and that this had been done by the advice of Calvin Giles, a boarder there, whom Mrs. Ware thought "a nonesuch." Also, Ichabod intimated that it might be well for Pamela to "set her cap" for Calvin Giles; also, that in case of any trouble, Calvin, having a large salary, and being a good fellow, though "stiffish," was the proper person for her to apply to; and that to this end, moreover, he had told Mr. Giles all about her.

Pamela's first impulse was to decline this scheme of her brother's, but she was anxious to leave Miss Kinney's, and she knew of no other place. She was not at all pleased that the history of her pilgrimage should have been told to a stranger, and told too by one who did not in the least comprehend her, or her motives. But then she need have no intercourse with this stranger. A friend of Ichabod's was not likely to be one who would interest her, or be interested in her. And so she packed her trunk for Mrs. Ware's, consoling herself with thinking that she could pay the board bills herself, and that she would have nothing whatever to do with Calvin Giles.

She kept her word in regard to the bills, but it was by no means an easy matter to ignore Calvin Giles. He was the most important member of Mrs. Ware's "small but select" circle of boarders, and he was disposed to pay Pamela many polite attentions, as the sister of his friend. But Pamela at last successfully frowned him down, and congratulated herself thereupon, for he was not the kind of young man that she liked. This was usually her misfortune. In fact, she had never yet met any man who bore even the faintest resemblance to her ideal, and had begun to doubt the existence of the reality of any such person. Not that she was on the lookout for him. She was too absorbed in her grand ideas for any thought of marriage.

Calvin Giles was the opposite of Ichabod, being quiet in his dress, and

with a refinement and gentleness of manner almost womanly. "He is weak," thought Pamela, "and I like ruggedness and strength."

And so the short Winter days flew by, and Pamela was busy with her copying, and attending the Association meetings, and collecting facts and statistics for a series of pamphlets to be published by the Association; and still unsatisfied through it all. She never thought of Calvin Giles except when she met him in the parlor occasionally in the evenings, and then, without being aware of it perhaps, she invariably snubbed him.

CHAPTER III.

It was the last day of January, and, late in the afternoon a steady, penetrating rain set in without any warning.

"Five blocks, and a new bonnet, and no umbrella," thought Pamela, as she got out of the street-car.

She started, for there at the street-corner stood Calvin Giles offering her an umbrella. She accepted it rather ungraciously, for Pamela, although she told downright fibs sometimes, like the rest of human kind, was not deceitful. Calvin opened another umbrella for himself.

"I will walk on the other side of the street, Miss Clarke, if you prefer it," he said gravely, "but really, there is almost a river of melted snow there."

Pamela repressed a smile. If Calvin wished to ingratiate himself with her he could not have chosen a better way.

"It will be sufficient if you walk in front of me, or behind me, as you choose, but in either case keep half a block between us," she said, as gravely as he had spoken.

Calvin bowed, and waited there until she had gone half a block, when he walked slowly on. On the next block Pamela looked behind her. He will think himself of a vast deal of importance if I treat him in this way, she thought. And she waited for him.

"You must think me very rude," she said. "I did not thank you for your umbrella, or express my gratitude for your thoughtful regard for my new bonnet, which induced you to venture out in such weather as this."

"You give me credit for greater philanthropy than I possess. I did not know that you had a new bonnet. But you are standing too long in the rain, and I will fall back to my old position."

"No," said Pamela, moving on, "I wish to ask you about my brother."

And so Calvin walked by her side, and they talked about the absent Ichabod, who was still kept in the West sorely against his will, until they arrived at Mrs. Ware's door.

The next morning the "small and select" gathered in the parlor after breakfast, to look over some engravings, and choose subjects for tableaux. As Pamela turned them over she chanced upon a graceful female head, with dark hair waving over brow and cheeks, and gathered at the back into a floating mass of curls.

"Do you know," said Calvin Giles, "that I have always thought that picture like you?"

"Like me!" exclaimed Pamela, her cheeks reddening with anger. "That is impossible, Mr. Giles."

"It is like you," persisted he; "and if you would allow your hair to fall

into its natural curl, and arrange it like this, it would be a vast improvement to you."

"Upon my word!" said Pamela, half angry and half pleased, "you presume very much upon the obligations you have put my bonnet under. Pray, how do you know my hair has a natural curl?"

"Because it will wave and twist a little in spite of the tightness with which you screw it into that vicious little knot at the back——"

Pamela walked majestically out of the room. "Perhaps he is not weak," she thought, "but he is arrogant and impertinent. If he thinks I am to be flattered into wasting twenty minutes curling my hair, when I can arrange it this way in three, he is much mistaken. I did not come to New York to dress myself in brodered hair and costly array, nor yet to please such as Calvin Giles."

But when she was dressing herself for the tableau party, she thought she would arrange her hair like the picture just to satisfy herself whether Calvin was right. It was a kind of trouble that Pamela disliked, but she went through with it perseveringly and successfully. And when it was done, she did not know herself. Pamela Clarke had gone, and it was another face that looked out from the glass at her. She was just upon the point of combing the curls all out again, when her door was burst open, and in rushed two young girls.

"Oh, what beautiful hair! How lovely you look, Miss Clarke!" said one.

"I never saw such a change!" said the other. "You look now like that beautiful head in the old green book down-stairs."

Pamela's woman nature triumphed. She could not withstand such flattery—it was novel and pleasant. And besides, it was now time to go down stairs. But when she entered the parlor, and saw Calvin Giles' quiet smile, she felt a great contempt for her own folly and vanity.

However, as she had once yielded to her vanity, and had committed herself to curls and flattery, she continued to dress her hair in that fashion without much thought of the precious time consumed. Having made a moss-rose of herself, some instinct forbade her to return to a turnip-blossom.

And the same instinct soon told her that Calvin Giles intended some day to ask her to be his wife. He had said nothing like this yet, but she knew it. Sometimes she treated him very well, and sometimes very ill; but her moods seemed to make no difference in his manner, and Pamela did not know whether to be pleased or otherwise. If Calvin had conducted his courtship like ordinary men, Pamela would soon have become disgusted with him, and settled the matter at once by having nothing whatever to do with him. But he was not like ordinary men. He was always saying and doing unexpected things, and behaved himself in a very peremptory way; and though Pamela was always armed, and invariably opposed him at the time, she was nevertheless in a chronic state of anger against herself at finding that she followed his suggestions at last. On the whole, she rather liked the affair. It gave a piquancy and excitement to her monotonous life; for it was monotonous, and sometimes dreary. She had failed to secure for herself a business that contained the faintest promise to a woman, of what Pamela called a career; nor could she see any opening for such a thing. If she were married now—true, the married women she knew were craven-hearted beings, doing nothing for the elevation of their sex; but society allowed a freedom of action to married women that was denied to single. Now, with a husband who sympathized

with the progress and development of women (and Calvin Giles did so sympathize, for he had often discoursed very eloquently on the subject while all the boarders listened respectfully), with such a husband to aid her and protect her, a woman might hope to accomplish something beyond an ordinary woman's life.

And so, after many conflicts, she had an answer prepared for the question that she knew would be asked. But she was not at all prepared for the manner of asking. Such sweet love words, such a passionate appeal from a man like Calvin Giles, she certainly did not expect; and, for a few moments, she was amazed and overwhelmed. It was as if the sea waves had rolled back, and given her an instant's gleam of priceless pearls. Could it be possible that there was something in life richer than the jewels she was striving for? No; it was clearly impossible. And she rallied her energies, and the waves swept up again.

"Mr. Giles," she said, "if I was like other women I would pretend to be surprised, and cry a little, I suppose, and refer you to my father. But I am not like other women, for I frankly confess I expected this, and had made up my mind to consent to be your wife on certain conditions."

Here she paused for some word from Calvin, for her courage was getting weak, but he had left her, and was leaning against the window, and the room was so dark she could get but an imperfect view of his face. He spoke no word, and she continued:

"You are perfectly familiar with the reasons that induced me to leave my father's house and come to New York. Of course, you would not wish, knowing me as you do, that I should give up the ambition that has been the main spring of all my actions. You are an earnest advocate of woman being the equal of man in all respects, and it is this that has won my heart. Are you willing to enter into a union founded on reason, and common justice, and equal rights? Are you willing that your wife should enter into business independently of you, or embrace a profession, as the way might open?"

"No," said Calvin Giles.

"But you say that there is no reason why women should not be doctors, lawyers and ministers.

"Some women, but not my wife."

"Then Pamela Clarke will never be your wife."

"Very well," said Calvin Giles, and he lighted his cigar with a coal from the grate, and walked out of the front door.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER this, things were somewhat changed at Mrs. Ware's, at least, to Pamela. Calvin was not so often there as formerly, and had much less to say, and it was with great dismay that Pamela discovered that she owed a great part of her happiness at Mrs. Ware's to his society. His manner toward her was still kind and friendly, but she missed his constant, quiet attentions, and, more than all, she missed the pleasant, spicy *tête-à-têtes*. He evidently avoided these.

"I have lost him for a friend, now," sighed Pamela, "because I could not accept him as a lover. He is the only man I ever could talk to for any length of time."

However, she was not sorry for what she had done. Marriage, she reasoned, was not for her. She was not at all susceptible. If it were possible that all the young men she knew should be in love with her, and prostrate themselves before her, there was but one that she could have made up her mind to have, and him only conditionally.

"You have behaved very properly, my dear," said Mrs. Corrie, to whom Pamela, very imprudently, confided this little episode of her life. "These men are all alike. Some of them pretend to think with us, and spin out many fine words on the subject, but when they are brought face to face with the matter in their own households, they behave just like this Calvin Giles. I have long known we shall never get earnest help from them."

Mrs. Corrie was a good woman, as the world goes, but she had her foibles, and one of them was the habit of whispering little things that had better be left untold. So she whispered Pamela's secret to Miss Stevens, with injunctions of the strictest secrecy, and Miss Stevens in a gush of confidence one day whispered it to Mrs. Nance, who felt it to be her duty to whisper it to somebody else, and by the time it had made the circuit of the Association, it had become a settled conviction in the minds of most of the members that Calvin and Pamela had done something very dreadful, though why they thought so, not one of them could have told. It is surely no very wicked or uncommon thing for a man to propose to a young woman and be rejected by her. If this fact had been proclaimed aloud at a full meeting, it would not have been remembered three days. It was the mysterious whispering that did the mischief. Pamela, of course, knew nothing of it, but some rumor of it travelled outside of the Association, and reached the ears of Calvin. He was not at all pleased that these women should be talking and tittering over what should have been sacred between Pamela and himself. But he did not for a moment believe that she had made it a subject of jest, or that she knew how it was talked about. And when he received the following note, he was sure he was right :

MR. GILES :—I suppose, after what has passed between us, it is very unwomanly in me to write to you. But then you know I am not at all womanly. You have told me many times, with more truth than politeness, that I do not know how to dress myself, and there can, I suppose, be no stronger proof of unwomanliness than that. In fact, I am not ambitious of being considered womanly, as it seems to mean generally something weak and silly. Therefore I write.

And the occasion of my writing is perhaps still more improper. I am afraid it is--I want money. Our Association is going to establish an Industrial School for young women, and we have no funds at present. As you once mentioned to me that you had a thousand dollars set aside for some such object, I feel justified in asking for that sum, as these young women are not to blame for what has happened, and the money is for them—not me. I shall not even have control of it, as the Committee on this business was appointed before I entered the society.

PAMELA CLARKE.

Calvin laughed aloud when he read this. "She is a strange girl," he said, "but I have never doubted that I shall win her yet."

And he immediately wrote his answer :

MISS CLARKE :—If the Industrial School were your own affair, or if you had control of it, I should have no hesitation in giving the amount you named ; I would gladly do it. But, I am not rich enough to throw my money away, and I have no confidence in the ladies of your Association.

I think you are very womanly indeed.

CALVIN GILES.

"Is that last sentence a sneer?" said Pamela, as she pondered over this note in her own room. "No, he often laughs at me, but he never sneers. He simply means I am weak, but that is better than being false to all the principles you profess." And she tossed the note into the fire. But I do believe, she thought, that he will cheerfully give me money to commence any benevolent enterprise of my own, and I have half a mind to do it if I can raise more money anywhere else. I would rather have a business of my own that I could build up, but, of course, I cannot take his money for that. And, perhaps, I could satisfy myself with this benevolent enterprise.

While she was revolving this subject in her mind, Miss Stevens was ushered into her room. Pamela never desired the society of Miss Stevens, and was not very gracious. But Miss Stevens did not choose to see that she was unwelcome. Although a member of a Woman's Rights Association, she was vain and frivolous, and Pamela nearly fell asleep in the effort to entertain her. But at length her visitor said something that roused her attention. It was evident she knew all about Calvin Giles and Pamela.

"Who told you that?" said Pamela, sharply.

"Well—really—" said Miss Stevens, confused, "I can't exactly say. It has been talked over in our Society, and I can assure you no one blames you in the least."

"There is nothing either to praise or to blame," said Pamela. "And if there were, I don't see how it concerns the Association."

"La, now, Miss Clarke, people will talk, and have their little gossips that there is not one bit of harm in. But there's not a word said against you, and it's only the truth when they say Calvin Giles ought to have asked you in your father's house, and not taken advantage of your position."

"And what is my position?"

"A very good and honorable one, I always say, and so does Mrs. Corrie. She's stood by you through thick and thin. But Mrs. Craig and some others say that your family have thrown you over, and that you have joined the Society to get something that will pay out of it, and the Knowles set say that you are after Jim Lake, but nobody pays any attention to the sayings of that clique."

"That is the way they talk about me, is it?" said Pamela. "A pretty set of friends I have found!"

"Oh, you know it is all talk, because people must say something, but they like you just as well as if they didn't say it. And you must confess, my dear, that you have been very reserved about yourself; and if folks won't tell their affairs as they are, other folks will tell them as they are not."

"I have never been reserved as to my reasons for joining the Society," said Pamela. "I have stated my views often and explicitly. And they knew I was respectable, and admitted it as a fact, or they would not have received me. My private affairs were no business of theirs."

"Oh, dear me!" said Miss Stevens, playfully, "if we only attended to our own business, how heavy time would hang upon our hands!"

"I was not altogether pleased with the Society," said Pamela, "but I never expected this of them. They to talk about their great reforms, and elevating the sex! a set of lying, gossiping hypocrites!"

"Come, come!" said Miss Stevens, a little frightened at the storm she had raised, "they are not saints, but then they are not imps. I have found people pretty much of a muchness wherever I have been. I am sorry I have vexed you so much."

"You have conferred a great obligation on me," said Pamela, "how great, you can never know."

She was grateful that her eyes were opened, but she was sorely wounded. That they, of all people, should have so misjudged her! That all her great aspirations had been attributed to having been thrown over by her family, and a desire to catch Jim Lake. This last stab was the hardest to bear. She was utterly indifferent to Jim Lake—had never exchanged half-a-dozen sentences with him. He was a young man, handsome, rich, and an honorary member of the Society, and he frequently honored it with his presence, and made little rapid speeches, which he intended should advocate Woman's Rights, but which, by altering names, would have done equally well to advertise patent blacking or anything else. And, from some things Miss Stevens had said, she was sure that Calvin Giles had heard it all. What must he think of her? She was covered with shame and confusion. Most girls would have felt a delicacy in mentioning this to him, but not so Pamela. Anything was better than that he should think she laughed at him. The next morning she wrote him a note:

MR. GILES :—I did very wrongly. I confided to a friend what I should have held sacred, and I yesterday heard that she had betrayed her trust, and the whole affair was kept buzzing through a circle of gossiping women. I know that you know this. I hope you do not think I have had anything to do with this shameful affair, except the one confidence I gave my friend, for which I can never forgive myself.

PAMELA CLARKE.

She soon received this answer:

MISS CLARKE :—Let the flies buzz—they can do us no harm. You had a right to repose a confidence in one you thought your friend, and never, for one instant since I have known you, have I believed that you have done anything contrary to your firm convictions of right; nor have I seen in you anything unladylike.

CALVIN GILES.

"Why does he always say something of that kind?" said Pamela. "He knows I *am* unladylike." And she pondered over this little note a long time.

Soon after this she was out of employment, and she knew not where to look for any. She wanted to set herself up in business, but where was she to obtain the capital? Her father had probably a little money put by, but she would not ask him for any of this, and she would not get it if she did. It would have been given freely to Ichabod under similar circumstances; but what could a woman want with money and a business? She could get a situation as saleswoman, but that would lead to nothing; or as assistant teacher in a school, but that, to her, was worse than nothing.

"It is all weary, weary work," she said, "aimless and hopeless. There is nothing in the civilized world for an active, energetic business woman to do." And she packed her trunk.

"Is it true that you are going to leave us?" said Calvin Giles to her the next morning, as he found her alone in the parlor.

"It is true," she said, sadly.

"And may I presume upon our friendship so far as to ask where you are going? You know I feel responsible to your brother for your safety."

"I am going home," she said in a low voice.

"Home!" repeated Calvin, with a bright smile; and he was little aware how glad his tone was.

"Oh, of course you are glad," said Pamela, and no doubt you knew it would end thus. Enjoy your manly triumph! A woman makes an effort to work

out the nature God has given her, and to turn such capabilities as she possesses to the best account. She strives with an honest purpose to do something in the world that shall bring her credit and honor. And you all stand aloof, and jeer at her—not a hand is stretched out to help her—not an eligible place is open to her. And then because she fails, and is at last compelled to choose between a cat and a husband, you laugh at her and triumph over her.”

“Pamela,” said Calvin, “you greatly wrong me if you think I triumph over you. I have sympathized with you in all your trials and disappointments. But I will not tell a falsehood, even to win the prize I covet most on earth, and therefore I must say that I am glad you have failed, and am glad you are going home. If I might only hope that you would come from that home to mine——”

“Stop!” said Pamela, “I will hear no more on that subject. Don’t, I beg of you, ask me to choose now between a cat and a husband! But good-by,” she said more gently, giving him her hand; “you are no worse than the rest of your kind, and I will not part from you in anger. You have been thoughtful for me in all things, and I thank you.”

And then she ran quickly up the stairs.

CHAPTER V.

THE last rays of a Summer sunset were streaming over the river at Beech Bend. Pamela Clarke was sitting under the beeches, and Grim was curled up at her feet, asleep. Pamela had been intent upon her sewing, and she had not seen Calvin Giles leaning against a tree at a little distance. And yet he had been there some time. He had come up from the city that day, and reached the farm house late in the afternoon. There he heard that Pamela was down under the beeches, and he followed her. He had not intended to stand apart and watch her; but when he found she did not hear his footsteps, he could not resist the temptation, for he had not seen her since she left New York, in the Spring.

As the western clouds grew luminous with their brilliant colors, Pamela laid her sewing aside, and, walking to the river bank, looked down the river and up to the sky, and Calvin could see her well. How sweet her face was, just tinged with the radiance of those gorgeous clouds! It was as serene now as if care, and disappointment, and thought had not written so many lines there in the Winter. Calvin knew as he looked at her, that she had put aside that dream of her life forever, and accepted her woman’s lot. He knew it by the manner she had done her sewing; he knew it by the way she had gathered her soft ringlets into a loose gold-sprinkled net; he knew it by the clear, bright muslin that swept so gracefully around her; he knew it by all the little feminine graces, so charming, yet so nameless.

“Pamela!” he said, going up to her softly, and laying his hand on her shoulder.

She turned and looked at him. There was no need of further words from him just then. His blue eyes shone eloquent.

“I knew you would come,” she said gently, as she laid her hand in his. But she sighed when she said it.

He took her in his arms. “Can I have you now? Will you be mistress of my heart and home? Do you love me, Pamela?”

“Yes,” she said, looking into his face with an arch smile, “I love you more

than I do Grim ; more than Ichabod ; better than my father and mother ; better than any one. But oh, Calvin, I cannot give you such love as you give me. But my ambitious dreams are gone, and I will hereafter think of nothing greater than being your wife, and I know I shall be very happy in your home, my love."

There was an undertone of sadness, almost of regret, running through all this, that did not pass unnoticed by Calvin.

"You will never regret your choice, my darling. I am perfectly satisfied to take you as you are."

And now what remains ?

Let us look in at Pamela for a few moments, some years later, when she is seated in her library. She is envied by many women—she possesses so much. She is mistress of a large house, wife of a man who loves her tenderly, and one whom all men hold in honor. Beautiful children call her mother, and wealth ministers to her wants. Now she has thrown aside the book she has been reading, and, looking up, finds a pair of dark gray eyes fixed upon her. They belong to a young woman—a bright, fair-haired creature—such a one as Pamela herself was a few years earlier.

"Cousin Pamela," said the young woman, "I have been thinking of the episode in your life when you first came to New York. I never knew of it until yesterday. Cousin Ichabod told me. He says you are no doubt heartily ashamed of it all by this time. Is it so?"

"No," said Pamela, earnestly, "I am not in the least ashamed of it."

"Shall I try it, cousin?"

"It will be of no use. There is no more help for you now than there was for me then."

"I would very much like to ask you one question, cousin, though it may seem like a strange one. With all your experience—and I know that your present life is a happy one—suppose you were just where you were before you married Calvin, with the knowledge of this life you have, and the choice was given you between this life and the one you failed to secure for yourself, which would you choose?"

"I do not know," said Pamela Giles.

M. A. EDWARDS.

FOUR BRITISH STATESMEN.

THE recent change which has taken place in the Administration of the British Government lends an interest to Mr. Hutton's book upon the leading politicians of Great Britain in addition to that which its insight and its impressive and picturesque style would give it at any time.* It is highly probable that Earl Russell and Mr. Gladstone did not go out and the Earl of Derby and Mr. Disraeli come in in order to enhance the value of Mr. Hutton's labors; but, nevertheless, this they did, and they are not the only men who have unknowingly done a good deed while they were engaged upon some other of less certain merit. Mr. Hutton passes in review seventeen British statesmen, and he says, with reason, that his book does not pretend to exhaust, or half exhaust, the number of statesmen fairly entitled to be called leading politicians of the day. Yet it is worthy of note that of the seventeen whose personal and political traits he sketches with such firm, delicate, knowing touches of his pen-pencil, almost all, certainly fourteen, are well known by reputation in this country. Could fourteen of our leading politicians, Senators or Members of the House, be named who have European reputations? Could seven? That there could not may be attributed by some persons to the stolid indifference of all but a few unusually intelligent and impressive minds in Europe to everything in this country which does not affect trade and commerce. There is no doubt that this most ungracious and petty—petty because, plainly enough, partly affected indifference is at the bottom of not a little of the ignorance constantly exhibited in regard to the United States by Europeans who are well informed enough on all other subjects. But could we ourselves point out seventeen politicians of such commanding influence in Congress that their names would be recognized by our own public at once as those of leaders of political opinion? It would be very difficult to do so. Because this is the case it does not follow that in the grade of civilization, in the science of government, or in the diffusion of culture, we are behind any people of Europe. Our lack in this respect may be more than made up by advantages higher in quality, more enduring and more general than any to be conferred by the ability of conspicuous statesmen. Still, the fact in question is significant.

Earl Russell, according to Mr. Hutton, has lost the position which he held so firmly many years ago, because the middle classes have seen that he failed conspicuously, first in finance, next and worst in party loyalty, and last as a diplomatist. The ideal of the middle class itself has changed since a quarter of a century ago, as Mr. Hutton tells us in the following passage, which, like John Leech's best drawings, has an exquisite savor of caricature without the least perceptible touch of exaggeration:

* *Studies in Parliament: A series of Sketches of Leading Politicians.* By R. H. Hutton. London: Longmans.

Then his unquestionable "earnestness," which was not the less a popular quality to the former generation that it combined a Whig nobleman's imperiousness with just a flavor of the favorite dissenting minister of the district, his strength of conviction, which excited their confidence, and the touch of priggishness in its expression, which made it a familiar feature without annoying their taste—these were qualities which were much more in popular request during the era of Lord John Russell's ascendancy than they have been since Lord Palmerston passed him in the race.

The middle-class British mind is not now "in earnest," and returning to its old love for cakes and ale, it took up with jaunty, jeery Palmerston, who united bonhomie and arrogance, the nicest political tact with the utter lack of any political principle, and who administered the government on the vague general plan of making the best of everything; keeping all the while a sharp lookout for every opportunity to maintain British interest and honor, especially the former. In Mr. Hutton's judgment, of all British statesmen of his generation, Lord Russell has shown the most deep and ingrained sympathy with popular freedom. He draws a nice distinction between the Earl and Mr. Gladstone in this particular. The latter "is more tender and humane, has a far deeper horror of popular suffering, and therefore of war, than Lord Russell;" to which distinction Mr. Hutton adds the subtle remark, characteristic of his mind, and of a kind which often appears in the columns of the London "Spectator," of which he is editor—"Lord Russell's sympathy with freedom, like all true sympathy, has something a little sharp and stern about it—a little of the old Puritan carelessness whether it be happy or unhappy freedom. This is a mood of mind which the present age is almost learning to ignore." But Lord Russell deserts his allies, as he did when he refused to stand up and take his share of the punishment about the blunders in the Crimea; and he betrays their secrets, as he did when he exposed to the House of Commons a personal quarrel, in 1851, between the Queen and Lord Palmerston, about the internal affairs of the palace. Palmerston himself is praised for his "loyalty" in this respect. A British Administration apparently has much more *solidarité* than ours. It seems to be for the time a sort of sworn brotherhood. With us a man is of course expected to keep faith, unless he wishes to be marked as a black sheep, and to bear all the responsibility of his own acts; but we don't expect him to stand up and take punishment with A., B. and C., merely because he was in their company, for faults which he earnestly urged them not to commit. Yet, in spite of Earl Russell's deficiencies, our author regards him as having unquestionably earned more from this generation than any living statesman. He has done this by his supreme devotion to the principle of religious toleration, by his steady resistance to sacerdotal tyranny, and by his keeping Great Britain true to the cause of freedom on both sides of the Atlantic, even in a futile, helpless way in Denmark and Poland—and, might we not add, in America?—which it seems has required no little courage. But his chief claim to gratitude is that "he has carried the Constitution triumphantly through its greatest crisis, and rendered it as dear to, as it was once hateful to, the English middle class." This sounds very well, but what does it mean? In other words, Earl Russell was chiefly instrumental in completely changing certain of those usages which are called the British Constitution, and in substituting some that are acceptable to, for some that were hateful to, the British middle class. After all that has been written, from Delolme to Mr. Bagehot, upon the subject, it is undeniable that the British Constitution is the will of the House of Commons for the

time being. When a body has the power of enlarging the franchise, of redistributing seats in Parliament, and even of changing the succession to the crown by a simple vote, it is difficult to discover what is the invisible entity by which that body is supposed to be controlled, and which is called a constitution. And when all these questions, and any others, may be decided, and placed beyond the remedial power of the highest court, by the vote of a majority of a body which represents a small minority of the citizens and taxpayers, the horror continually expressed among a people so governed of the brutal rule of the majority in the United States—where even unanimity in the legislative body cannot make that law either in national or local affairs which is not especially permitted by two Constitutions—seems to us a droll exhibition of British ignorance and prejudice.

Mr. Gladstone is manifestly a far more complex and delicate machine than his late colleague and co-leader, and indeed it was his sensitiveness, and the many points on which he is sensitive, that enabled his assailants to worry him so sorely in the recent struggle which ended in his resigning office. Mr. Hutton compares his nature in its complexity to a Chinese puzzle, and says in effect that his sympathies lie alike with aristocratic cynicism and democratic progress, with the ultra-commercial and the ultra-ecclesiastical element in the state, with the aggressive men who are for a spirited foreign policy and with the peace party. "He unites," Mr. Hutton says, "cotton with culture; Manchester with Oxford; the deep, classical joy over the Italian resurrection and Greek independence, with the deep English interest in the amount of duty on Zante raisins and Italian rags." Those who have read the speeches of the late Chancellor of the Exchequer carefully must have observed how constantly he brings up moral questions when treating of finance, and material interests when his theme is religion or education. He treats money matters like a conscientious but prudent clergyman, and morals like an evangelical man of business. This, tempered of course, in the style of doing it, by the taste of a highly cultivated man. Still, there is always flavor enough of the parson in his speeches to justify Disraeli's sarcastic allusion to "the somewhat sanctimonious eloquence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer." Mr. Hutton finds the secret of Mr. Gladstone's peculiarities of mind and of position in the fact that his sympathies are, as a man with Lancashire, as a thinker with Oxford, and as a politician with Peel. He describes thus, truly there can hardly be a doubt, the great Chancellor of the Exchequer on his calculating, ways-and-means-providing side:

The Lancashire feeling for capital is strong in Mr. Gladstone. He muses on the money market; he loves to ponder on the resources which a low rate of interest might open to the Government, in the night-watches. He does his work at the Treasury, not as a matter of business, but as a matter of love. As a novelist's mind *searms* expedients for bringing out the points of his favorite characters, Mr. Gladstone's mind swarms financial ideas small and great. He thinks of the revenue and the productive power of the country as a manufacturer thinks of his manufactory, and the chance of striking a new vein of profit. And his inventive power is greater than his judgment, though this is, however, to some extent steadied by the instinct of the orator, which tells him which of his ideas it will be easy, and which impossible, to present in a telling and popular form to the country. It is in great measure these oratorical instincts which oblige him to dwell on the moral aspects of material wealth—the only aspects in which economy becomes a really popular topic.

It is for us a particularly interesting fact that this man, who is the ablest financial manager Great Britain has had for half a century, and who is rep-

resented as lying awake at night to ponder on the resources which a low rate of interest might open to the Government, is one of the most thorough and elegant scholars in England, and perhaps the most eloquent man—certainly excepting Mr. Bright, the most eloquent man in Parliament. We have no men of this sort in public life; but in Great Britain they have them not a few. It may be that if politics in this country could be made to seem to cultivated men either a pleasant field of labor, or one in which they could be of material service to the country, we should produce such men; for it cannot be that freedom from restraint and a more diffused culture have, dwarfed or deteriorated the English mind in this country. But the fact that we now have no such men remains none the less to be gravely considered. From Mr. Gladstone, who has, as it was epigrammatically said of him, “a second-rate intellect in a first-rate state of effervescence,” we pass to the head of the newly installed British Cabinet.

The Earl of Derby is to us in this country the representative English nobleman of the time. He has what may be called the distinctive English title—earl; he is the thirteenth of his family who has borne it. His name, although common enough among us, and that of one of our own generals of division in the late war, always brings up Shakespeare, Richard III. and Bosworth Field;* and his manner in private and in the House of Lords, as we hear of it, has just that mingling of real, offensive arrogance with surface courtesy which, in the popular judgment, is characteristic of the whole British aristocracy, but which, in fact, pertains only to a minority of it in the present generation. The insolent British manner, which British critics themselves have at last been compelled to recognize, is found oftener in a merchant than in a marquis. Beside his other well-known traits, Lord Derby is great upon the turf; and he has made what is really the most readable and faithful translation of Homer's great poem that exists in our language; and so, as he is also a leading politician, he stands before us quite the model of the all-accomplished English nobleman. But according to Mr. Hutton, who seems to be very sound in his judgments, the Earl has, from the very beginning of his political life, with all his brilliant success, “shown a profound incapacity for large and statesmanlike views of political principles;” which incapacity the author, with a characteristic subtlety and penetration which seems less like the use of faculties common to all men than the manifestation of an extremely delicate mental sensitiveness and impressibility peculiar to himself, attributes to “a disposition almost feminine—ill as that word assorts with his general character—to follow the tastes and impulses of the moment instead of forming a clear and comprehensive judgment on the principle involved.” Punch's excellent cartoon, “Derbye hys straite fyttē,” glances at the new Premier's inclination to find his guide in the impulses of the moment rather than in principle. The Earl is arming as his ancestor might have armed for Bosworth field. His squire is of course “Dizzy.” But alas! the Earl has outgrown his old panoply. Greaves and cuisses are too short; breast-plate, back-piece, and gorget are too small. His face becomes apoplectic with the strain, his fingers curl up in the agony of suffocation. He says to his squire, as the latter knots a scarf inscribed “Tory Measures” about him: “Me-thinks, good Benjamin, we have in some sort outgrown our ancient harness.”

* There are twenty-six Stanleys in the New York Directory alone. They are clerks, machinists, milliners, blacksmiths, tailors, waiters, masons, liquor-dealers, lawyers, and sawyers.

To which Dizzy answers : " Nay, good my lord, sith we can find none other, you cannot choose but wear it." Lord Derby is probably more annoyed than pleased at finding himself again in power at the head of the British Government. His inclination to and fitness for what Mr. Hutton calls the ornamental side of politics, his " facility of thought, readiness in illustration, aptness in reply, elegance in style, and a certain imperious force of manner," in which his strength lies, fit him well to lead the Tory opposition in the aristocratic House of Parliament ; but to be made responsible for the carrying on of Her Majesty's Government, responsible to his party as well as responsible to the country, to endure the ceaseless questioning and bothering and badgering of what our British cousins so oddly call " Her Majesty's opposition"—this may well make a man of Lord Derby's age, tastes, rank, and fortune, wish to forswear politics. The honor of being Premier ? He has had that once, when both he and his party were better able to use power than they are now, when they seem likely to come in for all the worry and the responsibility, and few or none of the advantages of office, which they must be conscious all the while they are holding on sufferance. And what is the mere honor of being first minister that a man should give up for it days and nights to hard and unrequiting labor ? Lord Derby's political influence is attributed by our author chiefly to his sharing strongly the tastes and prejudices of a class, while possessing a literary feeling too refined to admit of his expressing these prejudices in any gross and revolting way. His intellect is commonplace, but his will is imperious, and his perceptions are more sensitive and his tastes more cultivated than those of his order generally. Hence his views seem to have more weight and value than they really have. Lord Derby's oratory, the style of which Bulwer Lytton happily characterized in his well known personal metaphor, " The Rupert of Debate," and which, until the appearance of his " Homer," was his chief claim to more than mere domestic distinction, owes its success, in the opinion of his critic, to " the patrician and imperious mould in which it is cast," and to its " simplicity of form." Here again Mr. Hutton attributes to the Earl feminine traits of mind. He says that " his style not unfrequently suggests that of an able, imperious woman." To his exceeding diffuseness is attributed in a great measure the popularity of his oratory, because it gives his hearers a double or treble opportunity of catching almost all the principal points in every sentence, the same idea being repeated two or three times in different phrase. .

Whatever distinction Lord Derby's administration may achieve it will probably owe in no small measure to the ability of his son, Lord Stanley. To have the father Prime Minister and the son Foreign Secretary, is a great and most unusual share of power for one family ; but there is not a family in England that can claim it with a better grace, or to whom Englishmen would with more confidence and pleasure see it awarded, than the Stanleys. Lord Stanley and his father are singularly unlike. The father is a wealthy and highly cultivated country gentleman, a county magnate, an accomplished scholar and a keen sportsman, who goes into party politics because it becomes the representative of his family to make a figure in Parliament, and to preserve if not add to the Derby influence, and who goes in on the Tory side because that is the most becoming side for him to take under the circumstances. But Lord Stanley *lives* in and for the higher politics. He believes in appealing to the reason of men, in taking care for their best interests and in showing them that you do so ; he deals little with sentiment, has little

regard for prejudices ; he seeks first facts, and then to deal with them in the light of cool reason. No fear of the appearance of the feminine element in any of his doings. He is greedy of statistics, and with his enormous appetite for them has an equal power of digestion. Two stories are told, *vero o ben trovato*, of him and Earl Derby, which distinguish the two men well. Lord Stanley is said to have observed " My father would be a very able man—if he only knew anything ;" and Lord Derby to have said that when his translation of the Iliad was printed in prose and published in the form of a blue-book, he should—send a copy to his son. These stories show the difference of the two men, and also a certain unsympathizing scornfulness for what does not interest them, which they have in common. Lord Stanley takes office as a prominent member of a Tory cabinet. But he is not a Tory, nor, although liberal in his views, is he a Liberal. He cannot properly be said to belong to any party ; his mind being of that cast which refuses to accept a course of action prescribed by others. Mr. Hutton, whose sympathies are very wide, so wide, in fact, that they seem quite boundless, has yet, it is clear, no fellow feeling for Lord Stanley ; whose plain common sense and cool reason seem to repel his critic, who, like his own Lord Derby, has a good deal of the feminine element in his political constitution, though quite of another kind from that in Lord Derby's. He plainly believes in *governing* people, as women govern children and sometimes men : by humoring whim and yielding to prejudice, by assuming an attitude of sympathy and respect, in short, by carrying the social tact by which some people choose to get on in society into the wider field of politics. But Lord Stanley would say to people, Look ! if you do thus you will commit such a wrong, or you will lose so much money, or you will sacrifice such an advantage ; if, on the other hand, you do thus, you will do what is right, or you will gain so much, or you acquire so much additional power. Mr. Hutton says of Lord Stanley, evidently in a tone of reproach, that he " is as incapable of refusing a common-sense reform from any fear of the abstract danger of change, as of joining in a demand for reform from any anticipation of Utopian benefits or any chivalric devotion to abstract justice." But this, although hardly the temper in which one would like to be met by one's wife or friend about a matter of personal feeling, seems eminently suited to statesmanship under a constitutional government in a country advanced in civilization, and among a people of Anglo-Saxon blood and high intelligence. One value of Mr. Hutton's mind as a political test, is its wide sympathy and its extreme sensitiveness to any chill. He shrinks from that which is merely cool and clear. A plunge bath of pure reason would be the death of him. Hence, he detects at once what will offend the prejudices or repel the sympathies of any class or any people. But on the other hand, this trait makes him too impressible by the exhibition of imaginative and creative traits of statesmanship. He wrote much upon our war and our politics during the war, and very ably, in a friendly and an eminently candid spirit ; but he is now evidently captivated by the policy of the extreme " radicals," and fails to see why, if we fought such a war to preserve the republic and extinguish slavery, we should not remodel our Constitution so as to make Congress an imperial body like Parliament, and our society so as to admit the negro to the ballot box, the parlor, and the marriage bed. When Mr. Hutton wrote his appreciation of Lord Stanley, there was no apparent probability that the latter would soon be called upon to take office ; but in that appreciation he said that if Lord Stanley were Prime Minister the British public

would distrust his foreign policy ; they had "no feeling that he represents the true British character ; there is no confidence that he would keep up the legitimate influence of England abroad." If he should not, so much the better for the British people. For "legitimate influence" means, of course (not with Mr. Hutton, but with the majority of his countrymen who have votes), the influence of the British Government as a first-rate power in the regulation of the affairs of Europe, and its predominance in China, the Indies, and in island savagedom generally. Not until the British people cease their craving for this kind of influence will they be able to do away with their army and navy, which Mr. Bright, with such cutting satire, stigmatized as "a gigantic system of out-door relief for the British aristocracy." Not until they can bring themselves to regard the growing prosperity and strength of other nations without fear or envy will they be able to devote the whole of their own great energy and their own great wealth to the moral and material well-being of the whole of their own people. In our dealings with the British Government we shall probably find Lord Stanley ready to meet us just in the spirit we like—that of common sense, fairness, and mutual respect. He will not be the man on the one hand to yield anything to which he has a reasonable claim, or to attempt to soothe us with smooth words which mean nothing, or on the other hand to meet a respectful request for arbitration in a matter as to which we have suffered greatly at British hands with the reply that "England is the guardian of her own honor."

It is not probable, however, if Lord Stanley follows the fortunes of the Ministry of which he is one, that he will continue long enough at the head of the Foreign Office to mould the coming policy of the British Government toward the United States. The power of which John Bright is the salient representative already shakes Lord Derby's Ministry in the seats which they have scarcely taken. It is the fashion with all parties in England to underrate Mr. Bright. Not to underrate his character, his capacity, or his oratory ; none of them are quite foolish enough to do that. But none of them seem to recognize him as the representative of the only positive force now at work in England in opposition to that represented for the nonce by the Earl of Derby. Even the educated Liberals look upon him as a purposeless agitator. They say that all that he attains or attempts by his oratory is abuse of the aristocracy ; that he does nothing ; proposes nothing ; that his inspiration is not love for the laboring class, but hatred for the House of Lords. Mr. Hutton himself, liberal among Liberals, and as we have already remarked, with sympathy that seems unbounded, says of Mr. Bright, in his trenchant way, "All he does is to inspire his followers with enthusiasm and his foes with wrath." These Liberals, even the manliest and most philanthropic of them, do not see that the only real reform, the only reform that will "stay reformed" in England, is one which does away with rank and privilege, and not only with these but with the political recognition of class interests. It is a pretty fancy, this Liberal notion of a fair, proportionate representation of every class in the legislative body—but it is only a pretty fancy. If realized for the moment, the reality would quickly resolve itself into another enduring, because simple, form of political structure, in which the legislative body represents, not all classes, but the aggregate of tax-paying citizens, each reckoned and rated as the other. The cry for reform will never still until privilege and established distinctions of class among citizens are destroyed ; and until then, whatever political structure goes up will lean upon scaffolding, not rest

upon foundations. John Bright's function is to cry out ceaselessly for this destruction. That once accomplished, the rest follows easily and as matter of course; and from that day the functions of government will be gradually circumscribed, statesmanship like Mr. Gladstone's will decline from disuse, and clever politicians like Lord Palmerston become of less and less account in England. For real statesmanship concerns itself with first principles; but when all first principles are settled, as they would be then in England, and as they are with us, what have politicians to do but to frame and administer laws based upon those principles? Hence the comparative barrenness of our debates in Congress, and the complaint of European critics that our politicians all talk like lawyers and do not discuss great principles. This is quite true, but no ground for fault-finding, except in so far as our European friends are deprived of an intellectual exercise. When they have got on far enough to rest their politics upon first principles, their politicians will talk like lawyers too. Their great debates are parts of the struggle yet going on in Europe between two mighty antagonistic forces. It is often a grand spectacle; but meantime the people perish.

The book which is the occasion of this article is hardly of sufficient general interest to be reprinted here; but it is one that our political journalists may well study. Most of them are too old and too busy to begin to acquire the education that most of them lack; but if they have any fitness for their occupation, any capacity of learning, they cannot fail to profit by studying this book, and by finding in it instruction, by example, how to think and how to write about politics and politicians. For Mr. Hutton's volume is made up of articles written, just as theirs are written, for the columns of a daily paper—the "Pall Mall Gazette." And yet we have not the heart to compare their writing with his; nor would it be quite just to do so, considering the difference between the audiences which he and they address. Such comparisons will not be just until we have a set of picked men writing for a select public; or, until they have a set of average men addressing the whole community, including costermongers and farm laborers. Mr. Hutton has a rare faculty for the use of those dangerous, but when well used, most effective rhetorical resources, metaphor and simile. They do more in his hands than illustrate his thought. They give it light and life. He says, for example, of Lord Cranborne, a critical debater, that "his speeches are always intended as solvents for the creed of his antagonists, never as antiseptics to preserve that of his friends," and, very finely, of Mr. Bright's grand irony, that "he contrives, with an art that he exercises a dozen times in every one of his great orations, to bind the notion which he wishes to ridicule as a humiliated captive to the car of that which he intends to triumph." But Mr. Hutton's facility and his usual felicity in this style sometimes lead him into obscurity, nay, "into the ground." For example, it is, at least, quite difficult to find out what he means by saying that Lord Cranborne almost always speaks "as if his mind were fitted with a false bottom a good deal nearer the surface than the springs of his thought;" and, if his remark about Lord Granville, that he "secretes that conciliatory oil which has nothing slippery or greasy about it" means anything, it means something not at all pleasant. Mr. Disraeli gives Mr. Hutton an opportunity of exhibiting both his characteristic excellence and weakness in this respect. He says of the Hebrew Tory that he is a foreign body in his torpid party, and that he "will some day soon be ejected from it in some unexpected part, as a needle that has been swallowed years ago will

suddenly work out"—so far well, admirable; but the writer goes on, "*and* not without pain, *and* gathering, *and* inflammation in the fleshy part of the arm, *or* the leg, *or* even at the foot." Why did he stop? Why did he not continue—"or in the hard part of the heel, or feloniously, in the great toe?" This fault is noticeable in many British writers of the day; and, if this article were written in a corresponding spirit to that which seems to possess every British critic the moment he takes up a book written in this country, we should speak of the fault not simply as a fault, but make it the occasion of sneers at the falling away from a pure English style among British writers. We should call it not bad, but British. And, indeed, there could be a little book much better than either "The Queen's English" or "The Dean's English," and far more amusing, written upon British English as compared with American English—writers of repute only furnishing examples on both sides, and the standards of comparison and rules of judgment being those received in both countries; for upon this point there is no difference. But we shall be tempted into no such folly, and we point out these slight blemishes upon a clear, rich and suggestive style, merely as examples of an excess into which all writers who use figurative language have the opportunity of falling. Mr. Hutton's style has been called by some of his most fastidious critics affected. They misname a peculiarity which they dimly discern. It is not affected, but at times, it is conscious. There is a style of writing which betrays a consciousness, not of effort, far from it, but a consciousness of revelation; as when a fair woman lifts her veil. This, Mr. Hutton sometimes exhibits. He knows,—like the fair woman, he cannot help but know,—that what he reveals will give us pleasure; and his style flushes with the consciousness. His book is a very valuable contribution to the political history of the day; and beside its interesting portraits of prominent British statesmen, which, with the freedom of sketches, seem to have the minute faithfulness of studies, it gives more insight than any other book known to us into the actual working of the various class motives and personal feelings which always influence and sometimes control the action of the British Parliament.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

THE ELDER BOOTH.

THEY who watched the career of Junius Brutus Booth, which fairly commenced in England in 1815, but in this country, at Norfolk, Virginia, on the 30th of June, 1821, will be surprised at the poverty in incidents and facts of Mrs. Clarke's biography of him.* It is not credible that such a man as Mr. Booth should have left so little on record, and we are quite confident that a much more interesting and valuable biography might be written. The purpose of this work, as actually executed, and whatever the intention of the writer may have been, appears to be not so much to give to the public a complete insight into the life and genius of the elder Booth, as to sustain a natural family pride, grievously shocked by a recent deplorable national catastrophe. Mrs. Clarke's purpose to protect the family name from the imputation of blood-thirstiness, by showing how all the gentle elements were mingled in the daily life and being of the elder Booth, is sufficiently commendable in a daughter and sister; but as this has been done at the expense of the great actor, who really merits a better and sterner biographer, we must regret this publication. In itself it is well enough, but for the public and for the drama, we wish that something more had been attempted, and that more had been accomplished. Men who fill a large space in the public eye are sometimes unaware that there are watchers on the towers of society who note their outgoings and their incomings, and who can give records with startling minuteness, which will prove lessons to individuals and to mankind. Mr. Booth's history is better known, we think, to individuals who had only a natural public interest in his talents and career, than even to his daughter. At least, she has failed to present more than a meagre record of what the brilliant tragedian accomplished. Lost to himself, to his art, and to society, as were many of Mr. Booth's days, squandered in vagrant wastefulness, yet he was so industrious, so ambitious, and so faithful a devotee of the magnificent yet too often desecrated art which he frequently exalted, and almost always adorned, that it will be pitiful if no better record of him can be transmitted to posterity.

The Memoirs of Edmund Kean were poorly enough written, since they did not comprehend the most vital part of the extant records of his acting. In the present case, we have a similar complaint to make, since the writer of these Memorials has apparently not had at her command the richest of the existing materials for a comprehensive survey of the actor, as well as the man. We agree with her in all she says of Mr. Booth's love of mankind, and of his regard for religions and creeds; but we do not consider that there is any merit in making the history of a professional man chiefly remarkable for demonstrating that he was something else than what the world took him to be, or he himself

*Booth Memorials. Passages, Incidents and Anecdotes in the Life of Junius Brutus Booth (the Elder). By his Daughter (Mrs. J. S. Clarke). New York: Carleton. •

publicly professed to be. It is with the elder Booth as an actor, principally, that we would become familiar. What his theological views may have been, or his theories on farming, or on any other subjects, further than as they serve to give the keys to his character, we do not care to know. Such records, no doubt, belong to the career of the man, but the most important part of his life was his dramatic life; all the written or oral testimony on this subject would have been welcome. We do not desire any more of the apocryphal stories which too often constitute dramatic biographies. But we want such gleanings as are in the "Table Talk of Coleridge"—words uttered in the familiar language of every-day life and preserved for their intrinsic value. Boaden's "Life of Kemble," in some parts, furnishes a model that might have been imitated; and Campbell's "Life of Mrs. Siddons" should not be neglected by any dramatic biographer. The race of scribblers on dramatic affairs in our day are about as learned and only a little more truthful than those wretches in society, or just beyond the pale of it, who do not hesitate to invent the most abominable falsehoods against the characters of those engaged in the dramatic art. To such writers has too often been confided the task of writing biography. There is another class—the auto-biographers—who are, perhaps, even more to be regretted, since they forget that the respectable public are not the frequenters of bar-rooms. Joe Cowell was one of these writers—a man who could tell a story with any quantity of exaggeration, and who was not slow to sink his profession to a low place, even though he himself sunk with it. More valuable materials for dramatic history may be found in Wood's "Recollections of the Stage," and in Mr. Alfred Bunn's ambitious work, "Before and Behind the Curtain." None of these works come near the ideal of the book that we would have published on the condition of the stage since the beginning of the present century. That ripe scholar and methodical man, Mr. William C. Macready, has preserved, during his long and valuable life, materials which we hope to see embodied at some day not far distant into a work worthy of the stage and of those who have adorned it. Probably no other man in the dramatic profession has retained in such perfect order the history of the stage since he began his career. We have seen in his study evidences of a diary regularly and minutely kept with respect to the details of everything connected with his professional life, and we are disposed to believe that he has also placed upon record the incidents connected with that series of brilliant plays which—at least thirty in number—were given to the world under his auspices. He, more than any other, has been the actor of the poets of our times. Others of great fame in the histrionic art have done little for literature or for authors. Mr. Forrest confined his encouragement to dramatic writing almost entirely to Dr. Bird of Philadelphia, although he offered once a prize of three thousand dollars for an American play, and permitted the contest to end ingloriously for himself and for our literature. He did not produce the successful drama, to which indeed he awarded only a second prize, thus virtually pronouncing that no play worth three thousand dollars was presented to him in the competition.

Mr. Booth was inferior to Mr. Edmund Kean in his encouragement of dramatic authorship. Kean was warmly devoted in the early part of his career to the production of new plays, which his talents placed securely among the most successful standard dramas. Mr. Booth did not bring forward anything higher than Shiel's "Apostate," and David Paul Brown's "Sertorius." It is somewhat remarkable that Mr. Booth, who had literary taste of a high order,

should have been so parsimonious in his encouragement to authors. Perhaps it may be accounted for by the fact that his repertory embraced a sufficient number of characters to serve his purpose, and that he was thus led to forget his duties to literature and to society. On the same ground, probably, Mr. Forrest has been contented to rest upon laurels won, rather than to risk himself in new characters and new plays. This want of courage, however, is not commendable in an actor who aspires to become the cynosure in the dramatic firmament.

Mrs. Clarke's book only incidentally alludes to the plays which Mr. Booth introduced to the stage. She might have left some record with respect to "Sertorius," but the subject is passed by without comment. It is just to its distinguished author to state that he has exhibited the Roman patriot with such qualities as cannot fail, when presented by a competent actor, to excite interest. The dialogue is vigorous and well sustained, the blank verse being marked by beautiful cadences and well-managed cæsuras. Such a play would not have found favor in the "sensational epoch of the drama" that grew up during our late civil war, because "Shoddy" was then in the ascendant in our theatres as well as elsewhere; but the day is at hand that will banish ephemeral and unworthy dramas from the stage and revive that sterling literature which weak and inefficient actors and managers have avoided because they have not had the histrionic ability and education requisite to give vitality and force to the works of truly intellectual dramatists.

Let us come now to Mrs. Clarke's treatment of that portion of her subject which pertains to the eccentricities of Mr. Booth. Here she leaves the reader to conjecture much more than the truth permits, and leaves upon record no statement to meet the charge usually made, that Mr. Booth was a habitual drinker of ardent spirits. While he was alive nothing was more common than to attribute every one of his eccentricities to the influence of strong potations. Mrs. Clarke assigns to domestic afflictions at certain times some of his peculiarities, and truth entitles her to do so; but she does not meet the subject fairly and dispose of it fully. Probably she has not the power to do so; but happily we have the data to enable us to settle, with some degree of certainty, the conflicting opinions on the subject into a solid basis of truth. Personal observation permits us to bear testimony on the subject.

In Boston, at the Tremont Theatre, during the stage management of Mr. William H. Smith, Mr. Booth was announced to follow a short season of comedy, by performing in some of his most effective tragic plays. "Evadne" was selected for the first performance. The house was crowded. At the precise moment when Ludovico should enter, Mr. Booth promptly appeared, and the immense audience gave him "an immense reception." He did not heed the plaudits, but moved forward, and turning abruptly up the stage, found on a door a knocker. It had been used the night before in a comedy. This noisy property seemed at the moment more important to Mr. Booth than the play of "Evadne," or the people who had come to witness it. He seized it and gave it a London gentleman's well-known rat-tat-tat, surprising every one familiar with the scene upon which he had entered. A pause ensued. Then Mr. Booth came toward the footlights, and said, with imperturbable coolness: "Ladies and gentlemen, it appears that there is nobody at home!" Murmurs filled the house, which were soon turned into a general conversation, as the stage manager came forward and seized Mr. Booth by the collar. The tragedian was taken from the stage. What ensued behind the scenes has

never been publicly stated. Mr. Smith took Mr. Booth into the green-room and told him that he would punish him severely if he did not proceed with the business of the evening. The threat had a good effect. The curtain was taken up a second time, and Mr. Booth again appeared. No one who was present that evening will forget the brilliant manner in which Mr. Booth performed *Ludovico*. We doubt if he ever surpassed that personation. The character was sustained without the slightest flaw or speck, and such was the brilliancy of the performance that the whole audience, particularly during the last act, held spell-bound by the great actor's art, remained in mute and breathless admiration of the scene. Had Mr. Booth not been persuaded to personate *Ludovico* on the evening to which we have referred, it might have been said that he was intoxicated, as was frequently said when he exhibited similar aberrations of mind. The perfection of his acting showed that he was under no alcoholic influence, for no man can place himself before the public upon the stage, even in a slightly intoxicated condition, without being betrayed by his eyes, if not by his general appearance. Another occurrence of the like nature took place at the Chatham Street Theatre, under Mr. Charles Thorne's management, in 1839. Mr. Booth exhibited at that time such an indifference in the opening scenes of "*Othello*" that he was hissed most emphatically. He resented the treatment by beginning to act in his best manner from the close of the Senate scene till the end of the play. During that engagement he drank neither wine nor spirits, but he smoked cigars constantly and with a bad result, for he was unable to remember the text of *Richard III.*, and frequently called to the prompter for the "word."

Doubtless, Mr. Booth's eccentricities were increased and made glaring occasionally by the use of spirits. Indeed, we know that this is so, for there are witnesses to the fact that he frequently visited bar-rooms, and wandered from saloon to saloon, wasting his time and exciting pity for the desecration of his talents and opportunities. We would be charitable, however, and not cast censure on this unfortunate actor, whose example has had a very deleterious effect upon some of the most gifted young men of this country—hurrying them into their graves, and casting upon their splendid profession stigmas only to be effaced by the virtues of those who shall follow them.

It may be regarded as certain that Mr. Booth was, at times, subject to insanity. The evidences of it were given from year to year during his theatrical life, from 1821 down to the year of his death, and of these testimonies a few have been retained in Mrs. Clarke's volume. One of the painful histories is that which was originally furnished by the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, for the "*Boston Pearl*" in 1834, and a later edition of which was published in the "*Atlantic Monthly*" of last year, its author having somewhat enlarged the narrative at first made public. No one can read the story without being satisfied that Mr. Booth was subject to fits of temporary aberration of mind, which, though usually harmless, were apt to be made severe and dangerous when stimulated by alcohol. There was, however, more to be feared from the constitutional weakness of Mr. Booth than from the agency of the liquor, for it does not appear that he had any fixed habit that made him a slave to the vice of drinking.

Mr. Booth's education was of a high order to a certain extent, but it was not a profound one. As a linguist, he was in advance of the best men in his profession, as was demonstrated in New Orleans, where he personated one of *Talma's* parts and other characters, speaking the French language. On our

stage few persons can speak their own tongue with propriety, and not one in a hundred of the actors of to-day know the difference between blank verse and prose. They usually speak of the mysteries of verse as of some great mountain to be passed over, or as a dangerous lion in the pathway.

Mr. Booth was of the old school of English actors, with whom education was a paramount consideration, as it is now again becoming in Great Britain; barristers, clergymen and physicians, according to report, during the present year having adopted the theatrical profession as preferable to the pursuits for which they were originally designed. Mr. Booth, in this respect, always commanded the admiration of scholars. He never filled an engagement in any city without drawing around him the most learned and cultivated men in this country; and many of those who have held the highest places at the bar, in the senate and in the pulpit, caught much of the spirit of eloquence from the glowing and spirited style of this great actor.

Mr. Booth was a man of marked dramatic genius in the interpretation of character. When he began to depict Iago, for instance, he came upon the stage with the spirit of a man who knew nothing outside of the scene in which he was taking part. His small figure, balanced rather unsteadily on high heeled boots, rocked with the intensity of his earnestness, and he began his dialogue with a strong, metallic voice, which, when used in violent passages, gained something in power by its nasal tones, although these had sometimes a disagreeable effect on the auditor. As the play proceeded, he showed still more earnestness of manner, every word and phrase being uttered as if then for the first time moulded into expression by the speaker himself. The eyes had their part to do at the same time. Mr. Booth never looked beyond the footlights to see how few or how many persons were before him. He looked chiefly at the interlocutors upon the stage, and he kept them also to the business of the scene, by making them understand that they were there for the special and only purpose of doing something which the poet had designed to produce a positive effect. His gestures were not elegant. They were angular, but they were from the soul; and his arms and hands quivered with emotion as he gave expression to his feelings. When he gave way entirely to the passion of the scene, the audience was excited to the most breathless attention, and many auditors seized their neighbors with an involuntary grasp that was not relinquished till the actor left the stage. Such was the magnetism of his acting, that actors and audience shared alike in the excitement. The secret of his power was in his intensity and earnestness. He felt all that he said, and he was in action always, because that was the purpose of his art. As Pescara, he was fearfully grand and terribly sublime in the portraiture of villany. As Iago, he was subtle, saturninely humorous, serpent-like and devilish, without any apparent conscience or a single moral inspiration. He had not what is represented as the oily smoothness and sleek suavity of Charles Young, but he seemed an embodiment of the wicked man of the world, moved and inspired only by selfishness. As Ludovico, he was exceedingly brilliant, and his style glittered like the rapier which in the last act he doubled under him in his death throe, thrilling every beholder with the reality of the catastrophe. In the abominable stage version of one of Shakespeare's best plays, Richard III., he was very popular, because in that histrionic exhibition he combined all the elements of his acting. It was, however, the least attractive character in which he appeared, to those whose taste was elevated above that melo-dramatic version. As Bertram and Sir Giles

Overreach, he was grand in exciting terror and exhibiting the frightful picture of a human soul wrecked by remorse and wickedness.

We may await the appearance of another actor like Mr. Booth the elder, not without hope. Mr. Edwin Booth, his son, has displayed in Iago remarkably strong claims to the highest distinction. He is, however, apt to flag in the last acts of his performances, and has scarcely the intensity of earnestness that made his father so renowned in this country.

ISAAC C. PRAY.

TOO LATE.

GRIEF thunders at my parting keel
 With all mid ocean in her brine :
 The busy rocks beneath I feel—
 They gnaw to reach my spice and wine.

My fate had eyes, but hearts are blind ;
 Its glances made the sea so white,
 When o'er its paths I sought to find
 A holding-ground against the night.

My rudder turned in fleshless hands :
 Or did the waves leap up to steer ?
 My cable hung in ravelled strands
 The moment that the reef was near.

Then came belated stars to view
 And pity what they did not save :
 A broken mast, a wrecker's crew ;
 So now the waters cease to crave.

JOHN WEISS.

THE CLAVERINGS.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE BLUE POSTS.



H; so you've come to see me. I am so glad." With these words Sophie Gordeloup welcomed Harry Clavering to her room in Mount Street early one morning not long after her interview with Captain Archie in Lady Ongar's presence. On the previous evening Harry had received a note from Lady Ongar, in which she upbraided him for having left unperformed her commission with reference to Count Pateroff. The letter had begun quite abruptly. "I think it unkind of you that you do not come to me. I asked you to see a certain person on my behalf, and you have not done so. Twice he has been here. Once I was in truth out. He came again the next evening at nine, and I was then ill, and had gone to bed. You understand it all, and must know how this annoys me. I thought you

would have done this for me, and I thought I should have seen you.—J." This note he found at his lodgings when he returned home at night, and on the following morning he went in his despair direct to Mount Street, on his way to the Adelphi. It was not yet ten o'clock when he was shown into Madam Gordeloup's presence, and as regarded her dress, he did not find her to be quite prepared for morning visitors. But he might well be indifferent on that matter, as the lady seemed to disregard the circumstance altogether. On her head she wore what he took to be a nightcap, though I will not absolutely undertake to say that she had slept in that very head-dress. There were frills to it, and a certain attempt at prettinesses had been made; but then the attempt had been made so long ago, and the frills were so ignorant of starch and all frillish propensities, that it hardly could pretend to decency.

A great white wrapper she also wore, which might not have been objectionable had it not been so long worn that it looked like a university college surplice at the end of a long vacation. Her slippers had all the ease which age could give them, and above the slippers, neatness, to say the least of it, did not predominate. But Sophie herself seemed to be quite at her ease in spite of these deficiencies, and received our hero with an eager, pointed welcome, which I can hardly describe as affectionate, and which Harry did not at all understand.

"I have to apologize for troubling you," he began.

"Trouble, what trouble? Bah! You give me no trouble. It is you have the trouble to come here. You come early and I have not got my crinoline. If you are contented, so am I." Then she smiled, and sat herself down suddenly, letting herself almost fall into her special corner in the sofa. "Take a chair, Mr. Harry; then we can talk more comfortable."

"I want especially to see your brother. Can you give me his address?"

"What? Edouard—certainly; Travellers' Club."

"But he is never there."

"He sends every day for his letters. You want to see him. Why?"

Harry was at once confounded, having no answer. "A little private business," he said.

"Ah; a little private business. You do not owe him a little money, I am afraid, or you would not want to see him. Ha, ha! You write to him, and he will see you. There; there is paper and pen and ink. He shall get your letter this day."

Harry, nothing suspicious, did as he was bid, and wrote a note in which he simply told the count he was specially desirous of seeing him.

"I will go to you anywhere," said Harry, "if you will name a place."

We, knowing Madam Gordeloup's habits, may feel little doubt but that she thought it her duty to become acquainted with the contents of the note before she sent it out of her house, but we may also know that she learned very little from it.

"It shall go almost immediately," said Sophie, when the envelope was closed.

Then Harry got up to depart, having done his work. "What, you are going in that way at once? You are in a hurry?"

"Well, yes; I am in a hurry, rather, Madam Gordeloup. I have got to be at my office, and I only just came up here to find out your brother's address." Then he rose and went, leaving the note behind him.

Then Madam Gordeloup, speaking to herself in French, called Harry Clavering a lout, a fool, an awkward, overgrown boy, and a pig. She declared him to be a pig nine times over, then shook herself in violent disgust, and after that betook herself to the letter.

The letter was at any rate duly sent to the count, for before Harry had left Mr. Beilby's chambers on that day, Pateroff came to him there. Harry sat in the same room with other men, and therefore went out to see his acquaintance in a little antechamber that was used for such purposes. As he walked from one room to the other, he was conscious of the delicacy and difficulty of the task before him, and the color was high in his face as he opened the door. But when he had done so, he saw that the count was not alone. A gentleman was with him whom he did not introduce to Harry, and before whom Harry could not say that which he had to communicate.

"Pardon me," said the count, "but we are in a railroad hurry. Nobody ever was in such a haste as I and my friend. You are not engaged to-morrow? No, I see. You dine with me and my friend at the Blue Posts. You know the Blue Posts?"

Harry said he did not know the Blue Posts.

"Then you shall know the Blue Posts. I will be your instructor. You drink claret. Come and see. You eat beefsteaks. Come and try. You love one glass of port wine with your cheese. No. But you shall love it when you have dined with me at the Blue Posts. We will dine together after the English way—which is the best way in the world when it is quite good. It is quite good at the Blue Posts—quite good! Seven o'clock. You are fined when a minute late; an extra glass of port wine a minute. Now I must go. Ah; yes. I am ruined already."

Then Count Pateroff, holding his watch in his hand, bolted out of the room before Harry could say a word to him.

He had nothing for it but to go to the dinner, and to the dinner he went. On, that same evening, the evening of the day on which he had seen Sophie and her brother, he wrote to Lady Ongar, using to her the same manner of writing that she had used to him, and telling her that he had done his best; that he had now seen whom he had been desired to see, but that he had not been able to speak to him. He was, however, to dine with him on the following day, and would call in Bolton Street as soon as possible after that interview.

Exactly at seven o'clock, Harry, having the fear of the threatened fine before his eyes, was at the Blue Posts; and there, standing in the middle of the room, he saw Count Pateroff. With Count Pateroff was the same gentleman whom Harry had seen at the Adelphi, and whom the count now introduced as Colonel Schmoft; and also a little Englishman with a knowing eye and a bull-dog neck, and whiskers cut very short and trim—a horsey little man, whom the count also introduced. "Captain Boodle says he knows a cousin of yours, Mr. Clavering."

Then Colonel Schmoft bowed, never yet having spoken a word in Harry's hearing, and our friend Doodles with glib volubility told Harry how intimate he was with Archie, and how he knew Sir Hugh, and how he had met Lady Clavering, and how "doosed" glad he was to meet Harry himself on this present occasion.

"And now, my boys, we'll set down," said the count. "There's just a little soup, printanier; yes, they can make soup here; then a cut of salmon; and after that the beefsteak. Nothing more. Schmoft, my boy, can you eat beefsteak?"

Schmoft neither smiled nor spoke, but simply bowed his head gravely, and sitting down, arranged with slow exactness his napkin over his waistcoat and lap.

"Captain Boodle, can you eat beefsteak," said the count; "Blue Posts' beefsteak?"

"Try me," said Doodles. "That's all. Try me."

"I will try you, and I will try Mr. Clavering. Schmoft would eat a horse if he had not a bullock, and a piece of jackass if he had not a horse."

"I did eat a horse in Hamboro' once. We was besieged."

So much said Schmoft, very slowly, in a deep bass voice, speaking from the bottom of his chest, and frowning very heavily as he did so. The exertion was so great that he did not repeat it for a considerable time.

"Thank God we are not besieged now," said the count, as the soup was handed round to them. "Ah, Albert, my friend, that is good soup; very good soup. My compliments to the excellent Stubbs. Mr. Clavering, the excellent Stubbs is the cook. I am quite at home here, and they do their best for me. You need not fear you will have any of Schmoff's horse."

This was all very pleasant, and Harry Clavering sat down to his dinner prepared to enjoy it; but there was a sense about him during the whole time that he was being taken in and cheated, and that the count would cheat him and actually escape away from him on that evening without his being able to speak a word to him. They were dining in a public room, at a large table which they had to themselves, while others were dining at small tables round them. Even if Schmoff and Boodle had not been there, he could hardly have discussed Lady Ongar's private affairs in such a room as that. The count had brought him there to dine in this way with a premeditated purpose of throwing him over, pretending to give him the meeting that had been asked for, but intending that it should pass by and be of no avail. Such was Harry's belief, and he resolved that, though he might have to seize Pateroff by the tails of his coat, the count should not escape him without having been forced at any rate to hear what he had to say. In the meantime the dinner went on very pleasantly.

"Ah," said the count, "there is no fish like salmon early in the year; but not too early. And it should come alive from Grove, and be cooked by Stubbs."

"And eaten by me," said Boodle.

"Under my auspices," said the count, "and then all is well. Mr. Clavering, a little bit near the head? Not care about any particular part? That is wrong. Everybody should always learn what is the best to eat of everything, and get it if they can."

"By George, I should think so," said Doodles. "I know I do."

"Not to know the bit out of the neck of the salmon from any other bit, is not to know a false note from a true one. Not to distinguish a '51 wine from a '58, is to look at an arm or a leg on the canvas, and to care nothing whether it is in drawing, or out of drawing. Not to know Stubbs' beefsteak from other beefsteaks, is to say that every woman is the same thing to you. Only, Stubbs will let you have his beefsteak if you will pay him—him or his master. With the beautiful woman it is not always so—not always. Do I make myself understood?"

"Clear as mud," said Doodles. "I'm quite along with you there. Why should a man be ashamed of eating what's nice? Everybody does it."

"No, Captain Boodle; not everybody. Some cannot get it, and some do not know it when it comes in their way. They are to be pitied. I do pity them from the bottom of my heart. But there is one poor fellow I do pity more even than they."

There was something in the tone of the count's words—a simple pathos, and almost a melody, which interested Harry Clavering. No one knew better than Count Pateroff how to use all the inflexions of his voice, and produce from the phrases he used the very highest interest which they were capable of producing. He now spoke of his pity in a way that might almost have made a sensitive man weep. "Who is that you pity so much?" Harry asked.

"The man who cannot digest," said the count, in a low, clear voice. Then

he bent down his head over the morsel of food on his plate, as though he were desirous of hiding a tear. "The man who cannot digest!" As he repeated the words he raised his head again, and looked round at all their faces.

"Yes, yes; mein Gott, yes," said Schmoff, and even he appeared as though he were almost moved from the deep quietude of his inward indifference.

"Ah; talk of blessings! What a blessing is digestion!" said the count. "I do not know whether you have ever thought of it, Captain Boodle? You are young, and perhaps not. Or you, Mr. Clavering? It is a subject worthy of your thoughts. To digest! Do you know what it means? It is to have the sun always shining, and the shade always ready for you. It is to be met with smiles, and to be greeted with kisses. It is to hear sweet sounds, to sleep with sweet dreams, to be touched ever by gentle, soft, cool hands. It is to be in paradise. Adam and Eve were in paradise. Why? Their digestion was good. Ah! then they took liberties, eat bad fruit—things they could not digest. They what we call, ruined their constitutions, destroyed their gastric juices, and then they were expelled from paradise by an angel with a flaming sword. The angel with the flaming sword, which turned two ways, was indigestion! There came a great indigestion upon the earth because the cooks were bad, and they called it a deluge. Ah, I thank God there is to be no more deluges. All the evils come from this. Macbeth could not sleep. It was the supper, not the murder. His wife talked and walked. It was supper again. Milton had a bad digestion because he is always so cross; and your Carlyle must have the worst digestion in the world, because he never says any good of anything. Ah, to digest is to be happy! Believe me, my friends, there is no other way not to be turned out of paradise by a fiery, two-handed turning sword."

"It is true," said Schmoff; "yes, it is true."

"I believe you," said Doodles. "And how well the count describes it, don't he, Mr. Clavering? I never looked at it in that light; but, after all, digestion is everything. What is a horse worth, if he won't feed?"

"I never thought much about it," said Harry.

"That is very good," said the great preacher. "Not to think about it ever is the best thing in the world. You will be made to think about it if there be necessity. A friend of mine told me he did not know whether he had a digestion. My friend, I said, you are like the husbandmen; you do not know your own blessings. A bit more steak, Mr. Clavering; see, it has come up hot, just to prove that you have the blessing."

There was a pause in the conversation for a minute or two, during which Schmoff and Doodles were very busy giving the required proof; and the count was leaning back in his chair with a smile of conscious wisdom on his face, looking as though he were in deep consideration of the subject on which he had just spoken with so much eloquence. Harry did not interrupt the silence, as, foolishly, he was allowing his mind to carry itself away from the scene of enjoyment that was present, and trouble itself with the coming battle which he would be obliged to fight with the count. Schmoff was the first to speak. "When I was eating a horse at Hamboro'——" he began.

"Schmoff," said the count, "if we allow you to get behind the ramparts of that besieged city, we shall have to eat that horse for the rest of the evening. Captain Boodle, if you will believe me, I eat that horse once for two hours.

Ah, here is the port wine. Now, Mr. Clavering, this is the wine for cheese—'34. No man should drink above two glasses of '34. If you want port after that, then have '20."

Schmoff had certainly been hardly treated. He had scarcely spoken a word during dinner, and should, I think, have been allowed to say something of the flavor of the horse. It did not, however, appear from his countenance that he had felt, or that he resented the interference; though he did not make any further attempt to enliven the conversation.

They did not sit long over their wine, and the count, in spite of what he had said about the claret, did not drink any. "Captain Boodle," he said, "you must respect my weakness as well as my strength. I know what I can do, and what I cannot. If I were a real hero, like you English—which means, if I had an ostrich in my inside—I would drink till twelve every night, and eat broiled bones till six every morning. But alas! the ostrich has not been given to me. As a common man I am pretty well, but I have no heroic capacities. We will have a little chasse, and then we will smoke."

Harry began to be very nervous. How was he to do it? It had become clearer and clearer to him through every ten minutes of the dinner, that the count did not intend to give him any moment for private conversation. He felt that he was cheated and ill-used, and was waxing angry. They were to go and smoke in a public room, and he knew, or thought he knew, what that meant. The count would sit there till he went, and had brought the Colonel Schmoff with him, so that he might be sure of some ally to remain by his side and ensure silence. And the count, doubtless, had calculated that when Captain Boodle went, as he soon would go, to his billiards, he, Harry Clavering, would feel himself compelled to go also. No! It should not result in that way. Harry resolved that he would not go. He had his mission to perform and he would perform it, even if he were compelled to do so in the presence of Colonel Schmoff.

Doodles soon went. He could not sit long with the simple gratification of a cigar, without gin-and-water or other comfort of that kind, even though the eloquence of Count Pateroff might be excited in his favor. He was a man, indeed, who did not love to sit still, even with the comfort of gin-and-water. An active little man was Captain Boodle, always doing something or anxious to do something in his own line of business. Small speculations in money, so concocted as to leave the risk against him smaller than the chance on his side, constituted Captain Boodle's trade; and in that trade he was indefatigable, ingenious, and, to a certain extent, successful. The worst of the trade was this: that though he worked at it about twelve hours a day, to the exclusion of all other interests in life, he could only make out of it an income which would have been considered a beggarly failure at any other profession. When he netted a pound a day he considered himself to have done very well; but he could not do that every day in the week. To do it often required unremitting exertion. And then, in spite of all his care, misfortunes would come. "A cursed garron, of whom nobody had ever heard the name! If a man mayn't take the liberty with such a brute as that, when is he to take a liberty?" So had he expressed himself plaintively, endeavoring to excuse himself, when on some occasion a race had been won by some outside horse which Captain Boodle had omitted to make safe in his betting-book. He was regarded by his intimate friends as a very successful man; but I think myself that his life was a mistake. To live with one's hands ever daubed with chalk

from a billiard-table, to be always spying into stables and rubbing against grooms, to put up with the narrow lodgings which needy men encounter at race meetings, to be day after day on the rails running after platers and steeple-chasers, to be conscious on all occasions of the expediency of selling your beast when you are hunting, to be counting up little odds at all your spare moments—these things do not, I think, make a satisfactory life for a young man. And for a man that is not young, they are the very devil! Better have no digestion when you are forty than find yourself living such a life as that! Captain Boodle would, I think, have been happier had he contrived to get himself employed as a tax-gatherer or an attorney's clerk.

On this occasion Doodles soon went, as had been expected, and Harry found himself smoking with the two foreigners. Pateroff was no longer eloquent, but sat with his cigar in his mouth as silent as Colonel Schmoff himself. It was evidently expected of Harry that he should go.

"Count," he said at last, "you got my note?" There were seven or eight persons sitting in the room beside the party of three to which Harry belonged.

"Your note, Mr. Clavering! which note? Oh, yes; I should not have had the pleasure of seeing you here to-day but for that."

"Can you give me five minutes in private?"

"What! now! here! this evening! after dinner? Another time I will talk with you by the hour together."

"I fear I must trouble you now. I need not remind you that I could not keep you yesterday morning; you were so much hurried."

"And now I am having my little moment of comfort! These special business conversations after dinner are so bad for the digestion!"

"If I could have caught you before dinner, Count Pateroff, I would have done so."

"If it must be, it must. Schmoff, will you wait for me ten minutes? I will not be more than ten minutes." And the count, as he made this promise, looked at his watch. "Waiter," he said, speaking in a sharp tone which Harry had not heard before, "show this gentleman and me into a private room."

Harry got up and led the way out, not forgetting to assure himself that he cared nothing for the sharpness of the count's voice.

"Now, Mr. Clavering, what is it?" said the count, looking full into Harry's eye.

"I will tell you in two words."

"In one if you can."

"I came with a message to you from Lady Ongar."

"Why are you a messenger from Lady Ongar?"

"I have known her long and she is connected with my family."

"Why does she not send her messages by Sir Hugh—her brother-in-law?"

"It is hardly for you to ask that?"

"Yes; it is for me to ask that. I have known Lady Ongar well, and have treated her with kindness. I do not want to have messages by anybody. But go on. If you are a messenger, give your message."

"Lady Ongar bids me tell you that she cannot see you."

"But she must see me. She shall see me!"

"I am to explain to you that she declines to do so. Surely, Count Pateroff, you must understand——"

"Ah, bah ; I understand everything—in such matters as these, better, perhaps, than you, Mr. Clavering. You have given your message. Now, as you are a messenger, will you give mine ?"

"That will depend altogether on its nature."

"Sir, I never send uncivil words to a woman, though sometimes I may be tempted to speak them to a man ; when, for instance, a man interferes with me ; do you understand ? My message is this : Tell her ladyship, with my compliments, that it will be better for her to see me—better for her, and for me. When that poor lord died—and he had been, mind, my friend for many years before her ladyship had heard his name—I was with him ; and there were occurrences of which you know nothing and need know nothing. I did my best then to be courteous to Lady Ongar, which she returns by shutting her door in my face. I do not mind that. I am not angry with a woman. But tell her that when she has heard what I now say to her by you, she will, I do not doubt, think better of it ; and therefore I shall do myself the honor of presenting myself at her door again. Good-night, Mr. Clavering ; au revoir ; we will have another of Stubbs' little dinners before long." As he spoke these last words the count's voice was again changed, and the old smile had returned to his face.

Harry shook hands with him, and walked away homeward, not without a feeling that the count had got the better of him, even to the end. He had, however, learned how the land lay, and could explain to Lady Ongar that Count Pateroff now knew her wishes and was determined to disregard them.

CHAPTER XXII.

DESOLATION.

In the meantime there was grief down at the great house of Clavering ; and grief, we must suppose also, at the house in Berkeley Square, as soon as the news from his country home had reached Sir Hugh Clavering. Little Hughy, his heir, was dead. Early one morning, Mrs. Clavering, at the rectory, received a message from Lady Clavering, begging that she would go up to the house, and, on arriving there, she found that the poor child was very ill. The doctor was then at Clavering, and had recommended that a message should be sent to the father in London, begging him to come down. This message had been already despatched when Mrs. Clavering arrived. The poor mother was in a state of terrible agony, but at that time there was yet hope. Mrs. Clavering then remained with Lady Clavering for two or three hours ; but just before dinner on the same day another messenger came across to say that hope was past, and that the child had gone. Could Mrs. Clavering come over again, as Lady Clavering was in a sad way ?

"You'll have your dinner first ?" said the rector.

"No, I think not. I shall wish to make her take something, and I can do it better if I ask for tea for myself. I will go at once. Poor dear little boy."

"It was a blow I always feared," said the rector to his daughter as soon as his wife had left them. "Indeed, I knew that it was coming."

"And she was always fearing it," said Fanny. "But I do not think he did. He never seems to think that evil will come to him."

"He will feel this," said the rector.

"Feel it papa ! Of course he will feel it."

"I do not think he would—not deeply, that is—if there were four or five of them. He is a hard man; the hardest man I ever knew. Who ever saw him playing with his own child, or with any other? Who ever heard him say a soft word to his wife? But he will be hit now, for this child was his heir. He will be hit hard now, and I pity him."

Mrs. Clavering went across the park alone, and soon found herself in the poor bereaved mother's room. She was sitting by herself, having driven the old housekeeper away from her; and there were no traces of tears then on her face, though she had wept plentifully when Mrs. Clavering had been with her in the morning. But there had come upon her suddenly a look of age, which nothing but such sorrow as this can produce. Mrs. Clavering was surprised to see that she had dressed herself carefully since the morning, as was her custom to do daily, even when alone; and that she was not in her bedroom, but in a small sitting-room which she generally used when Sir Hugh was not at the Park.

"My poor Hermione," said Mrs. Clavering, coming up to her, and taking her by the hand.

"Yes, I am poor; poor enough. Why have they troubled you to come across again?"

"Did you not send for me? But it was quite right, whether you sent or no. Of course I should come when I heard it. It cannot be good for you to be all alone."

"I suppose he will be here to-night?"

"Yes, if he got your message before three o'clock."

"Oh, he will have received it, and I suppose he will come. You think he will come, eh?"

"Of course he will come."

"I do not know. He does not like coming to the country."

"He will be sure to come now, Hermione."

"And who will tell him? Some one must tell him before he comes to me. Should there not be some one to tell him? They have sent another message."

"Hannah shall be at hand to tell him." Hannah was the old housekeeper, who had been in the family when Sir Hugh was born. "Or, if you wish it, Henry shall come down and remain here. I am sure he will do so, if it will be a comfort."

"No; he would, perhaps, be rough to Mr. Clavering. He is so very hard. Hannah shall do it. Will you make her understand?" Mrs. Clavering promised that she would do this, wondering, as she did so, at the wretched, frigid immobility of the unfortunate woman before her. She knew Lady Clavering well; knew her to be in many things weak, to be worldly, listless, and perhaps somewhat selfish; but she knew also that she had loved her child as mothers always love. Yet, at this moment, it seemed that she was thinking more of her husband than of the bairn she had lost. Mrs. Clavering had sat down by her and taken her hand, and was still so sitting in silence when Lady Clavering spoke again. "I suppose he will turn me out of his house now," she said.

"Who will do so? Hugh? Oh, Hermione, how can you speak in such a way?"

"He scolded me before because my poor darling was not strong. My darling! How could I help it? And he scolded me because there was none other but he. He will turn me out altogether now. Oh, Mrs. Clavering, you do not know how hard he is."

Anything was better than this, and therefore Mrs. Clavering asked the poor woman to take her into the room where the little body lay in its little cot. If she could induce the mother to weep for the child, even that would be better than this hard, persistent fear as to what her husband would say and do. So they both went and stood together over the little fellow whose short sufferings had thus been brought to an end. "My poor dear, what can I say to comfort you?" Mrs. Clavering, as she asked this, knew well that no comfort could be spoken in words; but—if she could only make the sufferer weep!

"Comfort!" said the mother. "There is no comfort now, I believe, in anything. It is long since I knew any comfort; not since Julia went."

"Have you written to Julia?"

"No; I have written to no one. I cannot write. I feel as though if it were to bring him back again I could not write of it. My boy! my boy! my boy!" But still there was not a tear in her eye.

"I will write to Julia," said Mrs. Clavering; "and I will read to you my letter."

"No, do not read it me. What is the use? He has made her quarrel with me. Julia cares nothing now for me, or for my angel. Why should she care? When she came home we would not see her. Of course she will not care. Who is there that will care for me?"

"Do not I care for you, Hermione?"

"Yes, because you are here; because of the nearness of the houses. If you lived far away you would not care for me. It is just the custom of the thing." There was something so true in this that Mrs. Clavering could make no answer to it. Then they turned to go back into the sitting-room, and as they did so Lady Clavering lingered behind for a moment; but when she was again with Mrs. Clavering her cheek was still dry.

"He will be at the station at nine," said Lady Clavering. "They must send the brougham for him, or the dog-cart. He will be very angry if he is made to come home in the fly from the public-house." Then the elder lady left the room and gave orders that Sir Hugh should be met by his carriage. What must the wife think of her husband, when she feared that he would be angered by little matters at such a time as this! "Do you think it will make him very unhappy?" Lady Clavering asked.

"Of course it will make him unhappy. How should it be otherwise?"

"He had said so often that the child would die. He will have got used to the fear."

"His grief will be as fresh now as though he had never thought so, and never said so."

"He is so hard; and then he has such will, such power. He will thrust it off from him and determine that it shall not oppress him. I know him so well."

"We should all make some exertion like that in our sorrow, trusting to God's kindness to relieve us. You too, Hermione, should determine also; but not yet, my dear. At first it is better to let sorrow have its way."

"But he will determine at once. You remember when Meeny went." Meeny had been a little girl who had been born before the boy, and who had died when little more than twelve months old. "He did not expect that; but then he only shook his head, and went out of the room. He has never spoken to me one word of her since that. I think he has forgotten Meeny altogether—even that she was ever here."

"He cannot forget the boy who was his heir."

"Ah, that is where it is. He will say words to me which would make you creep if you could hear them. Yes, my darling was his heir. Archie will marry now, and will have children, and his boy will be the heir. There will be more division and more quarrels, for Hugh will hate his brother now."

"I do not understand why."

"Because he is so hard. It is a pity he should ever have married, for he wants nothing that a wife can do for him. He wanted a boy to come after him in the estate, and now that glory has been taken from him. Mrs. Clavering, I often wish that I could die."

It would be bootless here to repeat the words of wise and loving counsel with which the elder of the two ladies endeavored to comfort the younger, and to make her understand what were the duties which still remained to her, and which, if they were rightly performed, would, in their performance, soften the misery of her lot. Lady Clavering listened with that dull, useless attention which on such occasions sorrow always gives to the prudent counsels of friendship; but she was thinking ever and always of her husband, and watching the moment of his expected return. In her heart she wished that he might not come on that evening. At last, at half-past nine, she exerted herself to send away her visitor.

"He will be here soon, if he comes to-night," Lady Clavering said, "and it will be better that he should find me alone."

"Will it be better?"

"Yes, yes. Cannot you see how he would frown and shake his head if you were here? I would sooner be alone when he comes. Good-night. You have been very kind to me; but you are always kind. Things are done kindly always at your house, because there is so much love there. You will write to Julia for me. Good-night." Then Mrs. Clavering kissed her and went, thinking as she walked home in the dark to the rectory, how much she had to be thankful in that these words had been true which her poor neighbor had spoken. Her house was full of love.

ALONG THE JAMES.

A JOURNEY INTO DREAMLAND.

IT is now seven years since the present writer, coming in the Roanoke steamer from the sea, saw rising on the vast horizon of the ocean the long, green lines of the Virginia Capes, guarding right and left the entrance to Chesapeake Bay.

It is pleasant to return to that month of June, in the good year 1859—a sort of far antiquity now—and to recall the sights, and sounds, and thoughts which came to the voyager as the steamer glided through that wide gate and headed for the mouth of the James. Let me make the voyage up that beautiful stream once more, therefore, with the worthy reader. Perhaps, as we pass, some scenes of interest will attract our attention, and the breeze of the ocean blowing across the page may fan away the dust of cities.

As we pass, you see Cape Charles yonder, thrusting its low cutwater into the crawling foam; and, if darkness had descended, you would be attracted by the red eye of the light-house shining on the summit of the waves, its glare just tipping them with a long path of light. That is the "Eastern Shore"—a singular and almost unknown land, where poesy seems to dwell of right, and romance is to the manner born; a land of legends, traditions and Old World tales; of buccaneers, and 'longshoremen, and haunted houses, looking out, with melancholy window-eyes, on the melancholy sea. The wildest fancies are here possible, and every spot has its legend.

The Eastern Shoremen are a merry and hospitable people, priding themselves upon their fine blood horses, and old houses in which still linger stories of the time far away, in 1680, when Bacon drove Sir William Berkeley to take refuge here. A long, low shore of the silver sand, where the surges of the ocean come and go forever—such is the land we leave behind us as we pass into the Chesapeake and ascend the broad current of the James.

To the mere commercial traveller this stream is but a common river, which rises in the Alleghanies and flows to the Chesapeake. To the dreamer, the student, the poet, it is a magical current, upon whose banks many tragedies and comedies unroll themselves, and more than one illustrious figure moves, as in the long, dead years of other generations. That is Jamestown Island, is it not? and that lonely tower the ruin of the old church? Many memories cluster here above the tombs of the Armigers, around the crumbling stones. The great adventurers of England made their eagle's eyry here two centuries and a half ago, rooting the firm Norman foot in the soil of the new continent. In the old black-letter volumes, writ by Captaine Iohn Smith, we read the strange and moving story, and make acquaintance with that worthy—with Master John Rolfe, my lord De la War—the gay adventurers all, in bright steel hauberks, floating plumes, slashed doublets and moustaches gallantly curled. But, more than all, with that *Marguerite des Marguerites*, the Indian

Princess Pocahontas! A goodly company these *preux chevaliers*, with bright eyes straining for a sight of El Dorado; and foremost of them all is the founder. 'Tis a knightly figure, that of Captaine Iohn Smith, as we look at him standing there upon the shore; the broad, bronzed brow unwrinkled; the great eyes clear, and candid, and brave; the firm lips only half concealed by the sweeping moustache, and the huge beard resting on the bright steel hauberk, defining his sinewy form. He smiles with the frank smile of the soldier. I think it is at the sight of that maiden yonder on the edge of the wood. See, she comes—a child of no more than fourteen years; slender and graceful as a fawn of the forest; half nude, but modest as a statue of chastity; with the olive face, the soft, dark eyes, the rounded limbs, and the sunshine sleeping in the lustrous folds of her raven hair. She stands with one foot raised, the dark eyes peering with a sort of wonder from among her curls. That is Pocahontas, the Indian Princess, who is going to interpose her bosom between Smith and the war club.

That is Williamsburg, is it not, beyond the forest yonder? Poor, silent city, with the grass-grown streets! you were once the capital of a nation! At this London of Virginia high revel was aforetime held, in the "good old times" when the royal governors reigned, their House of Lords the King's Council, and their House of Commons the worshipful Burgesses. How these worshipfuls used to fight against His Excellency! It was one long battle, as in England. The barons of James River, the York and the Rappahannock, were jealous of their liberties, and they wrung from that coarse King John, my Lord Dunmore, at Williamsburg, the new Runnymede, a charter greater than the old one. It was the Virginia Bill of Rights, on whose broad basis, laid by old George Mason of Gunston, rests the fabric of Constitutional Liberty.

This may interest the historic student. What rises to the eye of the present voyager is, that brave old social life of the now grass-grown town, when the Apollo room, at the Raleigh, echoed, like Holyrood of yore in the days of Châtelard, with the strains of midnight minstrelsy; when the minuet moved slow to the stately music, or the reel flashed splendidly from end to end of the apartment, thronged with dames and cavaliers in lace, embroidery and powder, diamonds, pearls and brighter eyes! Move slowly, O minuet of the long-gone years! Flash on, gay reels of the old régime! The minstrels are dead, and from the bosoms of the young men and the maidens, flowers have been growing more than fourscore years; but the music and the laughter fill the air as in the days before! As the comedy plays, and the voices sound amid pearls, and powder, and bright glances, can we not discern some figures worthy of attention? There is young Tom Jefferson, with his sandy hair, his laughing eyes, his tall, gaunt figure, and he talks with Belinda leaning on his arm. The future statesman, president and founder of a political system, is going to become desperate about that youthful maiden with the piled-up curls and lace around the shoulders; to become very tragic at her reply to the eventful "Won't you?" and he will project a visit to Europe, consequent thereon, in his "sail-boat, the Rebecca, returning through the British Provinces to the northward." All this he is going to relate in his letters to John Page. His biographer is going to publish them, and the whole world will smile at the spectacle of the goings-on of the gray-haired "sage of Monticello" when he was young Tom Jefferson and flirted with the girls at "Devilsburg." So he is to become a desperate, discarded lover, this paladin of Democracy and

mighty leveller—only, however, after a decent interval to mend his broken heart. Even now there is a little maiden dancing opposite, who is to supply the cement for that purpose. She lives at the “Forest,” in Charles City, and is going to play the piano there, while young Mr. Jefferson, the member of the Burgesses, accompanies her on the violin. The long-drawn bow crawls over the strings, the voice of the performer mingles with the young ladies’, and the two rivals who remained, tradition says, upon the porch without while the scene is played, retire in despair. They have rightly guessed the event; fires blaze at the “Forest;” a wedding feast is set; young Mr. Jefferson is married in the midst of a great frolic, as was then the good fashion, and the bride and groom set off for Monticello, in the mountains, to arrive there on a freezing, Winter night, with no fires burning and no welcome. But the bride was “game.” Read how she laughed and sang through the cold, black night in the “little pavilion” of the mountain lodge; how they supped on a bottle of wine and a biscuit, found behind the shelves, and how mirth, and music, and love conquered cold and darkness!

We have wandered from Williamsburg and the Apollo at the Raleigh Tavern, where Belinda and her bevy of bright companions still slay all comers. That young lady has declined Mr. Thomas Jefferson, of Monticello; and the fair little beauty standing near her has in like manner discarded a young gentleman residing on the banks of the Potomac, a Mr. George Washington, of Mount Vernon. When Belinda and her friend make up their minds and marry, they are going to marry brothers—Edward and Jacquelin Ambler, the latter to be called “The Aristides of Virginia” for his incorruptible integrity and honor—so we pass.

There rolls within the scope of our vision a stately chariot. The planter, his wife and family, are seated in grandeur within. Look! the maiden with the snowy neck and the hair carried back from the beautiful temples is Florella, and she is going to the assembly at the Raleigh. By the carriage rides her lover, in fair-top boots, cocked hat and powdered hair, with ruffles, long waistcoat and embroidered sleeves, and look how this youthful individual, Corydon by name, makes his steed prance gayly to attract his sweetheart’s attention! They are going to dance a minuet and reel at the Assembly; Mr. Corydon is going to be completely finished, and in the ensuing number of the small and dingy “Virginia Gazette” you will see some verses “To Florella”—an acrostic, a rebus, or some other mysterious affair—by the aforesaid Corydon. Read these poems in the old “Gazette;” they abound there and are charming. As you read, all the loves of a century ago rise up and salute you; the fair maidens laugh as they rustle their gay silks and flash their bright glances; the gallants sigh as they make love by moonlight; the curtain has risen on the play of “Old Virginia,” you see, and the comedy is charming with its sighs and laughter, its fair figures, music, low murmurs and brilliant eyes!

We still ascend the James, and the bluffs grow balder, the white-winged water fowl are rarely seen, nothing moves but that snowy, sea-bound bark, and the surface, broken into ripples by the wind. O broad expanse of blue-green wavelets, where the foam just tips the translucent ripple! O youth, romance, gay hours of the dawn—when to sail in a sail-boat on the beautiful bosom of the James was to feel that earth held nothing more to desire! Does the charm still live, O waves of the sylvan James? Does the old romance still dwell in your depths, and the Naiad, does she haunt your dreamy

coves, where the shining sand beneath the drooping foliage is touched by the lip of the wave? I know not—all that was a long, long time ago, and the drum has since then sounded, jarring through the idle sunshine on the low and peaceful shore.

We now approach the upper waters of the James, and everywhere are the traces of history, legend and tradition. Here dwelt in former years the great Virginia worthies—the statesmen, rulers, soldiers and gentlemen of many generations. They have not left their peers.

That house you see across the foliage yonder is B——, the abode of hospitality and kindness. Shall we disembark here at the old wharf running out into the stream? Perhaps we may find something there to attract, some memorial of the elder days, and of the great race which illustrated them. We land, and the murmur of the wave upon the sand seems to welcome us. We ascend the slope, green and grassy, to the terrace; and then approach the good old mansion. Do not be afraid, I am not in a descriptive mood this fine June day, and you shall look for yourself upon the great old trees, the blooming flowers, the rustic portico, and the wings which seem to hold out arms of hospitable welcome. We have stopped—or at least, I have—to see two portraits in the old mansion, the portraits of some friends of the first years of the great eighteenth century. Do you remember those good years? His Excellency, Governor Spottswood, was then ruler of Virginia—a brave old soldier who had fought with Marlborough at Blenheim, and who marched with the gay youths of the colony to the far Blue Ridge, drank the health of the King on the summit of the mountains, and made every member of the adventurous band a “Knight of the Order of the Horseshoe.” But it is not the portrait of the scarred old soldier I am seeking—it is yours, my hearty! hanging yonder on the wall, and looking down serenely with the Sire de Coucy air! So we meet again, gallant Colonel Byrd, of Westover! I have not seen you before since we journeyed together with that goodly company to draw the dividing line between our country of Virginia and the neighboring Province of North Carolina—abode of Indians, a few English, and those bright-eyed, brave, thorough-bred Huguenots, who have sought refuge here from the tyranny of His Majesty, Louis XIV. How we laughed and talked as we rode through the gay Virginia woods into the unknown land, how we jabbered with the Redskins, how we passed the days in mirth and jest and song! I think we made that journey in or about the year 1727, did we not? Memory is so treacherous! and in these historic dates, I am curiously weak. But I could never forget you, my dear Colonel. You look in your portrait, hanging in the old apartment, above the piano, as you did in the actual flesh—a cavalier full of life, gayety, gallantry, wit, and with a certain air of exquisite courtesy as of the travelled man, long moving in the finest society of the Court. You were in fact trained there I think—at the English Court—and had the Earl of Orrery for your intimate friend, as well as many others who valued you much, and presented you with their portraits, hanging all around me as I look. Among these your own picture impresses me most, and, lowering my voice so that you cannot catch the words I utter, I say to my travelling companion: There is something brave, gallant and charming in that countenance, which looks down upon you from under the flowing curls of the immense peruke, and above the lace and ruffles, at neck and bosom. Have you ever seen a face of greater personal beauty? one displaying a more exquisite gayety, courtesy, high breeding and *noblesse*? There

is none in the roll of English worthies more handsome and attractive. Not Philip Sydney's, or that of the lover of the beautiful Elizabeth Cecil, stars as they were, for beauty of the antique day. With his mild, bright eyes, his perfectly arched brows, his mouth full of character, sweetness, and a lurking humor—with his *bel air* of gentleman, not haughty, not obsequious, but simple—the master of Westover's is a finer face than all!

He would have been forgotten, but he wrote a book—the old MS. in faded ink lying there beneath his picture. That, may it please you, my dear travelling companion, is “The Westover Manuscript,” so called from the name of the author's house on the opposite side of the James. The MS. narrates the adventures of the Colonel and his comrades as they went forth, bravely, in that good year 1727, to the wilds of the Roanoke and the Dismal Swamp to draw the “dividing line.” The MS. has been printed—read it. It is charming; full of freshness, adventure, incident, fine descriptions of scenery, and touched here and there by a gay yet mordant wit. Some of this wit is too broad for to-day—savoring as it does of the atmosphere in which wrote Congreve, Wycherly and Vanbrugh. Doubtless the good Colonel had known the great Sir William Congreve, and caught from the society in which he moved that tone of daring *persiflage*, and polished irony, mingled with an odd, rich humor which spared nothing. He was gallant, and a gentleman in all—but some of his jokes upon the ladies are shocking!

As you salute the noble face of the old master of Westover, and seem to see him make a courtly movement with his stately head in reply, your glance will wander to another portrait, hanging on the wall not far from his—the picture of another friend of mine, dearer still than he, and known at the same time. 'Tis a stranger, is it not, that you gaze upon, good my fellow traveller? But she is none to me. This is Evelyn Byrd, the daughter of the worthy Colonel, and *affiancée*, long ago, they say, to the young Lord Peterborough. They were never married, for a reason very binding in the eighteenth century—he was a Catholic and the young lady was a Protestant. So the match was broken off; the young nobleman went into a religious house, and the maiden died a few years afterward—that is all. Not much, you will say—but you have only to let your fancy rove, and from these bare facts it will not be difficult to shape a sweet and pathetic romance.

'Tis a sweet and gracious face, that of Evelyn, the fair morning-star of a day that is dead. She smiles as you gaze at her—at the light in her eyes, the rose in her hair, and the twin roses blooming in the delicate cheeks. There is a red bird there in one corner of the picture, but the parouquet scarcely attracts your attention—you are looking at the girl. See! the hands with their small taper fingers, lily-white, rest there on the blue satin lap; the fair, round neck bends sidewise with an exquisite grace; the beautiful head inclines slightly toward the shoulder, like a flower of the dawn weighed down with the dews of night. The figure of the maiden is lithe and undulating; the waist long, slender, slight enough to span; the young bosom under the Marie Stuart bodice is a half-opened bud of the Spring. You look at her there on the old walls of the hall, and you murmur “He must have loved her dearly!”

One other memory of the “mighty men of old,” and we come back to the present. We have reached City Point at the mouth of the Appomattox, and enter the broad door of an old mansion called Cawsons. In this year of our Lord, 1866, Cawsons is a forgotten ruin, for fire long ago destroyed it; but in

177—, when we cross the threshold, it is a fine old Virginia house, full of charming people. Let us look at the family—they are worthy of attention. Yonder in his great dining-room is a gray-haired old cavalier; at ten paces from him is a beautiful woman of middle age, with profuse raven hair, black eyes that sparkle whenever she speaks, and a complexion of deep olive which she derives from her ancestress, Pocahontas. But it is neither with the smiling old cavalier or the dark beauty near him that we now concern ourselves. Let us look rather at that beautiful child yonder, playing on the grass, over which his small feet scarce can totter as yet. Take him up in your arms, and you will be struck with his exquisite beauty—with the cheeks as smooth and delicate as a rose leaf, the little smiling mouth full of infantile sweetness, the clear, bright eyes which return your glance with a gaze of singular intensity. For that child, you would predict a life all love and joy and Summer; misfortune, Winter, any harsh or bitter emotion—none of these you would say could touch him.

Alas! in that pithy word, summing up so many human careers, is the whole truth told. For you hold in your arms, good friend, the future Randolph of Roanoke.

This is not the place to raise even a corner of the curtain on that extraordinary life where all the tragic elements mingle—upon the bitter foe, the faithful friend, the passionate lover, the born statesman of a political prescience unsurpassed, and unequalled by Henry's, Mason's, Jefferson's, or that of any one whose foot has ever trod the soil of Virginia. Upon that point many things might be uttered; and it would not be difficult to show that this lonely Master of Ravenswood, buried in his silent retreat at Roanoke, and mourning over the past, saw further into the future, was in every way wiser, than all his great contemporaries. But this must be left for the historic student. Our idle sketch cannot attempt the subject. It was only by the individual personally that we were attracted—by John Randolph the man.

Cawsons is a ruin now. It was the same when Randolph came to gaze upon it once more, a little before he died. It was in presence of this melancholy spectacle that the sad old man—the “last of his line”—returned in thought to the smiling hours of his childhood. For a quarter of a century he had fought with the keen-edged Damascus blade of his oratory in the heated atmosphere of politics; for twenty years he had mourned, in the bitterness of his desolate life, the miserable fate which denied him the heart of the woman whom he loved, he said “more than his own soul, or him that created it;” on the stump of Charlotte Court-house he had directed the first minds of a mighty epoch; from his sick bed he had risen and tottered to his carriage, and travelled to and fro, a living corpse, to fight in that passionate year 1833 for state rights, against Jackson. After all this turmoil, conflict, these corroding emotions of hatred and scorn, he had come here to Cawsons, the haunt of his childhood, to try and see his mother's face once more before he died. Did the dark beauty of that long-loved countenance rise up again before him, framed like a dim portrait in the ruined window? Could he hear in the sigh of the foliage around the gables the caressing voices of old years? No record remains—we only know that from these ruins he returned to Roanoke to die. There he sleeps now—may the haughty spirit rest in peace.

“Vex not his ghost! O let him pass; he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer!”

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

THE PALIO AT SIENNA.

ALL who read history have heard of the famous ancient Republic of Sienna; all who travel, in glancing over their Murray, see that there are many advantages in favor of a Summer residence in the quiet, pleasant, modern town into which the formerly powerful city has merged. Now and then an English acquaintance speaks of the cool air he enjoyed while there, making his listener (prostrated by the sirocco and tormented by mosquitos in some less favored spot in Italy), feel an impulse to go, to be able to say, "*Anch'io sono Sienese.*" But the impulse subsides, the wings of the imagination are folded, and the surprising result is that very few American families establish themselves during the warm weather in a city enjoying an immunity from heat and insects, a pure air, and the choicest Tuscan language, and filled with large and commodious apartments at reasonable rents.

Florence is peerless in the Spring, Sienna in the Summer, the south of Italy in the Winter. Should capricious fortune roll her wheel through one of the Siennese gates, the crowd following her would fill the old palaces, and throng the streets as in the days of the Guelphs and Ghibellines.

Before I had determined to judge for myself of the attractions of the place, I was frequently entertained by the accounts my Florentine cook gave me of his former life there, lifting the curtain which hangs before an existence almost incomprehensible to the Anglo-Saxon race. He was cook, coachman and valet to an old Marquis, who, like many of the decayed nobility, lived on his house. Retiring to the upper floor during the Summer heats, he let his rooms to travellers; and as they were situated very advantageously, he was always able to find tenants. Though his wardrobe was scanty and his table miserably supplied, he still indulged in a coach, a box at the opera, his games of chance, and all the little indulgences which an Italian would almost starve sooner than relinquish. Every evening Gaetano was on duty to dress the battered beau for the theatre, or a *conversazione*; and, after waiting upon him all day in his threefold capacity, he hovered about him until he was ready to return, cross and tired, when he had to be fed and put to bed like a great baby. He was very hard to please, particularly in the disposition of the bed-clothes, and, frequently, when the poor, tired menial was creeping off to his wretched garret, he would hear the shout, "*O Gaetano!*" and, returning, find the Marquis tossing about uneasily, exclaiming, "*C'è una grinza*" (a wrinkle in the sheet), and the task of adjusting everything anew had to recommence. When at length the crushed rose leaf was smoothed for the Sybarite, Gaetano was allowed to retire to his straw bed.

I was fortunate enough to be in Sienna during the celebration of their annual horse race called the *Palio*, a spectacle of which I have never seen a description, and which is so unique that an account of it may be found interesting.

The municipality of the city is formed on the same principles as in the times of the republic. There are seventeen *contrade*, or wards, each having

its name, symbols, colors, flags, uniform, etc., with the inevitable amount of jealousy between them. Ten of these wards enter into the race. A week before the *Palio*, all the keepers of stables send their horses to a committee appointed to select the best ten. These are given by lot to the ten wards whose turn it is to race.

Then begins the excitement. Nothing is heard in the streets but *Oca*, *Lupa*, *Torre*, etc.—the names of the different *contrade*—and all the common people wear the cockades of their respective wards. Every morning and every evening there is a trial of the horses, and in fact Sienna lives, moves, and has its being only in reference to the coming event.

The race-ground is the large square of the city, about one thousand feet in circuit, its artificial soil supported by strong walls. It is built on a descent, making as dangerous a course for riders at full speed as can be imagined. The jockeys have not the common safeguards of saddles, stirrups, or even saddle-cloths, and the *prove*, or trials of speed, twice a day, though interesting, were not exhibitions of unmixed pleasure. On one of these occasions I saw a man thrown, stunned and carried off; a horse had its shoulder put out of joint; and on all that I attended one or two riders were always dismounted.

It has generally been the custom, after the races, for the people of the different wards to indulge in a general fight, and they were greatly offended at the interposition of the commander of the garrison the previous year, who would not allow them to use their fists upon each other till they were satisfied. As I had not partiality enough for any one ward to be maimed in its behalf, I hired a balcony commanding a fine view of the square, and on the 15th of August found myself under a cloudless sky looking with eager curiosity at the spectacle. Around the huge amphitheatre, seats were raised from the sidewalk to the first floors, and on these were placed the men and women from the vicinity in gala costume. The middle of the square was filled with the partisans of the different horses, sporting gentlemen, and the mob. From the windows and balconies, occupied by the aristocracy, hung gorgeous tapestries, altogether forming a magnificent *coup d'œil*. The road around the square was kept perfectly clear by numerous grenadiers acting as sentinels.

The procession now entered and moved slowly round the course. It consisted of the different *contrade*, each with drum, captain, pages, flag-bearers, etc., dressed in *cinq-ento* style, all the costumes being conscientiously reproduced. The intervening centuries seemed to melt away, and the old republic leaped into being as if by enchantment.

The ten horses entered for the race were led by grooms; their jockeys, dressed in the gaudy colors of their respective wards, being mounted on other caparisoned horses. The flag-bearers formed the chief attraction of the procession. The skill with which they waved their flags, and the dexterity with which they threw them into the air and caught them again, sometimes from a height of twenty feet, keeping perfect time to the drums, were equal to the manipulations of a Chinese juggler.

It seemed a point of honor with them not to allow the flags to touch the ground. As these were very large, and the handles very short, their evolutions must have been extremely difficult. They waved them under their arms, over their backs, between their knees, wound them round their necks, and then suddenly sent them flying into the blue ether. For an eye appreciative of color, I can imagine no more agreeable novelty. Now they looked like a gigantic bed of tulips stirred by the Summer breeze, now like the most

brilliant and fanciful fireworks—an endless variety of the most curious kaleidoscopic combinations.

After the circuit of the square had been made, the signal was given for the race. The ten horses came into place, the jockeys mounted. After one false start they were brought back and started fairly, and then began a scene which can never be witnessed on any other race-course, and which shows how much of the actual barbarity of the republic has been preserved together with its outward semblance.

The jockeys were each armed with a whip called a *verbo*, answering to our heavy cowhides. With these, while riding at full speed, they began to belabor *each other* with all their strength, and a very confused mass they made. At length two emerged from the running fight and shot ahead of the rest. The race was three times round the course. At the first sharp corner one horse went down with his rider, the next behind stumbled over him, and the one following jumped clean over both. From this Centaur looking heap the two jockies crawled forth miraculously unhurt. In the meantime the two riders who led the race were pushing vigorously for the goal. Twice they had gone round, leaving their competitors behind; one was half a length in advance and seemed likely to keep his advantage. The excitement was at its height. The Italians interested in these two wards were gesticulating wildly, and betting on the horses. The two colors were in every one's mouth. Shouts of *giallo! rosso! avanti! bravo!* arose, when suddenly the jockey in the rear, making a desperate effort, urged his horse till nearly even with his adversary, then deliberately taking his cowhide by the small end, struck him with the but a blow on the face which laid his cheek open from eye to mouth, and in the confusion of the poor fellow's faculties shot ahead. My American blood boiled at this unexpected brutality, but the way in which it was received by the victim and spectators showed that their motto was, "All is fair in war."

The blow, which seemed heavy enough to have felled an ox, only stunned the jockey for a moment. On he went, and would, I think, have won the race had he not tried to lash his opponent, who, throwing himself on his horse's neck, escaped the whip; which, descending on the back of his horse, caused him to spring suddenly forward and reach the goal amid deafening shouts of applause. The inhabitants of the victorious ward rushed forward tumultuously, embracing the jockey, the judges, each other, and the horse. All was wild excitement.

The *Palio*, as it is called, was given to the triumphant *contrade*. It is a kind of banner, commemorative of the race. The victors carried it off, leaping, dancing, and shouting, with every demonstration of joy. The show ended peaceably, and the spectators dispersed to different public houses of entertainment to gossip over the exciting event.

Victor Emanuel has been very near giving the Siennese a more useful exercise of their thews and sinews than beating each other with cowhides. But blessed peace is to be their portion. The almost bloodless rendition of Venetia will leave his subjects united and flourishing. The Soldier King was the man for the emergency. He roused Italy to pluck the stolen province from the talons of the double-headed eagle, and though she let it fall before he could reach her, he is worthy to place the lost jewel in his crown. Long may he wear it! A man of culture and refinement is not so much needed at this crisis as one of indomitable energy and courage—one who will keep his beautiful dominions intact, and leave a united Italy to his successor.

HERALDRY IN AMERICA.

HERALDRY, as a science, is almost totally ignored by our educated classes. Of late years, indeed, coats-of-arms have become very numerous, yet no attempt has been made to popularize the study of the rules regulating their use, and every one has been allowed to do whatever seemed right in his own eyes. Heraldic emblems are neither regulated nor recognized by our laws, and very possibly the idea may exist that they are inconsistent with republican institutions.

It is evident that such a state of affairs is not creditable to us. Competent authorities declare that heraldry is a most essential aid to the student of mediæval history and architecture; as a science, therefore, it ought to have a certain place in our systems of education. But beyond this necessity, there is a more urgent reason for a greater familiarity with the subject. Our social relations with Europe are becoming daily closer; the intermingling of the richer classes of all nations tends to produce a similarity of tastes and ideas. It is well known abroad that we have no titles of nobility in the United States, and there is, consequently, no inducement for any American to claim a spurious distinction.

In all parts of Europe, however, there is still existing a system of honorary insignia which are supposed to bestow upon their possessors a certain social position. These decorations are coats-of-arms and their adjuncts, and the rules regulating their use are defined by well-known authorities. In fact, they are the remaining traces of the old social division of gentle and ignoble birth. Every one who uses a coat-of-arms thereby proclaims his enrolment among the gentlemen of the land, and is supposed to be able to furnish satisfactory proof of his right to the position. This right may be obtained by grant from the sovereign through the duly constituted officials, a process easy but expensive, or it may be acquired by inheritance. Inherited arms are usually most prized, and their value is estimated by their antiquity; theoretically, however, they are all of equal value.

The systematic use of heraldic emblems cannot be traced much earlier than A. D. 1200. Probably at that date and for the two centuries following, every knight adopted such a design, always in accordance with a certain plan, as he chose. But soon after A. D. 1400, in England, the right to grant arms was reserved to the Crown, and means were adopted to ascertain and record the names of all persons entitled to coat-armor. The theory was, that the College of Heralds was to become the grand repository of proofs, and by successive visits to the different counties of England, they were to ascertain who constituted the gentlemen at that time. Of course, all subsequent grants of arms were to be recorded, and any one falsely pretending to arms was to be severely punished. The plan was afterward successfully carried out in Scotland, but in England it failed. Many visitations were made, and many coats

recorded, but the lack of power to enforce the punishment of delinquents and to compel respect to the decrees of the Heralds, prevented the formation of a complete register. Of late years, the number of persons possessed of wealth and education, but of obscure parentage, has greatly increased the number of grants, and also the number of assumptions. It is still the mark of the gentleman, and it is the easiest mark to imitate. Strictly speaking, no arms are recognized by the Heralds which are not recorded at Heralds' College; but antiquaries would probably recognize any coat which was in use before the sixteenth century.

The right to use arms by inheritance, however, is dependent entirely upon a well-authenticated pedigree. A coat-of-arms, whether obtained by grant or by recognition of the Heralds as of sufficient antiquity, is a species of property. It is inherited by the descendants of the first lawful possessor, and by them only. Whoever seeks to establish a claim on the ground of inheritance, must prove his descent precisely as he would in claiming a title or a piece of land.

Here in America there is a common mistake in the supposition that certain coats-of-arms belong to certain families. As a supplement, it is supposed that all of the same surname constitute one family, and are hence entitled to the arms. This last idea is clearly erroneous. Identity of surname raises no presumption of identity of origin. To prove this would require a long essay on the origin of surnames, for which we lack space. Our readers must be content to accept the statement as it stands.

The idea that families, as such, possess arms, is doubtless strengthened by an accident. Although the official record of arms is at Heralds' College, it has never been printed. In place of it various lists have been prepared by individuals; but of course they lack authority. Of these the favorite work at present is Burke's "General Armoury," which contains many thousand coats. In this book the coats are all arranged by surnames alone. Properly the entry should be not "Smith, a cross engrailed, etc.," but "John Smith, arms granted in A. D. 1700, a cross engrailed, etc.; his descendants exclusively are entitled to these arms."

This omission, we repeat, has probably had an effect in increasing the error here. It cannot be too strongly asserted that there is no such thing as family arms, and that the only right an American can have to a coat-of-arms is contingent on the proof of his descent from a person entitled to it.

The attempt may be made to excuse assumptions of arms here on the ground of a new meaning to be attached to the act. It will be said that as we have no gentry, no class distinctions, the use of coat-armor is not a claim to social position, but is merely the adoption of a personal device. Two considerations show this specious plea to be untenable. In the first place, in almost every case the arms of some English family of the name are assumed, and invariably the personal device is made in heraldic form. In the second place, as heraldry is recognized by all European governments, and, in fact, is made by them a portion of their social system and of their modes of reward, we cannot assume informally the right to attach a new value to such emblems. Our national government might indeed forbid the use of coats-of-arms, or it might authorize every family to take a distinctive coat, and regulate and sanction such a use. But without some such public and official act, it is obvious that coats-of-arms are assumed here—we charitably hope ignorantly—in the expectation that they will receive a certain portion of the consideration which is paid them abroad.

This, we respectfully submit, is not a dignified position for the citizens of the United States to take.

What, then, we may be asked, ought we to do in regard to heraldry in America? Two things seem feasible. We can investigate our early records, and find out if any of our citizens are entitled by English or Continental rules to bear arms, in the meantime refraining from further assumptions or inventions. We may discard the seal engraver and the illuminator, and permit Burke's "Armoury" to enjoy a brief respite from industrious fingers.

When we take counsel of our antiquaries, and ask them for facts, we shall no doubt find that our ancestors, while colonists, were moved by the feelings and prejudices of their countrymen, and they maintained here proportionately the social distinctions of the mother country. A search among the State and county records, and in the portfolios of autograph collectors, reveals many examples of the use of coats-of-arms prior to the Revolution. Many of our older graveyards still possess tombstones with heraldic decorations. Very many of our old families preserve as heirlooms engraved silver or venerable embroidery, which tells a similar story. From all these sources it is still possible to prepare a list of those who would, in England, be held rightfully entitled to arms. This duty of collection, however, devolves especially upon the various historical societies. One at least—the New England Historic-Genealogical Society—has recognized the importance of the subject to antiquaries, and has for the past three years appointed a standing committee on heraldry. This committee has found sufficient material to fill two volumes of a little "Heraldic Journal," which may be considered as a printed report. The field of their operations being mainly confined to New England, it is worth the consideration of other societies, especially of one so prominent and influential as the New York Historical Society, whether they should not appoint similar committees.

Those of our fellow-citizens who can trace their descent from English *armigeri* have an unquestionable right to use coat-armor. Whether they shall assert their right or not is a question of propriety solely. It would be impossible to attempt an enumeration of such persons in this paper; it is sufficient to say that the number is quite large, and investigations continue to increase it. This we say especially of New England; but the same state of affairs no doubt exists in some other colonies.

Up to this point we presume there can be no difference of opinion among our readers. The science of heraldry is one calculated to interest many minds. It has a nomenclature of its own, very easily learned and applied, and the forms adopted for its emblems are so far conventional as to require but moderate artistic skill to depict. For this reason a proficiency is much sooner acquired in this branch of painting than in others, and many of our young ladies might well devote their spare hours to this object rather than to the task of becoming artists. As affording the most valuable assistance in the study of architecture and history, heraldry is rapidly rising in the estimation of our English friends. For the past two centuries very little original research had been given the subject, and the ridiculous fables of the seventeenth century pervaded nearly all the manuals. Within the past decade, writers like Nichols, Planché, and Boutell, have successfully demonstrated the great value of historical heraldry, and have laid the foundation for a critical estimate of the remaining examples. Two magazines—"The Herald and Genealogist" and "Miscellanea Genealogica et Heraldica"—are now estab-

lished in London, and bear witness to the increase in the popular appreciation. Those who may now commence the study here will find that they are investigating a progressive science—one equipped with the necessary apparatus of journals, professors, and students—and will participate in the pleasure of fresh discoveries and interesting discussions.

Beyond all these matters we have mentioned, a question may arise as to whether it will ever be proper and possible to have an American system. It is well known that the Constitution declares, "no title of nobility shall be granted by the United States," and further, that "no State shall . . . grant any title of nobility." It is difficult to consider a hereditary badge as coming under this clause. It would rather seem to be allied to that feeling existent in the English race, which prompts a persistence in hereditary surnames. We all know how carefully names are handed down from father to son, and the credit attaching to any member of a family is reflected to a degree upon all the bearers of the name. It would not be easy to persuade a Washington to exchange his name for a more obscure one. Still, as the increase in each generation extends the family limits, and as the degree of relationship becomes more and more remote, it is possible that the immediate relatives of any specially distinguished man may desire some mode of marking this connection. Emigration from England is likely to bring hither thousands of persons possessing the same family names, but not allied in blood to us. American families may desire some additional mode of distinguishing their kindred.

It has often seemed strange that Congress did not sanction some liberal system of decoration for the brave men who have distinguished themselves in battle. A medal, a clasp, a ribbon, a cross, have elsewhere been found the most valued rewards of valor; in the few cases where they have been employed here they certainly have not been despised. The public, indeed, animated by a desire to do something to honor our great leaders, has applauded means hardly appropriate. Our colleges, the sole official dispensers of titular honors, have created our generals and admirals Doctors of Laws. Would it not have been more in keeping, had there been any similar authority, to have granted them heraldic honors?

There would have been no impropriety, certainly, in bestowing upon Grant, Sherman, or Farragut, such a shield-of-arms as would have been a perpetual memento of the fact that he had won great and glorious victories. Custom, indeed, sanctions and requires their use of such badges as shall show the exalted rank they have acquired thereby.

The only new part of this plan, therefore, would be the hereditary feature—the authority to transmit to their descendants the evidence of their relationship. This we consider a novel idea, but we cannot see any probability of its covering any injury to the commonwealth. The sons of our great men have so rarely inherited their fathers' abilities or influence, that we can hardly consider the authorization of family badges as likely to found a new and privileged class. It would seem, from all these considerations, then, that any corporate body authorized to record and to grant coats-of-arms for special services rendered the state, would do good service. In the first place, they would free us from the imputation of a wholesale employment of spurious honors under which we now lie. In the second place, they would create a new and appropriate mode of rewarding those who have deserved well of their fellow-citizens, and furnish perhaps a new motive for public service. Lastly,

they would give a meaning to a system which has been handed down to us, which is enwoven in our language and embodied in our architecture, and render subservient to the welfare of the state that indestructible sentiment which prompts every man to distinguish himself and to leave an honorable inheritance to his posterity. It cannot be asserted that our ancestors of the Revolutionary time are unsafe guides; yet by men like Washington coat-armor was in common use. It is, indeed, usually said that our national banner is but a modification of the family arms of our first President. We have national and State coats-of-arms; our legal documents still provide a place for the private seal of the person signing, and in every way we seem indirectly to acknowledge the existence of heraldry while neglecting to give it that necessary regulation which alone makes it valuable.

We are far from advocating any great and sudden revival of the use of coat-armor. Let us only establish some principles and agree upon some central authority, and the good sense of the public will prevent abuses. What we have to regret is the almost universal ignorance which leaves the way open to so many abuses.

W.

CHARADE.

SEATED I stand, nor lift my foot;
 And yet no eagle soars like me:
 I grow not, yet no elm hath root
 To match with mine, nor any tree.

Guess my first syllable who can!
 Just half a sovereign I require.
 The Scotch corruption of a man,
 And half of all the world's desire.

Now add thereto a serpent's part—
 I tell thee add—but fling away
 His tail, if you would have my heart,
 Or, his conclusion, I should say.

Ever before another's door
 Is entered, gently give my third—
 A thing perchance he merits more,
 Who cannot guess this Indian word.

Look up! for I look down on thee,
 And from my seat of pride survey
 The hills, the rivers, and the sea—
 And am unchangeable as they.

T. W. PARSONS.

NEBULÆ.

—THE French Academy have selected as the subject for the prize poem of next year the death of President Lincoln. A writer in the "London Star" calls this selection a wise one, and says that "few themes are more suggestive or more suited to inspire a poetic mind with noble and striking thoughts." This writer falls into a common error, and the French Academy have made a mistake. Nothing within the bounds of probability is more sure to happen than that a prize poem, or even a set poem, without the prize, upon any great subject fresh in the minds of men, will be a failure. It has been tried again and again, and the result has invariably been a mass of commonplace and bombast that has not lived ten years. No poet can add for us anything to the impressiveness of the bare fact of Mr. Lincoln's assassination at the moment of the triumph of the Republic. Poets will strive to make their thoughts equal to the theme as it lives in our minds, and they will only meet the fate of the frog who tried to blow himself up to the size of the ox. Byron wrote a grand passage about the battle of Waterloo; but it was incidental to an episode in a long poem about a half-misanthropic and wholly world-wearied young man's wanderings. If Oxford University had offered a prize for a poem on the battle of Waterloo, the product would have been mere pretentious absurdity or tame commonplace, except by miracle. Even Byron himself would have probably failed if he had undertaken that subject by itself.

—THE origin of the air, and we believe of the words, of "Yankee Doodle" is yet undiscovered. We venture to assert, however, that we have found the origin of one of the most striking passages in that wonderful performance—to wit, of these lines:

"Yankee Doodle went to town
And wore his striped trousers;
Said he couldn't see the town
There was so many houses."

The questions cannot but present themselves—nay, without doubt have presented themselves, somewhat importunately to the minds of men for nearly three-quarters of a century—Why should "Yankee Doodle," at a time when breeches were almost your only wear, have indued himself with striped trousers? and as no town was so large in this country before 1776 as to suggest that wonderful assertion with which this stanza closes, whence did the author get this idea? To the last question there is this very sufficient answer: He got it, directly or indirectly, from Etienne Tabourot, Seigneur d'Accords. This gentleman published, among other trifles, the "Apophthegmes du Sieur Gaulard," which appeared in 1586. The Sieur Gaulard is represented as a rustic-bred, blundering gentleman, not without drollery and mother wit. Among his sayings is this one, uttered, the author tells us, as he was passing through Paris:

Chacun me disoit que je verrois une si grande et belle ville; mais on se moquait bien de moi; car on ne la peut veoir à cause de la multitude des maisons qui empêchent la veüe.

That is, Every one told me that I should see such a large and beautiful city; but they were making fun of me; for one could not see the town by reason of the multitude of houses which hid the view. This is unmistakably the origin of the stanza of "Yankee Doodle" above quoted. It is indeed so probable as to be almost certain that the author of "Yankee Doodle" never read or even heard of the "Apophthegms" of Gaulard. But the story we may be sure had been handed down verbally from Tabourot's time to that of our author, and the latter had heard it, and remembering it, used it in this stanza. And as in poetry of much more pretension than "Yankee Doodle" one couplet is often written for sense and one for rhyme, it is more than probable that the need of a rhyme for "houses" caused the hero of the song to be indued with those striped trousers which he still preserves in all caricatures—the more that he thereby seems, like Kirby, to wrap himself up in the American flag.

—We have been favored with the following letter from a learned turtle, who seems to have something to say to the President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. He evidently deems the subject on which he addresses us one of importance; and, to deny so distinguished a member of the crustacean circles a hearing, is a kind of cruelty of which we certainly shall not be guilty:

RESPECTED FRIEND:—I have recently arrived in this city, whither, to the shame of your kind, I was brought to be sacrificed and eaten at one of those frightful and loathsome feasts which you so frequently have in honor, I am sure, of some hideous divinity who, as you think, delights in the sufferings of your fellow-creatures. But a man who is called Barnum entering this place one day discovered, by some occult process, that I had acquired the ability to understand the cries by which your kind communicate with each other, and even the characters which you have invented to represent those cries. This man ransomed me at once; and as soon as a tank worthy of me can be made I am to be transferred to his spacious and elegant mansion in Broadway, where I understand he, with a hospitality peculiarly his own, will permit me to receive as many visitors as will express their desire to see me by sending him three bits of paper of a certain kind with 10 upon each, or two, one with 25 and the other with 5, or in fact, any combination which will produce 30. Meantime, I remain in the position in which he found me, which is the vestibule of one of the temples in which the horrid sacrificial feasts of which I speak are constantly going on. In this situation, of course, I am able to preserve the temper of a calm observer, and I listen very attentively to all that is said within my hearing. The other day I heard that one of your kind whom you call Berg, and who, from what I gathered, seems to be a quiet animal, and inoffensive for one of his race, had attacked another of his own kind in a manner peculiar to yourselves, for putting cords through the front flippers of a turtle, and that he also had covered some part of a paper called "The Nation" with characters which mean that he means his kind shall "find that turtles have some rights." Now, I honor this Berg (who I suppose must be some kin to a nice Berg from the North, with whom I once chanced to make a cool and very unpleasant acquaintance), and I am grateful to him for his good intentions. I am quite willing to believe that he is as kind-hearted, and harmless, and reasonable as any creature can be which stands upon its hind flippers, lives on the land, takes off its shell when it goes into the water, and at its solemn feasts sacrifices and eats turtles. You talk with horror of cannibalism, which I find means eating men. Great Ocean! what is eating men to eating turtles? Now, I rather like man. I think it is good, though I prefer woman, which is more delicate, though not so high-flavored. But what a monster it must be that eats and likes turtle! I am very

glad to find one of that strange and monstrous kind of animal insisting that turtles have some rights that men are bound to respect. But I should like to ask this Berg where those rights begin, and if the first of them is not the right to live the allotted span of turtles? If he denies our right to life, and yields to the fashion of eating us once in a while, what do we care about the rest? For you know, what is a hole or two in your fin, or even the loss of it, except the temporary inconvenience of not being able to trim and keep steady for a while. Won't it grow again? And, as to the wound, why, in the last fight I had—which was about a charming female with the loveliest green streaks upon her back, and a pretty little barnacle between her eyes—I had my right flipper torn in two, and didn't know it until, being victorious, I was about to use it to embrace the fair cause of the quarrel. But of what value are flippers with holes in them or without, if we are to hold our lives at the mercy of Berg and his monstrous and savage kind? I look around me and I see two turtles, one of whom I knew in the Caribbean Sea as the highly respected mother of a large and interesting family, and she bears upon her unsuspecting breast the announcement in large letters, "To be served up on Friday in Soup and Steaks." Nay, I myself once bore such a mark that I was set aside for sacrifice. Imagine a turtle's feelings under such circumstances! I used to be vain of my acquirements, and remember once sneering at the ignorance of this unhappy female, so much did I set upon my acquirements. But now when I look at her, happily incapable of understanding the meaning of what she evidently regards with much complacency as a decoration—a new and elegant toilet, and remember what I underwent before the man Barnum ransomed me, I see, indeed, that When ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise:—which remark I heard one of your kind make to another, as they were both engaged in eating a sacrifice that the priest seemed to have minced very fine, and his friend asked him if he was sure he knew what it was. I have only to say to Berg, who, I repeat, is, I believe, as good as an animal of your kind can be, that if he is going to fight for us on the ground that we have rights, we'll thank him to begin at the beginning, and fight for our right to live. If he does not I shall go on with my studies and learn to utter as well as to understand your cries and write your characters; and then upon one subject, at least, you may be sure that the voice of the turtle shall be heard in the land.

TEH STEWDO.

—A SHORT time ago the attention of a gentleman who was crossing the Third Avenue, near Eighth Street, was attracted by a sign on which was printed in staring white letters more than a foot long upon a red ground—

.....
 INDIAN OPATHIST.

Somewhat accustomed to etymological investigation, he was yet quite puzzled by the latter word. What was an opathist? He, of course, at once suspected the presence of the Greek root *pathos*, from which spring all the *pathys*; but still that did not help him "a bit," as children say, to discover the meaning of the new word opathist. When well across the street, however, he discovered what before had been hidden from him—another sign, "E—— I——, Indian Doctor." Then the enigma was solved, more, however, by intuition than by reason. Mr. E—— I—— had heard of allopathy and homœopathy among the other "doctors," and even of hydropathy, although the man who invented that name would be puzzled to explain it. Doctors of medicine have their pathies as well as doctors of divinity their doxies; and if other doctors had their pathies, why should not he have his? So to allopathy, and homœopathy, and hydropathy was added a new pathy—indianopathy. True, indianopathy don't mean anything, but what of that? Because allopathy means treatment on the principle of producing symptoms opposite to those of the disease, and homœopathy treatment on the principle of producing symptoms similar to those of the disease, must, therefore, indianopathy be held to imply any relation between Indians and the synp-

toms of disease, or to imply anything at all except that Mr. E—— I—— was an Indian doctor, a very "big medicine" indeed? This is a free, democratic country, and who should deny his right to a sounding name, and one quite in the fashion? As to the authority of academies and schools, the rules of etymology and the established meaning of words, what of them? Away with them if they stand in the way of a man's magnifying his office or himself. It is well, however, to know something of the principles of language if you undertake to make a word. In the present case the word-maker had plainly heard some folk who wished to be very elegant, talk of homœ-*opathy*, and even, perhaps, of al-*lopathy*, and not unreasonably supposing that the *op* belonged to the last element of the word, he, adhering to analogy in sound if not in sense, called his art and mystery indianopathy, and dubbed himself an Indian Opathist. He is not alone in his glory. An apothecary last Winter advertised a nostrum that he had got up for colds and coughs, and which he had called most ridiculously "Coldine." He had noticed the termination *ine* in the names of many articles sold by chemists, apothecaries and perfumers, and not knowing that it signified "having the quality of," as bromine from bromium, fluorine from fluor, amandine from almond or amande, infantine from infant, crystalline from crystal, he tacks *ine* to *cold*, and so makes an absurd monstrosity which, if it means anything, means having the quality of cold—just what he did not mean, and which cannot be seen by any educated person without laughter. Of such ridicule they always run the risk who pretend to what they do not know, and undertake that for which they have no capacity.

—Miss Rossetti's poems have been very prettily reprinted here by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of Boston; and it would seem as if some people, both in the Old England and the New, were trying to convince themselves that she is a poet of mark. She introduces the volume with a few words so truly modest and so well uttered that to say anything against the pretensions that others make on her behalf is no agreeable undertaking; but it must nevertheless be done, and all the more that the people in question seem to be in earnest and to know no better. It is proof of the existence of a very low standard of taste among people who read poetry, and are willing to pay for handsome books, when a volume of verses like this meets with a fair sale on both sides of the water. Not that the standard of literary criticism is lower now than it was fifty or a hundred years ago, or in the era which produced Shakespeare and Milton. All the mourning over literary decadence is vain words, like the mourning over the passing away of "the good old times." There never were any good old times, except, perhaps, the first quarter of this century, in New England. There never was any golden age; it is a pure myth—the imagination of man's heart, who, finding the present full of woe and wrong and unloveliness, and feeling within himself the capacity for a better life, turned his eyes backward, under the influence of priestly and patriarchal authority, to see an ideal from which he had fallen, when he should have looked forward to one to which he might hope to rise. Mankind, as a race, has been constantly improving morally, intellectually, and physically, since it appeared upon the earth. Even what we, with some conceit, call the Dark Ages, was a period of development to the multitudinous peoples, the Northern hordes, who came out of Scythia, barbarous and bloody, first to overwhelm Greek and Roman civilization, which had touched but a narrow rim of the world's life, and afterward to rise through gradual centuries to a civilization far higher and

more broadly based than any that the world had known before. To get a little nearer to our immediate subject, the success of writers like Miss Rossetti merely shows that while there is a class of people whose tastes are more cultivated as well as more healthy than the tastes of any people who have lived before them, and while this class is much larger than any highly cultivated class has ever been before, there are also great numbers of half-developed folk, people who have not the strong, rugged, and simple mind of the ballad-lovers three or four centuries ago, who have had that taken out of them by advancing civilization, and, in place of it, have a semi-cultured intelligence that takes pride in its consciousness of culture and affects literature. People whose minds are in this stage often like what is good, but they as often like what is bad. Their judgment cannot be trusted. Of two poets of a certain kind, for instance, they cannot see the difference between Miss Rossetti and Jean Ingelow, as their range of subjects is somewhat the same, and especially as their books are printed quite in the same style. Now, Jean Ingelow is not a poet even of the third class, in which men like Tennyson and Byron are included; but she is far away above Miss Rossetti, who, thus far at least, has shown only a pretty fancy, a true womanly, or rather young-womanish, feeling, and a very moderate power over language. Her best passages are those in which, with a pretty turn of thought, she presents simple and already well-worn subjects in a new light. Such is "Maude Clare," which has been not a little quoted and admired already. Maude Clare is a tall, handsome village girl, who has been deserted by her lover, a gentleman who marries in his own station. Mounting the high horse which many ladies in that situation seem to think they sit so well, she interrupts the marriage festivities with scornful speeches to bridegroom and to bride, telling the latter that she has taken what a certain sort of woman calls her leavings. But the bride, whose name is Nell, entirely turns the tables on Maude, and wins all men at least to her side in this fashion:

"And what you leave," said Nell, "I'll take,
And what you spurn, I'll wear;
For he's my lord for better and worse,
And him I love, Maude Clare.

"Yea, though you're taller by the head,
More wise and much more fair,
I'll love him till he loves me best,
Me best of all, Maude Clare."

This power of love to make that which it desires its own, Miss Rossetti portrays in quite another fashion in "Love from the North;" in which a girl about to say "Yes" in the very church to a lover who never dared to say her nay, is interrupted by a voice which cries out to her to say Nay. Of course she "stood high;" all women authors make women of spirit do that. But her high standing is quite useless. The voice is from—

—— "a strong man from the north,
Light locked, with eyes of dangerous gray,"

who carries her off bodily from the church and far away over mountain and morass, and, will she nill she, makes her his wife.

"He made me fast with book and bell,
With links of love he makes me stay;
Till now I've neither heart, nor power,
Nor will, nor wish to say him nay."

Miss Rossetti touches sad subjects with a tender, delicate hand. "Under the Rose," the story of a girl born out of wedlock, who does not know even her mother, and is taken by the lady of the manor to live with her, and discovers, more by intuition than from evidence, that her mistress and protector is her mother, is told with a dainty, feminine grace, and with a suggested pathos and a true womanly dignity that are far beyond the scornful Maude Clare's upbraiding and high-standing style. But this is a story in verse; and all clever women seem to have a great knack at telling stories. Two of Miss Rossetti's best treatments of pathetic subjects are based on the presumption of conscious presence on earth after death. One is a sonnet, in which a dead wife speaks who has passionately loved a husband who only gave her tenderness in return. He enters the death chamber to look at her :

"He leaned above me, thinking that I slept
And could not hear him; but I heard him say,
'Poor child, poor child;' and as he turned away
Came a deep silence, and I knew he wept.
He did not touch the shroud, or raise the fold
That hid my face, or take my hand in his,
Or ruffle the smooth pillows for my head:
He did not love me living: but once dead
He pitied me; and very sweet it is
To know he still is warm though I am cold."

This picture is true and exquisitely delicate, and the pathos of it most touching. The other poem in this style shows the speaker returning home after death. There she—she, for plainly, whether Miss Rossetti meant it or not, a woman speaks—finds her friends feasting, and all enjoying the present, and talking of to-morrow. No one speaks of yesterday, when she was with them. And then—

"I passed from the familiar room,
I, who from love had passed away,
Like the remembrance of a guest
That tarrieth but a day."

The last half of that stanza seems almost good enough to live. It will probably live through this generation. But is not a writer capable of such poetry as that which only we have yet noticed, a poet at least of mark? No. In the first place there is a great deal of such poetry as this written. The amount of pretty good poetry now turned out is almost incalculable; but of that which is of inherent, enduring merit, is not only small comparatively, but positively, and of that which is great, as little is written as ever. Next, we have quoted or noticed about all even of this grade of merit in Miss Rossetti's volume. A great deal that she writes is simply nothing—nothing, in lines of different lengths with rhyming terminations. This for instance, called "Wife to Husband: "

"Pardon all the faults in me
For love of years ago,
Good-by.
I must drift across the sea,
I must sink into the snow,
I must die.

* * * *

Not a word for you,
 Not a lock or kiss :
 Good-by.
 We, one, must part in two ;
 Verily death is this ;
 I must die."

Now, Tupper is as good as this, and Mother Goose infinitely better, and far more touching. And yet, no small part of Miss Rossetti's volume is made up of like inanity. Her judgment does not enable her to discriminate the simple from the tame; and so she often degrades what is pretty and graceful, though no more, by expressions so childish, bald, and familiar, as to be ridiculous. In "The Lambs of Grassmere," she says, at a time when the pastures failed, that—

"Day after day, night after night,
 From lamb to lamb the shepherds went
 With *teapots* for the bleating mouths,
 Instead of nature's nourishment."

When "the maternal fount" fails in sheep folds we suppose the teapot must take the place of the bottle elsewhere. But in poetry it is well to leave out both bottle and teapot. Also a little child might speak, but not a poet write, of—

"These lambs *with frisky heads and tails.*"

When the child grew to be in its teens, and its first age of verse writing, it might write such verse as this in "Twilight Calm"—

"The cock has ceased to crow, the hen to cluck :
 Only the fox is out, some heedless duck
 Or chicken to surprise."

This childish baldness of phrase becomes somewhat oppressive in its absurdity when in "Sister Maude" we read—

"If my dear and I knocked at Heaven-gate
 Perhaps *they'd* let us in."

Under the circumstances the effect of "*they'd*" is tremendous. Miss Rossetti very frequently writes in the form of verse what is not verse, is not even rhythmical, but a jarring, disjointed jumble of words. A capital fault, this: a failing in the most important external quality of poetry. We must pass over a dozen passages marked for quotation, and give this one example, from "Eve," of the fault in question:

"While I sit at the door,
 Sick to gaze within,
 Mine eye weepeth sore
 For sorrow and sin :
 As a tree my sin stands
 To darken all lands,
 Death is the fruit it bore."

But we must pass over other defects without particular notice—among them the use of words altogether too big and pretentious for the places in which they are found, a fault the converse of one noticed above. Miss Rossetti sometimes gives us a stanza which seems really fine, until its effect is destroyed by a line or phrase which shows either that what went before is a reminiscence or that she is entirely lacking in observation and insight. Such a stanza as this is from "Twilight Calm," which furnished also the lamentable "cluck, and duck, and chicken to surprise" stanza we have already noticed:

“ From far the lowings come
Of cattle driven home;
From farther still the wind brings fitfully
The vast continual murmur of the sea,
Now loud, now almost dumb.”

This brings up vividly one element in the tender, sombre beauty of twilight calm. The line “The vast continual murmur of the sea” is very fine—is almost in the grand style; but the succeeding line is both tame and false, and not only so, but inconsistent with the fine one that precedes it. A “*vast continual* murmur” cannot be “now loud, now almost dumb.” The last line was plainly written to supply the needed rhyme to “home” in the second; although when we get to “almost dumb” we feel somewhat guilty for not having read “driven *hum*.” Which reminds us that Miss Rossetti sins queerly in this matter of rhyme sometimes. As for instance in “Goblin Market,” the longest and perhaps the poorest of her longer poems :

“ ‘Nay, hush,’ said Laura,
‘Nay, hush, my sister :
I ate and ate my fill,
Yet my mouth waters still :
To-morrow night I will
Buy more ’—and *kissed her*.”

This reminds us of the poem in which we are told that an illustrious personage married of another illustrious personage

—— “the sister;”

that he was guilty of a very indecorous but appetizing preliminary proceeding, and then

—— “he kissed her;”

that he performed this admissible and pleasant act so rudely that he

—— “raised a blister;”

whereupon

“She set up a yell.”

—amid the echoes of which we might retire, were it not that we wish to say that Miss Rossetti, although she has not yet shown she is a poet, has shown that she possibly has in her the making of a poet, and that she may grow and learn as Tennyson has grown and learned, until her brow will bear the laurel worthily.

THE GALAXY.

OCTOBER 1, 1868.

THE CLAVERINGS.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SIR HUGH'S RETURN.

FOR the next half hour Lady Clavering sat alone listening with eager ear for the sound of her husband's wheels, and at last she had almost told herself that the hour for his coming had gone by, when she heard the rapid grating on the gravel as the dog-cart was driven up to the door. She ran out on to the corridor, but her heart sank within her as she did so, and she took tightly hold of the balustrade to support herself. For a moment she had thought of running down to meet him; of trusting to the sadness of the moment to produce in him, if it were but for a minute, something of tender solicitude; but she remembered that the servants would be there, and knew that he would not be soft before them. She remembered also that the housekeeper had received her instructions, and she feared to disarrange the settled programme. So she went back to the open door of the room, that her retreating step might not be heard by him as he should come up to her, and standing there she still listened. The house was silent and her ears were acute with sorrow. She could hear the movement of the old woman as she gently, tremblingly, as Lady Clavering knew, made her way down the hall to meet her master. Sir Hugh of course had learned his child's fate already from the servant who had met him; but it was well that the ceremony of such telling should be performed. She felt the cold air come in from the opened front door, and she heard her husband's heavy, quick step as he entered. Then she heard the murmur of Hannah's voice; but the first word she heard was in her husband's tones, "Where is Lady Clavering?" Then the answer was given, and the wife, knowing that he was coming, retreated to her chair.

But still he did not come quite at once. He was pulling off his coat and laying aside his hat and gloves. Then came upon her a feeling that at such a time any other husband and wife would have been at once in each other's arms. And at the moment she thought of all that they had lost. To her her child had been all and everything. To him he had been his heir and the prop of his house. The boy had been the only link that had still bound

them together. Now he was gone, and there was no longer any link between them. He was gone, and she had nothing left to her. He was gone, and the father was also alone in the world, without any heir and with no prop to his house. She thought of all this as she heard his step coming slowly up the stairs. Slowly he came along the passage, and though she dreaded his coming, it almost seemed as though he would never be there.

When he had entered the room she was the first to speak. "Oh, Hugh!" she exclaimed, "oh, Hugh!" He had closed the door before he uttered a word, and then he threw himself into a chair. There were candles near to him, and she could see that his countenance also was altered. He had indeed been stricken hard, and his half-stunned face showed the violence of the blow. The harsh, cruel, selfish man had at last been made to suffer. Although he had spoken of it and had expected it, the death of his heir hit him hard, as the rector had said.

"When did he die?" asked the father.

"It was past four, I think." Then there was again silence, and Lady Clavering went up to her husband and stood close by his shoulder. At last she ventured to put her hand upon him. With all her own misery heavy upon her, she was chiefly thinking at this moment how she might soothe him. She laid her hand upon his shoulder, and by degrees she moved it softly to his breast. Then he raised his own hand, and with it moved hers from his person. He did it gently; but what was the use of such nonsense as that?

"The Lord giveth," said the wife, "and the Lord taketh away." Hearing this, Sir Hugh made with his head a gesture of impatience. "Blessed be the name of the Lord," continued Lady Clavering. Her voice was low and almost trembling, and she repeated the words as though they were a task which she had set herself.

"That's all very well in its way," said he, "but what's the special use of it now? I hate twaddle. One must bear one's misfortune as one best can. I don't believe that kind of thing ever makes it lighter."

"They say it does, Hugh."

"Ah, they say! Have they ever tried? If you have been living up to that kind of thing all your life, it may be very well; that is as well at one time as another. But it won't give me back my boy."

"No, Hugh, he will never come back again; but we may think that he's in heaven."

"If that is enough for you, let it be so. But don't talk to me of it. I don't like it. It doesn't suit me. I had only one, and he has gone. It is always the way." He spoke of the child as having been his—not his and hers. She felt this, and understood the want of affection which it conveyed; but she said nothing of it.

"Oh, Hugh, what could we do? It was not our fault."

"Who is talking of any fault? I have said nothing as to fault. He was always poor and sickly. The Claverings generally have been so strong. Look at myself, and Archie, and my sisters. Well, it cannot be helped. Thinking of it will not bring him back again. You had better tell some one to get me something to eat. I came away, of course, without any dinner."

She herself had eaten nothing since the morning, but she neither spoke nor thought of that. She rang the bell, and going out into the passage, gave the servant the order on the stairs.

"It is no good my staying here," he said. "I will go and dress. It is the

best not to think of such things—much the best. People call that heartless, of course; but then people are fools. If I were to sit still, and think of it for a week together, what good could I do?"

"But how not to think of it? That is the thing."

"Women are different, I suppose. I will dress, and then go down to the breakfast-room. Tell Saunders to get me a bottle of champagne. You will be better also if you will take a glass of wine."

It was the first word he had spoken which showed any care for her, and she was grateful for it. As he arose to go, she came close to him again, and put her hand very gently on his arm. "Hugh," she said, "will you not see him?"

"What good will that do?"

"I think you would regret it if you were to let them take him away without looking at him. He is so pretty as he lies in his little bed. I thought you would come with me to see him." He was more gentle with her than she had expected, and she led him away to the room which had been their own, and in which the child had died.

"Why here?" he said, almost angrily, as he entered.

"I have had him here with me since you went."

"He should not be here now," he said, shuddering. "I wish he had been moved before I came. I will not have this room any more; remember that." She led him up to the foot of the little cot, which stood close by the head of her own bed, and then she removed a handkerchief which lay upon the child's face.

"Oh, Hugh! oh, Hugh!" she said, and throwing her arms round his neck, she wept violently upon his breast. For a few moments he did not disturb her, but stood looking at his boy's face. "Hugh, Hugh," she repeated, "will you not be kind to me? Do be kind to me. It is not my fault that we are childless."

Still he endured her for a few moments longer. He spoke no word to her, but he let her remain there with her head upon his breast.

"Dear Hugh, I love you so truly!"

"This is nonsense," said he; "sheer nonsense." His voice was low and very hoarse. "Why do you talk of kindness now?"

"Because I am so wretched."

"What have I done to make you wretched?"

"I do not mean that; but if you will be gentle with me, it will comfort me. Do not leave me here all alone, now my darling has been taken from me."

Then he shook her from him, not violently, but with a persistent action.

"Do you mean that you want to go up to town?" he said.

"Oh, no; not that."

"Then what is it you want? Where would you live, if not here?"

"Anywhere you please, only that you should stay with me."

"All that is nonsense. I wonder that you should talk of such things now. Come away from this, and let me go to my room. All this is trash and nonsense, and I hate it." She put back with careful hands the piece of cambric which she had moved, and then, seating herself on a chair, wept violently, with her hands closed upon her face. "That comes of bringing me here," he said. "Get up, Hermione. I will not have you so foolish. Get up, I say. I will have the room closed till the men come."

"Oh, no!"

"Get up, I say, and come away." Then she rose, and followed him out of the chamber; and when he went to change his clothes, she returned to the room in which he had found her. There she sat and wept, while he went down and dined and drank alone. But the old housekeeper brought her up a morsel of food and a glass of wine, saying that her master desired that she would take it.

"I will not leave you, my lady, till you have done so," said Hannah. "To fast so long must be bad always."

Then she eat the food, and drank a drop of wine, and allowed the old woman to take her away to the bed that had been prepared for her. Of her husband she saw no more for four days. On the next morning a note was brought to her, in which Sir Hugh told her that he had returned to London. It was necessary, he said, that he should see his lawyer and his brother. He and Archie would return for the funeral. With reference to that he had already given orders.

During the next three days, and till her husband's return, Lady Clavering remained at the rectory; and in the comfort of Mrs. Clavering's presence, she almost felt that it would be well for her if those days could be prolonged. But she knew the hour at which her husband would return, and she took care to be at home when he arrived. "You will come and see him?" she said to the rector, as she left the parsonage. "You will come at once—in an hour or two?" Mr. Clavering remembered the circumstances of his last visit to the house, and the declaration he had then made that he would not return there. But all that could not now be considered.

"Yes," he said, "I will come across this evening. But you had better tell him, so that he need not be troubled to see me if he would rather be alone."

"Oh, he will see you. Of course he will see you. And you will not remember that he ever offended you?"

Mrs. Clavering had written both to Julia and to Harry, and the day of the funeral had been settled. Harry had already communicated his intention of coming down; and Lady Ongar had replied to Mrs. Clavering's letter, saying that she could not now offer to go to Clavering Park, but that if her sister would go elsewhere with her—to some place, perhaps, on the sea-side—she would be glad to accompany her; and she used many arguments in her letter to show that such an arrangement as this had better be made.

"You will be with my sister," she had said; "and she will understand why I do not write to her myself, and will not think that it comes from coldness." This had been written before Lady Ongar saw Harry Clavering.

Mr. Clavering, when he got to the great house, was immediately shown into the room in which the baronet and his younger brother were sitting. They had, some time since, finished dinner, but the decanters were still on the table before them. "Hugh," said the rector, walking up to his elder nephew briskly, "I grieve for you. I grieve for you from the bottom of my heart."

"Yes," said Hugh, "it has been a heavy blow. Sit down, uncle. There is a clean glass there, or Archie will fetch you one." Then Archie looked out a clean glass, and passed the decanter; but of this the rector took no direct notice.

"It has been a blow, my poor boy—a heavy blow," said the rector. "None heavier could have fallen. But our sorrows come from Heaven, as do our blessings, and must be accepted."

"We are all like grass," said Archie, "and must be cut down in our turns."

Archie, in saying this, intended to put on his best behavior. He was as sincere as he knew how to be.

"Come, Archie, none of that," said his brother. "It is my uncle's trade."

"Hugh," said the rector, "unless you can think of it so, you will find no comfort."

"And I expect none, so there is an end of that. Different people think of these things differently, you know, and it is of no more use for me to bother you than it is for you to bother me. My boy has gone, and I know that he will not come back to me. I shall never have another, and it is hard to bear. But, meaning no offence to you, I would sooner be left to bear it in my own way. If I were to talk about grass, as Archie did just now, it would be a humbug, and I hate humbug. No offence to you. Take some wine, uncle." But the rector could not drink wine in that presence, and therefore he escaped as soon as he could. He spoke one word of intended comfort to Lady Clavering, and then returned to the rectory.

CHAPTER XXIV.

YES; WRONG—CERTAINLY WRONG.

HARRY CLAVERING had heard the news of his little cousin's death before he went to Bolton Street to report the result of his negotiation with the count. His mother's letter with the news had come to him in the morning, and on the same evening he called on Lady Ongar. She also had then received Mrs. Clavering's letter, and knew what had occurred at the park. Harry found her alone, having asked the servant whether Madam Gordeloup was with his mistress. Had such been the case he would have gone away, and left his message untold.

As he entered the room his mind was naturally full of the tidings from Clavering. Count Pateroff and his message had lost some of their importance through this other event, and the emptiness of the childless house was the first subject of conversation between him and Lady Ongar. "I pity my sister greatly," said she. "I feel for her as deeply as I should have done had nothing occurred to separate us—but I cannot feel for him."

"I do," said Harry.

"He is your cousin, and perhaps has been your friend?"

"No, not especially. He and I have never pulled well together; but still I pity him deeply."

"He is not my cousin, but I know him better than you do, Harry. He will not feel much himself, and his sorrow will be for his heir, not for his son. He is a man whose happiness does not depend on the life or death of any one. He likes some people, as he once liked me; but I do not think that he ever loved any human being. He will get over it, and he will simply wish that Hermynie may die, that he may marry another wife. Harry, I know him so well!"

"Archie will marry now," said Harry.

"Yes; if he can get any one to have him. There are very few men who can't get wives, but I can fancy Archie Clavering to be one of them. He has not humility enough to ask the sort of girl who would be glad to take him. Now, with his improved prospects, he will want a royal princess or something not much short of it. Money, rank, and blood might have done before, but

he'll expect youth, beauty, and wit now, as well as the other things. He may marry after all, for he is just the man to walk out of a church some day with the cookmaid under his arm as his wife."

"Perhaps he may find something between a princess and a cookmaid."

"I hope, for your sake, he may not—neither a princess nor a cookmaid, nor anything between."

"He has my leave to marry to-morrow, Lady Ongar. If I had my wish, Hugh should have his house full of children."

"Of course that is the proper thing to say, Harry."

"I won't stand that from you, Lady Ongar. What I say, I mean; and no one knows that better than you."

"Won't you, Harry? From whom, then, if not from me? But come, I will do you justice, and believe you to be simple enough to wish anything of the kind. The sort of castle in the air which you build, is not to be had by inheritance, but to be taken by storm. You must fight for it."

"Or work for it."

"Or win it in some way off your own bat; and no lord ever sat prouder in his castle than you sit in those that you build from day to day in your imagination. And you sally forth and do all manner of magnificent deeds. You help distressed damsels—poor me, for instance; and you attack enormous dragons—shall I say that Sophie Gordeloup is the latest dragon?—and you wish well to your enemies, such as Hugh and Archie; and you cut down enormous forests, which means your coming miracles as an engineer—and then you fall gloriously in love. When is that last to be, Harry?"

"I suppose, according to all precedent, that must be done with the distressed damsel," he said—fool that he was.

"No, Harry, no; you shall take your young, fresh, generous heart to a better market than that; not but that the distressed damsel will ever remember what might once have been."

He knew that he was playing on the edge of a precipice—that he was fluttering as a moth round a candle. He knew that it behooved him now at once to tell her all his tale as to Stratton and Florence Burton—that if he could tell it now, the pang would be over and the danger gone. But he did not tell it. Instead of telling it he thought of Lady Ongar's beauty, of his own early love, of what might have been his had he not gone to Stratton. I think he thought, if not of her wealth, yet of the power and place which would have been his were it now open to him to ask her for her hand. When he had declared that he did not want his cousin's inheritance, he had spoken the simple truth. He was not covetous of another's money. Were Archie to marry as many wives as Henry, and have as many children as Priam, it would be no offence to him. His desires did not lie in that line. But in this other case, the woman before him who would so willingly have endowed him with all she possessed, had been loved by him before he had ever seen Florence Burton. In all his love for Florence—so he now told himself, but so told himself falsely—he had ever remembered that Julia Brabazon had been his first love, the love whom he had loved with all his heart. But things had gone with him most unfortunately—with a misfortune that had never been paralleled. It was thus he was thinking instead of remembering that now was the time in which his tale should be told.

Lady Ongar, however, soon carried him away from the actual brink of the precipice. "But how about the dragon," said she, "or rather about the

dragon's brother, at whom you were bound to go and tilt on my behalf? Have you tilted, or are you a recreant knight?"

"I have tilted," said he, "but the he-dragon professes that he will not regard himself as killed. In other words, he declares that he will see you."

"That he will see me?" said Lady Ongar, and as she spoke there came an angry spot on each cheek. "Does he send me that message as a threat?"

"He does not send it as a threat, but I think he partly means it so."

"He will find, Harry, that I will not see him; and that should he force himself into my presence, I shall know how to punish such an outrage. If he sent me any message, let me know it."

"To tell the truth, he was most unwilling to speak to me at all, though he was anxious to be civil to me. When I had inquired for him some time in vain, he came to me with another man, and asked me to dinner. So I went, and as there were four of us, of course I could not speak to him then. He still had the other man, a foreigner—"

"Colonel Schmoff, perhaps?"

"Yes; Colonel Schmoff. He kept Colonel Schmoff by him, so as to guard him from being questioned."

"That is so like him. Everything he does he does with some design—with some little plan. Well, Harry, you might have ignored Colonel Schmoff for what I should have cared."

"I got the count to come out into another room at last, and then he was very angry—with me, you know—and talked of what he would do to men who interfered with him."

"You will not quarrel with him, Harry? Promise me that there shall be no nonsense of that sort—no fighting."

"Oh, no; we were friends again very soon. But he bade me tell you that there was something important for him to say and for you to hear, which was no concern of mine, and which required an interview."

"I do not believe him, Harry."

"And he said that he had once been very courteous to you—"

"Yes; once insolent—and once courteous. I have forgiven the one for the other."

"He then went on to say that you made him a poor return for his civility by shutting your door in his face, but that he did not doubt you would think better of it when you had heard his message. Therefore, he said, he should call again. That, Lady Ongar, was the whole of it."

"Shall I tell you what his intention was, Harry?" Again her face became red as she asked this question; but the color which now came to her cheeks was rather that of shame than of anger.

"What was his intention?"

"To make you believe that I am in his power; to make you think that he has been my lover; to lower me in your eyes, so that you might believe all that others have believed—all that Hugh Clavering has pretended to believe. That has been his object, Harry, and perhaps you will tell me what success he has had."

"Lady Ongar!"

"You know the old story, that the drop which is ever dropping will wear the stone. And after all why should your faith in me be as hard even as a stone?"

"Do you believe that what he said had any such effect?"

"It is very hard to look into another person's heart; and the dearer and nearer that heart is to your own, the greater, I think, is the difficulty. I know that man's heart—what he calls his heart—but I don't know yours."

For a moment or two Clavering made no answer, and then, when he did speak, he went back from himself to the count.

"If what you surmise of him be true, he must be a very devil. He cannot be a man——"

"Man or devil, what matters which he be? Which is the worst, Harry, and what is the difference? The Fausts of this day want no Mephistopheles to teach them guile or to harden their hearts."

"I do not believe that there are such men. There may be one."

"One, Harry! What was Lord Ongar? What is your cousin Hugh? What is this Count Pateroff? Are they not all of the same nature—hard as stone, desirous simply of indulging their own appetites, utterly without one generous feeling, incapable even of the idea of caring for any one? Is it not so? In truth, this count is the best of the three I have named. With him a woman would stand a better chance than with either of the others."

"Nevertheless, if that was his motive, he is a devil."

"He shall be a devil if you say so. He shall be anything you please, so long as he has not made you think evil of me."

"No, he has not done that."

"Then I don't care what he has done, or what he may do. You would not have me see him, would you?" This she asked with a sudden energy, throwing herself forward from her seat with her elbows on the table, and resting her face on her hands, as she had already done more than once when he had been there; so that the attitude, which became her well, was now customary in his eyes.

"You will hardly be guided by my opinion in such a matter."

"By whose, then, will I be guided? Nay, Harry, since you put me to a promise, I will make the promise. I will be guided by your opinion. If you bid me see him, I will do it—though, I own, it would be distressing to me."

"Why should you see him, if you do not wish it?"

"I know no reason. In truth there is no reason. What he says about Lord Ongar is simply some part of his scheme. You see what his scheme is, Harry?"

"What is his scheme?"

"Simply this—that I should be frightened into becoming his wife. My darling bosom friend Sophie, who, as I take it, has not quite managed to come to satisfactory terms with her brother—and I have no doubt her price for assistance has been high—has informed me more than once that her brother desires to do me so much honor. The count, perhaps, thinks that he can manage such a bagatelle without any aid from his sister; and my dearest Sophie seems to feel that she can do better with me herself in my widowed state, than if I were to take another husband. They are so kind and so affectionate; are they not?"

At this moment tea was brought in, and Clavering sat for a time silent with his cup in his hand. She, the meanwhile, had resumed the old position with her face upon her hands, which she had abandoned when the servant entered the room, and was now sitting looking at him as he sipped his tea with his eyes averted from her. "I cannot understand," at last he said, "why you should persist in your intimacy with such a woman."

"You have not thought about it, Harry, or you would understand it. It is, I think, very easily understood."

"You know her to be treacherous, false, vulgar, covetous, unprincipled. You cannot like her. You say she is a dragon."

"A dragon to you, I said."

"You cannot pretend that she is a lady, and yet you put up with her society."

"Exactly. And now tell me what you would have me do."

"I would have you part from her."

"But how? It is so easy to say, part. Am I to bar my door against her when she has given me no offence? Am I to forget that she did me great service, when I sorely needed such services? Can I tell her to her face that she is all these things that you say of her, and that therefore I will for the future dispense with her company? Or do you believe that people in this world associate only with those they love and esteem?"

"I would not have one for my intimate friend whom I did not love and esteem."

"But, Harry, suppose that no one loved and esteemed you; that you had no home down at Clavering with a father that admires you and a mother that worships you; no sisters that think you to be almost perfect, no comrades with whom you can work with mutual regard and emulation, no self-confidence, no high hopes of your own, no power of choosing companions whom you can esteem and love—suppose with you it was Sophie Gordeloup or none—how would it be with you then?"

His heart must have been made of stone if this had not melted it. He got up, and coming round to her, stood over her. "Julia," he said, "it is not so with you."

"But it is so with Julia," she said. "That is the truth. How am I better than she, and why should I not associate with her?"

"Better than she! As women you are poles asunder."

"But as dragons," she said, smiling, "we come together."

"Do you mean that you have no one to love you?"

"Yes, Harry; that is just what I do mean. I have none to love me. In playing my cards, I have won my stakes in money and rank, but have lost the amount ten times told in affection, friendship, and that general unpronounced esteem which creates the fellowship of men and women in the world. I have a carriage and horses, and am driven about with grand servants; and people, as they see me, whisper and say that is Lady Ongar, whom nobody knows. I can see it in their eyes till I fancy that I can hear their words."

"But it is all false."

"What is false? It is not false that I have deserved this. I have done that which has made me a fitting companion for such a one as Sophie Gordeloup, though I have not done that which perhaps these people think."

He paused again before he spoke, still standing near her on the rug. "Lady Ongar——" he said.

"Nay, Harry; not Lady Ongar when we are together thus. Let me feel that I have one friend who can dare to call me by my name—from whose mouth I shall be pleased to hear my name. You need not fear that I shall think that it means too much. I will not take it as meaning what it used to mean."

He did not know how to go on with his speech, or in truth what to say to

her. Florence Burton was still present to his mind, and from minute to minute he told himself that he would not become a villain. But now it had come to that with him, that he would have given all that he had in the world that he had never gone to Stratton. He sat down by her in silence, looking away from her at the fire, swearing to himself that he would not become a villain, and yet wishing, almost wishing, that he had the courage to throw his honor overboard. At last, half turning round toward her, he took her hand, or rather took her first by the wrist till he could possess himself of her hand. As he did so he touched her hair and her cheek, and she let her hand drop till it rested in his. "Julia," he said, "what can I do to comfort you?" She did not answer him, but looked away from him as she sat, across the table into vacancy. "Julia," he said again, "is there anything that will comfort you?" But still she did not answer him.

He understood it all as well as the reader will understand it. He knew how it was with her, and was aware that he was at that instant false almost equally to her and to Florence. He knew that the question he had asked was one to which there could be made a true and satisfactory answer, but that his safety lay in the fact that that answer was all but impossible for her to give. Could she say, "Yes, you can comfort me. Tell me that you yet love me, and I will be comforted?" But he had not designed to bring her into such difficulty as this. He had not intended to be cruel. He had drifted into treachery unawares, and was torturing her, not because he was wicked, but because he was weak. He had held her hand now for some minute or two, but still she did not speak to him. Then he raised it and pressed it warmly to his lips.

"No, Harry," she said, jumping from her seat and drawing her hand rapidly from him; "no; it shall not be like that. Let it be Lady Ongar again if the sound of the other name brings back too closely the memory of other days. Let it be Lady Ongar again. I can understand that it will be better." As she spoke she walked away from him across the room, and he followed her.

"Are you angry?" he asked her.

"No, Harry; not angry. How should I be angry with you who alone are left to me of my old friends? But, Harry, you must think for me, and spare me in my difficulty."

"Spare you, Julia?"

"Yes, Harry, spare me; you must be good to me and considerate, and make yourself like a brother to me. But people will know you are not a brother, and you must remember all that for my sake. But you must not leave me or desert me. Anything that people might say would be better than that."

"Was I wrong to kiss your hand?"

"Yes, wrong, certainly wrong—that is, not wrong, but unmindful."

"I did it," he said, "because I love you." As he spoke the tears stood in both his eyes.

"Yes; you love me, and I you; but not with love that may show itself in that form. That was the old love, which I threw away, and which has been lost. That was at an end when I—jilted you. I am not angry; but you will remember that that love exists no longer? You will remember that, Harry?"

He sat himself down in a chair in the far part of the room, and two tears coursed their way down his cheeks. She stood over him and watched him as he wept. "I did not mean to make you sad," she said. "Come, we will be sad no longer. I understand it all. I know how it is with you. The old

love is lost, but we shall not the less be friends." Then he rose suddenly from his chair, and taking her in his arms, and holding her closely to his bosom, pressed his lips to hers.

He was so quick in this that she had not the power, even if she had the wish, to restrain him. But she struggled in his arms, and held her face aloof from him as she gently rebuked his passion. "No, Harry, no; not so," she said, "it must not be so."

"Yes, Julia, yes; it shall be so; ever so—always so." And he was still holding her in his arms, when the door opened, and with stealthy, cat-like steps Sophie Gordeloup entered the room. Harry immediately retreated from his position, and Lady Ongar turned upon her friend, and glared upon her with angry eyes.

"Ah," said the little Franco-Pole, with an expression of infinite delight on her detestable visage, "ah, my dears, is it not well that I thus announce myself?"

"No," said Lady Ongar, "it is not well. It is anything but well."

"And why not well, Julie? Come, do not be foolish. Mr. Clavering is only a cousin, and a very handsome cousin, too. What does it signify before me?"

"It signifies nothing before you," said Lady Ongar.

"But before the servant, Julie——?"

"It would signify nothing before anybody."

"Come, come, Julie, dear; that is nonsense."

"Nonsense or no nonsense, I would wish to be private when I please. Will you tell me, Madam Gordeloup, what is your pleasure at the present moment?"

"My pleasure is to beg your pardon and to say you must forgive your poor friend. Your fine man-servant is out, and Bessy let me in. I told Bessy I would go up by myself, and that is all. If I have come too late I beg pardon."

"Not too late, certainly—as I am still up."

"And I wanted to ask you about the pictures to-morrow? You said, perhaps you would go to-morrow—perhaps not."

Clavering had found himself to be somewhat awkwardly situated while Madam Gordeloup was thus explaining the causes of her having come unannounced into the room; as soon, therefore, as he found it practicable, he took his leave. "Julia," he said, "as Madam Gordeloup is with you, I will now go."

"But you will let me see you soon?"

"Yes, very soon; that is, as soon as I return from Clavering. I leave town early to-morrow morning."

"Good-by then," and she put out her hand to him frankly, smiling sweetly on him. As he felt the warm pressure of her hand he hardly knew whether to return it or reject it. But he had gone too far now for retreat, and he held it firmly for a moment in his own. She smiled again upon him, oh! so passionately, and nodded her head at him. He had never, he thought, seen a woman look so lovely, or more light of heart. How different was her countenance now from that she had worn when she told him, earlier on that fatal evening, of all the sorrows that made her wretched! That nod of hers said so much. "We understand each other now—do we not? Yes; although this spiteful woman has for the moment come between us, we understand

each other. And is it not sweet? Ah! the troubles of which I told you;—you, you have cured them all.” All that had been said plainly in her farewell salutation, and Harry had not dared to contradict it by any expression of his countenance.

“By, by, Mr. Clavering,” said Sophie.

“Good evening, Madam Gordeloup,” said Harry, turning upon her a look of bitter anger. Then he went, leaving the two women together, and walked home to Bloomsbury Square—not with the heart of a joyous, thriving lover.

BY MOONLIGHT.

I HEARD the death of daylight
Mourn'd by mavis and merle,
And now the moonlight holds the earth,
As dreams a sleeping girl,
Braiding the leagues of water
With ribbons of molten pearl.

It wraps the tremulous tree-tops
In a vail of woven snows,
It spills for elves a dewy draught
In the goblet of the rose,
And shimmers on the laurels
In radiant repose.

With gems in soundless caverns
It sows the darkness there,
It pours a lucent hail of pearls
Among the sea-weed's hair,
Between the twisted corals
Of many an ocean lair.

O moonlight, if the waters
In sunless depths below—
If murky chambers of the earth
Have felt thy soothing glow,
Drop down a single jewel
In a dark, dark heart I know.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

VIEWS OF MORMONDOM.

BY A MORMON ELDER.

MRS. FERRIS, Mrs. Waite, Col. Steptoe, Lieut. Gunnison, Carvallo, Burton, Bowles, and others, have published books and written much upon the Mormons. The problem evolving in them and their history, has been generally and very pertinently pronounced one of the wonders of the age. Be it of whatever quality it may, it is certainly this.

It is wonderful that from six individuals, who formed the germ of this community April 6, 1830, should have sprung, not a great church (for that is an often repeated result of fanaticism), but a little nation; for when a people begin to manifest themselves through social and political organizations, and commercial activities, just there they begin to lose the fanatical element, and become in common with other men. As a mere church, then, though they were millions, but scattered throughout the world, filling up their religious history with devotional exercises and fervent faith, the matter would not be so wonderfully problematical as now. The theology of the Mormons has never struck the world; it is the facts that have grown out of the movements of the people, and not their faith. Outside the pale of Mormondom, none ask if the faith of the people be true or false; but how much has America, and the Old World as well, been concerned at times over the outgrowths and doings of the Mormons? Indeed, I do not think we are much concerned ourselves over our abstract theology, and the special phases of our belief. It is the facts and their circumstantial, not theological history, in which they have become as the settings that occupy the Mormons most, and form the strong chains that bind this peculiar community together. Yes, we are called peculiar. That is the epithet of expressiveness used to tell something of us and explain our mystery. True, we are peculiar. How infinitely we are so has not been largely told, nor perhaps is it fully tellable. It is best illustrated in the history and doings of the people, and the results that grow out of them. Ever and anon something of this comes out prominently, and provokes society into admiration or strong reprehension, but seldom now contempt; and then comes out that phrase, designed to express and explain so much—a peculiar people. It is, however, convertible, and alternately means a wonderful people, an obnoxious people.

I was in Great Salt Lake City when Mr. Speaker Colfax and his companions visited Utah in their tour across the continent, and heard their very fervid speeches, addressed to the citizens from the balcony of the hotel. With surprise, not unmixed with pleasure certainly, I witnessed and heard how much they were provoked into admiration, aye, positive enthusiasm. Doubtless they have since been very much surprised themselves. What they then said to the people upon their marvellous achievements in subduing the wilderness, making it blossom as the rose, and their mighty aid in developing the western

part of the American continent, was doubtless most sincere and appreciative. It certainly was very spontaneous and enthusiastic. Mr. Colfax declared that the entire nation was indebted to the Mormons; not, as before observed, for their faith, but their social unfolding and mighty works. As for Mr. Bowles, he was as juicy in his speech as in his personal appearance, and as racy in his style and flow as a well-satisfied alderman after a good dinner and a bottle of wine. He painted to the hospitable citizens (for such they with repeated emphasis called them) a view of Salt Lake City as the Jerusalem of America, to which, when the Pacific railroad was completed, tourists from all parts of the continent would come up yearly to eat strawberries! His picture was highly colored, and very likely pleased himself more than the Mormons, who have long ago toned down to a solid self-satisfaction over their works. Indeed, it is something uncommon to get a Mormon Salt Lake audience very enthusiastic upon the score of what they have accomplished or what they may expect to become. They have done so much, undertaken so much, and anticipated so much, that it is difficult for any enthusiastic "stranger within our gates" to enlarge that view. Thus, when Mr. Bowles painted us such a highly-colored picture, and pointed down the vista of a few years to a looming new Jerusalem in the Rocky Mountains, etc., there was no new prospect opened. Mr. Richardson, of the "Tribune," was more philosophical in his tone. He, too, was enthusiastic upon strawberries, and the wonderful results of Mormon industry and enterprise that met them on every hand and in every view; but there was a vein of social philosophy in his speech. He laid strong and suggestive emphasis upon the fact that all these evidences of industry and social growth, seen everywhere on the very face of Mormondom, were oracles speaking, in behalf of the people, of their virtue and their intelligence. I have not over-worded him in this. Mr. Richardson will find, by referring to the text of his speech, that he even said more than is here affirmed of him. Upon this point, it was indeed a very sound and pertinent bit of social philosophy.

And was not Mr. Richardson right in this view and the argument which it evolves? Not lengthy was the wording, but there was a volume in the matter. Is it possible that a people with the wonderful history of the Mormons, and the fruitful, world-stirring results that have grown out of their mission, can be other than virtuous, and intelligent, and abounding with force and character?

That Mormondom has stirred the world is a well-substantiated fact. It is ever a problem of the age, and is ever coming uppermost. Everybody on one side, and the Mormons on the other, are doing their very best to solve it. Congress will work at it; Congress must work at it. The whole nation must take the matter in hand, and the problem shall be solved. But *how* to solve it? Aye, there's the rub; that is what nobody very clearly sees, I believe, up to President Johnson and Brigham Young. That Brigham and the Mormons believe in their mission, and that they will continue it with all the earnestness of the past, and the tenacious intensity of a people grown big and forced by multiplied necessities, there can be no doubt in the mind of any reflecting man. Defiant? Why not defiant? To all antagonism against them, the Mormons are defiant. Believe it, for they are. In New York I am defiant; and I know that in Salt Lake City my brethren are the same. But make not this to mean disloyalty. We stand upon the rights of our conscience and the exercise of our mission, and to all that is antagonistic to that

we *do* stand defiant, though all the world should be on the opposite side against the handful. The Mormons dare not and will not leave that platform, though it should take the head of every true man among them. And did the Puritan Fathers dare leave their stand-ground? Did ever any body of men, earnest and true, resign a cause and depart from their work?

But what is the mission of the Mormons? Their mission is *not* treason to the Government and the Union. Its injunctions charge fidelity to them. Everybody ought to know by this time, so often has it been repeated, that Joseph Smith, the founder, predicted that the day would come when the Mormons would save the Union and preserve the Constitution in its integrity. The people have believed this as much as any part of their religion. It may be one of their extravagances, as strong in its expression as polygamy itself, and quite as objectionable for the Nation to admit, but it shows how radical is the doctrine of loyalty with Mormons. They boast of this. It is not modest, perhaps, but it is earnest. And how can they expect to fulfil it? By disloyalty and rebellion? That is clearly an anti-programme. No, but by their marvellous social outgrowths, yet only in their infancy; the moral weight which they, as a community, expect to obtain in the Nation in consequence, and the conservative and preservative potency which the people of the United States might ascribe to the Brigham Young now, or some Brigham Young to come. Hence thousands of the Mormons have religiously believed, and do still believe, that Brigham will be yet President of the United States. It is ambitious in them, it is true. One thing I am assured, the Nation would be in safe and potent hands. Supposing all this—rather insane, it must be admitted—were to be accomplished, what of treason is there in the programme?—rather how much of ambitious fidelity? Could it be accomplished, but by the best faith and most unanimous consent of the Nation? Should the day ever come that sees him in the Presidential chair, it will be found that no man since Cromwell will so much compare with him, and America, not Mormonism, then would spread empire over the world. It is mad dreaming, this, we know; but it all proves that our mission is radical loyalty, and the glory of America is the culmination thereof.

The Mormon programme is, first, missionary operations. The Mormon elders have spread the net work of their missionary movements throughout the world. They are a nation of missionaries. Not in the history of any community have they their counterpart in this specialty. I think not even the early Christians will afford so broad and entire an example of a missionary people as the Mormons. They have all been missionaries and preachers, almost to a man. How much this has tended to make them what they are, in their numbers, their force and character, and their vast social and emigrational enterprises, one can catch, in outline, at a glance. Even the very teamsters, who come down yearly to the frontiers to gather the emigrating Mormons to Utah—that little army of wagoners sent down to help on the Mormon conquest—take upon themselves the character of missionaries. They are, every one of them, on missions, from the captain to the least “bull-whacker” of the trains. It is a point of honor, and not one of them will resign his title. It is the Mormon knighthood, and every man of it claims the missionary order, even if he has done no more than administered bountifully to his teams the wagoner's gospel, during an emigration campaign. There is something ludicrous, perhaps, in this, but there is much philosophy—much of the philosophy of the Mormon movement and the causes of their growth.

But to speak of their missionary movement proper, in its manifestations throughout the world. The Mormon elders have extensively missioned England, Scotland and Wales, and made inroads into Ireland, though not with marked success. There are, however, many Irishmen in the community. One of the noblest-hearted gentlemen and most brilliant intellects of our "peculiar people" was an Irishman. It was the lamented James Ferguson, whose name has appeared as Adjutant-General in the signature of that curious anti-Mormon-got-up document recently going the rounds of the papers. The sons of Ireland, then, are not unrepresented, as some would have it appear, among the Mormon community. Indeed, they have given many missionaries to the movement, as well as members to the body. This same James Ferguson was pastor of the Irish Mission, and afterward editor of the "Mountaineer;" a brilliant lawyer, legislator, and Adjutant-General of the Militia of Utah. The present assistant-editor of the "Deseret News" is an Irishman, and he also has been a missionary, both in Ireland and England. Patrick Lynch, Attorney at Law and Clerk of the United States District Court, is a son of Erin. He was educated for a Catholic priest.

Not designing to dwell upon views of detail here, much must be left that could be said upon the Mormon missionary movement touching Ireland. France has been also a poor field, though missions have been established there and papers published. Germany has not yet had much done in it, yet elders have travelled there, and been to Austria and Prussia. The present revolutions in Germany, in their *finale*, will, no doubt, open a large field for Mormon missionary operations. The leaders and elders have long calculated upon the future of the work in German Fatherland, after the great revolutions and changes, which they for over a quarter of a century have been assured would come, and have prophesied much concerning. Indeed, Joseph Smith, in the early history of this missionary movement that grew out of him, indicated a great Germanic Empire to be brought about by revolutions and national reconstructions, all designed, of course, for the special augmentation of Mormonism. Bismark may, therefore, go on his way rejoicing, for he has got the great Mormon prophet at his back, if that will do him any good; and, most certainly, if he is as potent behind Prussia as he has been to us, then Bismark may do all he likes. But that is conditional. It is providing that the Protestant and democratic spirit be made broad enough, and liberties—especially religious and emigrational liberties—extensively granted to the people. If he does not this, then Mormonism has no oracles for Bismark—only to the end of his mission, to pass into the hands of some other great agent, to indirectly further the ends of Mormondom, and directly the common good of the world. Joseph Smith has said that after these revolutions, which his very work oracled, Germany would become the greatest missionary cradle of Mormon empire. It was to far eclipse the glory of the British mission, as a "nursing mother" to our growing people; and Great Britain must, first and last, have already given to the church two or three hundred thousand souls. This would, however, include those who have gone aside, died or been scattered throughout America, and especially in such places as St. Louis and California. Mr. Sam Brannan, the San Francisco millionaire, who, in the year '46, took out the first company of emigrants to California—Mormons—in the ship Brooklyn, was once a man in the community. Mr. James Linforth, an ex-Mormon, and now one of the prominent men of San Francisco, and an agent in the European emigration interest, was, under the Presidency of Europe,

the chief of the Mormon emigration and business department of that mission at one time, when the writer had the honor of conducting the editorial department, as his fellow-laborer in the L. D. S. European Emigration and Publishing Office, 42 Islington, Liverpool. There are hundreds beside; and it generally happens that those who have gone out from among us, into the "Gentile" commercial world, have almost to a man accumulated wealth, and many of them made their mark. Unknown as ex-Mormons, they hold positions and influence in society, and grow rich. They seem not to have lost one part of the Mormon element—the spirit of enterprise and indomitable energy that has missioned the world and built up a little nation, with an eventful history that no other people can show. The British Mission in particular, and that of Europe in general, have thus already given to this country a large amount of population from a wonder-working people. Nor is the British mission defunct, though it has been constantly pouring, season after season, ship-loads of emigrants into this country. When the field is cleared of the harvest sheaves, by the gathering home, new and vigorous movements will be hurried with bustling activity and impetuous energy throughout the old field, and the church in the Kingdom of Great Britain be larger and more forceful than of yore, when it numbered over thirty-two thousand. It must be always borne in mind, also, that emigration movements go hand-in-hand with our missionary operations, and thus the thirty-two thousand of the past told not alone the importance and vitality of the British Mission. It indexed that, over and above our large emigrations, thirty-two thousand remained when the yearly statistics were sent in from a score or two of conferences. They formed the epitome, not the full detail, of what had been done and the increase of the work. But for the last twelve years, missionary activity in England, Scotland and Wales has given place to our vast emigration operations. These must now in turn give up the lead, and be suspended into rest, and missionary movements be hurled upon Great Britain again. Hundreds of thousands more are expected to be gathered out of England, Scotland and Wales; the infancy and youth of the work past, the young manhood of the future comes.

Meantime, during the all-absorbing emigration operations in England, Scandinavia has been rising. It was a new field; and in every nation where the Saxon or kindred races have been found, if the people have possessed religious liberties, and not been bound up by despotism, there the Mormon elder has seen a rich field of labor. Thus it has been and still is with Scandinavia. She is already a powerful branch of our foreign missions, and is now even rivalling the United Kingdom of Great Britain herself. The work is there advancing with the same vigor and success that it once did in England, and yearly Scandinavia is sending her ship-loads of home-bound Mormons. But Scandinavia must resign again to the mother mission, and take her place as the daughter, for the mother has only been nursing and sending home her children, and her rest will but have made her more fruitful. That the past is ever repeating itself, is a cardinal truth of history. We may therefore expect that in the starting of this great missionary movement of the future, to which the Mormons have for years looked, the United States is the place that the "stone cut out of the mountains" will first strike. America, then, might reasonably expect before long a host of Mormon elders opening a vigorous campaign throughout the land. And then to England again!

But Germany is to be the crowning mission. And Russia—what of her? Do our editors begin to prophesy something of Russia's destiny? So did Jo-

seph Smith, the great Mormon prophet. He declared, in his day—over a quarter of a century ago—that Russia would become the dominant empire of Europe. Of course she is ours in due time, as well as Germany. Will these Europeans have the goodness to make haste and make their work broad and liberal enough for Republican America to take them in, for the Mormon elders are waiting. And Italy and the rest? They are not left out of the programme.

There is nothing born, nothing brought to pass, that the Mormons do not firmly believe is moving toward the great ends of their mission. Others may not place much value upon our prophecies, but the social philosopher ought to know what a great programme must of necessity amount to in the hands of a people so forceful, so untiring, so wonder-working, as the Mormons. The prophecy might not stand for much, but the fulfilment will. The Mormons have such a tendency to be everlastingly fulfilling. The prophecy might be the parent, and a great programme carried into operation the main cause, of the vast results; but to the Mormons it will ever be the realization of a destined mission.

Are we not then travelling in the direction of American empire? Are not the mission of America and the mission of Mormondom identical in their greatest issues? Our polygamy—aye, our very doctrines of theology—are but our side issues and phases of specialties; but, fundamentally, we are on the track of America—extending the empire of the great republic of the United States. I grant we expect Mormondom to form ultimately no insignificant part of them. And why should it not, if its empire-founding force brings forth the results?

As for regenerating us, good! Work at it—work at it! Send us on railroads, and electric telegraphs, and armies of such regenerators. We, in grateful return, will send you a host of Mormon missionaries. Work upon us, all the nation, and we will work upon you, until a better understanding and fellowship be brought about.

ANCIENT AND MODERN COOKERY.

THERE was food before there was cooking. Mankind seem to have begun as vegetarians, since the bill of fare provided for Adam and Eve was only fruit; and they did not know how to cook. It was not until after the flood that God authorized Noah to use animals as freely as Adam had been authorized to use fruit—and even more freely, for no animal was on that occasion excepted. A meat diet now certainly became common; for Nimrod was famous as the first sportsman; and he has accordingly been claimed as the legitimate ancestor of Ram-rod and Fishing-rod.

In certain climates people may live on fruit only, if they do not work at all, or work very little. The advocates of the vegetarian system and Graham bread make a great deal of noise about the simplicity of living of the ancients, because, like all extremists, they see it through a telescope. But they hold this by the wrong end. The ancients lived simply until they learned luxury, and then they were luxurious up to and beyond the limit of their finances.

Some historians are of opinion that it was the desire of augmenting and varying their commissariat that made the Phœnicians a maritime and commercial people. It is supposed that they were the first who ate cauliflowers, which they found in the Island of Cyprus. I may here observe that the cabbage, a nearrelation of the cauliflower, was so highly esteemed by the Egyptians that they worshipped it. This was not the last time that "cabbage-heads" have been put in high places. Two Phœnicians, Selech and Misor, are said to have invented seasoning, having first taught to mix salt with food.

The Greeks, during the siege of Troy, did not yet know much of the art of cooking; they mostly broiled their meat, and had no cooks. Agamemnon himself broiled a whole back of beef and served it to Ajax, his guest. However, their wars with the Persians soon introduced refinement among them, and we find that under Pericles, they were giving feasts nearly as grand as those of Sardanapalus, and in which oxen, sheep, etc., were prepared and served by the dozen, and birds and fish by the thousand. They beat the Persian soldiers, but were conquered by the Persian cooks. The Greeks were, in their turn, conquered by the Romans; their cooks were carried away by the conquerors, and Grecian cookery was introduced into all the Roman dominions. The Romans afterward surpassed the Greeks in feasting. Helio-gabalus, although a mere boy, was in the habit of eating several hundred thrushes' brains at his supper. The thrush business, by the way, was a large one among the Romans of that period. One smart old lady used to sell out of her thrushery sixty thousand birds a year. The Egyptian Cleopatra, after having conquered Mark Antony, is said, in order to partake of the most costly breakfast that could be devised, to have had a pearl of great value dissolved in vinegar, and to have drunk it to commence her breakfast, in lieu of vermouth, as an appetizer. This story, however, needs confirmation. It was a custom with the Romans, at every public festival, to stuff with birds some

very large beeves and roast them entire. A Roman dinner was very often composed of two or three thousand dishes. The Emperor Geta, for instance, used to insist on having as many courses as there were letters of the alphabet, and on having in each course every dish whose name began with its letter. That is, he would have at each meal every known dish.

Lucullus, to whom we owe the discovery of cherries, which he imported from the kingdom of Pontus, not contented with the luxury of his Hall of Apollo, had a kind of tent built in a garden for a dining hall. One day, having invited more guests than usual, under the pretence that the Hall of Apollo was not large enough to hold them all they were shown into the garden, where tables were set under the tent, forming a perfect circle. There were seats (the seats of the Romans were more like beds than anything else) on the outside only, and curtains around the inside of the tables, high enough to hide from view what was in the centre. The guests were surprised at such an arrangement; but they had hardly commenced eating, when Lucullus raised his hand, all the curtains dropped down, and they found themselves seated around a small artificial lake. The lake had been filled with wine, sweetened, and flavored with spices, oranges, lemons, etc. Six beautiful young women, in three small boats, dressed as nymphs, were on that fairy lake. Of the two in each boat, one rowed with small silver oars, and the other held a golden ladle in one hand to fill the cups of the guests with wine, and a bunch of fragrant flowers in the other, in order to perfume the air.

On one side of the tent, and concealed behind trees and flowers, were musicians and singers, playing and singing in turn; on the other was a large wire cage, full of rare birds, some remarkable for their plumage, others for their singing. Everything was arranged to gratify to the utmost all the senses.

No less than eighteen hundred kinds of meat, fish, vegetables, etc., are said to have been served at that dinner, which lasted over forty hours. That was Roman "simplicity of living."

On another occasion, Lucullus ordered a hasty, extemporaneous lunch for a couple of friends who called casually. This little affair cost him \$5,000.

The Greeks had large gardens, in which they raised every kind of vegetables and green spices, such as asparagus, carrots, cucumbers, leeks, onions, water-cress, capers, cumin, fennel, mint, sweet marjoram, parsley, rosemary, sesamum, garlic, coriander, thyme, mushrooms, pepper, etc. In their orchards they had almonds, apples, dates, figs, grapes, olives, pears, quinces, etc., and abundance of bee-hives.

The discoveries of Archestratus increased their supplies. He it was who brought home tame rabbits and cucumbers from Spain; dates from Phœnicia; quinces from Cydon; almonds from Mauritania; asparagus from Asia; carrots from Gaul; garlic and onions from Africa, etc. They had pigeon-houses full of pigeons; barn-yards, in which they raised by the thousand, chickens, ducks, geese and pheasants. They raised and fattened in small parks, wild boars, deer, rabbits and goats. Rabbits were fed on thyme and sweet marjoram for a month before being killed, to give the meat a better flavor.

Generally, the food of all the animals they raised, was selected with the greatest care. They employed many fowlers, who supplied them, according to the season, with small robins, called red-breasts, fig-peckers, larks, partridges, wild pigeons, quails, snipes, thrushes, turtle-doves and woodcocks. Trappers supplied the market with hares, rabbits and wild boars.

In fish their supplies were large also; they had crawfish, doree, or John

Dory—a curious fish that changes color two, three or four times in dying; sea-dragon, eels, conger-eels, glaucus, sea-hedgehog, lobster (differing somewhat from the American lobster), mackerel, muscles, oysters, roach, sardines, shad, sole, surmullet, tunny, turbot, swordfish, etc.

The Greeks stuffed their fish with grated cheese and sweet marjoram. They stuffed large pigs with fig-peckers, partridges, quails, thrushes, oysters and other mollusks, and with eggs and spices, and roasted them entire.

Grecian cooks used a great deal of honey, grated cheese and vinegar in their sauces. They made what they called sharp sauces with onions and leeks chopped fine, vinegar, garlicks and grated cheese. For a sweet sauce, they generally used dates, honey, sweet marjoram, oil and carrots. They also made sauces with oil, vinegar, yolks of eggs boiled hard, leeks chopped fine and grated cheese.

In order to flavor their wines, they mixed together and made a kind of paste with roses, violet, sweet marjoram, almonds, all chopped fine, also flour and honey, and put the mixture in the barrels for months before drawing the wine. Some used to mix a little sea-water in their wine, before drinking it, in order to neutralize the effect of the alcohol.

The Romans, who at first had Grecian cooks, had also Grecian dishes; gardens, parks, orchards, barn-yards, etc., to rear birds and game for their tables. They imported peacocks from Asia; guinea-birds and truffles from Africa; apricot-trees from Armenia; peach-trees from Persia; raspberries from Mount Ida, etc. They sent fishermen to every sea and river known to contain good fish. The fish, as soon as caught, were properly cleansed, plunged into jars of honey, and thus sent home.

The most elegant dish of the Romans was a stuffed peacock. A young peacock is eatable when properly roasted, but an old one is really very poor eating; but the Romans used to prepare them in the following way: They selected those with the most beautiful plumage, and stifled them to death; believing that that mode of killing gave more brilliancy to the plumage. As soon as dead, they carefully split the bird open by an incision all along the back, from the bill to the rump. They then took out all the bones, meat, etc.; leaving only the bones of the legs to the first joint, those of the wings to the second joint, and the head whole, except the brain, eyes and tongue. The inside of the skin was now immediately lined with a coating of glue and filled with bran to keep it in shape. The feathers that were spoiled were varnished, and false but brilliant eyes were placed instead of the natural ones. When dry, the skin was filled with roasted birds, or with the flesh of birds chopped and cooked, and carefully sewed up. The bird was served on a large silver dish made for that purpose. The dish was of an oblong shape, and in the middle and soldered to it was something resembling the trunk of a tree with a kind of limb on which the bird was fastened. It was meant to look just as if it were alive, and resting itself on a perch, with an ear of millet in its bill. It was always served at the beginning of the dinner, and was one of the last dishes eaten. It was always carved on the table, and while the host was serving it, it was etiquette for one of the guests to harangue upon the beauties of the plumage and the excellence of the meat.

The Romans were not deceived about the excellence of peacock's flesh. They knew very well, and so did their authors, that not a particle of the bird's meat had been used. They somehow got into the habit of speaking of the goodness of the meat, and so they kept on doing so.

This is very likely the reason why we read in many books that the species of peacock eaten by the Romans has been lost, and that it was entirely different from that which we now have. Some believe, also, that the kinds of locust and of dormouse eaten by them were not the same that exist now. The reason is probably no better.

I shall now return to the beginning of the subject, and suggest some points of contrast and resemblance between ancient and modern cookery and eating.

Acorns are the first food mentioned in profane history, so that the vegetarian theory of primeval food is supported by all the authority there is. And as men have always appreciated improvements in diet, we are told that the Arcadian Pelasgus was worshipped as a god for having shown his fellows the use of beechnuts as well as acorns. Certainly it was an improvement.

Bread was one of the earliest cooked foods. Two thousand years before Christ, and for an unknown period before that, it was made in the form of a thick paste, and baked by being slapped upon a hot plate of iron or on the inside of a hot pot. Luxury in bread long ago reached its highest point, for we read that the Athenians had seventy-two kinds.

The number of articles of food, and of the processes and means for cooking and serving it, rapidly increased, up to the acme of ancient *gourmandise* under the later Roman emperors. After their day, it was perhaps never more cultivated than during the last half century, or so.

There was not so very much difference between the sensible points and the foolish points of ancient and modern cookery, as might be imagined. The ancients were more monstrously extravagant in their expenditures for eating and drinking than the moderns, and the compounds and processes and accompaniments of their kitchens and feasts were more vulgar than ours, and sometimes were horribly brutal. Some of the messes they made up seem absurd enough to us, but no more so, apparently, than ours would be to them; and certainly many of their recipes would bear trying to-day. The ancients tortured geese to make their livers large, exactly as is done now-a-days to make *pâtés de foie gras*. The Romans ate asses' flesh; and there is a whole society in Paris now for the express purpose of eating dead horse, and getting it into use. The Greeks ate dogs, as the Sioux and the Chinese do. The *garum* of the Romans was made by salting the entrails of fish and leaving them in the sun until they putrefied into a liquid, and then adding various ingredients. This horrible mess was their Worcestershire sauce. It seems abominable to us, but it is surely no worse than "high" game, sauer kraut, or Limburger cheese. They used snails in sauce, and in Europe they are still eaten.

Many, however, of the Roman viands, expenditures, and table customs we cannot parallel in modern times. A large, fat, white grub was fed up on flour and eaten after being browned over the fire. Grasshoppers were carefully done to a bright, golden yellow. A favorite wine was made by fermenting mustard seed in the new wine.

I have referred to Lucullus and his expensive meals. Vitellius paid for suppers, only during one period of four months, twenty million dollars. His rule was that his meals must not cost less than sixteen thousand dollars each. He was accustomed to invite himself to dine with the senators in this style, they having to pay the bill; and he actually ruined some of them by this antique version of "boarding round."

Under Tiberius, three red mullet were sold for over a thousand dollars.

Crassus was so fond of the conger eels he kept in his fish-ponds, that he decorated them with jewelled bands. Vedius Pollio is infamous for having fed live slaves to his eels.

Some of the accessories of the great Roman feasts were no less curious than the viands, as parallels or contrasts to modern customs. Everybody has heard of the skeleton carried round at Egyptian banquets, it is said to produce a good moral effect on the guests. More probably it was the contrivance of a stingy entertainer to spoil their appetites and save expense; just as a shrewd old boarding-house keeper on St. John's Park is said to have always put a pan of hot gingerbread within reach of her boarders just before dinner. This is a very satisfying viand, and the thoughtless, hungry guests used often to fill themselves with it, to the great economy of her roast and boiled. This plan would not have succeeded with the Roman epicures, however. They used, when they had stuffed themselves to the very lips, to put a finger or a feather down their throats, vomit up all they had eaten, and go back to the table and begin again. I have heard that some drinking men practise this now-a-days, but no eaters.

Some of the Romans had reading at meals. This was probably of an entertaining character. The same custom was frequent among the monks of the middle and succeeding ages. It is related of the notorious quack and swindler, Cagliostro, that in his youth, when at school in a monastery and appointed to this office, he appalled the holy fathers by substituting for the St. Bonaventura or Thomas Aquinas, placed on the reading desk, an impromptu narrative of the scandals then current in Palermo about its most notorious *lorettes*.

When Antony gave a supper to Cleopatra and she praised the cooking, he ordered in the cook and gave him—a city.

Perhaps no better single instance, however, can be given of the sensual and gross notions of the ancients about eating, than one tradition, part of their body of religious belief. This is, the story that Ceres, desirous of rewarding Pandareus for some good thing he had done, gave him the power of eating straight on, day and night, just as long as he chose, if he could find the food.

Some of the “side shows” of the great Roman feasts were worth remembering. They used to cook their mullet alive on the table, so that the guests might see the changes of color that attended the dying agonies of the poor fish. A still more brutal part of the entertainment was, a few select gladiatorial combats, where the blood and wounds and death struggles of the furious swordsmen were as keenly enjoyed as was the dancing of Herodias' daughter at the table of King Herod.

Heliogabalus invented some curious pleasantries of a less sanguinary kind. He would accommodate his guests on air cushions, and then suddenly let the air out and tumble the startled eaters pell-mell on the floor. Sometimes he ended his feast with an after-dinner lottery, where one guest might draw a toothpick, another a costly vase, another ten elephants all caparisoned, another ten flies.

But these latter items are only very indirectly concerned with my subject, as accompaniments of the results of cookery.

PIERRE BLOT.

MISS MARTIN AND MISS WIER.

"THERE is nothing fixed, no duration, no vitality, in the sentiments of women toward one another; their attachments are mere pretty bows of ribbon, and no more. In all the friendships of women I observe this slightness of tie. I know no instance to the contrary, even in history. Orestes and Pylades have no sisters."—EUGÉNIE DE GUÉRIN.

THERE was something tragic in the attitude which Miss Martin had assumed before her easel, as well as in the course her thoughts were taking. Any person familiar with the form of her presence merely, must have seen that she was more than seriously annoyed—that she was even in a mood approaching the desperate. And yet Miss Wier, who seemed to be the excitant of this state—for, until she opened the door the lady had gone on tranquilly enough with her preparations for the class expected to assemble in half an hour—had only said, "My dear Agnes;" and then had closed the door again and remained outside.

Miss Martin happened to be talking very seriously at that moment with young Alice May, the most successful of her pupils, a girl who was giving so many indications of talent that Miss Martin thought no amount of pains bestowed upon her in primary instruction waste of time. That Miss Wier should accost Miss Martin with so much familiarity was not in fact surprising, but young Alice May was surprised when she heard the chief teacher address in that way the Principal, whom she considered so august a personage. Perhaps it was after all the manner of Miss Wier, and the tone of her voice, rather than the "Agnes." Whatever the cause, the effect on Miss Alice was so obvious that Miss Martin was obliged to speak to her in a way quite unusual with her in order to secure attention. There was no danger that it would be distracted again after that.

Miss Martin was at the head of the School of Design. That most successful enterprise was of her own originating. By her energy and tact she had managed to establish it on what looked like a permanent basis, and her energy and tact continued in unabated force, long after the institution was considered a well-established fact.

Miss Martin was not so narrowly ambitious as to be merely content with succeeding. She wished to establish a school which was capable of producing thoroughly-trained artists, but she wished, moreover, to have the evidence of success in an invigorated body of workers. She was as incapable of confining her efforts to one narrow line of successful operation, as she was of exhausting her interest in operators.

Alice May was one of a thousand. Julia Duncan, of an entirely different style of genius and taste, was to be met in a different manner, though not with a different spirit. Sarah Tuffts, Mary Anne Wilder, Clara Sharp, all manifested skill in different directions, and were as different in person as in talent, but Miss Martin turned from one to the other with an energy of interest that affected the girls individually, as a bugle-call may stir the soldier.

Any girl evincing any power that could be strengthened, any quality that could be perfected, called her out with an enthusiasm which explained her own successes. No girl ever left the school without regret, yet never one of them but felt a "wholesome awe" in Miss Martin's presence. Because she was herself so thoroughly honest and earnest, so genuine, their little vanities, weaknesses, selfishnesses, seemed all to be exposed to her the moment her eyes rested upon them. She was like a scorching July sun among the weeds. They were ashamed of laziness in the presence of this indefatigable worker; and afraid to exhibit to her the product of faculties which had fallen into a drowse. She was profuse in her blame, but it was always just, and they felt it; she was profuse in her praise too, and that, they were always certain also, was well merited.

"You are here to learn, and I to teach," she would say to them. "You are competent to fill your places as learners, as I am to fill mine. If I ever see a line or a touch that gives promise, you shall know it. But if I see that you dawdle, play at work, come here for anything else than to learn, you shall know that too. You must do something that gives a promise by the end of the first quarter, or we will not go on longer together. This is a school. I do not intend to take your money and send you home to your friends with nothing to show for it. We are here upon honor, girls, you and I. Now then, let us show that we are honorable workers."

Now and then a scholar dropped off early, but even this was rare. She who stayed through the first quarter had made up her mind what she would do, and not only in the School of Design, but through life.

Alice May had come before the hour for the meeting of the class. She was several minutes in advance of the time—half an hour—but she did not suspect it. She had come to tell Miss Martin of the success with which she had disposed of some vignettes to a publisher. Miss Martin had just kissed her with a tearful smile, as Miss Wier perceived, when she came into the room and said "My dear Agnes;" but Miss Wier did not hear her say, "My dear child, I am very glad! I like you to try yourself that way. I expected good things from you—but what have you done about the butterfly?"

Alice was evidently a little surprised by this question, but the directness of it ought not to have surprised her.

"I kept it," she answered.

"Right! Twenty dollars Mr. Gaus offered, I believe."

"But you said it was poor, Miss Martin."

"Yes, it was too nearly a chrysalis to have flown so high. Wings a little too heavy to bear the creature."

"Will you look at it now, please?"

"Oh, you have it here."

Alice showed the drawing.

"You have worked at it," said Miss Martin, looking at the girl with an admiring scrutiny not too evident.

"I studied it, and made three new lines."

"Which sent the creature soaring. No reminiscence of a grub there. That butterfly flies. Tell Mr. Gaus from me, it is worth fifty dollars to-day, if it was worth twenty yesterday. I think he will see the difference though, himself. And now do you recollect, Alice; no matter how much you are tempted by a high price for work, never take a bribe. If you sell a picture when you are not satisfied with it, you are bribed to work against yourself. I shall soon send you away from this school. You have application, you can criti-

cise your own work, and you will always find me ready to blame your work, if nobody else will. You have been a diligent scholar, and I thank you."

If Miss Wier could have overheard this talk would she have said, "My dear Agnes?"

"Oh, Miss Martin!" said the young girl, and young-girl like, she was so excited by such praise from such a source that she actually wept.

That would never do. The Principal was now anxious to get her out of the way. "Put on your bonnet, dear, and go down to Fanning's with this order. When you come back I shall have some work ready for you. You don't get too much sunshine and fresh air."

Miss Martin said this hurriedly, because the bells were striking nine o'clock, and she heard footsteps on the stairs and in the passage. When the pupils began to assemble in the drawing-room the teachers were there before them, as they invariably were, and all things in readiness for work.

It was a pleasant scene presented in the long, well-lighted room—a hundred girls, each at her table, with her drawing-pencils and drawing-paper before her.

Miss Martin had something militant in her nature, and she perceived in these young persons so many recruits who would one day, under suitable drill, prove good soldiers, and do good work in exterminating one form of barbarism or another, substituting in turn the arts of peace. When she understood the work in such successful operation here, she committed herself to it in a way that held her responsible to herself, to the community, to the state and the nation. She was the slave of these girls until she had won from them an acknowledgment in deeds, not words, that she was their ruler.

Of Miss Wier, almost as closely identified with the school as Miss Martin herself, who knew the business thoroughly, and was the able coadjutor of the Principal, her counsellor and friend—of Miss Wier, all this could not be said.

She, in these affairs, saw but the conspicuous central figure. The figure was not her own, but Miss Martin's.

Early in the history of the enterprise, while its originator was yet sometimes inclined to tremble for the success thereof, and knowing that she trembled, she came across Miss Wier, who was printing drawing-books, and books of object lessons, and starving on the results.

"Come and join your talent with mine," she said. "Your theory is a good one—you shall have ample room to test it in my school." Miss Wier could hardly do worse than she was doing, and she listened to the proposition.

The result was singular and beautiful. These minds worked well together. Under Miss Martin's management the school became a success. Miss Wier's services were remunerated with a generosity almost unheard-of. And Miss Martin was served with an almost unheard-of devotion. The two ladies became friends in a manner and to a degree which, with ordinary natures, would have been simply impossible.

But in friendship there are barriers, not only of prudence, but of safety. These were passed.

Miss Martin was possessed of what Miss Wier had not. With all her frankness was reserve; with all her generosity, reserve; with all her enthusiasm, reserve; with all her energy, reserve.

This reserve controlled her frankness, and gave her admirable tact; it controlled her generosity, and made her wisely liberal; it met her enthusiasm half way, and prevented anything like extravagance; it united with her energy and hindered a waste of life, or of influence.

In friendship, too, this instinctive, or rather this wise power of self-preservation was no less eminent. There was that in Miss Wier which exactly satisfied her heart in the need it felt of a companion, no less than her mind as a business woman. It was the cheerful courage, the ardor for art, the picturesqueness of Miss Harriet's character. Miss Martin liked plain, unvarnished prose; nobody liked it better. But she liked poetry, too, and was, in her much intercourse with people, necessarily, perhaps, from her mode of contact with them, finding life in its private aspect a little heavy and dull. She had admirers in abundance; friends, called such, in abundance, but not one friend. As she began to understand Miss Wier better—for Miss Wier was no plodder, and must sometimes be looked after in order to be found—the better did she like her. She exhibited this liking as one would have expected, in a most open, unquestionable manner.

Miss Wier, who had been treated by the world as paupers generally are treated by the world, took these signs for what they were; but the difficulty was, she translated them with exaggerations of style which rendered the original unrecognizable by the originator. Miss Wier's demonstrations put her on the defensive at last, but too late. These demonstrations had by that time become aggressive. Miss Harriet had lived so long on nothing that she now craved all. True, she asked only what she gave. But what did she give? All. And Miss Martin could no more answer the demand made on her than a king could make a nobleman. She tried it—as kings have tried the other process—and she saw how she failed, which kings probably never do. Failure made her desperate.

What, then, was indicated by Miss Wier's remark when she put her head in at the door, and saw Miss Martin occupied with Alice May? Miss Wier's over-watchfulness, her anxiety in friendship.

When Miss Agnes went about her duties, attentive enough to the business in hand, yet conducting it mechanically, which was far from her wont, what was indicated? Her consciousness of that over-watchfulness, that anxiety. Friendship was getting to be disagreeable, officious.

This was, of course, by no means the first occasion on which these symptoms were indicated. Miss Wier's devotion had something of the nature of light and heat in it; there was no escape from it. All the sweetness of her life seemed to have concentrated in that single blooming of her heart. There was no conceivable service her heart would hesitate to render. Miss Martin went over these facts before Alice May came into her room that morning. She continued her meditation while the lessons went on. She was meditating still when the school day was over, the girls gone, and Miss Wier came and kissed her. For the first time she received an offering of that kind without even a smile of appreciation.

"Harriet," she said, quickly, "do not wait for me to-night. I have some work I must attend to yet, and—"

"Let me help you!" was the eager response. "Is it to prepare the lessons for to-morrow, or to inspect—"

"Neither, and I would prefer to be quite alone."

Miss Agnes kept on with her work composedly when she had said this; but she knew that she had sent an arrow, and that it had not missed its mark. All at once she looked up.

Miss Wier was gathering up some of the books, but not in a way that would prevent perplexity and confusion in beginning the lessons on the morrow. She looked as grieved as if she had lost a friend.

"Harriet," said Miss Martin, with some evident surprise, "you surely do not mind leaving me here a few minutes by myself!"

"I *do* mind; for you will stay till dark, and you work much too hard."

"I do not feel it; and I really must attend to what I have in hand."

"But you can let me help you."

"No, I cannot now. There are some things which even my dear friend cannot do for me. I must breathe for myself, for instance, and once in a while think for myself. I must eat for myself, too; and that makes me hope that Mary will give us a good supper to-night. A little variety may be agreeable, I think, to even such stoics as we are."

"I will see that she does it," said Miss Wier, with vivacity.

"Oh, my dear, don't disturb yourself about the kitchen, too!" But Miss Martin would have liked to add, "do what you please, only go and leave me this single half hour to myself." But such words would, of course, never be heard from her lips.

It was evidently the suggestion of the tea that took Miss Harriet out of the room, and then was Miss Martin finally alone.

"Now," said she to herself, quite audibly, when she had locked the door, "what must I do?"

Her phraseology was noticeable. It indicated a will in the imperative mood.

She was standing in the middle of the room when she proposed the question to herself. She walked off to her desk and sat down before it, and remained there many minutes before she answered it.

"It must be done," she said aloud, and looked around her, but still there was a trouble in her eyes, though so much decision in her voice. It was evident that how this, inevitable and ordained, was to be accomplished, was not yet clear to her mind. "I *must* feel at liberty to go and come when my judgment dictates. I cannot spend the rest of my life in an argument, neither can I endure any longer this inspection of even the kindest eyes. I am tired to death, and my work is not to be held responsible for that. With my freedom I should think nothing of it, but I must not be held so constantly accountable for every movement. Besides—and Harriet does not know it—she is actually setting down, as against herself, every kind word or look I give to others. Even the pupils, it appears, are becoming her rivals! How absurd! how annoying! I had rather give her half the school, if she would take it and leave me alone with the remainder."

These reflections were not all audible. Miss Martin could never have brought herself to utter such sentiments aloud. At times she looked as though she felt herself a traitor for indulging in them at all. But there was a resolute expression in her face and person which indicated that she would think out this trouble before she left the room, and devise a remedy.

She was not a woman to defer the performance of what she considered a duty because it was difficult. To speak was difficult, but it was easier than to be buried alive.

She went home at dusk; Miss Wier met her on the landing with an umbrella and boots in her hand. Miss Wier and Miss Martin had for three years jointly occupied the second story of a spacious house, employing one servant between them. Miss Harriet was about to go in quest of Miss Agnes. Relieved of this necessity, she forthwith removed Miss Martin's shawl and bonnet, brought her slippers, and was about to take off her friend's soiled, wet boots, but at this point she met resistance.

"No, Harriet, I will not allow it;" and poor Miss Harriet stood up quite crest-fallen.

"Besides," added Miss Martin, by way of explanation, "I am going to the lecture."

"It is raining, dear Agnes."

"No matter."

"And with your cold!"

"But I wish to go."

"Oh, you *will* do what you will."

"In spite of my Harriet?" asked Miss Martin, and her good humor seemed restored, for she smiled on Miss Wier, and Miss Wier put away the umbrella and the rubber boots.

After tea there was half an hour for rest before it would be time to prepare for the lecture.

The rain was now dashing against the windows, and Miss Wier said:

"Agnes, do you hear that?"

"Yes; but Harriet, I must get off the plane I have been on all day, and all the week, indeed," was the answer. "It will not do for us to look at the same colors all the time, or constantly eat the same food. We must have variety, and freedom to use it. *I* must. And, by the way, Harriet, I have been thinking that change would be good for you, too, as well as for me. We are, both of us, getting to be perfectly commonplace."

"What do you mean by change?" asked Miss Wier, and her apprehensive heart gave her warning of the meaning of her friend.

"Change of place—society. Not of work, exactly, but the accompaniments of work," was Miss Martin's explanation.

"Dear Agnes, I do not, in the least, feel the need."

"Perhaps it is so much the greater. *I do* feel it."

"Need of change?" Miss Harriet was surprised to hear it.

"Yes, of change. Not of place. Of course, I do not intend to break up the school I have worked so long to establish. But change in the details of its management. I feel, dear, that I must really be more free in my work than I have been for some time."

Miss Wier took alarm, but she was far from suspecting how near she approached the truth, when she said: "I should almost think that your idea was to have me leave the school, Agnes."

"Yes, Harriet," was the amazing answer, "that *is* exactly what I am thinking, on your account, as well as my own; but not on yours more than on mine. I am going to prove myself the fast friend you believe me to be—the friend I was when we first understood each other, and which I shall always continue to be. I think it better—better for both of us. You will make more rapid advances if your mind is undisturbed, and I really feel that I have no right to accept of services so valuable as yours without offering you a remuneration I am not able to offer. I can throw into your hands scholars enough to keep you constantly busy, and you know I am not talking nonsense. You will succeed, and earn double what you are now earning."

"A separate school, is that what you mean, Agnes?" asked Miss Harriet, with evidently the most painful surprise.

"Yes, with classes."

Now that it was all said on Miss Martin's part, she waited to hear what Miss Wier would answer.

She answered nothing.

"Harriet, are you disappointed in me?" she asked, for the conversation must not end at this stage.

"No, but I am thoroughly humiliated. And I do not seem to see that you intended such a result, Agnes."

"My own girl!" exclaimed Miss Agnes, with a satisfaction and an enthusiasm quite equal to that which Miss Harriet would be likely to exhibit. But then, to her infinite disappointment, Miss Harriet burst into tears. Miss Agnes was now distressed—pale with emotion, but she was inflexible, too.

"How very different is the result of this conversation from what I could have wished!" said she. "Harriet, are we like all other women under the sun? Are you vain? Am I fickle? I don't believe it."

"But," said Miss Wier, beginning with what looked like a very determined purpose to express her thoughts, and feeling the difficulty, "I don't know how to express it. I suppose I'm a fool for saying it, but the inference is so clear that—you know me well enough, too. You know I cannot talk foolishness—you are tired of our friendship!"

"There was never a graver mistake," said Miss Agnes. "Only I am *persuaded* that it would be better for us to separate. I feel that there is getting to be in our relation something not best for either of us. I must not fall into the habit of dependence—nor shall you acquire that of absolute self-destruction. The best thing for both of us is separation for a while. If I lose my friend by this plain talk, my loss will be an irreparable one—the loss of my best friend in this world. But the risk the other way is the greatest—so I have resolved to run this. I shall not lose my friend."

"I will leave the school, Agnes," said Miss Wier, "but I cannot open another here."

"I do not see that," replied Miss Martin, not quickly, but with solemn deliberation.

"Perhaps not, Agnes. But you have seen one side very clearly. Perhaps you ought to allow that I may see the other side. But I think you will see it, too. I have no desire to live here, away from you. I will go somewhere else, and begin again."

"How sorry I shall be if you do. I wish you could see this as I do. I shall always be missing you. We shall constantly need each other's advice. Ought we to forego it?"

"That is the question you have undertaken to decide," said Miss Harriet, quickly enough, but not bitterly. She did not quite understand the mood of her dear friend, but she saw that whatever Miss Martin's idea was, she held to it tenaciously. At last,

"You think you must go away, then?" said Miss Agnes. "You might easily begin here with from ten to fifteen scholars any week."

"But as I am going to leave your school, Agnes, and yourself, of course, for the same reason, I shall leave town," was the decided reply.

"I do not approve the step. I oppose it. Still it is absolutely essential that one should, in affairs which concern one's self chiefly, be governed by one's own sense of the best. We ought not to trespass upon or trifle with one another's private tastes and purposes; if we begin, where shall we stop? And so, Harriet, if you think it would on the whole be better for you individually to go away from here, I shall not oppose it, except as I have done. I know that we have greatly helped each other, and that we can continue that faithful service. Because distance is between us, we shall not fail in it."

This was, in substance, the amount of what privately passed between the friends previous to that separation which occasioned much surprise and no little comment among those who called these friends the "inseparables," and often pointed out their friendship as something worthy of the name.

Miss Wier left town—she established herself elsewhere. But now, how does the reader suppose these friends separated? in what mood?

Miss Martin had, with a sharp instrument, severed the ligament which was binding them inextricably together, and what did she after that? Nothing. She stood still when she had performed the feat and looked at Miss Wier with as frank and friendly a look as ever beamed from her blue eyes.

"You are no parasite. Neither am I. We are reasonable human beings. It is not necessary that we should turn cannibals and eat each other up, in order to prove that we are true. Our aim is to be true in every direction."

There was all that in her attitude, look, manner, and Miss Wier had proved herself equal to the occasion, as Agnes believed she would do when she met her first response with so much spirit. She said to herself,

"If Agnes thinks she sees me exacting and officious, she cannot be mistaken. She sees me so, at least. But I cannot stay in this neighborhood. I am pained, I am heart-sick, but I know she wished not to make me so."

And about this time she wrote in her journal:

I have had the hardest blow from fortune yet; and to think of the hand that dealt it, makes me feel as if I had died to everything in this life. Yet, for what have I loved Agnes? For nothing more than for the candor which has made it possible for her to say these things to me. I loved her for being honest when all the rest of the world seemed so false.

These thoughts were about the sum of Miss Wier's thinking on the subject. They appeared to her again and again, varied into every form. She would not allow herself to go much beyond them. If she seemed at any time near to resenting what had happened, resentment against herself exceeded that feeling. She could not accuse in any way this friend, in whose behalf she was at all times ready to sacrifice any individual interest of her own.

And so she went away, and so for years they lived apart. Now and then at long intervals they met. But letters were very frequently passing between them. So frequently, indeed, that they became conspicuous among the recognized necessities of the life of each. Matters of personal history, of physical and spiritual experience, of work, success in it, satisfaction in it, progress in any direction, were made known to each by the other in a manner that proved how deeply the happiness of these two lives was involved, that of each in the other. Nor could any one doubt that there was free will in the offering. For years, I said, this went on.

Miss Martin's school became more and more important. Pupils went from it to become artists of repute, and reflect honor on their instructor. She never knew a lonely or a purely idle moment. She lived one of the most beautiful of lives. Energy, enthusiasm, constancy, brave honesty, characterized it. There was no looking back, no misgiving, but that direct, assured, wise working which betokened mind and heart at ease, greatly satisfied with the chosen vocation, and investing it with new dignities by faithfulness and wisdom in its pursuit. No one among her teachers, no one among her pupils, ever took the place Miss Wier had occupied. She enlarged the borders of her circle, but in the midst of it continued to stand alone.

"I must breathe freely to think clearly. I must be unfettered if I am to bear my own responsibilities," she said to herself, and her life was conducted

on that principle. She recognized in others, also, the sacred right to preserve, to protect individuality.

I honor Miss Martin for the courage of that movement she made for self-preservation, but not as I honor Miss Wier, who waited till she could understand it before she pretended to think that she could judge it.

As often as I have heard the friendship of women traduced, especially when I have heard it traduced by women, I have thought of these two; and when I read, the other day, the words quoted at the head of these pages, written by such a woman as Eugénie de Guérin, I determined that others beside myself should know about Miss Agnes and Miss Harriet, who were true in separation, who could bear to hear the truth from one another, who were faithful unto the end—faithful to the end, not of their constancy, but of their lives.

It was late in the Summer that Miss Harriet received a dispatch to this effect from Miss Agnes:

MY DEAREST FRIEND:—My work is over, and I am about to go off. If you can make arrangements so as to be with me for a little while, come quickly. Let me know.

To which the answer was,

MY DEAREST FRIEND:—I can come. I am coming. I shall be with you to-morrow.

On that to-morrow Miss Wier stood in Miss Martin's room, and saw that the summons had signified none too much. Her friend was surely dying, and of a disease which had developed with frightful rapidity. Indeed, it seemed to Miss Harriet, when she looked at Miss Agnes, that the letter she had received must have been the last effort of which her friend had been capable.

"You can do nothing for me, dear," Miss Agnes said; "only please stay where I can see you. It will not be very long."

"Agnes, all's going with you!" was the heart-broken answer.

At that Miss Martin roused herself.

"Carry on my work, Harriet! That is left. Will you do it?"

Everything in Miss Wier conspired to make her say,

"I will do what I can, Agnes, for your sake."

"Oh, I know that."

Even Agnes would exact no more, in this moment when she needed so much, of one who had ever stood ready to give all. She seemed filled with content—satisfied. No other friend was allowed to enter that room where she was dying. Unmolested in dying, as in living, she would be. Now and then a sweet, low voice was heard in prayer or singing a hymn. So the hours passed on, and the last one came, and the beautiful, strong spirit departed.

Miss Martin left a will, executed years before her death, by which Miss Wier was her sole heir. Heir not only to the competence she had accumulated, in spite of her liberalities, but also to the place made vacant by her death in the beloved School of Design.

Miss Wier considered the provisions of this brief will, wherein, indeed, the wish of her friend was clearly obvious. She was no longer young—by no means strong. To undertake the duties of Miss Martin's place would demand of her all her powers. She considered her friend's wish—all that it signified; undertook the duties, grew in strength with the performance of them, sustained the school with honor, and all her business in the world seemed to be to carry out to successful completion the plans of Miss Martin. And she died for her even as she had lived for her.

Tell me, now, in what respect the attachment of these two resembled a "pretty bow of ribbon!"

THE ASCENT OF MONTE ROSA.

HITHERTO our little party had attempted nothing but ordinary mountain travel. We had barely acquired a respectable preparation for the severer tasks of such as aspire to tread the summits of the more regal heights. It was therefore speedily decided in concert, that we should together stand upon Monte Rosa, whose top towers 15,160 English feet above the sea, reaching to within 500 feet of Mont Blanc. But the climbing of the former is far more dangerous than that of the latter, whose chief difficulty in former times, the necessity of camping out for one night, has of late been obviated, by the erection of a hut of refuge by the way—thus leaving the extra fee of £10, which one must now pay, the only serious impediment to the ascent of this pinnacle of Europe. It is only since 1848 that Monte Rosa has been ascended to its highest point, all previous adventurers having contented themselves with the lower horn or crest of its double summit. Indeed, it is only since 1855 that visitors have contrived to elevate themselves actually to the tip of the higher crest itself—the last twenty feet having been until then deemed wholly inaccessible. Under these circumstances, Mont Blanc seemed altogether too *blasé* to excite our enthusiasm; for it had been ascended by multitudes for several generations, and even by ladies during the last century, one of whom exhibited that charming ambition of her sex for eminence to such a degree as to require the guides to elevate her upon their shoulders, that she might be regarded as the most heavenly woman in all Europe.

Our preparations were at once commenced by looking out for suitable guides. We were fortunate enough to obtain as our leader, Peter zum Tangwald, the first man who had ascended to the summit. He was to be aided by three assistants and a baggage carrier. Our next business was to provide long knit stockings, heavy gloves, green or blue spectacles and vails. The glasses and the vails are absolutely indispensable as a protection against severe inflammation from the insupportable glare of the snow. Thus equipped, and leaving the rest to the care of Peter, to whom we had committed in full the keys of the expedition, we set off in the highest spirits for the Riffelberg, where we were to pass the night. It was curious to observe the manner in which our mountaineering points were watched in this preliminary trial. The result afforded the guides no unworthy assurance; for we made the ascent to the hotel in just half the allotted time. The house is owned by the keeper of the Zermatt inn; and everything was in readiness for our reception. After a little rest we issued forth upon the Görnér Grat, to catch a view of Monte Rosa, hitherto hidden from our sight in coming up the valley. It was a glorious prospect to behold. The vast body of the mountain lay before us with its two widely separated, jagged ridges of naked rock, stretching upward to form the double-crested summit—the interval betwixt them being filled with a vast accumulation of snow of dazzling whiteness. These rocky

ridges frequently present serrated outlines; and from their resemblance to the teeth of a comb have received the name of *kamm*. The snow-wreaths often project twenty feet and upward beyond the border of the ledges, overhanging the chasms below; and hence arises one of the greatest risks the traveller meets in these regions, for a single step beyond the margin of the rocky support to which the snow adheres is fatal. While on the Görner Grat, we were met by a party returning from Monte Rosa, whose glowing statements still further aroused our anticipations of the coming day.

Returning to the hotel, we had our dinner at seven, and made our final arrangements for the ascent. Under the direction of zum Tangwald we ordered the following articles, viz: one bottle of wine to each member of the party, fixed quantities of brandy, eggs, meat, bread, butter, cheese and honey, and what seemed an immense supply of prunes. Everything being prepared for the eventful day, we retired to rest with the promise of being called at three, which, though early, was yet a full hour later than is usual during the first part of the season. It may well be imagined that the excitement of the occasion was unfavorable to sound slumbers, and that the task of arousing us was easy. Three others joined us, and all together we set the house in no small uproar through our impatience to be away. At last the tardily-served breakfast was dispatched, and to the great joy of cooks and waiters, we took our departure. Nothing surprised us more than the exceeding clearness of the heavens, unless, perhaps, it may have been the keenness of the morning air. The stars gave all the light we required, conducted as we were by the most skilled and care-taking guides. For rather more than an hour, our stony path was over the Riffelberg (or Riffelhorn), along a precipice contiguous to the glacier. It grew to be light just as we reached the summit of the Riffelberg. Here we found a little lake, in whose water the beautiful Matterhorn was superbly mirrored. After this we had one hour's hard walking upon the Görner glacier, the surface of which is tolerably level and generally free from danger to the traveller. The mountain peaks now just began to catch the first rays of sunlight, with inconceivably fine effect, especially the golden gleams that reached us from the tall, sentinel-like Matterhorn. Presently a halt was proclaimed by the border of the glacier, where we were allowed to partake sparingly of our refreshments, including a small cup of wine that was dealt out to each. The repast over, we made a *cache* of the chief portion of the provisions, and then crossed the rocks to the glacier on the other side of the ridge, where a very dangerous and difficult walk of an hour's duration awaited us. It was here that we were often obliged to leap across frightful chasms, from whose shelving sides huge icicles hung down out of sight into the blue abysses below. At other places these gulfs were bridged by arches of snow and ice, so pure and seemingly so slight as to resemble frozen clouds; and yet, across these frail supports lay our only path of advance. Scarcely less frightful were the narrow and icy rock ridges to which we were sometimes compelled to cling to save ourselves from yawning chasms on either side. Nevertheless, it was the most fascinating glacier we had encountered; and our enjoyment of the scene was enhanced by the clearness of the morning and the bracing temperature of the atmosphere. We had now learned to trust our guides implicitly; and we bounded forward wherever they pointed the way with perfect unconcern. The ice-field passed, we had before us a long incline of the purest, fleeciest snow, up which for three hours we toiled, plunging to the knees beneath its surface at every step.

Here it was that our colored glasses and vails became indispensable, for without them the light would have peeled our faces almost as quickly as the breath of a glowing furnace. The views from the slope were surpassingly fine, and often caused us to halt, though sheer fatigue arrested our advance ten times more frequently. We were all excessively tried by this truly awful labor; and one of our number, though an accomplished athlete, was for a time completely exhausted. Stretched at full length upon the snow, he declared that he would proceed no further. But the faithful guides knew better, and were far from being discouraged by his case. They pulled and assisted him along, until his courage and strength were fully revived. Some of the party made dire complaint of their knees. My only difficulty was that of respiration. I was continually losing my breath; and when gone, its recovery seemed impossible. The guides dealt us occasional morsels, with sips of wine; but they denied us the use of snow or water, though our thirst was intolerable. To drink water sends an icy coldness to the limbs. Smoking is also forbidden, as it increases the shortness of breath. Having attained, at length, a slight level, we were deluded into the belief that the summit was only about 500 feet higher. What was our astonishment when told that it was still 2,000 feet above us, and would require three hours longer to reach it! To add to our dismay, clouds began to roll up from below us, and we were threatened with the loss of the coveted prospect. We redoubled our efforts therefore, and finally, after excessive struggles, gained the Saddle, which is only 700 feet below the top. From thence the view was indeed all-glorious. The valleys of Italy were plainly discernible, and could be traced for vast distances as they faded out into the far-off horizon; while the mountains of the Mont Blanc chain and the Bernese Oberland peered loftily into the celestial region from which we were gazing down. Here, while snatching the last portions allowed by our stingy masters, the guides, we viewed almost with alarm the thickly gathering clouds. Now followed the critical process of being formed into a continuous chain by means of a cord firmly bound to the waist of each member of the party, the guides being so interpolated as to allow a preponderance of strength and skill at its advancing end. We had thus, as it were, taken to the life-boat; or in other words, reached the critical point in our journey. We then applied ourselves in solemn earnest to the ascent of the difficult *arrête* before us; and, without concealment or exaggeration, I may affirm it was awful.* For one hour and a half our path was along a sharp, undulating ridge, with pitches now and then steeper than those of an ordinary roof—on one side of us an almost vertical precipice of thousands of feet, and on the other an ice-slope for miles, ending in a glacier. The rope had to be kept tight between us, so that when one stumbled he could not fall so far as to drag down his next neighbors, but, by the aid of the rope, would be enabled speedily to regain his hold of the way, assisted, perhaps, by his *alpen-stock*, which was also of constant use. The staff of the guides was somewhat different from ours. It was terminated by a transverse iron appendage, one end having a hatchet-edge for step-cutting, the opposite being bill-hooked for holding on. The greatest care is required in cutting the steps at a proper distance from the end of the ridge, in order to allow for

* According to travellers, this is considered the hardest thing in the Alps to accomplish. A commander in the English Navy, who had seen sixteen years of service, wrote the following in the book of the Riffelberg Hotel: "*The horrors of the arrête cannot be exaggerated.*"

the combing over of the snow. Sometimes, instead of keeping on the crest of the *kamm*, we were forced to climb around it, adhering to projections but two inches wide. In such cases, but one was suffered to pass at a time—his companions in advance and rear holding him by the rope in close contact with the ledge—the former pulling in the cord, and the latter paying it out. These dangerous passages called into play the entire coolness and self-possession of each, and exalted mutual confidence to its highest pitch. The feats occasionally performed by the guides were almost superhuman. They seemed to mount up surfaces quite vertical, and to stand where there was no visible support. To follow them with the eye only, almost made us feel wild or dizzy. At length we were in front of the final eminence of but twenty feet. It appeared, however, to be insurmountably steep and smooth. Nevertheless, it was scaled by one of our nimble guides, when the whole of our party was speedily dragged up after him. And there, at one o'clock, September 10th, we stood together in the enjoyment of a very lofty mundane satisfaction. We threw ourselves upon the rock in the most negligent positions, with our tired feet dangling over into Italy—partook of our last cognac and kindled our cheroots. The sky was beautiful over our heads, and though the cold was considerable, the exhilaration of our spirits kept it at bay. We had no feeling of nausea or giddiness, though the climbing had induced a slight difficulty in breathing. All prospect of the lower lands was confined to a circuit of less than two miles in diameter, and we found ourselves upon a mere rocky promontory amid a sea of clouds. These were continually rolling like ocean waves up one side of the mountain and down the other. After becoming satisfied with the inspection of this grand phenomenon, we commenced our descent. But hardly had we proceeded for above ten minutes, when a most frightful tempest from the south overtook us. The snow blinded us; sublime crashes of thunder stunned us; and we were dazzled by bolts of blue lightning. The storm was unlike any we had before witnessed. It was not an electric phenomenon viewed from without, but we were actually within and a portion of the meteor itself. The lightning soon ceased, but only to be succeeded by a hurricane of wind. This, by its effect upon the snow, heightened the obstacles in our way. Our path was obliterated, our hands were too cold to cling firmly to the rocks. The leader of the chain, who was not one of the guides (for these in descending are placed behind), became nervous and agitated. But still we kept up our progress amid all these difficulties and dangers, and reached the Saddle in good time and without accident. From thence we ran, tumbled, rolled, slid and dragged each other in twenty minutes over a space whose ascent had cost us so many hours of the hardest labor. Suddenly the sun, which for some time had been obscured, emerged in full splendor; and, although we hastened with all possible expedition to arm our eyes and faces with glasses and veils, we were so severely burned as to give each one of us a new skin over the entire face within a week's time from the exposure.

The excitement of the descent was at the highest on reaching the glacier, for here the newly-fallen snow had concealed the crevasses, rendering it necessary for us to move slowly and with extreme caution. It was my fate, however, to become for a moment involved in one of these fissures. I fell and slid, and with me my companion next in advance; but I was able to stop myself, and by tightening the rope, allow him to regain his feet. The pressure I here exerted upon my foothold in the effort was too great, and the snow

gave way with a crash. I felt myself going, and was only saved by instantly throwing my stick across the chasm. I had merely sunk breast deep, and was immediately withdrawn by my companions without other harm than a slight contusion.

On reaching our *cache*, we lost no time in consuming all we had repositied there, and then dashed forward over the remaining glacier, and down the Riffelberg to the hotel, from which we had been absent just fourteen hours. We were in fine spirits, in sound condition, and perfectly satisfied with our day's exploit. It was now our turn to be the lions of the evening; but in nothing, perhaps, were we a greater astonishment to the guests or the hostess than in the keen appetite we had brought with us to our dinner. Our thirst for mountain adventure was far from being sated, and before retiring to rest we had arranged, conditionally upon the weather, to start again equally early on the following day, to make the Theodul pass, and thence to go around to Mont Blanc. In fine weather the excursion is very easily made, but in bad, it becomes exceedingly perilous. A south wind arose during the night, which decided our guides to decline the expedition, and we were accordingly left to sleep until a late hour in the morning. We awoke not without regret at thus losing what are considered the best views of the superb Matterhorn, as well as the finest aspects of Mont Blanc, only visible from the Italian side.

We remained in quiet over Sunday at the Riffelberg Hotel, a resting place where everything was in keeping with its surroundings. The landlady even was a heroine of no mean pretensions, having herself climbed to the summit of Monte Rosa. The house was crowded with disappointed, weather-bound travellers.

Early on Monday we left for Zermatt, in a dense fog that soon settled into a drenching rain. Being unprovided with umbrellas and water-proofs, we were, of course, thoroughly soaked on our arrival at Zermatt. Here also we encountered the inevitable Anglais in still denser crowds. The weather looking better in the afternoon, we resumed our route, but were compelled, after eight miles in the rain, to seek shelter at Runda. Our evening was cheered by the company of the great German anatomist, Max Schultz, of Bonn. Among other subjects of discourse, he enlightened us by a disquisition on the phosphorescent insects of Cuba, a topic on which I was able to contribute a glimmer of light to the philosopher, having had an opportunity of seeing many of them in a living state. The following morning we descended the valley to the Visp, where we found fine weather. The transition in temperature was great, for the valley of the Rhone at this season has a heat well nigh scorching. Taking horses, we passed down the valley through Leuk to Sion, our place for halting over night. It is an ancient town, and has a very antique castle and church. It was originally built on two high hills, but having been taken thirty times by storm, it has relinquished its former proud position and descended in forced humility to the valley below. The French customs and language are here in the ascendant. Early the next day we started for Martigny. The distance is but short, and we were fully in season for breakfast at this celebrated starting point for travellers in the Alps.

After a short delay, occasioned by the hiring of a mule for one of the party, we commenced the ascent of the Tête Noir, toward Chamouni. For three long hours beneath a broiling sun we kept our upward way, until we made the summit of the Col de la Vorclaz, 4,689 feet in elevation, having in view for the entire distance the valley of the Rhone, with the Bernese Alps in the

remote background. The Tête Noir pass then separates from the Col de Balme, and, striking to the right, descends into a pretty valley, at one end of which is the Trient glacier and the mountain of the same name, an outlier or vedette of the Mont Blanc range. This road took us over a valley and through a long and beautiful wood to the hotel of the pass. Here we decided to quit the beaten track for a long and rather difficult one to the Col de Balme, in order to enjoy the far-famed prospect from its summit. After ascending several thousand feet, we kept a long distance nearly parallel to the Tête Noir, a course that yielded us superb views up and down the valley. Finally we struck across the top of the mountain, and made the hotel at the head of the Col de Balme, 6,784 feet above the level of the sea. This station commanded one of the grandest prospects of the whole Mont Blanc range. All its summits and glaciers were distinctly visible—a glorious and never-to-be-forgotten spectacle. Mont Blanc towers in solitary grandeur above all its neighbors, some of whom, nevertheless, appealed to us for admiration over the monarch himself, by their more jagged and picturesque outlines. The glaciers were countless, and of prodigious dimensions. The summit of Mont Blanc is rounded off and coated by an unknown depth of snow. We had the singular good fortune to gaze toward it that afternoon, across an atmosphere of almost interplanetary transparency. It seemed possible to project our spirits without impediment to whatever point we turned our eyes. For many a minute we revelled in mute admiration of the glorious scene before us.

A four hours' walk from the Col de Balme took us to Chamouni, a pretty village at the foot of Mont Blanc. Hither, as to a shrine, must all come who would claim the reputation of Alpine tourists; and lucky will the traveller esteem himself if, on arrival, he shall find where to lay his head. Our thirty miles of walking made the beds we found at the Hotel de Lausanne a delicious boon. On the day following we ascended to Montanvert (5,866 feet high), from whence we surveyed the Mer de Glace and the extensive valley of Chamouni. We then went down to wander an hour or two upon the great ice-sea, which, though the largest, is far from being the most beautiful of these frozen deserts—the glacier of the Rhone and the Rosenlaui, in my estimation, at least, far outrivalling it in point of beauty. But nothing can surpass or equal Mont Blanc as it stands so grandly over Chamouni. Whether by day or night, you feel yourself in the presence of a real divinity. You are alternately ravished by the loveliness and awed by the majesty of the scene. Silence, wonder and delight maintain resistless sway in each beholder.

One day more of travel amid charming vales and past lovely waterfalls brought us to Lake Lemman and Geneva. Here our mountain toils and joys came to an end; and with a half reluctant feeling we resumed our appointed place in the concerns of sublunary life, not unrefreshed, however, by the strange experiences through which we had passed, and which, after an interval of several days, I have sought to sketch for the possible benefit of those who may wish to adopt our mountain track.

C. U. S.

ITALY.

“FREE from the Adriatic to the Alps!”
Prophetic words! although the holy fire
Touched for their utterance the perjured lips
Of a false oracle, made truthful once
By a divinity unconsciously contained.
World! this is She, the daughter of thy prince,
Radiant with beauty there, and strong as fair;
Empress of nations, and becoming well
Her royal state. Dragged from her dizzy height,
Thou saw'st her manacled, and doomed and dead,
And buried for long ages. Thou shalt see
Her resurrected now, and, shaking off
The cerements of the grave from her lithe limbs
Cleansed from all mediæval stains, come forth
To thy embrace in fresh imperial robes
Arrayed, her brow recrowned and eyes alight
With fires of youth renewed.

Ye nations, too,
Who breathless watch this latest miracle,
See to it that your sister be secured
In all her proper heritage. Firm placed,
Let her throne rise upon the Seven Hills;
Her sceptre reach from the Illyrian Sea,
Whose navies rode and ruled all neighboring seas,
Up to the monumental Alps which God
Has planted as his pillars to proclaim
Through all the wondering earth that Liberty,
Safe nestling in their shadows, is and shall
Forever be immortal. From her crown
Let not one native gem be missed; but mark
If, in the circlet, every rightful State
Shine in its proper place; Sardinia,
Istria and Tyrol flashing back the gleam
Of gorgeous, sea-wed Venice; while between—
Re-set, and burning with th' imprisoned fire
Of centuries—behold! the blazing Cross
Of Rome, eternal Rome!

Who would not be
Heir to the treasures which augmenting Time
Hoards for his children! Placed far down the ranks
Of ages luminous with sacred lights
Kindled by seers divinely taught, and shed
Along our lengthening path; living in years

To which the venerable Past reveals
 Mysteries inferior but to those which lie
 In the inscrutable Future—Italy
 We reverence and love—well-nigh adore :
 Draw from her bubbling fountains classic draughts,
 Muse o'er her legends, study her bright scrolls
 Of wit and poesy, and hang entranced
 Upon her melody. Each side, her art
 Smiles out upon us from half-hiding vines,
 And every breeze brings to our listening ears
 Traditions, glorifying Love and Fame,
 And all the nobler passions that redeem
 Mankind from gross decay. Stamped on each plain,
 Inscribed on every mountain, even fast writ
 On every shining stream of her charmed land,
 We find an epitaph and eulogy
 Of that great race that gave the world its laws,
 Founded its languages, defined its forms,
 And moulded it to beauty and in strength.
 Regenerate land, all hail ! thy Present, now,
 Has linked itself in glory with thy Past.
 Thy sons have proved themselves legitimate heirs
 Of fearless sires who carried through the earth
 Their conquering eagles, leaving in their path
 The blessed arts of peace. Thy hero-king,
 If he prove faithful to his mighty trust ;
 Thy prophet-warrior whose God-guided hand
 Drove forth thy tyrants ; thy bold orator,
 Exiled for his excess of patriot zeal,
 Whose voice made known thy wrongs in all the lands
 Where his feet wandered ; and thy statesman dead,
 Whose presence and unerring faith traced out
 Thy destiny, and shaped its critical lines ;
 All these and others of thy chiefs shall rank
 With the old heroes, prophets, orators
 And kings, whose praise, enduring as the stars,
 Adorns thy history with a richer fame
 Than all thy sounding conquests gave. And ye,
 O people ! proudly brave, despising death,
 Fearing dishonor, hating tyranny,
 Ennobled by your sufferings and great thoughts,
 Hear from your brothers, whose victorious wreaths
 Are worn o'er sad funereal weeds, their words,
 Borne o'er the Western Sea ; words of good cheer,
 But spoken in warning, as they are in love .
 " So shall your victory endure, as ye
 Are faithful to the gospels of the age,
 Which made all generous souls your friends ; the hopes
 That feed your courage ; the memorial deeds
 That fired your aspirations ; and the vows
 That gave you Heaven itself for an ally ! "

HENRY WHITTAKER.

ARCHIE LOVELL.

By MRS. EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "MISS FORRESTER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FOUND DROWNED.

AT about four o'clock on the day succeeding his dinner-party, Mr. Dennison left his chambers in the Temple, and walked forth, with quiet, composed demeanor, along the Strand in the direction of the west. He was admirably got up, as usual; frock coat, well-fitting boots, lavender gloves stitched with black, walking-stick-umbrella, his tie, his linen, his whiskers, all irreproachable. Poor Maggie would want to see him, he said—nay, he thought this, to himself; after the cold parting at his chambers the night before, it was only right that he should go and hold out the olive branch of peace. He would take her away for one of those country dinners she so loved to Richmond; there would be just time to get off by the five o'clock train if he hurried her in her dressing, and if there was half an hour to spare, he would take her round to Regent Street and give her a new bonnet to go in. It was hard to a woman's heart, doubtless, to have to wear an old velvet hat in August, poor girl! A French bonnet and a new dress would be the best means of setting everything right between them! And still Mr. Dennison's eyes glanced quickly, nervously, at the placards of every news-shop he passed; his ear greedily drank in every word of dislocated, mispronounced intelligence that the hoarse voices of the news-boys, now issuing forth from the different offices with the evening papers, were shouting around him as he walked along.

When he had got within about thirty or forty yards from the opening to Cecil Street, he was forced to stop; so dense a crowd had gathered round a red-and-orange placard outside an office door close upon his right.

"Earliest intelligence—Clerk suspected of embezzlement—Horrid case of poisoning in Leeds—Found drowned," yelled out a boy in accents that might have been Chaldee or Sanscrit; and running each ghastly announcement into the other, so as to render them wholly unintelligible to any save the preternaturally sharpened sense of one of his hearers. "Clerk suspected of embezzlement—Poisoning in Leeds—Found drowned."

The cold dew started upon Robert Dennison's forehead; another voice beside the newsboy's shrill treble made itself heard to him amid all the uproar of the London streets. "Found drowned." Why, what nervous fancies were these he had upon him? What interest had he in these vulgar horrors of the penny papers? He wanted quiet and rest; the rest he would get in the green Richmond shades with Maggie. Cecil Street was here close at hand; he would call for her at once, take her to the milliner's, poor child! and be happy, looking at her pleasure, as in the old days of their love—

And he laid his hand heavily on the newsboy's shoulder, took and paid for

a paper, and walked on with it folded in his hand—keeping his eyes steadily away from the flaming placard, yet seeing, with weird clairvoyance, two words written there, larger, more blood-colored than the rest!—in the direction of his wife's lodgings.

Nearly opposite to Cecil Street he came to a small chop-house or coffee-room—not the sort of place Mr. Dennison would generally have condescended to enter; however, when he had half passed the window, he suddenly said to himself that he would never be able to keep up in this stifling heat unless he got some iced soda-water, water, fluid of any kind to allay his thirst, and after hesitating irresolutely for a minute, he turned back, and stepped inside the door.

"Iced soda-and-brandy? Yes, sir. Will you take a table, sir?" said the mistress of the establishment obsequiously, and looking instantly, as all women of her class did look, upon Dennison as a tremendous aristocrat. So Mr. Dennison took a table—one of the three little rounds of marble the room possessed, and turning his face in such a position that no one in the room could witness its expression, opened out his paper and searched it over for the day's news.

"Found drowned. At about ten o'clock last night, two men occupied in a vessel just below London Bridge, heard a sound like the cry of a woman in distress, and immediately afterward the splash of some heavy body struck the water a few yards, as it seemed, from where the barge was moored. They raised an immediate alarm, and the river police with drags were on the spot at once; but for a long time their search was fruitless. At three o'clock this morning, however, the body of a girl was found drifted in among some shipping, three or four hundred yards down the river, and bearing evident signs of having been dead some hours. The unfortunate deceased was respectably dressed, and wore a plain gold or marriage ring tied by a piece of ribbon round her throat. The police are already actively engaged in investigating this mysterious tragedy; and from the fact of a handkerchief that deceased had on her person being marked with a monogram, we shall, no doubt, before long, be enabled to present our readers with further and important details."

For a moment Robert Dennison was stunned: felt neither remorse, nor grief, nor pain, nor was sensible of fear; only stared vacantly at the pattern of the gaudy paper on the opposite wall—a filigree trelliswork, with tier above tier of absurd Swiss shepherdesses looking out from between arsenic green leaves. (Will he ever forget that trelliswork, those shepherdesses? In every illness, in every lonely sleepless night, will they not pursue him, the phantom background to all terrible nightmares, while he lives?) What he saw next was, that they had brought him his soda-and-brandy; and with a physical effort, so great as to cause him actual pain, he put out his hand and raised the glass to his lips. Something prevented him from swallowing a drop. The brandy must be bad, he thought. He never could swallow bad brandy. He would go on at once to Maggie, take her away to the country, and And then, abruptly, with sharp, with awful distinctness, all the meaning, all the danger of his position took palpable shape before his mind. A handkerchief marked with a monogram. The police actively engaged already. What if they tracked out Maggie's lodgings—for he felt as if heaven's voice had spoken that it was she—among her things were notes of his; photographs of his; her marriage lines: everything. What if they found how last night she had been to him, to her husband, for shelter, and

how he had turned her out—(his own servant, some chance listener on the stairs, might be brought to witness this against him)—turned her out, in her forlorn despair, to die upon the London streets!

He was a lawyer by nature as well as by profession; and every detail of the situation arranged itself with mechanical clearness, without an effort of volition, almost, before his intelligence. Robert Dennison, this man who had thrust his wife brutally from her rightful place, and who stood in direct extremity of exposure and downfall, seemed, in these first minutes, scarcely more intimately connected with himself than any client would have done whose case had happened to be placed in his hands, and whose sufferings or whose guilt concerned him only in as far as they heightened or lessened the chances of discovery. "Margaret Dennison," said his brain, while his heart kept cold and still, "left her lodgings yesterday evening; went to her husband and was repulsed by him; and to-day is dead. Everything that can mutely identify Robert Dennison as her husband, is to be found among the things that she left behind her at the lodgings; and these, unless active measures be taken at once, will be, in all human probability, at the end of a few more hours in the hands of the police—the placards with which the town must soon be covered scarcely failing to arrest the attention of the master or mistress or servants of the lodging-house."

Unless active measures be taken at once. What measures? A remark that his wife had made to him last night came back, word for word, before his memory, as if in answer. "I've paid off the lodgings and left them. You may send for my things to-morrow, if you like." This simply was what he had to do. He got up, put the paper in his pocket, paid for the untasted soda-and-brandy, then went out and walked back along the Strand, till he came to a stationer's shop. This he entered, bought a sheet of note-paper and envelope; and leaning on the counter to write, addressed a few lines to the landlady of the house in Cecil Street, begging that Miss Neville's luggage might be sent to her by the bearer. One of Dennison's accomplishments from the time he was a boy had been a trick of imitating admirably the handwriting of any person he chose; and this note was written in the precise half-flourish, half-scrawl of poor Maggie. He signed it "Lucy Neville," the name by which she had passed, sealed it, paid for the paper and envelope—carefully counting the change out of sixpence; then walked on, cityward still, and with no more hurried step, no more sign of perturbation on his face than usual. Before the archway of a coach or parcel office, close by the Olympic Theatre he stopped, looked at his watch, and stepping inside the archway, inquired from a group of three or four men who were standing there if he could get a porter to fetch some luggage for him from Cecil Street? One of the men, a licensed porter, volunteered for the job on the spot; and twenty minutes later, Robert Dennison, who disappeared in the interval—oh, the cycle, the eternity of those twenty minutes!—saw the well-known new portmanteau and bonnet-box that had been the companions of his wedding-tour, driven up before the office door on the roof of a cab.

Maggie had not returned to her lodgings then, for, up to the present moment, this had been a moral, not an actual certainty with him! "You haven't been long, my man," he said, addressing the porter. "They had the things all ready for you, I suppose?"

"Well, yes," the porter answered; "the boxes were standing ready in the hall, and for the matter of that the landlady wasn't over-civil in saying they

ought to have been taken before noon, when the week was up. And here are the lady's keys, sir," he added, taking something wrapped in a very dirty bit of paper, and giving them to Dennison. "The lady left them on the chimney, and I was to say from Mary, which she arst me—after the landlady were gone—that she'd never let 'em out of her own pocket, and the lady needn't fear but that her things was safe."

"All right," said Dennison, carelessly, but with a strange sense of the way in which chance now, as throughout his life, seemed to be with him. "All right. What do you want for the job? Two shillings—what, for less than half an hour's work? no."

He paid the porter the exact sum that was due to him—nothing more likely, he thought, to awaken suspicion than ever paying any man a farthing more than his due—and jumping into the cab, ordered the driver to go to the Shoreditch Station. When he had got some way along Fleet Street, however, something seemed to make him change his mind; and getting out, he paid and dismissed the cab, deliberately waited with his luggage for three or four minutes just by the open space or foot-passageway which leads up to St. Bride's Church, then hailed another cab, and drove back quietly to his own chambers in the Temple. Had his servant been at home, a different and a more involved plan might, perhaps, have been forced upon him. But the boy, by his permission, had gone out for the remainder of the day; and judging with calm, dispassionate coolness—the lack of which drives the majority of guilty men into acts of rash self-betrayal—Dennison decided that the safest place in England for him to go to now would be his own chambers. A better or a weaker man, circumstanced as he was, would have striven, perhaps, to make away with every evidence of his connection with Maggie: all that Dennison felt it imperatively necessary for him to destroy were the proofs of his marriage. He was bold through temperament and through education alike; and on principle ever chose the most open game that could be played. By taking away these things of hers out of London, by attempting to destroy them with every device that the "crooked wisdom" of cunning could suggest, there had been, he knew, a thousand times more risk than in driving with them straight to his own rooms, and, if need be, conducting the first detective officer who should come to question him to the closet where they lay.

The one-armed old pensioner who generally acted as Mr. Dennison's porter, happened at the moment of his arrival to have gone round to his home in the nearest court to tea; so the cabman, helped by Robert himself, carried up the luggage, without being met by any one, to the second floor, where Mr. Dennison paid and discharged him. The placard, "gone out of town," which the boy had hung outside the door of the chambers, he took down, as soon as he had unlocked the door and carried the luggage inside. A weaker man would probably again have erred on the side of prudence by leaving the placard where he found it; but Dennison, rapidly summing up every possibility of suspicion that could arise against him, had decided in an instant upon removing it. He possessed the true inborn genius of cunning—not mere skin-deep aptness for cunning when occasion arises—and had the most thorough mistrust at all times as to the evidence of his own senses. He saw no one, certainly, as he came up the stairs, but how should he say that no one saw him? If any human eye had watched him in, and then saw the placard "not at home" still on his door, this circumstance alone might give birth to inquiry. In the hundreds of criminal cases that he had studied—not that

he, Robert Dennison, was a criminal; this struck him only as a general fact—he had remarked how invariably men themselves help on the discovery of the real truth by the very means they employ to prevent suspicion. To have allowed the legal evidence of his marriage to remain in Cecil Street, would have been the hardness of a fool. To act, now that he held them in possession, as near as possible with the quiet straightforwardness of an innocent man, was what his temperament and his reason alike bade him do.

The venetians of his windows were all pulled down tight, shutting out whatever air stirred on the river or in the Temple Gardens, but letting in that strange baked atmosphere, void of oxygen, and charged with all nameless evil compounds, peculiar probably to London more than to any other city in the world during July and August. Dennison felt as though the closeness would stifle him, and crossing over to the window, hastily pulled up one of the blinds above his head. The cords gave a creaking sound as he drew them, and a group of two or three little children, at play in the gardens beneath with their nurse—a tall, dark girl, about the growth and age of Maggie—looked up at him, nurse and all, and laughed.

Bold as he was, and crafty, and alert against surprise, some weaker element there was, some lingering human association yet, in Robert Dennison's heart; and it stirred, aye, for an instant palsied every fibre of his stout frame at this moment.

Palsied by the sound of children's unconscious voices! by a girl's face that happened to have something the complexion or the smile of Maggie's! Why, what folly, what contemptible cowardice was this that was falling upon him?

He smiled to himself to think what tricks a man's nerves—the miserable material tramways of his intelligence!—can, in some disordered conditions of the system or the weather, play upon him. But he let down the blind again with singular haste notwithstanding. The sun shone in that way, he remembered; the room, after all, must be cooler if he kept it darkened. . . . And then he carried the boxes into his bedroom, took the keys out from his pocket, and kneeling down upon the floor, set himself, with a supreme effort of will, and with hands as trembling and as cold as hers had been when she left him last, to the accomplishment of his task.

CHAPTER XXV.

DEAD ROSE-LEAVES!

Six or eight French railway labels were on the boxes still; reminding Dennison, with the pathos these common-place things can take at times, of every halting-place in his wedding tour. Calais, Amiens, Paris, Rouen, Dieppe—all the span of Maggie's short-lived dream of Elysian happiness! These, not without a sharp contraction of the heart, he tore off sufficiently to render them illegible, before attempting to open the boxes.

"If—if all this turns out nothing," he thought, as with trembling, awkward hands he fitted one key after another into the lock of the portmanteau, and striving to address the other honorable, God-fearing Robert Dennison, not his very inmost self, as I suppose most of us do strive to the last, to blind something out of, and yet within, our own souls. "If Maggie is all right, and has only been getting up a little theatre to frighten me, I shan't have

done much harm by destroying a love-letter or two, and a dozen photographs, and we shall laugh some day over the thought of my imaginary widowhood together—poor Maggie!”

But though he could address his honorable, God-fearing friend, with such glib innocence, and although the portmanteau lay open now beneath his hand, Robert Dennison recoiled, as one would do at the touch of death, from handling anything it contained. Afraid? Of course not. What was there for him to fear? He was out of sorts to-day—upset, naturally, at the bare possibility of this thing he dreaded—and, rising abruptly to his feet, he walked back to his sitting-room, and poured out and drank a glass of water from a carafe that stood upon the sideboard.

The heat was really stifling, and he had not been in bed since yesterday. What wonder if his throat felt fever-parched? What wonder if he shrank from making even the slightest bodily exertion? He took off his coat and loosened his neck-tie—anything to keep his hands another minute from the contact of those things of hers! Wondered if a cigar would do him good; lit one, put it to his lips, laid it down on the mantel-piece a minute after; took a turn or two up and down his room; then, with a convulsive sort of resolution, went back to his work, and, without giving himself another moment to think, drew out a whole armful of the contents of the portmanteau, and tossed them down beside him on the floor.

All the little possessions she had had in the world were there. Her linen, fine and white, but without lace or embroidery; her best black silk, carefully folded the wrong side out; her velvet jacket, pinned up (for next Winter) in paper; her prayer-book; her work-case; a song or two, “Robert” among them, that Dennison had bought for her at the time when he thought drilling her unapt fingers into striking five or six notes of accompaniment the most blissful enjoyment in existence; the play-bills of the French theatres, and of one or two London ones; to which he had taken her; her marriage lines; a packet of his love-letters; her few trinkets; her watch and chain. All she had possessed; all the record of that short “lady’s” life she had known since she exchanged Heathcotes and work, and peace of mind, for Mr. Dennison’s love. The lodging-house servant had been faithful; everything was right; and Dennison held all the evidence most precious for him to possess, here, alone, between his own hands.

He collected every letter, every piece of paper containing a name, every photograph—there was about a dozen of himself, and one or two of her—then, having carefully looked over the linen, and found no letters or mark of any kind upon it, put back everything with as neat a touch as he could command, into its place. It was horribly hard work. The air must be growing hotter and hotter, or his last night’s vigil have made him really ill, for great cold drops—a strange effect for sultry weather to take—stood thick upon his forehead; the weight of these light woman’s things—yes, even to the little linen cuffs and collars, the poor bit of embroidery, with the needle and thread still as she had left it—seemed to oppress his arms with an intolerable leaden weariness. But still, with unflagging strength of will, he kept himself to his work; never stopping until the last thing had been replaced, the newspaper folded, as her neat hands had folded it, over the top. The worst was over now, he thought. He had only to take a glance for precaution through the other box; only carefully to burn the photographs and letters one by one in his grate; and with somewhat restored nerve he was just preparing himself

to look over the different papers that he held in his hand, when a long, loud ring came suddenly at his chamber door.

For an instant his face turned to ashes ; for an instant the common animal instincts of guilt—flight, concealment—did cross his brain. An instant only. Then Robert Dennison rallied thoroughly ; the stout nerve that had forsaken him when he was alone with a few senseless bits of cambric and silk, returning the moment that any positive danger—a man, a detective for aught he knew, was to be confronted. Anything, he reasoned promptly—the boxes, the torn labels still upon the floor, the letters in his possession—would be better than the risk of incurring suspicion by keeping his visitor waiting. And pushing the papers away, out of sight but not locked up—if search *were* made what mattered lock and key ? he took up his coat across his arm, passed his handkerchief over his face ; then whistling out of tune—Robert Dennison never, under any circumstances sang or whistled true—walked on calmly to the outer door and opened it.

No lynx-eyed detective officer stood there, but a young brother Templar, not exactly a friend of Dennison's, but a man whose money he was in the habit of taking at cards, and who consequently held himself entitled to come and bore him whenever, and for whatever length of time he chose. His name matters not : he has no further connection with this history : enough that, although he was young, he was a bore of the first magnitude (and, on occasion, a young man may bore you quite as intensely as an old one) ; a bore who talked on and on of things without the remotest human interest, careless whether he received an answer or no ; a bore who, when he had talked himself hoarse, smoked, boring you still by the mere expression of his face, and when he had smoked himself dry, drank ; and bored you more than ever by the interminable way in which he made his liquor hold out ! Dennison went through torture inexpressible during the hour and a half that this man sat with him in his chambers. Negative torture, perhaps ; but none the less poignant still. Here was invaluable time, time on the employment of which his whole future life might hang, and he had to sit quietly and listen to what Judge This said in such a Court, on such a case ; and what Serjeant That, very mistakenly, replied ; and what he, the bore, would have said had he been in either or both of their places ! When seven o'clock came he felt that he could bear it no longer. After being tolerated for an hour and a half, could even a bore complain of being turned out, or draw suspicious conclusions from your wishing to be left alone ? So looking at his watch he got up hurriedly ; exclaimed, as though he had just remembered it, that he had an engagement for dinner, and managed to get his visitor to the threshold, where the unconscious bore stayed talking for ten minutes longer at least, one arm well within the door-way, as experience doubtless had taught him to do when talking to wearied and desperate men on the door-step of their own houses. And then Robert Dennison was alone again.

Seven o'clock. Three hours only, since he first heard the newsboys calling along the Strand ! He seemed to have lived a dozen common days in these three hours ! Blankly staring at the trelliswork and shepherdesses on the coffee-room wall ; walking alone with his guilty heart, in the sight of men and in the sunshine, along in the streets ; waiting for the porter's return from Cecil Street ; getting back to his chambers ; the work that he had done there ; the torture of sitting powerless with his visitor, listening for every sound upon the stairs, every heavy footstep that it seemed to him *must* stop,

pause stealthily, and then be followed by a ring at his door . . . Why, each of these seemed a distinct ghastly epoch ; an epoch almost as remote from the present moment as were the happy innocent days when he was a boy at school. And six, seven hours remained still, before the day would be done. God, were they to pass as these had past ? Was this how men live when they are in dread of discovery ? Was there more meaning, after all, in that old-fashioned word "remorse" than any which he had before assigned to it in his philosophy ?

He went back ; he finished his task. Looked through the other box ; handled more cambric and ribbons and bits of lace, round all of which the faint scent of the rose-leaves and lavender the country girl had brought with her from Heathcotes—well he remembered it—seemed clinging yet ; burnt, one by one, his letters . . . how she had kept every line, every word that ever came from his hand ! his photographs and hers ; her marriage lines ; the torn railway labels : everything. Then he stood free. The boxes he stowed out of sight, yet not with any ostentatious secrecy, in a closet among his own ; the ashes from the papers he collected to the last fragment out of the grate, and shook away through the window. He stood free. The wife, whose existence had been his stumbling-block, gone ; every paper that could prove him to have been her husband destroyed. Free ! In a position at length to fulfil all his ambition, ay, to marry his cousin Lucia, perhaps, if he chose. Free ! And still with that livid sweat upon his forehead, that leaden weight about his limbs. Still listening for every footstep that approached his door ; starting irritably at every child's voice that pealed up, sweet and merry, from the Temple Gardens without !

He would be better abroad, he thought, when another miserable half hour had passed by : better with men's eyes upon him ; better anywhere than here. It was being shut up in the same room with these things of his poor Maggie's that overcame him ; and no wonder ! addressing the other honest, virtuous Robert Dennison again. She was a good girl, one who loved him well ! It might be to his worldly advantage that she should be gone ; but he would never find a woman love him as she had done—never ! and it was horrible to have to bear up and keep an iron face when in his heart he was yearning for freedom to weep over her ; yearning to find her out, rescue her from sacrilegious touch or sight, and bestow the last poor amends he could make for all the bitter wrongs that he had done to her !

Robert Dennison said this : probably he thought it in his very heart. The hardest, the guiltiest man among us all, never, I imagine, stands utterly bare, face to face with his own conscience. And when, an hour later, he found himself sitting in his accustomed dining-place, but physically unable to swallow food, and with a choking sensation at his throat whenever he thought of those poor things of hers that he had touched (the things whose faint rose-leaf scent *would* cling about him still), he felt satisfied, not alone that he was in no way guilty of her death—that, of course, was self-evident—but that he must really have been a great deal fonder of her than he knew, and that her loss, if indeed he had lost her, would be a life-long burden for him to bear.

After his scarce-tasted dinner came dessert, and with dessert the third edition of one of the evening papers was laid before him.

"The police continue actively engaged upon the mysterious case of drowning from London Bridge." In an instant his eyes lighted on this paragraph :

and still—as on the placard in the Strand—the prophecy of his own shame seemed to stand out, luridly distinct as if printed in red ink, from all the other news. “It is believed now that death took place before the body reached the water, and grave suspicions of foul play are entertained. An inquest will be held to-morrow morning, when it is fully expected that further and most important circumstances will be brought to light; indeed, we believe we shall not hinder the ends of justice by hinting that a clue to the solution of the tragedy has been already traced. Two facts, at least, may be stated as certain: first, that a handkerchief, evidently the property of a gentleman, and finely embroidered with three initial letters, was found in the breast of the unfortunate deceased; secondly, that the person of a man with whom she was seen in conversation on the night of her death is known to an officer of the City police.”

And there were five hours more before Robert Dennison could even hope to find forgetfulness in sleep!

CHAPTER XXVI.

BY THE RIVERSIDE.

THREE o'clock in the afternoon again; the sky a livid, copper-color; the pavements broiling hot; the air quivering, dense and furnace-like. London at white heat. London at that soft hour of an August day when, far away in the country, lengthening shades begin to cross the yellow fields, and when the robin, reminding one already of Autumn evenings, pipes from the hedge-rows, and voices of men and girls at harvest-work ring pleasantly through the leafy lanes.

“Mr. Wickham, Lilac Court,” exclaimed a sun-burnt country woman, as she descended from an omnibus in Fleet Street, about fifty yards east of Chancery Lane, and gazing about her with a stunned, bewildered air that men and women more accustomed to a bovine than a human world are apt to wear when they find themselves upon a city pavement. “And however in the world am I to find where Lilac Court is?”

The question, vaguely addressed to the general intelligence of London, having received no answer, she went into a law-stationer's close at hand and repeated it. Would any of the gentlemen, with a curtesy, have the goodness to direct her to Lilac Court? Which the omnibus set her down here as her nearest point, but being a stranger in London on important business, and in search of a gentleman by the name of Wickham——

“First turn to the right, six doors up, second floor,” cried an automaton-like, little, old man, without raising his eyes from an enormous ledger on which he was occupied. “Bell on the left as you enter. Now, then, Charlie, you look alive!” still without raising his eyes, and addressing a furiously hot boy who, with arms full of blue, ruled paper, was issuing, in his shirt-sleeves, through a hole in the floor; “and as you go up to Atkins's show this party the way to Mr. Wickham's office.”

An order which the boy at once obeyed; turning round with a noiseless whistle, and staring full in the face of the country woman, who followed him, in a way which discountenanced her extremely. Mr. Wickham, whoever he might be, seemed tolerably well-known, she thought; and in London, too, where she had always heard no man knew the name of his next-door neigh-

bor; but that was no reason why those that wanted Mr. Wickham should be stared at like beasts in a caravan. London manners, as far as she could see, were pretty much of a piece with their milk; and, instead of giving the boy twopence for his pains, as her heart prompted her, the good woman strode indignantly past him up the stairs conducting to Mr. Wickham's office, never pausing, although her face grew ominously redder, her breath shorter at every step, until she found herself upon the second floor to which she had been directed to go.

A brass plate, bearing the name of "Mr. Wickham," was on the door straight before her, a little white-handled bell on the left—a bell which, when pulled, gave not a hearty, human peal, as country bells do, but one muffled stroke, like the ghost of the squire's stable gong, she thought; or the first cracked "dong" of the old village church-bell sounding for a funeral.

In a second, and without any mortal agency that the country woman could discern, the door opened, and she found herself, too agitated to speak, inside a small, very neat office, and in the presence of a middle-aged gentleman, dressed in a plain suit of dark clothes—a gentleman who was sitting, a letter in his hand, beside the open window which admitted whatever air there was to be had from Lilac Court. He looked round, took one glance at his visitor's appearance and demeanor—the country face, the country clothes, the little country curtsy—then gave her a good-humored nod and a smile that set her at her ease in a moment.

"Good afternoon to you, ma'am. Tolerably hot here in London, isn't it?" And without waiting for her to answer, the gentleman in plain clothes came across the room, gave her a chair, and taking one himself, sat down, as though they had known each other since childhood, and had met for the express purpose of talking over the familiar events of by-gone years together. "You've had a good deal of trouble to find my place out, no doubt?" he went on, seeing that she wanted breath still. "Country folk *have* a trouble in finding their way about at first, until they get a little used-like to the town."

The visitor, upon this, took out her handkerchief; first wiped her forehead, then her eyes, and observed, in a fluttered way, that town for certain was one thing and the country another, and there was a deal of wickedness about everywhere—an apophthegm at which her companion shook his head corroboratively—and she was staying with her cousin at Stoke Newington, and if she might be so bold—cutting short her private history with a nervous jerk—was she speaking to Mr. Wickham?

"Well, yes; my name certainly is Wickham," answered the gentleman in plain clothes, but with a sort of reluctance, as though good-breeding struggled with truth in thus speaking of himself at all. "And your's, ma'am, I think——"

She replied, all in strong, midland-county accent, and with utter absence of stops, and ever-growing agitation, that her name was Sherborne. Susan Sherborne, wife of Thomas Sherborne, of the parish of Heathcotes, Staffordshire, and holding a dairy-farm, as his father had done before him, of Sir John Durant, of Durant's Court. Mr. Wickham has heard of the family at the Court, of course?—Mr. Wickham's face interpolates that he is familiar with them—and seven months ago, come the tenth, a trouble fell on her, and on the family, too, for the matter of that, and she had never been herself since. Not to say ill, but a kind of weakness all over and no sleep o'nights—a shake of Mr. Wickham's head shows that this kind of nervous affection is well known

to him personally—and so for change of air, though air it isn't (in parenthesis), from air to no air would be nearer the mark—she came up to spend a few days with her cousin, married to a greengrocer at Stoke Newington, and the mother of five as beautiful children as you'd see anywhere. Here she stopped, and put her handkerchief to her eyes again.

"Well, ma'am, nothing happened to any of 'em, I hope?" said Mr. Wickham, taking out his watch and looking hard at her. "My time is rather short to-day, and although I'm particularly fond of children——"

"Oh, sir," cried the woman, eagerly, "it isn't the children at all, and I won't keep you five minutes. It was all in the papers yesterday, about the girl that was found drowned, you know, and my cousin's husband—which a better man and a kinder, out of drink, doesn't live—read it out to us after supper, and if you'll believe me, sir, I never timed my eyes all night, thinking, from the description, it might be our Maggie; and this morning my cousin said to me, 'Susan,' she said, 'you take a 'bus and go off and try whether you can get to see her for yourself or not; for anything,' she said, 'is better than thinking one thing and thinking another, and fretting yourself, which is here for health, off your rest and victuals.' And so, sir, by her and her husband's advice, I came, as you see."

"And to me!" exclaimed Mr. Wickham, with innocent perturbation. "Why, my dear soul, whatever on the face of the earth made you come to me?"

"Oh, sir, I hope you'll excuse the liberty if I've done wrong, but I went to a police-station, somewhere about Dewry Lane, I believe was the name?"

"Well, there is a police-station—there *is* a police-station near Dewry Lane, certainly," Mr. Wickham admitted; adhering to his visitor's pronunciation with the fine breeding that seemed an instinct in him.

"And the people there were very civil, and I went in and spoke to him as seemed the chief, and I told him what I came about and what I wanted, and says he, 'Mr. Wickham is the person for you to see in this; Mr. Wickham, Lilac Court,' which I knew no more than the babe unborn, and wrote it on an envelope, as I can show you."

And she took out an envelope on which was written, "Mr. Wickham, Lilac Court, Fleet Street," with a hieroglyphic of some kind or other; a monogram probably of the Drury Lane establishment; scrawled in the corner.

Mr. Wickham took the envelope; looked at it carefully; folded it down with his broad thumb-nail; tore it up with an absent air into small pieces; and finally took out and consulted his watch again. "Half-past three! Well, well, my dear, we must see what can be done for you, and we'll hope—for your sake and the young woman's sake equal—that everything will turn out comfortable. Turn out comfortable," he repeated, rubbing his hands slowly together, "as most things do, you know, when taken in time. Staffordshire's a fine country to live in, isn't it? Clayey? Ah, so I've been told, but fine pasture in your neighborhood. Yes, yes; *just* so. And you've held your land under Sir John Durant all your life as you may say. And your husband's father before him. To be sure. Well, now then I'll tell you what I can do for you in this affair. You know who I am, of course? Mr. Wickham, yes, that's my name for certain; but I mean you know who I am and what my profession is?"

Mrs. Sherborne suggested, vaguely, "In the law, she supposed." Her ideas

of the constabulary were exclusively confined to blue coats, white gloves and helmets; and she would have been less surprised at hearing that her new friend was Lord Chancellor than a policeman.

"In the law! ha, ha!" Mr. Wickham laughed pleasantly. "Well, that's not so bad. In the law! and so I am in the law, and I'm going to help you with a little of my legal advice. You've taken a fancy that this young woman who was found in the river is some friend of yours; and although it's rather late in the day—such matters being generally got over quick," adds Mr. Wickham, with ghastly meaning, "in this murky sort of thundery weather—I'll do what I can for you to have a look at the poor creature. Only, first—first, you see, ma'am, for form's sake, I must ask you this: Why do you suppose the young woman found drowned in the river and your friend are one and the same?"

Mrs. Sherborne hesitated, and glanced nervously about the room, with a haunting recollection still, probably, of the supernatural way in which the door had opened to her. "I don't want to get any one into trouble, sir"—bringing out her handkerchief again—"and unless I was certain——"

"Just so," interrupted Mr. Wickham, reassuringly. "That's it. Unless you were certain, you wouldn't wish to mention names, or do anything to bring other people into trouble. That's quite right, Mrs. Sherborne, and I respect you for the sentiment, only, you see, *why* should you imagine that your friend and the young woman found in the river should be one and the same? That's the question we've got to do with now."

"Well, sir, then, as I must speak, it was the description of the person that struck me; and a finer-grown girl, and a handsomer, than Maggie, there was not in the country round, nor a better; and being an orphan, and had lived under my roof since she were twelve—I know just as well as if she were my own—and when first she went away, seven months ago come the tenth, I never would believe, for all one might say and another might say, that she had come to harm, nor never would. Only, you see, sir, and you'll excuse me for saying it, that where there's a gentleman-born in a case like this, there's no saying what a girl may be drove to as soon as that gentleman-born gets tired of her—married or not married." And Mrs. Sherborne sobbed aloud.

Mr. Wickham got up, took his hat and stick, and called, without raising his voice, "Nicholson." Whereupon a younger man, dressed also in plain clothes, appeared through a panelled door, which Mrs. Sherborne had not noticed, close to the chief's right hand. "I'm going a little way in the city with this good lady, Nicholson. Nothing particular," giving a single look into the other's face, "and nothing that will keep me long. If I am not back at five, and Barton calls, tell him I believe I've news of the vessel he was wanting to hear about. Now, ma'am, I am at your service." And with many gallant apologies for going first, Mr. Wickham preceded Mrs. Sherborne down the dark and narrow staircase; then out through Lilac Court, and into Fleet Street again.

"No objection to a two-wheel, ma'am?" he asked, putting his nose close to Mrs. Sherborne's ear, in order to make himself heard amid the thunders of the Fleet. "I thought not;" as Mrs. Sherborne, in helpless pantomime, expressed that two-wheels and four-wheels were the same to her. "The ladies all patronize the two-wheels now-a-day;" and, waiting a minute or two first, to select an extra good horse, Mr. Wickham hailed a hansom, and after handing Mrs. Sherborne into it—a work of some trouble, for she had never

been in such a conveyance before, and required minute instructions as to which side she should sit, and what she should do with her basket and her umbrella, an especially bulky one, apparently holding other articles inside—told the cabman to drive to some address the country woman could not hear, and, jumping in alertly, took his place beside her.

They had a long distance to go; but Mr. Wickham made the road seem short by the pleasant way in which he lionized the city to his companion. Up that street, to the left, was the Old Bailey, of which, of course, she had heard tell; and here was Ludgate Hill, and Saint Paul's Cathedral; and the Monument, from which, in years gone by, the people used to pitch themselves. And there, away to the right, was London Bridge, and this—when they had passed into the region of narrow lanes and waterside avenues which lie beside Lower Thames Street and the river—this was the way down to the Tower, where the kings and queens used to be beheaded, and the docks, the pride and glory of Great Britain, before all the nations of the earth.

Not a very pleasant part of the town, Mr. Wickham acknowledges—and as he looks into the wholesome rosy face at his side, the contrast between it and the soddened, yellow, miserable faces on the pavement strikes even him—but worth seeing, too, in its way. Folks from the country ought to be able to tell their friends they had seen everything, the good and the bad together—"and you must keep your spirits up, my dear," he adds, "and look about you, and hope that everything will turn out comfortable yet."

They drove along through more labyrinths of lanes and avenues; each so dark, on this bright Summer day, so fetid, so sunless, that even with the pleasant gentleman who was protecting her by her side, Mrs. Sherborne's spirit sank within her at every minute. "Keep a good heart, ma'am," whispered Mr. Wickham; "keep a good heart. We're at our journey's end now, and you shall have your mind set at rest, and everything put straight in less than a quarter of an hour." And then, opening the lid in the roof, he bade the driver stop at the first turn to the left, when they got to the riverside.

"You'll have to walk a few steps, Mrs. Sherborne," he said, turning cheerily, as soon as they had alighted, to the poor, scared woman, from whose honest face every vestige of its natural color had now flown.

"Just take my arm, and we'll soon know the worst of everything." Saying which, Mr. Wickham turned down a narrow passage or footroad, between two ruinous blocks of houses, and, after walking twenty or thirty steps, stopped before the door of a small tavern, squalid and black with dirt, like everything else in the neighborhood, and with a female, apparently a Red Indian, grasping a toasting-fork, as she sat upon a parti-colored ball, an eel writhing under her feet, and "Britannia" written in yellow and green letters above, for a signboard.

"Is—is she here, sir?" cried Mrs. Sherborne, drawing back on the threshold of the house. "For the Lord's sake, tell me!"

"You come along with me," was Mr. Wickham's answer, in a somewhat more authoritative tone than the mild and easy one he had hitherto employed. "You come along with me, ma'am, and keep yourself cool *and* quiet. We may be very interested, as is natural, in our own little business, but that's no reason why we should set other people to be interested in it too."

He led her through the passage, or rather through the series of crooked passages—down one step, up two, down three again—that intersected the house; speaking a word or two to some person or persons behind the red cur-

tain of the bar, as he passed ; then out into a small strip of land, that might in those regions be called a garden, at the back. A garden thickly covered with a deposit of oyster, crab, and lobster shells, but without a trace of flower, tree, or plant of any kind ! At the bottom of this garden, and on a dead level with it, lay the Thames ; golden now in the slanting Summer sun, and with its stately outward-bound ships floating slowly down to the sea. On one side was a nest of dark, broken-down, one-storyed houses ; on the other a plain stone building, soot-grimed like everything else in the district, but comparatively decent ; whole-paned at least, and with a look "less like being murdered and quick-limed than any of the other places about," as Mrs. Sherborne used afterward to say, when narrating all this terrible day's experience to her gossips by the comfortable hearth at home.

To a side-door of this building Mr. Wickham, passing out through a shattered gate in the ale-house garden, now conducted his companion. His knock was answered in a moment by a policeman in uniform ; for the first time giving Mrs. Sherborne the comforting assurance that she was really under the protection of the law.

"Mrs. Matthews here?" inquired Mr. Wickham, curtly.

"Yes, sir," was the answer, given in the same tone, and with no look of recognition passing between the officer and the visitor.

"Send her to me."

They waited a minute or so ; Mrs. Sherborne beyond the power of asking questions now, but holding on, trembling—stout-nerved countrywoman as she was—to Mr. Wickham's arm ; then Mrs. Matthews appeared—a short, stout, hard-featured old woman with a smile destined to haunt Mrs. Sherborne's rest while she lived : such a smile as you might imagine a woman would wear who united in herself the offices of searcher and layer out at a riverside police station ; and Mr. Wickham, after a whispered word or two in her ear, handed his companion over to her charge.

"You're only just in time," she croaked, after conducting Mrs. Sherborne along a dark stone-vaulted passage and stopping as she selected a key from a bunch at her waist. "In half an hour more she'd 'a been screwed down. Walk in, my dear, don't be afeard ! and if I was you—not being accustomed—I'd hold my handkerchief up over my mouth. La, la !" as Mrs. Sherborne stood faintly irresolute before obeying her ; "it's what we must all come to—all come to !"

And then Mrs. Matthews stood placidly thinking of her tea, and consoling herself for being interrupted in it by some periwinkles which she happened to have in her pocket, while the countrywoman went in alone, to look upon the face of the dead.

THE CHARACTER OF PETRARCH.

SOME peculiarities, generally in literary history traced to Petrarch, have given him the reputation of more originality as a man and as an author, more novelty and power of character, than he really possessed. Still, his influence, both personal and literary, has been remarkable. And his tender philanthropy, ardent patriotism, romantic melancholy, the music of his plaintive though monotonous lyre, combine to lend a deep interest alike to his person and his story.

The love of friends, the chivalric love of woman, the love of fame, the love of books, the love of the great men of the past, the love of nature, the love of solitude—these were the dominant sentiments in the soul of Petrarch. Of course all these sentiments had been felt and expressed many times before. Chivalry, which in its essence is an imaginative heightening of sympathy, gave them an especial enrichment and refinement, a vividness and an exaltation not known in previous ages. The Troubadours, the immediate predecessors of Petrarch, had sung the chief of them with variety and emphasis, borrowing something from the classic traditions, but adding more through that union of ecclesiastical Christianity and Germanic feeling which formed the peculiar genius of knighthood. In the works of Petrarch, the sentiments of classic philosophy and poesy blend with the sentiments of the best Christian Fathers who had written on the monastic life, and with the sentiments of the Provençal bards. His originality and importance consist, first, in the peculiar combination he gave to these preëxisting ideas and feelings; secondly, in the new tone and accent lent to them by his personal character and experience; and thirdly, in the fresh impetus imparted for their reproduction and circulation in subsequent authors, by the popularity of his writings and by the conspicuousness of his position as the reviver of letters at the close of the Dark Age.

The strength of Petrarch is his sympathetic wealth of consciousness. His learning, eloquence, and love of liberty, his gentleness and magnanimity, his purity, height and constancy of feeling, are admirable. He says:

And new tears born of old desires declare
That still I am as I was wont to be,
And that a thousand changes change not me.

His weaknesses are an exorbitant, all-too-susceptible vanity, the prominence of a complacency forever alternating between fruition and mortification, the painful mingling of an effeminate self-fondling with a querulous self-dissatisfaction. The Petrarchan strain has been caught and echoed interminably since his day. The morbid subjective school, in some sense founded by him, has been continued by Rousseau, St. Pierre, Chateaubriand, the young Goethe, Byron, Lenau, and scores of other powerful authors—who have carried it much further than he, and made it even more and more complicated, by additionally interweaving their own idiosyncrasies. Still, above the jar of tones,

the fundamental chords he sounded are clearly distinguishable; a troubled excess of sensibility, exaggerated aspirations, separation from the crowd, a high-strung love of nature and seclusion, all grouped around an unhappy and importunate sense of self.

Petrarch was fitted by his poetic temperament to enter into the charms of the withdrawn scenes of nature, beautiful and wild landscapes, with an intensity uncommon in his day; in ours, partly through his influence, more frequent. The unaffectedness of his taste for nature is shown by the exquisite loveliness of the sites he chose for his residences at Vacluse, Parma, Garignano and Arquà. For sixteen years he spent much of his time in the picturesque seclusion of Vacluse. This romantic valley, with its celebrated fountain, sixteen miles from Avignon, will forever be associated with his tender passion and his charming fame. In this profound retreat, amid this rugged scenery, "in a shady garden formed for contemplation and sacred to Apollo," or in a deeper grotto at the source of the swift Sorga, which he was "confident resembled the place where Cicero went to declaim," he roamed and mused, he nursed and sang his love for Laura. He said his disgust of the frivolousness and heartlessness, plottings and vices of the city drove him for the soothing delights of the country to this retired haunt, which had the virtue of giving freedom to his heart and wings to his imagination. After his frequent journeys, on literary and state commissions, to the courts of princes in famous cities, he always hurried back to his beloved Vacluse, comparing his condition to "that of a thirsty stag, who, stunned with the noise of the dogs, seeks the cool stream and the silent shade." Here he passed much time alone, among the rocks and defiles, and by the brink of the fountain; also much time with his friend Philip de Cabassole. These two friends often strolled through the valley and over the cliffs, discussing literary and philosophical questions, until their servants, alarmed at their long absence, went forth with torches to seek them.

Petrarch always had a sincere fondness for solitude, a deep familiarity with its true genius. Few have written on the subject so well as he in his treatise on the "Leisure of the Religious," in which with such glow and sweetness he depicts the advantages of the monastic life; and in his elaborate dissertation, "Concerning the Solitary Life." The latter work was sketched in his early manhood, but not completed till twenty years afterward. The argument of it is that the true end of life for every man is perfection; and that the distractions, insincerities, corruptions of crowded society are fatal to progress in this; while the calmness, freedom, and devout meditation of solitude are highly favorable to it. Whenever he touches on this theme, the pen of Petrarch seems impregnated with the softest fire. Born for solitude, enamored of leisure, liberty, reverie and ideal virtue, he fled the noise and pestilential vice of cities with horror, and sought the silence and purity of the fields and the woods with a depth of pleasure which his pages clearly reflect.

Still have I sought a life of solitude—
 This know the rivers, and each wood, and plain—
 That I might 'scape the blind and sordid train
 Who from the path have flown of peace and good.

After secretly fleeing back to Vacluse, he writes to a friend: "I had resolved to return here no more; in justification of my inconstancy, I have nothing to allege but the necessity I feel for solitude." At another time he writes: "The love of solitude and repose is natural to me. Too much

known, too much sought in my own country, praised and flattered even to nausea, I seek a corner where I may live unknown and without glory. My desert of Vacluse presents itself with all its charm. Its hills, its fountains, and its woods, so favorable to my studies, possess my soul with a sweet emotion I cannot describe. I am no longer astonished that Camillus, that great man whom Rome exiled, sighed after his country. Solitude is my country."

The pictures in the imagination of Petrarch—as afterward was the case with Rousseau—were so vivid and so delightful that his own undisturbed reveries gave him the most satisfactory employment. His ideal enjoyments by himself, with none to contradict, nothing to jar or vex, were a more than sufficient substitute for the usual intercourse of men. It was a necessity with him to express what he thought and felt, to mirror himself in sympathy either actual or imaginary. To restrain his emotions in disguises or in bonds, to accept commands from others, was ever intolerably irksome to him. These are the very qualities to make vulgar society distasteful, solitude delicious. "Nothing is so fatiguing," he says, "as to converse with many or with one whom we do not love, and who is not familiar with the same subjects as ourselves." "On the mountains, in the valleys and caves, along the banks of the river, walking accompanied only by my own reflections, meeting with no person to distract my mind, I every day grow more calm. I find Athens, Rome, Florence here, as my imagination desires. Here I enjoy all my friends, the living, and the long dead, whom I know only by their works. Here is no tyrant to intimidate, no proud citizen to insult, no wicked tongue to calumniate. Neither quarrels, clamors, lawsuits, nor the din of war reach us here. There are no great lords here to whom court must be paid. Avarice, ambition and envy left afar, everything breathes joy, freedom and simplicity." These sentiments were sincere expressions. The apparent inconsistencies with them shown in his life, his frequent intimacies with great personages and brilliant courts, merely prove that there was also another side to his soul; that in spite of his own belief that he was weaned from the public and sick of celebrity, he really had all his life strong desires for congenial society, usefulness, honor and fame.

At the very time that he told the King of Bohemia that his chief desire was "to lead a secluded life at its fountain-head among the woods and mountains, and that when he could not go so far to find it, he sought to enjoy it in the midst of cities," he was engaged in composing a "Treatise on Illustrious Men." He wrote letters to Homer, Varro, Cicero, and other great men, as if they were still alive; and said that he strove to forget surrounding vexations by living mentally with the renowned spirits of the past. He went into society to enjoy his friends, to serve his country and the cause of letters, and to win glory. He went into solitude not from dislike or indifference to men, but as an escape from galling restraints, or from distressing censures and injuries. His sensitiveness to public opinion, even to the most trifling criticism of the most insignificant persons, was excessive in the extreme. His unrivalled celebrity brought his character, his writings, his actions, into all men's mouths. The wretchedness thus caused him was unendurable, and he fled from it to the bosom of nature. He had written "Four Books of Invectives against Physicians," exposing the impositions and absurdities of the profession in his time. This bold and serviceable work brought a swarm of attacks on him. He said, "I shall bury myself in a solitude so profound that care and envy will not be able to find me out. What folly! can I expect to find any

place where envy cannot penetrate?" After being crowned Laureate in Rome—the first repetition of that august ceremony for thirteen hundred years—he says, "It only seemed to raise envy and deprive me of the repose I enjoyed. From that time tongues and pens were sharpened against me." He cared too much for the opinion of men, not too little. He yearned to love and admire, to be loved and admired. "I esteem myself happy," he once writes, "in having quitted Venice for Padua. There I should have been suspected; here I am caressed."

Led by too much of his personal experience of the world to think mankind at large set against virtue and wisdom, and against the votaries of virtue and wisdom, his character, as Ugo Foscolo has said, sometimes wears a tint of misanthropy by no means natural to him. Really he had "more of fear than hatred, more of pity than contempt for men." He was one of those unfortunate men whose self-complacency is so unstable, whose sympathy so keen, that they are afraid of those they love. His kind acts were innumerable. He owned the only known copy of Cicero's treatise, "De Gloria," and lending it to his decayed schoolmaster, to be put in pawn for the temporary relief of the poor old man, it was irreparably lost to the world. "As a man," he said, "I cannot but be touched with the miseries of humanity; as an Italian, I believe no one more keenly feels the calamities of my country." He was not, in any reprehensible sense, an egotist, far less a misanthrope, in his love of isolation. He lacked—and this was his central weakness—what made the strong Goethe so sound, the mature Wordsworth so content, a direct life in the objects of nature, freedom from brooding on morbid sensations; a direct life in the general truths of humanity, freedom from a wearisome attention to personal details. He himself confesses to the mistake of taking "life in details rather than in the gross."

He read and wrote with hardly the slightest intermission. He reflected and brooded till he lost his health of body and mind; and life became "sicklied o'er with a pale cast of thought." A dreadful *ennui* devoured him. He imagined that "a weariness and disgust of everything naturally inhered in his soul." He said, "I conceived that to cure all my miseries I must study them night and day, renouncing all other desires; that the only way of forgetting life was to reflect perpetually on death." In kindred strain he sings,

Ceaseless I think, and in each wasting thought
So strong a pity for myself appears
That often it has brought
My harassed heart to new yet natural tears.

Again he says, "I am weary of life. Whatever path I take I find it strewn with flints and thorns. Would that the time were come when I might depart in search of a world far different from this wherein I feel so unhappy." And once more, at a later date, he writes, "I start up in wildness, I speak to myself; I dissolve in tears; I have visions which inflict on me the torments of hell." This was near the end. His last composition was a letter to his friend Boccaccio, which closed with the words, "Adieu, my friends! Adieu, my studies!" He was found dead in his library with his arm resting on a book. Distinguished honors were paid to his remains and his memory. At this day in popular fame he stands at the head of all the poets of love, his name wedded to that of the Laura he has immortalized. Scholars make grateful acknowledgement of the signal services he rendered to the cause of learning. Psychologists recognize him as one of the few whose characters have contributed a distinctive historic influence to following times.

The richness of his mind, the burning passions of his heart, lent to the coldness and fickleness of average men a stronger repulsion, and invested him with a double isolation in giving him superior company of his own. "Beholding, on the shores washed by the Tyrrhene Sea, that stately laurel which always warms my imagination, through impatience I fell breathless into the intervening stream. I was alone and in the woods, yet I blushed at my own heedlessness, for, to the reflecting mind, no outward witness is necessary to excite the emotion of shame." These striking words touch the secret of the haunting unhappiness of Petrarch, namely, his intense sympathy, that presence of his fellow-beings in imagination from which he could not free himself, of which even his apparent misanthropy itself was but one of the disturbed symptoms. Such an experience as that just quoted was relatively unknown in classical antiquity. Egypt, Judea, Greece, Rome, had no such characters as Zimmermann, Senancour, Chatterton, Chopin, Heine, David Gray. The self-gnawing wretchedness of such men is the product of a later civilization of our Christian epoch. What is the cause of this melancholy moaning and fading of men of genius, so familiar to us now? What makes the unhappiness of Christian genius in comparison with the clear content and joyfulness of the best type of ancient Pagan life?

It is a consequence of the enormous enhancement of sympathy. In antiquity, the family was the unit of life; outside of it, the individual had comparatively few responsive tendrils of feeling. Christianity, with the progress of civilization, and the universal intercommunication of the nations of the earth, has generated a powerful feeling of the relation between the individual and the total race. Jesus identified himself with all the afflicted members of humanity: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me"—a sentence which has been unspeakably influential on the historic sentiment of the last eighteen hundred years. Shakespeare makes Antony say of the murder of Cæsar,

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !

Then you, and I, and all of us fell down.

This feeling in each person, of entire humanity, developed an unprecedented, mysterious, objective sympathy, which has since often oppressed sensitive minds as "the burden and the weight of all this unintelligible world." We read, it is true, in the "Sanskrit Mahabharata," and "Ramayana," and the Persian poets, in the "Arabian Nights Entertainments," expressions of feeling as deep, fine and vast as anything in modern Christian literature; but it is something very different which they express. It is either personal affection, as when a lover is represented fainting away at a frown, falling dead under an unkind word; or it is a response to ideas of a transcendental faith, an ecstatic idealism, a pantheistic theosophy. The pining and swooning emotions of the finest Orientals are subjective, resulting either from love of a particular person, or from mystic devotion. But the emotions we are dealing with are objective, although neither personal nor metaphysical in their object. They are really unrecognized reactions on the vague general idea of humanity.

Now, by means of literature, newspapers, telegraphs, interlacing ties of business, travel, kindred, friendship, innumerable mutual interests, a man of sensitive genius lives constantly as it were in the ideal presence of all mankind. Public opinion is a reality as solid to him as the globe, its phenomena as influential as sunshine and darkness. Where life used to be direct, it is now reflective. Consciousness, once made up of single lines, now consists of

a mazy web. The immense complication of actions and reactions, distinctive of modern experience, produces a mass and multiplicity of feelings not yet harmonized, to be harmonized with difficulty and slowness, but infallibly productive of painful desires and sorrows until harmonized.

Furthermore, the healthy objectivity of Greek life betokened the well-balanced adjustment of man's desires with his earthly state. Ecclesiastical Christianity threw discredit and darkness on the earthly lot by its overwhelming portrayal of the worthlessness of the evanescent present in comparison with the everlasting glories of heaven. The doctrine of immortality engendered a sentiment of correspondent proportions, which, unable to renounce this world and patiently wait for the other, attempted to dilate the prizes of time to the capacity of its demands. A vast, hungry sense of incongruity resulted, prolific in disease and unfathomable misery; a sick and sore introspectiveness, a devouring greed for love and admiration, a frantic effort, in the phrase of Bacon, "to cure mortality with fame." The increase of sympathy consequent on the ideas of the unity of the human race and the community of human life has made the experience of the modern masses of men happier than that of the ancient masses; but its unharmonized excess has created the unhappiness of that class of exceptional men of genius of whom the unhappy Petrarch stands as the first popular literary representative. In his eloquent "Trionfi" he nobly depicts the great periods in the experience of the soul. First, Love triumphs over Man; secondly, Chastity triumphs over Love; thirdly, Death triumphs over both; fourthly, Fame triumphs over Death; fifthly, Time triumphs over Fame; and, finally, Eternity triumphs over Time. The man of large and fine genius, before he can cease to be unhappy, must, in his own soul, go through all these triumphs into the last one, by self-denial and the firm subordination of his impulsive sensibilities to the unchangeable conditions of destiny.

In personal intercourse Petrarch was one of the most fascinating of beings. His friends idolized him, "welcomed him with tears of joy as though he had been an angel." One high duty of writers of genius he fulfilled with signal effect—that of softening and refining the feelings of the vulgar. The other duty of great men, to be healthy and happy, that they may inoculate the needy world with sanity and joy, he is, perhaps, more to be pitied than blamed for failing to fulfil.

They say his strains tend to effeminate his countrymen. Well, there are plenty of influences in the other direction, military, political, mercantile, mechanical. Not without good effect does his soft and softening strain mingle in the harsh roar of toil, trade, ambition and battle. In consideration of his great love, his offences must be forgiven. They *are* forgiven and forgotten in the affections of multitudes of readers, who, gratefully cherishing his worth and service, blend his name alike with the thought of loneliness and the memory of Laura.

They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died:
The mountain-village where his latter days
Went down the vale of years; and 'tis their pride—
An honest pride, and let it be their praise—
To offer to the passing stranger's gaze
His mansion and his sepulchre; both plain
And venerably simple, such as raise
A feeling more accordant with his strain,
Than if a pyramid formed his monumental fane.

WILLIAM R. ALGER.

EXTRAVAGANCE OF THE FRENCH COURT.

PERIODICALLY we find the English and American journals expatiating upon the unbounded extravagance of the Parisian Court. Incidents are related, all more or less illustrative of the wild dissipations, the heedless expenditures, of the favorites of Napoleon III., and conjectures are indulged in as to how long all this may endure ere ruin and catastrophe overtake the reckless persons in question. Writers in England or in this country have, however, but an indefinite idea of the lengths to which the follies of the Parisian *élite* are carried, and it may not be uninteresting to review here the mode of life in vogue at the Imperial Court.

When Prince Napoleon became Emperor of the French, his first care was to propitiate the masses—the laboring classes. He and his adherents were well aware that through the discontent of the latter arose all successful revolutions in France. So the first great object was to secure their good will. In order to give them ample employment the Emperor originated that wonderful series of improvements whereby Paris and all the larger cities in the Empire have been rebuilt, embellished, rendered marvels of architecture. Docks and harbors were planned and constructed; pleasure grounds of wondrous beauty were made; in short, it became evident that so long as Napoleon was Emperor the people would never lack employment. Men and women who had been accustomed to breakfasting and dining in the Summer most frugally, upon onions and bread, at best grapes and bread, and in the Winter varying this by substituting cheese in the place of fruit, found it within their means to have, if not daily, at least twice a week, the *pot au feu*—a nice piece of beef boiled with vegetables. The hungry stomachs which had suggested revolutions to the aching heads being thus well filled, Napoleon knew that he was safe from popular caprice or violence for a period, at any rate, and in his newly-acquired security he bethought him of those of his subjects a step higher in the social grade—the shopkeepers, the *fournisseurs*—the class of people who cater to the more extravagant desires of the wealthy. He learned that trade was dull; there was no security, no belief in the stability of the Government; the *élite* were not disposed to the enjoyment of those *fêtes* which entail giving orders to the class above referred to, and these latter were grumbling and evidently inclined to listen to the emissaries of the House of Orleans, who were counselling still another revolution, the recall of the exiled royal family, and a consequent return to the gayeties of the Court. This danger was to be met at once, and so the Emperor determined to wed, and without delay form a brilliant *entourage*. His first attempts in the matrimonial line were not marked with distinguished success. The royal princesses to whom he made overtures fought shy of the “Adventurer,” “The Man of December,” “The Usurper.” Rather humiliated at this failure in his plans, and cleverly managed by Mlle. de Montijo, with whom he was in love, and who refused to be his mistress, Napoleon determined he would marry her, and at once issued a proclamation

to his people announcing his intention of so doing, and demanding their sympathy, inasmuch as, urged by his counsellors to wed with royalty, he intended to marry the woman he loved. He deemed this the privilege of every Frenchman, and felt assured of the support and assent of his subjects in this most important step. Spite of its rather sensational, not to say theatrical, tone, this appeal pleased the French, and they were quite prepared beforehand to receive the Empress into special favor. The marriage took place, and "*La Maison Impériale*" was formed at once. Orders were peremptorily issued to those belonging thus to the Court to enter upon a series of brilliant *fêtes*, and the Emperor and Empress inaugurated with great splendor "*Les Bals des Tuileries*." It was intimated to those members of the Court who had not overmuch of revenue that their excess of expenditures would be refunded from the "*Cassette de L'Empereur*." So Paris entered upon a season which was indeed extravagantly brilliant. Almost before they could realize the change, the *fournisseurs* were overwhelmed with orders, and they no longer found time to listen to the Orleanists.

For several seasons Paris enjoyed the display, the luxury, of the Imperial circles with increasing zest. The gayeties, the extravagance, the refinement of expensive pastimes proved irresistibly attractive to foreigners of wealth, and the French Court became the most popular in Europe. The votaries of fashion learned to take their cue from the Empress Eugénie, and she, in turn, followed the directions of her crafty spouse, who counselled speedy changes, new and still more extravagant *modes*. The ingenuity of milliners and jewelers, of the manufacturers of dress stuffs, and such industrials, was taxed to the utmost to devise novelties, and the *beau monde* of Paris adopted the ever-changing fashions with a reckless disregard of cost. Such persons as the Duke de Morny, Counts Walewski and de Persigny, and a host of others who were devoted adherents of Napoleon, speedily ran through their fortunes and clamored around the throne for the means to continue the life of dissipation and excessive pleasure which had become second nature to them. The Emperor's private purse was thus too severely attacked. He looked about him and devised the following remedy: The above faithful servants were told to speculate at the Bourse, and, as they were behind the scenes, within the ring, they played a safe game and amassed millions. There was no longer need, however, of any imperial urging to make them squander their money. They had bitten but too deeply into the apple, and had become adepts in the art of living so luxuriously as to cast into the shade even the famed revelries of the days of "*Le Grand Monarque*" Louis XIV. In fact, so extravagant had the Court become that it outran all possible acquirement of riches and became heavily indebted. The *fournisseurs* found at last that their long bills were not paid so readily, and this continued to be the case until at present there is scarcely a member of the French Court who does not owe more than he could by any sacrifice possibly repay. But this fact cannot stay or check the extravagance of the Emperor's *entourage*. They have imbibed the taste for extravagant luxury, and cannot change now. We hear of the Empress' efforts to induce a reform in the habits of the Court, of her studied simplicity in dress, of her overt acts of charity, of her endeavoring to render it fashionable to lead quiet lives and give to the relief of the poor the excess now expended in wanton luxury. But Her Majesty is powerless. She cannot allay the evil spirit which she and her spouse were instrumental in arousing. Their Court is no longer free to obey their requests in this matter. Its mem-

bers belong body and soul to the trades-people, and these will not permit a change in the extravagant mode of life which proves so seductive to the wealthy foreigners who swarm to Paris and spend their riches there. No, the trades-people are now masters of the situation, and they will have the glitter and glare of Parisian existence kept up. They screw and grind out of their debtors every penny they can obtain, but they still give them the means of making a show. There are persons moving in the Imperial circles who, to all appearances, are the most wealthy and the most extravagant. These people do not own the houses they live in, the carriages they ride in, the horses they drive, or the jewels they wear; these have long since passed into the possession of the *fournisseurs*, the trades-people, who hire them to the ostensible owners. That this is undoubtedly so can be proved beyond a question, were it necessary to establish the fact. There is a leading personage, near the Emperor, one of his marked favorites, who is owned by his tailor, Dusantoy. This man, known as the *Tailleur de l'Empereur*, has grown enormously wealthy by catering to the extravagance of the Court, and could tell queer tales, were he so inclined, about the great ladies who come to him and beg the means to pay gambling debts, *dettes d'honneur*, offering in their eagerness and humiliation their jewels, their expected revenues, and even themselves, in payment. On one occasion, this tailor furnished, at the last moment, and just in time to save a great family from shame and distress, the means to give a grand entertainment in honor of the wedding of the daughter of the house. Their trades-people seized upon the occasion to refuse supplies unless former bills were paid. They were aware that the family would move heaven and earth to procure means, and were obdurate until they received the sums demanded. The tailor, who is at heart a generous man, took pity upon the great family and gave them money. This was no isolated case of the depths to which the extravagance of the French Court has sunk the greater part of its members. Disgrace and suicide stare these people in the face, too frequently, but they are in the meshes and cannot recede. They are condemned to lives of extravagance, and, doubtless, could their minds and hearts be laid bare, in their hours of seclusion, these apparently most fortunate and luxurious of beings are the most wretched and miserable. They are the veriest slaves of Fashion, and must make a show, a grand display, let the cost be what it may.

When the Imperial Court leaves Paris for a sojourn at any of the country palaces—St. Cloud, Fontainebleau, or Compiègne—lists of invited guests are made out, comprising the *élite* of Parisian society. The ladies are given to understand that so many changes of toilet must take place each day, and that the same dresses must not be worn twice. If the invitation is for two weeks, not less than twenty changes of dress are needed, and these must be according to the last fashionable caprice, enforcing frequently a monstrous expense, when it is considered that the richest and greatest variety of laces and jewels must go toward completing the display to be made on these occasions. Of course, to refuse a Court invitation is out of the question; so the ladies, at whatever sacrifice, obtain the necessary toilets, and attend the *fêtes*; brilliant, indeed, outwardly, but many of them, doubtless, with heavy hearts and aching minds, when reflecting upon the fact that at some period, which will come round but too quickly, the fearfully long bills which these dresses represent must be paid. In the vain hope of acquiring means wherewith to settle these bills, the members of the Court are much addicted to

gambling, and not unfrequently the Emperor is called upon by some lady in distress to make good her losses at play. To avoid the scandals which would otherwise arise, His Majesty frequently accords the assistance demanded of him, but these things leak out, and still greater scandals ensue—all directly attributable to the *luxe effréné* which the Imperial couple were instrumental in creating. Sooner or later, however, the extravagance of the Court must reach that boundary a step beyond which would be utter ruin. Then Napoleon will see the necessity of putting a stop to these excesses, and will, doubtless, endeavor to accomplish this. Whether he will succeed or not remains to be seen. He will have to deal with a spirit that has run riot; an imagination which knows no bounds to its fertility. He will have to check women who are almost mad upon the subject of making a display, of creating a sensation. Finding it quite out of the question to spend money fast enough in the usual channels of life, these people set in vogue to a degree hitherto unparalleled, fancy dress balls and masquerades, the costumes being in many cases sinfully extravagant. Some women more beautiful but having less means than others more favored by fortune than by nature, adopted costumes that were revoltingly indecent, exposing their persons in a manner which, on the stage, would have caused the interference of the Commissary of Police. It was from no positive desire to be shameless that these ladies behaved in this manner, but because of the extravagance of the French Court, which wills that to be observed, admired, wondered at, is the chief object of life.

Naturally, the tone which these dissipations give to Parisian life is anything but proper or commendable. The higher classes in France may thank Louis Napoleon for having utterly corrupted them. If the *bourgeoisie* and the working classes owe to his rule a very positive and evident prosperity, the *élite* owe to him all the disgraces, the discomforts, the actual misery entailed upon them by the extravagant example set them, and which they were encouraged, it may be said almost ordered, to follow. Of late, the more reflective, the more philosophical French writers have begun a literary crusade against this extravagant spirit, but they find the task a difficult one, and doubtless cannot hope to accomplish much good so long as the Court sets the example of unbounded luxury. The playwrights of Paris produce comedies and dramas, all turning upon the chief subject which now agitates the French mind—the dissipations and extravagance of society; but the very people who are shown up in these plays, whose vices and excesses are made the subject of the most severe censure, or the most biting satire, laugh the loudest at the *exposé*, and seem truly to enjoy it more than the soberer public. For these people reformation can come but through some fearful misfortune, some startling change in position. They may find all this sooner than they dream of. The French masses are prone to revolutions!

H. A. DELILLE.

DOWN IN A CHINE.

THE sea was a pulsating splendor of purple. The clear sheen of the sky had a glitter of coolness in it, for the month was November. Sharp and well defined in the blue atmosphere rose the shining chalk cliffs. There was so decided a brilliance to the day that there were no soft shades, no dreamy hazes.

Down the path from the thatch-roofed hotel, among the fluttering, almost leafless shrubbery, glanced and glittered a hat plumed from some fiery southern bird. A slight girl walked slowly, her shawl gathered closely about her, her face turned in thoughtless thoughtfulness, if I may be allowed that phrase, toward the downs and the sea. A face of strength, albeit the eyes were now of softest gray, and the lips curved in the sheer sweetness of undisturbed musing. Though a blonde tiara of hair encircled her head, and her complexion had the exquisite Saxon flush, at touch of her hand and at glance of her eyes, one felt that her nature was of that vehement richness more characteristic of the South, but still some way enclosed by the reserve of a Northern birth and parentage.

Though hundreds of English girls might have looked very much like that, an American would have recognized in her a countrywoman. But it was too late for Americans or pleasure-seeking English to be sojourning on the island.

The first tinges of the amber and gold of a westering sun were melting across the heavens, as the girl sauntered along the path that led to the ravine. The little girl porter that tended the gate had deserted her post, in despair of sixpences.

The lady paused one moment as she swung open the gate, glanced at the sun, whose lances of light were fast growing horizontal, thought there would be time enough to go down through the chine, and come out upon the beach to linger there through the hour of twilight.

Then, as a breath of wind came rustling up the chasm, whispering among the bare twigs of Summer's greenery, she went lingeringly down the steps. The boiling brook, full with Autumn rains, rushed down near her, filling the place with its swift roar. The fragrance of dying leaves, the loitering perfume of Summer, still faintly hung upon the air. The genial luxuriance of the ravine could not die and leave no sign of its surpassing beauty. The perpendicular heights, the shelving terraces, still held tokens of the verdure and life of the months gone by. Festoonings of trailing plants clung to a few green leaves and flaunted them among their withered ones.

The girl stayed a moment at the foot of the steep staircase, looking along the path that wound through the chasm. A sombre gloom held empire here—a gloom that somehow chilled her heart, as the remembrance of joys forever gone, or as the shadow of impending sorrow. She moved along the path, her heart answering to the flutter of the leaves.

Was the air filled with the mysterious mutterings of destiny? Her soul

received those vague murmurs, but no power was vouchsafed her to translate them.

The low sun had already made it adusk in the ravine, and she walked on to seek the crimson that must soon be burning over sky and sea. She thought of the rapid, triumphant tread upon the breezy downs homeward to the hotel; but some spirit of fascinating gloom held her steps slowly along the chine.

The gray light grew grayer; a chill blast swept between the lips of the chasm, and the girl hugged her shawl, and went shuddering on, to come suddenly, round a sharp bend in the walls, upon a fallen man lying motionless upon the path. She did not pause to take breath, though a distressful tremor shook her as she bent over him. Dark drops dripped from his side, making larger the pool of blackish red that was soaking into the porous stone on which he lay. The spot was a widening of the path, in this place secluded after the Summer season was over.

An instinct of terror made her long to turn and fly up the stairs into air in which was no sickening sense of blood, but even as she felt it, her lips curved in derision at her own weakness, and the hand she laid over the man's heart was steady in its white symmetry.

He was evidently in a swoon of deep exhaustion. The deathly pallor of his dark, beardless face was visible even in that gloom. As her hand felt the faint flutter of his pulses, all the horror that had controlled her seemed to forsake her. She felt only the strongest wish to aid him. She feared to go for help, and feared to stay, while he appeared bleeding his life away.

She fled back, and up the steps, looking in the faint hope of seeing some one. A cottage near by was closed for the Winter—any other seemed too far. She bounded back, dimly conscious of some acute, personal interest in the stranger. Flying along the path, her foot touched a gleaming steel that clanked as it stirred. It was a slender rapier, dropped, she thought, by some one who had fought with this man. She felt a conviction that it was a duel, unpremeditated perhaps—an angry contest of dexterous swordsmen in the subterranean quiet of the chasm. Despite her hurry, something prompted her to bend and take the blade, letting it fall by the side of the man, as she stooped for his cap that lay under one outstretched arm. She filled the cap with water at the brook, and walked back with it, every splash upon the hard floor sending a quiver of some intense sensation through her nerves.

The dash of the cool drops, the tight pressing of the handkerchief upon the wound, brought back strength to lift the eyelids.

"It was a hard thrust," he murmured, gazing dreamily, with unseeing eyes, upon the face bent toward him.

"Yes; all you could endure and live," she said, her head averted as she endeavored successfully to apply a bandage that should partially staunch the wound for a while.

The voice, soft and strange, brought realization to the man. With a start, he tried to rise on his elbow, but was held back more by her glance than by her touch. He gazed at her with such intense eagerness and inquiry that she said—

"I took the path through the chine to the beach, and found you here."

His eyes glanced up to the narrow strip of sky, now roseate with the hour.

"Is it, then, night?" he said.

"It is the flush of sunset," she replied.

She could not ask him a question, for she felt that he must not talk.

A silence came that to neither heart seemed the silence between strangers. The gloom deepened. Through the circuitous path that led to the sea, came the sound of the roar of the incoming tide—the rush higher and higher. With the setting sun rose a sweeping north wind that wailed steadily over the shore, sending sometimes a piercing sob down into the ravine where the girl sat by the man's side. Sensitive to all outward influences, the girl's being received the weird power of the time, and throbbed with the wild pulsing of a soul sister to the winds, the darkness, the strangeness. With each rising breathing of the tide, she felt within her a superhuman power that for an instant might fit her for empress over all the fierce disquiet of the world—feeling within herself the turbulence of the elements, enhanced by the restlessness of a human soul. Her eyes in the dusk glowed with the deep purple of the dilated pupil, the gray iris lost in the imperial hue which ruled her.

The man seemed sinking into a sleep of prostration; murmuring indistinctly, sometimes defiantly, then entreatingly. Suddenly starting broad awake, he begged for water.

She knelt down by the brook, and dipped her tight-clasped hands in the foaming rapid.

"It is the only cup I can offer you," she said, bending carefully her fingers to his burning lips.

"A royal cup," he whispered with earnestness, his eyes for an instant rousing from their languor, and, blazing upon her face, calling a faint, fleeting flush to its excited whiteness.

Then he sank down exhausted, feebly asking more. She went carefully back and forth until his thirst was appeased. Then standing, and seeing through the dimness that he seemed reposing again, she resolved upon going up to the nearest house for help, for she feared that he would bleed again.

She moved softly back, the faint rustle of her skirts seeming loud to her, as she endeavored to smother even her breath that she might not disturb him.

Not half a dozen paces, and some swift fear had told him.

"You leave me!" he cried faintly.

"Only to obtain relief," pausing and turning back with one hand on the railing of the little rustic bridge.

"But you'll not return?" with a painful accent of desire and anxiety.

"I promise to return," she said.

A faint "Thank you," came on the low sobbing breath of the ravine as she crossed the bridge.

A dusky crimson hung over the sea and the earth. She might have been some elfish inhabitant of that deserted beach, flying up to the homes of the human, as she went panting up to the door of a cottage a short distance from the entrance to the chine.

The cottager, opening the door, stared at this strange woman whose eyes had caught the purple gleam of the zenith, whose lips the deep glow of the horizon, whose hair the soft amber of some warmer sunset.

"There is a wounded man down in the chine," she said, with that rapid speech that admits of no questioning. "Will you run for a physician, and come with him down there? And bring torches?"

The man took his hat with that implicit obedience which intensity commands, and started upon a run toward the village.

Honore Britton turned back and descended again into the chasm; this time with still slower steps, for it was dark.

She kept along by the rush of the water, but was obliged to pause on the bridge, ignorant of where to step next. She knew the man was near, for through the continuous rush of the brook she heard his heavy, irregular breathing.

She stood motionless, the whispering of some premonitory fate sighing to her heart.

The hour and the place, the bleeding man whose face she had hardly seen, the palpitating gloom of the night, the impatient waiting for succor, wrote upon her life a page unlike any other—one that sent its power through all the pages yet to be traced.

Her father, dozing in the sitting-room at the hotel, knew that it was not unlikely his daughter would remain all the evening upon the beach, so he thought not of being anxious about her—an erratic star whose orbit was beyond his ken.

Footsteps upon the stairs, the glimmer of lights that shed sparks of fire into the water, and the rustic came lumbering down, holding a torch in either hand, and followed by a physician with his case of instruments.

The doctor stopped involuntarily as he came to the other side of the stream from the girl, and saw her, the lurid torchlight falling over her figure, the earnest face making her seem for a moment the priestess of some wonderful subterranean cavern, the Consuelo of some thrilling mystery.

The doctor saw that that face, not usually handsome, was, in this pose and light, powerfully beautiful. For the first instant the glare of the torches prevented her from seeing, but the next she had recovered vision, and when the doctor said, respectfully :

"Where is my patient?" she turned with a gesture that said "Here," revealing in the red light the figure of the man.

The doctor bent over him, the peasant holding the lights, and Honore remaining on the bridge.

The doctor knelt, tossing the rapier Honore had picked up, from under his knee. It fell ringing close by the feet of the girl, and called her eyes by its glitter an instant from the shadowy picture before her. Its sheen brought to her sight the shining of something that had lain unnoticed near the margin of the stream—a pearl miniature case which, the moment after, lay open on the palm of Honore, for something in the bijou had appealed with familiar voice to her recollection.

It was her own picture that looked at her from the case. A picture daintily and glowingly painted by some artist in Florence—painted just twelve months ago in the golden hours of November upon the Arno—painted for the man to whom her hand was early promised—a betrothal by the parents of each.

The wounded man was forgotten, and she stooped to take again the deserted rapier. Amid the delicate tracery on its blade was engraved the name of her promised husband—Richard Albany. She let fall the blade as though she felt the blood it had shed trickling on her fingers. It rang on the stones and was silent.

Honore dropped the picture in her pocket, a spasm of distress contracting her heart, and putting its sign on her forehead.

"Madam," said the physician, without turning his head.

She moved forward quickly, her eyes questioning him.

"Will you hold this light? This man's hand trembles so that I cannot see distinctly."

She took the light, knowing that no muscle would vibrate.

As her fingers clasped firmly the stick, the physician could not refrain from a quick glance at the face of the girl whose eyes were bent upon the wounded man. He saw a puzzled wonder coming in that face, as she saw distinctly for the first time the features of the man.

Was she led into this ravine that the shadows from her past life should float thus before her? Was it fate so to find traces of him she was to marry—to see again a face that only once, far away, came for a moment across her vision?

The face beneath her glance, though that of a stranger, was one she had seen before. There rose before her a street in New York; the pale gray of twilight struggling with gas light; a sudden rushing of carriages where she had deemed it safe to cross; a swift arm drawing her back to the pavement, and as she had looked up to thank him, she had seen this face of pallid darkness, those firm, beardless lips, that soft, flowing, black hair. And she had never seen him since.

"It was a romantic face," she had said to herself, in thinking of the incident afterward; now she thought it possessed all the power of the old-time romance that thrills through the ages—that voices down the years that most potent charm of all, the poetry and strength of true chivalry; that union of attributes which shall make the ideal knight troubadour forever fascinating.

A thick veil had been over Honore's face at that time, and he could not have seen her, and now, as his eyes met hers, while he unflinchingly bore the surgeon's hand, there was no glimmer of recognition in them.

A cot was procured, when his wound was dressed, and the stranger was borne slowly up to the outer air, whose strong, salt breeze brought something of strength to him.

Honore walked behind them, carrying the extinguished torches inverted—a spiral of smoke soaring upward, the last breath of a flame that should never burn again. Unconsciously she had inverted the blaze, and now, looking down at the smouldering things, she threw them from her, the shadow in her eyes seeming the prophecy that for her no more should a happiness burn with clear flame.

With a smile mocking the folly of her thoughts, she hastened on after the two men walking so carefully in the grayness.

The lights of the hotel gleamed near.

"What bandit have you there?" asked Honore's father, meeting them in the garden, where he was meditating a search for his daughter.

Honore, who had brought the rapier half hidden in the folds of her dress, glided to her father's side, and slipped the hilt into his hand, saying, lowly—

"A work of Mr. Albany's, father."

She saw her father's face grow flushed and pale as he looked from the blade to the man they were carrying through the door. In a moment father and daughter were left alone in the bareness of a November garden.

"Have you been dreaming out there on the beach?" said Mr. Britton. "Mr. Albany is not here, you know."

"Yes, I know. I have not been out on the beach, father. I wish I had. I have been down in the chine."

"And how came you with such a cortege?" he asked, still looking incredulously at her. "Your words do not explain themselves."

"Do you not understand that I found this stranger wounded in the chine—"

that I called help for him? That near him I found this rapier of Richard Albany's? there is the name."

Some prideful sensitiveness restrained her from showing the picture.

"You wish me to understand that that man was wounded by Richard's rapier, in Richard's hand?" he asked, hastily, looking indignantly down at the pale, immobile face near him.

"Yes, that is it," she said.

"Then I refuse to understand any such thing," he said, decidedly.

"But who save Richard would have had this," spoke Honore, extending the picture open toward him, and wondering, as she did so, if she ever looked as radiant as that.

Her father's brow grew ireful. "None," he said; "Richard loves you too well to have parted knowingly with that."

No flush came to Honore's face as she thought how true were her father's words.

"It was a duel, then," he said; "you would not suspect him of worse?"

He bent a glance upon her that pierced the gloom.

"No," she responded, coldly, "but this is only one more of his deeds—strange things for gentlemen to do."

"And yet the man loves you," repeated her father, keeping his eyes upon that icily composed face.

"As such men love."

"Men are not angels," was the impatient response; "they can not love perfectly out of imperfection."

Something of his own momentary cynicism dwelt in the tone of his daughter's reply—

"I believe it." Then with a thrilling, unconscious appeal in her voice, she exclaimed, "I am weary of it all!"

The man's eyes and voice melted.

"My child, let us come in."

He took her hand and led her in, as though she had, in truth, been a child.

In a day or two it was understood at the hotel that the wounded man would recover. Mr. Britton had been visibly solicitous concerning him, and slightly impatient with the polite interest of his daughter.

"This stranger will get well," he said on the fourth day. "The uncertainty concerning him is all that kept me so long on the island."

He looked at his daughter, striving to discover if this man, to whom she had rendered so unusual a service, who possessed a face like one from a dream, had left his sign upon her fancy.

Honore was reading. She looked up and said, placidly,

"Shall we not, then, return to Liverpool, and remain with our cousins until you have engaged our passage home?"

"I was about to propose that," he said, feeling some vague mistrust of her, but completely at a loss for evidence against her.

The next morning the two stood upon the piazza, awaiting the carriage that was to take them to the wharf.

Honore's face was toward the wide stretch of ocean, which, in this bright day, was one sheen of ultramarine, holding in itself, as some painters say, the essence of all light.

Her father stood looking at the cold repose of her mobile features, with some intangible gloom in his heart.

The carriage came up, with the coachman's hand upon the door; a servant came hurriedly to Mr. Britton, saying that Mr. Veryair urgently requested a moment's interview with him and his daughter.

"He's very bad, sir, this morning," added the waiter, in an apologetic tone, as they turned to follow him to the sick man's room.

In truth, he was very bad. The surgeon stood by the bed, his troubled glance scarcely wandering from his patient.

"The poor fellow is constantly delirious since last night," he said. "An access of fever. His uncontrollable insistence that you should be sent for, I could not refuse to gratify. He has taken the freak that the lady who found him in the chine must remain in the house until his fever is turned; otherwise, he swears he will die."

"And would he die?" asked Mr. Britton in a low tone, close by the surgeon's side, while Honore stood silently meeting the gleaming gaze which held such dumb entreaty that none could well have resisted.

He knew her—knew her enough to know that it was she whom he had seen that night; that the devil of disease could only be foiled by her presence. But there was no saneness in his gaze.

Mr. Britton awaited the doctor's reply.

"I greatly fear that he would," he said; "any way, his case seems very uncertain. If you have no imperative business, you would not object to remaining, would you, sir?"

He looked earnestly at Mr. Britton, who glanced at Honore as he replied in the sentence that sealed the fate of two:

"I can not well stay. It is not I who appears necessary. I will leave my daughter here."

Some sort of a glow came into the eyes of the girl that were still held by those of the wounded man. Now she answered his pleading:

"I will stay," she said.

Veryair sighed deeply, turned his head aside, and closed his eyes like a child who falls asleep. The father and daughter left the room. Mr. Britton went directly to the carriage; at the door he said,

"I trust you to remember all that I would have you."

"In other words, you trust me to be honorable," she responded, proudly. "I confess that I do not imagine any temptation to be otherwise."

"Forgive me," he said; "but you are a promised wife, and I have grown superstitious within the last few days. Only gloom has filled the future."

His lips touched her forehead, then the carriage whirled away.

Too truly, she also felt the dusk shadow of some bird of evil—some fate looking with malevolent eyes outward toward the days to come.

It was three weeks before Mr. Britton returned, having been detained by continued and unforeseen business at Liverpool. The mild, clear days of December were giving to the island all of balm it could ask of Winter. In such sunlight Mr. Britton walked up the path, and entered, unannounced, the sunniest parlor of the hotel, now quiet as a private residence. An indolent, graceful figure, stretched upon a lounge by the window, moved as he came in, and revealed the dark, attenuated face of Veryair—a face having none of the indolence of his position. Veryair raised himself on his arm, and looked inquiringly at the visitor. It was evident he did not recognize him.

Mr. Britton glanced round the room for his daughter, then said:

"Pardon my intrusion; I thought it probable I should find Miss Britton here."

The quick-seeing, suspicious man could not but notice the swift radiance that sprang to the large, dark eyes at mention of that name—a splendor he was at that moment physically too weak to conceal.

The door behind Mr. Britton opened. The face of the young man grew luminous as he met the glance of her who entered. Mr. Britton turned suddenly to his daughter, having it in his heart to charge her with the frustrating of the hopes that had grown stronger with every year. But joy at his return was so visible in look and tone that anger, for the moment, died from his thoughts.

"Make arrangements to leave immediately," he said; "we go in the next boat."

There was the faintest contraction of Honore's brow as she turned to Ver-yair, and said, in her usual tone,

"Then we will say adieu to you now, Mr. Veryair; you see I shall be obliged to hasten my arrangements."

If, in some moment of unreserve, she had allowed some bewildering softness in her eyes as they dwelt on him, he could hardly believe it now. She held out her hand, which he hardly dared to touch, deeply cursing his own lack of self-control; but her coldness stung him to temporary strength.

"Adieu; and many thanks for the kindness that prompted you to humor a delirious man."

He expressed no hope to see her again, not even a polite wish for another meeting.

"I am glad of it," said Honore to herself, as she left the room. "I am glad there has been no truth in eyes and tones, and that he doesn't care."

But the girl lied. Gladness never wore such a face as hers at that minute, while she was alone in her room.

"Mr. Albany awaits us at Southampton," said Mr. Britton, standing by his daughter's side, as they steamed across to the mainland. "He has concluded to shorten his European tour, and return with us."

Honore said "Indeed," without turning her head, and vouchsafed no other reply.

At Southampton dock, waiting for the little steamer, stood a tall, bronzed man, with full, hazel eyes, and square-moulded chin. Honore saw him long before she reached the wharf—the man selected by destiny to be her husband, and whom, until this moment, she had never disliked, despite his wild dissipations.

Delayed again by Mr. Britton's business, they did not embark until a fortnight later than they had intended.

The second night came over the waters with such imperial steps that Honore lingered on deck to witness its triumphal march. Standing alone by the railing, in the splendor of the moonlight, to the spirit of the night her heart whispered something of its unquietness; for the pride that was strong as life within her held fast imprisoned the burning restlessness, the fierce rebellion that she felt. The light, like a halo on her face, glorified and softened it, revealing some strange, heart-aching tenderness there—some intense regret, some bitter longing.

"Honore," said Albany, coming softly to her side, after a search for her below.

As she turned to look at him, her glance was arrested midway, by the sight of a figure leaning over the railing a few paces from her, its heavy cloak drawn up closely by a slender, white hand, whose contour, even at that distance, her very heart seemed to recognize.

Fire flashed into the eyes of Albany as he saw the sudden, quick breath, the suffocating throb of her pulses.

Had some one possessed himself of a love which only he had a right to win?

Instantly, so quickly that Albany could hardly have said he had seen it, the look had gone, and she turned suavely to him with some remark concerning the beauty of the night.

Too thoroughly aroused and irritated to be polite, as a woman would have been in his place, Albany stood gazing at the man, something indefinite making him seem familiar to him also.

At last, with an exclamation of utter surprise, he said, under his breath:

"It is Veryair!" then, to his companion, "You have seen him?"

A light, dangerous, like blue steel, came to the girl's eyes.

"I found him in the Shanklin Chine at the Isle of Wight. You left him there, did you not?"

The tone and the look came like doom to the man. No woman who ever looked and spoke like that to him could ever be persuaded to be his wife. Irresistible as was her father's will, he felt that he should never be her husband, and with that conviction came the resolve to move the earth to make that belief false.

He spoke hurriedly and truthfully, both from impulse and policy.

"The fault was mine, I own," he said. "It was all a misunderstanding; and by some infernal chance we met in that ravine when we were both smarting with anger. The devil would have it that I had my rapier with me, and was carrying one just like it which I had had made for a friend whose yacht lay off the coast. I forced him to defend himself, though I knew his principles and his bravery. But you know."

"Yes, I know all that I care to know."

The girl spoke in a subdued voice. The anger had fled. She felt only an utter despair and a weariness with the battle in her soul, that, though short, had been strong and well concealed.

"You kill me," said Albany, more moved by that instantaneous dejection than by the wildest storm of passion. "No one could have repented more deeply that hour of insanity than I. It has been a constant remorse to me."

Had the man the power of knowing her better, he would not have spoken to her now.

For the instant she felt it an utter impossibility to endure the sound of his voice, as if it would drive her to some verge of frenzy. Any sensitive temperament will realize what she felt.

With an effort at that politeness which could rarely desert her, she made a gesture of entreaty, and said:

"Pardon me, but do you not see that I cannot listen to you now?"

Albany turned and bent dispiritedly over the railing.

Honore remained quiet, still looking over the coruscant, moonlit sea—the anguish in her soul giving to her eyes a look so lovely, and so mortally wounded, that one who loved her would have died to have brought happiness there.

Veryair, who felt through all his fine, sentient nature, the intense power of her presence—for he had seen her before she had seen him—turned and saw that Albany stood some little distance from her.

Ignoring every other influence but that of this woman, which inevitably drew him to her, he advanced to her side, close to her side, and bending down to her, said :

“ I followed, and found you. I demanded and received strength for that.”

Every vail that could have concealed her heart from him was rent away from the face she lifted, to meet that effulgent look, beside which any words of his would have been weak and entirely insufficient.

The hand he had taken and held fast under his cloak thrilled in his clasp. The very lightning of love fused their souls together, and each heart translated itself to the other in that light which ages have failed to pale.

Then they stood apart, hardly speaking, in the moonlight which held them in its lustre, which might have been a radiance from their own eyes, so superhuman was the hour.

The brightness of all their lives seemed shedding its penetrating brilliance into their souls without one whisper of the horrible gloom in the near future—a future which Honore had some way felt, as a child in the darkness feels some dreadful presence. Yet death simply, to her had no such terrors—it was the least she had feared.

A sauntering step along the deck, and Mr. Britton came up to the side of Albany.

He had expected to find him alone there, and had brought with him the rapier Honore had left in his hand that night she came from the chine. His mind was full of remonstrance, and he wished to talk with Albany with that paternal indignation with which he ever followed the fortunes of this son of an old friend, this promised husband of his child.

Albany's face was set in stern, hard lines. His eye caught the gleam of the blade, and he knew how Mr. Britton had found it—to whom he would return it.

A sudden lurch of the ship made Mr. Britton grasp Albany's arm with more vehemence than he had intended. His thoughts of admonition were forgotten as he saw Veryair by his daughter, and felt instinctively why he was there.

Albany smiled bitterly as he said :

“ Instead of the reproof you intended, you will now ask why I did not finish him then and there. Then it might have been a dead man whom your daughter found in that accursed chine.”

Mr. Britton shuddered at the reckless levity of the tone ; he knew the unhappiness which caused it.

A brisk wind had been blowing all the afternoon, and, instead of the slow rise and fall, the boat moved with as sharp, quick, pitching-motion as was possible for a large steamer.

Mr. Britton continued holding the arm of Albany and looking gloomily at the two a few feet from him. Honore grasped tightly the railing, not looking at her companion, but feeling his glance with all the power with which it rested on her. Her other hand held folded closely about her her heavy shawl, whose rich scarlet the moon subdued to a deep crimson. A soft hood fell back from her face, showing the gold of her hair, the proud curve of brows and profile.

With those three men that picture of her lingered as long as they lived ; and, for one, never was it displaced, never was one half so vivid.

Albany withdrew his eyes from a face which he now knew had never truly smiled upon him. The bright sheen of the blade glanced across his eyes, and he stooped and drew it from the hand that held it loosely. Spatters of blood of the man who now stood by Honore still stained its brightness. Albany looked at it as one looks at some prized toy long removed from sight.

Mr. Britton had stepped forward and now stood with the two. Listlessly, with the indefinite idea of speaking to Honore, Albany moved along by the railing until he came to where Honore had stood, for she was now holding her father's arm, and with her back to Albany. The three seemed talking earnestly, and Albany forebore to interrupt, awaiting with a curious feeling the time when he should again exchange words with Veryair. He turned from them, the rapier under his arm, the pointed half of its gleaming length running brightly out into the moonshine, the hilt pressed against his palm, as he bent over the rail, absorbed in miserable thoughts.

The tones of Honore's voice—he did not listen to the words—came to his ear in exasperating music. Then he heard the well remembered voice of Veryair.

Thus they remained a few minutes in that quiet—a group over which hung no visible cloud.

A sudden gust of wind swept back Honore's shawl; forgetting that she could not stand without support, she started from her father's arm to draw the folds again about her. A quick, steep lurch of the ship, and she fell with the full force of her weight upon that shining steel that seemed awaiting her, so surely did it cleave its way through the tender flesh and to the citadel of her life. No hand of assassin could have done its work more surely.

Veryair's swift glance comprehended first. He took her in his arms, as Albany turned a dead, white face upon them.

One sigh across the lips of the lover, one electric look of everlasting love into his eyes, and Honore's loves upon earth were over.

The surgeon could only remove the blade which passed through her left side, entering from the back. One of those accidents wherein it is hard for our blindness to discern the Providence, which shall pierce forever some tender human heart left behind.

The ship sailed on over the glittering emerald, the sheen of moonlight changed to the growing roseate of morning, and another day rose over the waters—if another day could rise to Veryair when Honore was dead. Down the horizon, in the cool amber and pearl of a Winter night, went the sun, and from the far amethyst shone the far, far stars—and Honore was dead.

Some day shall rise for that true lover the transparent iris of a morning whose blessed light shall tell him that Honore lives.

MARIA L. POOL.

LIVE METAPHORS.

IN my last article I considered the anomalies of our language as drawn from those wells of English undefiled, the dictionaries. But there is a class of words and phrases, comprising almost a complete language, and having a wonderfully extensive currency in conversation and in literature, of which the dictionaries take no cognizance. Though thus tabooed by the lexicographers, and though excluded from select literary society, they still live, and obtrude themselves into our notice with a pertinacity which proves that they possess at least great vitality, and some recommendations to popular favor.

What may those recommendations be?

1. Slang, though not always elegant, is always expressive. Slang is live metaphor. It is the result of the strong, rude, unconscious mind of the crowd, creative, actually performing the process of using things to tell thoughts. It is an intensified language of the senses. To swindle a man is a dull and literal action, but to "bleed" him is to suck out his substance like a leech, and to "sweat" him is to draw illegitimate tribute from every pore of his body. A man who "knuckles down" must crook the pregnant hinges of the knee most abjectly; one who is "floored" must be utterly prostrate, but one who is "squelched" is smashed flat—driven into the ground—an unshapely, indistinguishable mass. Notice how absurd resemblances strike the popular eye and are reproduced by the tongue. A minister is a "choker;" a bachelor is a "stag;" a moping fellow is a "slow coach;" insignificant people are "small potatoes, and few in a hill;" politicians who make much fuss and amount to little are "small fry;" a pompous and ponderous old fellow is a "big bug;" various sorts of contemptible young men are designated as "sticks," "flats," "spoons," "quills," "pills," "squirts," "swells," "shrimps," etc., as hereafter explained; coin is "shiners," paper money is "greenbacks;" feet are "trotters," "stumps," or "pins," and, if large, "bug-destroyers;" a certain kind of hat is a "stove-pipe." I do not know any better name than the last mentioned for that commonest covering of the masculine head. It is called a "beaver," but is not beaver at all, being made of silk; and the terms "plug" and "high hat" are rather indefinite. I remember an instance in which a very expressive name was applied to it. A sarcastic *gamin* seeing a short and slightly-built young man with a hat that was too tall and top-heavy for him, called out, "S-a-a-ay! Look-a-here! Come out o' that shot-tower, will yer! I see yer legs a-stickin' out." Of other shaped hats we have the Kossuth and the wide-awake. Dean Alvord says he once heard a venerable clerical dignitary who had on the twisted hat usually worn by such personages, designated by a railway porter as "the old party in the shovel." The common term "tile" is probably intended to indicate that the hat is a sort of roofing for the upper story; as a person who has a "tile loose" is one who is otherwise mentioned as being "slightly cracked," or having a "screw loose." Many words drawn from the popular fund have come into legitimate use, as

"seedy," "close-fisted," "mealy-mouthed," a "hop," a "quiz," a "spread" (collation). The colors have obtained a signification totally distinct from their literal one. Would not a foreigner just learning the language be puzzled if he were to hear of a white man named Gray—not at all green, yet not exactly able to do things up brown—who, though he had nary red himself, married a blue-stockings who had plenty of the yellow-boys (sovereigns), but who harassed him so that he got the blues, became intimate with scarlet women, and turned out a black-leg?

The war gave rise to a number of new words, prominent among which was "skedaddle." This was shown, however, to be from the Greek *skedannumi*, of which the root is *skeda*, and which is used by both Thucydides and Herodotus to describe the dispersion of a routed army. Surely a word from a Greek root ought to be legitimate, for Horace says in his "Art of Poetry :"

Et nova fictaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, si
Græco fonte cadant, parce detorta.

New words, and lately made, shall credit claim,
If from a Grecian source they gently stream.

"Skedaddle" is said to be in use in Dumfries with the meaning "to spill." A very expressive phrase was that which was used to describe the capture of an army—"gobbled up." "All quiet on the Potomac" became a by-word; and the "shoddy aristocracy" a hissing and reproach. They had previously been the "codfish aristocracy," on account of their earlier dealings in groceries, and afterward became the "petroleum aristocracy." The word "raid" was often quoted in the English papers as an Americanism; but is used by Scott in the "Lady of the Lake:"

Widow and Saxon maid
Long shall lament our raid.

2. Slang is ready-coined wit, or, at least, ready-coined, even when not wit; it saves the mind an infinite deal of labor. A word or phrase acquires emphasis by repetition, the idea being driven into the brain with a keener force every time it is uttered. This is why proverbs and quotations are so effective. If an old fogey can quote a proverb against you in an argument, the matter is settled. The hearers cannot completely master the argument, but the familiar saying strikes their apprehensions in a moment. I once heard a boy trying to convince an old farmer that Austria was a part of Europe, the latter being firmly convinced that Europe was merely a synonyme of England. The farmer being nearly driven to the wall, rallied with this remark: "Well, young folks thinks old folks are fools, but old folks knows young folks to be fools." The miserable crowd laughed, and virtually declared the old man the victor. So persons with an affectation for literature make great points by hackneyed quotations. For instance, speaking of a person's impulses to honesty, or his moments of sobriety, they say they are "like angels' visits, few and far between." No words can convey to them the idea of infrequency more vigorously. There is no pleasanter weapon of conversation than a quotation; but a quotation, equally with a slang phrase, becomes monotonous and offensive when too frequently heard. At the same time, it is well to remember that it is often senseless and without point to those who never heard it; so that tact and a knowledge of your auditors is required to hit the happy mean.

What an amount of ready-coined wit and biting sarcasm there was in the phrase, "I don't see it." How easy it was to say! it hung at the end of the tongue, ready to drop out on the slightest provocation. What an unction and

decisiveness there was in "You bet!" "You'd better do so and so." "I don't see it." That was the end of it. A sub-sarcastic equivalent is, "Not much!" "Will you do so and so?" "You bet!" It was certain to be done. Could anything be better after being pronounced "gay," or "bully?" What a fund of concealed meaning there was in "That's what's the matter!" especially if uttered with peculiar emphasis, and with a jerk of the head, and a wink of the left eye!

To a great many people, the labor of putting words together to express ideas is very burdensome. Pantomime and intonation are much easier. Instead of saying "yes," or "no," we nod or shake our head; often when we want a thing brought to us we merely point to it. But to greet a friend, we must use a pleasant tone of voice. Therefore, we say, "Howd' do?" "Owarye?" "Mornin'!" "Fine day," and the friend responds in a similar manner and passes on. This formula of greeting passes from the lips almost without the trouble of a reference of the subject to the brain. By way of variation and novelty, we say, sometimes, "How do you hang out?" "How's things?" "How does the world use you?" "What's the news?" "What's the word?"

Two friends meet in the street:

"Owarye, John?"

"Owarye?"

"Pleasant day."

"Yes, very pleasant."

They shake hands cordially.

"Well, John, how goes it?"

"Oh, all right."

"Anything new?"

"No, nothen much."

They gaze at each other in a friendly manner.

"Well, good day, John."

"Good day."

They toss their hands at each other and pass on. It is quite satisfactory and exceedingly easy. Sometimes a little coined wit is thrown in, as in "How do you vegetate?" "How do you sagaciate?" Or, if you are very intimate, you say, "Hello, old stick-in-the-mud!" and your friend replies, "Well, old slop-pail!" This, I need not remark, is very funny.

A mere emphasis had at one time a vast deal of wit in it. "How are you?" overflowed with suggestiveness. When Lee was beaten, nothing funnier could be said than, "How are you LEE?" and when Richmond was taken than, "How are you RICHmond?" Then the Solon Shingle pronunciation became popular, "Why, Mr. Winslow, how *do* you *do*?" Substituting the name of a friend for that of Mr. Winslow, this was better than a whole stock of conundrums for those who could give the intonation perfectly.

3. Slang tickles the fancy, and indulges the universal love of the fantastic. Now-a-days, when a man eats, he "takes his grub" or "wrestles his hash;" when he drinks, he "haves a wash;" when he smokes, he "provides himself with a cheroot;" when he sleeps, he is "under the blinks;" when he is determined to get married, he declares that he will "get slung or bust;" when he has no money, he "cannot raise the wind;" when "spondulics" are plenty, he is "flush" and "shells out" or "comes down with the dust;" when he writes well, he "slings a nasty quill;" when he is tired, he is

played out" or "used up;" when he dies, he "pegs out." I cannot conceive on any theory of etymology that I ever studied why anything that is "hunkee doree," or "hefty," or "kindy dusty," should be so admirable; or how it happens that there should be any peculiar quality in apples that should make the cry, "Down with his apple-cart!" so formidable, or the asseveration that a matter was done "in apple-pie order" so complimentary. I do not know what mysterious significance there may be in a mere mixture of clay that should make a good fellow a "brick," or give a drunken man a "brick in his hat." I can see that when one person comes down on another "like a thousand of brick" he would come down with considerable force; and that when a person is said to be a "bright brick-top," he most probably has red hair. But I do not know why my admiration should be excited by a "slap-up gal in a bang-up carriage."

The love of the fantastic combined with a great deal of ignorance leads to those ludicrous transformations of words indulged in by the "vulgar herd." I was never more struck with the grotesqueness of a phrase than when I first heard a sleeping man described as being in the arms of Murphy (Morpheus). The gentleman in "Our Mutual Friend" who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow knows no other pronunciation of affidavit than Alfred David. There seems in a certain class of society to be an affection for the letter *d*, as in "pardner," "drownd," "scholard," "howsomdever," "batcheldor," "knowed;" for *t*, as in "sermont," "gallont," "varment;" for *s*, as in "squench," "squit;" and for such other peculiar forms as "bacca" (tobacco), "darter," "Babtist," "chimbley," "portmantle" (portmanteau), "argufy," "rheumatics," "bagonet," "discommode," "skirmage" (skirmish), "curous" (curious), "snufficate" (suffocate), "solentary" (solitary), "dubersome" or "duborous" (dubious), "flustrate" (fluster). There is a predilection also for high-sounding words, as "splendiferous," "plumpendicular," or, with a better sense of humor, "slantendicular," "queeriosity," "obligate" (oblige), "jacotious" (jocose), "obstropolous," "cantankerous," "absquatulate," "catawampously." In Devonshire, England, the devil is the "tantarabobus;" and in other dialects, "nimpingangs" are boils, "polrumpitious" means restive, "rumgumptious" means sturdy in opinion, "rantankerous" means rancorous, "rambustical" means boisterous, "rampunctious" is belligerent, and a person given to much preaching is told to "shut pan," "dry up," "discontinue his chin-music," or "stop his documentizing." America has developed the significance of the syllable *ke* or *ker*, as in "kerslosh," "kersouse," "ker-swollop," "kerwhollux."

Is there any theory but the love of the fantastic to account for the sudden popularity and wide currency of utterly meaningless phrases? Does any one know where they come from? Can anybody suggest a plausible explanation of the words: "Everything is lovely, and the goose hangs high?" The "London Saturday Review" found the saying in an American paper somewhat improved, as follows: "Everything being lovely, the goose was greatly elevated." The critic was sorely puzzled. "What or whose goose was elevated," he says, "why it should be elevated, what the process of elevating a goose consists in, and the connection between the elevation of the goose and the general loveliness of things consists in, are all points on which we can throw no light." And yet what hilarious satisfaction there was in the sentence. The cry of the watchman used to be, "Twelve o'clock, and all's well!" Now, how much more appropriate would be his jubilant shout, "Twelve

o'clock, and everything is lovely!" There is a more concise phrase which has had almost as much currency, equally expressive of the fact that the wheels of creation run on with tranquil and steady motion—"All serene!" But even this was neither as concise nor as satisfactory as the simple letters "O. K." All that anybody desired to know about anything that interested him was simply that it was "O. K." Some one has discovered an order-of-the-day of the old Revolutionary army, dated 6th September, 1780, in which the countersign is "O. K.," showing, if the order is genuine, that the letters were in use at that time. They were a watchword of Tammany, were afterward used by the Whigs, and then became common property. They are supposed to mean "Oll Korrekt," and the story is that General Andrew Jackson, who had more spirit than spelling, used to note this "O. K.," supposed by him the proper initials for the words, on the back of any paper which he found "all correct." But who knows whether this was not the sly contrivance of some polished Whig? How did it happen that at a certain time everything was "a big thing on ice," in total disregard of the fact that the thing referred to might never have touched ice or borne any analogy to it. Some years ago, the jeering street phrase used to be: "Does your mother know you're out?" The Paris correspondent of the "London Times" some time ago gave an account of a word that had a wonderful circulation in France. He says:

From midday to sunset, and from sunset till far into the night, the ears were stunned with a name, shouted by thousands of voices—that name was "Lambert." But in what "Lambert" originated; by whom or for what purpose it was set flying through the streets of Paris; how it made its way to Enghien, where the Princess Mathilde resides, and to St. Cloud, where the Court is; why it was repeated during the day and during the night, and heard even in the playhouses opened by the generosity of the Emperor to the people; and, above all, what was meant by it, is more than I can tell. The circumstance is said to have attracted the attention of the police, who are exercising their ingenuity to discover whether "Lambert" means anything in particular; if so, what it does mean, and who first set it afloat among the populace. It is still a mystery, but the solution may soon be found at the Prefecture of Police.

The "London Examiner," with this for a text, expresses its opinion that the solution will never be found at the Prefecture of Police, nor anywhere else, for the reason that the origin of slang is inscrutable. It goes on to ask if anybody can tell who first uttered "There you go with your eye out!"

Was it first said by Ulysses when Polyphemus rushed raging from his cave with his eye out, and no spare eye left? Homer does not record any such speech as delivered by Outis, or any of his followers. Some one made for Polyphemus the complaint:

"You eat my mutton and drink my wine,
And then you poke my eye out."

A complaint of ill-return for hospitality, coming with a bad grace from a host who had only fattened his guests for his table; but we cannot turn or twist that distich into the origin of the "There you go with your eye out."

And while on the subject of eyes, we might ask what signification there was in the "glass eye," that has lately been supposed necessarily to belong to a "bully boy?" Some, indeed, changed it to "a bully boy with a glass nose;" but that is scarcely an improvement on its sense. Another phrase, similar in character, but of diverse tone, has been applied to persons who are to be characterized as deficient in intelligence. It is, "He don't know any more than a white pine dog with a putty head." "Billy Patterson" was at one time quite as famous as "Lambert" in Paris and "Snooks" in London, and I believe

there have been attempts to explain the origin of the popular solicitude as to "who struck him." Why is it that a man who is "up to snuff," or, more politely speaking, "elevated to an equal capacity with the titillating particles of the tobacco plant," is supposed to know so much? Why should a man "pocket" an insult or be defiantly told to "put it in his pipe and smoke it?" How does it happen that "in a horn," and "over the left," or a mere indication of the finger over the left shoulder, express such utter incredulity? Such phrases as "Pop goes the weasel," "The other side of Jordan," and "Out of the Wilderness," came, of course, from the songs of which they are the burden; but where the song-writers got them, is left to conjecture. "Root hog or die" is full of meaning, and is a vigorous rendering of the judgment, "in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread."

Slang, more than any subject of investigation, exposes the absurdity of attempting to seek a logical explanation for everything. The constitution of the human mind is such that the most absurd explanation is as likely to be the true one as the most philosophical. "One of the springs of action," says a critic in the "Home Journal," "which has hitherto eluded metaphysical analysis, because metaphysical analysis has insisted upon rule and consistency in all things, and that one which has been productive of all the paradoxes and riddles of behavior which have puzzled us in our estimate of ourselves, is the impulse to be odd for the sake of so being; to be inconsistent for the sake of the paradox so being involves; to act a rôle of riddle for the sake of being a riddle unto ourselves." So there are a great many things in the world that have no explanation except this love of the fantastic; and much slang is thus to be accounted for.

The antiquity of some of our commonest street words is a matter of surprise and interest. The newsboy who, somewhat illogically, threatens his barefooted companion with, "I'll lam yer out o' yer boots!" uses a good old English word which is found in Beaumont and Fletcher, as in the sentence, "Lamm'd you shall be ere we leave you—you shall be beaten sober." How it came down from those times; how it got across the ocean; and how it came especially to be adopted by the street boy, is one of the mysteries of philology. It was banished from the dictionaries and from polite society, but it lived nevertheless, and to-day enjoys a wider currency than ever before. So all our common street expressions for the same idea are found in old English Provincial works, as "I'll lick you," or "larrup," or "pummel," or "tan," or "baste," or "thrash," or "trounce you," or give you a good "dressing," or "trimming," or "lacing," or "currying," or "drubbing." I had supposed that such phrases as "I'll mash your head!" "I'll bash you on the snoot!" "I'll mawl yer jaws," and similar expressive threats, were invented in the New World; but I found in several old provincial dialogues such sentences as, "Thee yost off surry, or oil mosh thoi yed fur thee!" "Chell gi thee zich a strat in thy chops!" "Odswilderakins, speak! or I'll mawl thy jaws,' and wi' that a' geed en zich a whisterclister as made es eyes strike vire." To beat is further expressed by the verbs "to fag," "to ding," "to bang," "to wap," "to thong," "to toze," "to toss," "to pay," "to liquor," "to pepper," "to vump," "to cotton," "to lerrick," "to thump," "to drum;" and, for variations, "to plim" is to beat so as to make one swell, "to pung" is to give a strong push, "to tuck" is to slap, "to poon" is to kick, "to vulch," is to hit with a pushing stroke with the fist directed upward. "Punch" gives an etymology of the schoolboy term, "to slog,"

from the Greek "slogo"—to baste, to wallop, to slaughter. The words to express a blow are equally numerous. At the present time we have fewer synonymes for beating and more for intoxication, which might argue that we are less in the habit of quarrelling and more in the habit of getting drunk than our English ancestors.

Neither is our common word "bully" a recent coinage. It is used by Shakespeare, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor;" and in Scott's "Ivanhoe," Friar Tuck sings for the entertainment of the black knight, as follows :

Come trowl the brown bowl to me,
Bully boy, bully boy !
Come trowl the brown bowl to me.
Ho ! jolly Jenkin,
I spy a knave in drinking !
Come trowl the brown bowl to me.

Washington Irving, in the "Bracebridge Hall" sketches, calls Ready Money Jack a "bully boy." To speak of a "crack" team would have been quite proper in the time of Henry VIII. "Crack" has always been used in the sense of something to be boasted of, and to "crack up" anything was, a long time ago, the same as to boast of it. A poet of Essex speaks of Cock-a-Bevis Hill :

Where people crake so ov the place,
Leastways so I've hard say,
And frum its top you sarteny
Can see a monsus way.

He goes on to say that it is "nation coad" there, using "nation" for damnation or darnation. "Blastnation" is sometimes substituted. A friend mentioned to me the other day, as something original, a joke founded on the application of the term "no great shakes" to a fever and ague country ; but the stanza which follows the above shows that neither the phrase nor the joke is indigenous to American soil :

Yet if they their inquiries makes
In Winter time, some will
Condemn that place as no great shakes
Where folks ha' the coad-chill.

A joke seems to be intended here, though it is rather blind. In the next stanza the phrase "in a tiff" occurs. Neither are "to get riled," or "to get your dander up," Yankee inventions ; but they came over with the rest of the mother tongue.

It was quite proper once in England to use "bone" in the sense of steal, and "absquatulate" in the sense which is now elegantly expressed by "vamosé." "Ax my eye" is considered the lowest sort of vulgarism ; yet "ax" is nearer the Saxon *acsian* than ask, and was once used instead of it. Margaret, Countess of Richmond, concludes a letter to her son, Henry VII., with : "As hearty blessings as you can axe of God ;" and Dr. Clark writes to Cardinal Wolsey : "The King axed after your Grace's welfare." "Lovyer," which is also now very vulgar, is nearer the Anglo-Saxon than "lover."

In Roger North's "Lives" occur such phrases as : "The judge held them to it, and they were 'choused' of the treble value." "This was 'nuts' to the old lord." "It was well for us that we were known there, or 'to pot' had we gone." The Roman Catholic books of service still speak of Christ as having descended "into limbo." Bacon speaks of "light brains and wild oats," and refers to the lower part of a man's face as his "gills," a term now appropri-

ated by fish and the fancy. It used to be proper to ask a man to "shut up his gob," from which we may judge that "the gift of gab" was quite as troublesome, and the "jaw" as truly a bone of contention as in these later times, when persons who "spout" or "blow" too much, receive the admonition, "None o' your lip!" and thereupon either "subside" or "git up and git." Some one has noticed that the line,

Pump me not for politics,

occurs in Otway's "Venice Preserved," Act II., Scene 1; and that the following couplet is found in Oldham's Poems (1683):

Reduced to want, he in due time fell sick,
Was fain to die and be interred "on tick."

"Pump" also occurs in Hudibras:

The ones the learned knight seek out,
And pump them what they come about.

I scarcely think that the words "*res magna est*," found in Terence, which have been rendered "It is a big thing," ought to be mentioned in this list.

The vast influx of illegitimate words increases almost indefinitely those difficulties of our language of which I spoke in No. 9 of THE GALAXY. I do not doubt that the present article will greatly puzzle that class of society which is denominated "slow;" and I would not advise any foreigner just learning the language to attempt to make sense of it unless provided with the dictionary which, it is said, was used by a German once in commencing a courtship. Having obtained an interview with an English lady who had recently lost her husband, he said:

"High-born madam, since your husband have kicked de bucket——"

"Sir!" interrupted the lady, astonished and displeased.

"Oh, pardon—nine, ten thousand pardon! Now I make new beginning—quite oder beginning. Madam, since your husband have cut his stick——"

This did not mend matters, as he very plainly saw from the lady's countenance; so, perspiring with shame at having a second time "missed fire," he began again:

"Madam, since your husband has gone to kingdom come——"

This he said beseechingly, but the lady was past propitiation by this time, and rapidly moved toward the door. Taking a last hurried look at his dictionary, the German flew after the lady, crying out in a voice of despair,

"Madam, since your husband, your most respected husband, have hopped de twig——"

This was his sheet anchor, and as this also "came home," of course the poor man was totally wrecked. It turned out that the dictionary he had used had put down the verb *sterben* (to die) with the following worshipful series of equivalents: 1. To kick the bucket. 2. To cut one's stick. 3. To go to kingdom come. 4. To hop the twig. 5. To hop off the perch into Davy's locker. 6. To peg out. Yet he was more correct than the Frenchman, who supposed he had learned the application of the expression, "I've got other fish to fry." One evening after escorting a lady home, being invited to walk in, he excused himself by saying, "I thank you, madam, I must cook some fish."

The use of slang phrases increases the propensity of our language to contradict itself. Dr. Holmes mentions that he has

Met with many a "perfect brick" beneath a rimless "tile."

The mountains stand fixed forever, yet it is known that they frequently "slope;" Falstaff liked women, yet he never objected to their "giving him the sack;" parents should take good care of their children, yet it is well enough "to let them slide" in Winter; a lady desires that her husband should be perfect in conduct on all occasions, yet when she makes him a pretty slipper she desires to have him "put his foot in it;" firemen are useful members of society, yet they should "go to blazes" with great rapidity. A lady, once, who was supposed to be dead, and had been laid out by her friends, was found the following night standing at a cupboard eating cucumber pickles:

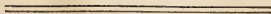
They left her "a laying in" white,
 Prepared for the grave's quiet slumbers,
 But they found her the very next night,
 "A laying in" pickled cucumbers!

Other peculiar coincidences of words are mentioned, as the fact that Adam was "snaked" out of the Garden of Eden; that Queen Mab's chariot drawn by gnats was the first instance of a "gnatty turn-out;" that when Saul visited the witch of Endor, she "raised Sam;" that George IV. reigned as long as he could reign and then he "mizzled;" that Spring is the time to whip little boys because it's "lambling" time; that the language of the rose in June is, "Well, I'm blowed;" of the asparagus in July, "Cut and come again;" of peas in August, "shell out;" of the apple-tree in September, "Go it, my pippins."

I have no objection to a fantastic word now and then for the sake of point or expression, and I know from the past that words which we call illegitimate now, may come into polite use in another century; yet, I shudder at this inundation of vulgarity upon the common speech of society. I can imagine no more deplorable object than a pert young lady, who, having spurned such adjectives as "sweet" and "nice" as effeminate, calls everything "gay" and "bully," and pleases her *penchant* for masculinity by frequent repetition of such phrases as, "Can't see it!" "Go in, lemons!" "That's what's the matter!"

With this I "dry up"—my pen, and "cork up"—my ink bottle.

GEORGE WAKEMAN.



A FEW NOTES FOR A YOUNG PIANIST.

A CURIOUS calculation it would be to determine how many persons play "a little" on the piano, or, rather, how many could not be made to allow that they do. In every country village not too remote for railways, perhaps one family in eight or ten owns a piano or some reed instrument; music is as diffused as newspapers are, and yet, largely owing to our youth as a people, partially also to our precipitate haste, we have treated music as we have books, inventions, sciences and art—swallowed it in great gulps without much discrimination. It is popular in one sense, and yet not in the truest; it has not been popularized, nor has its power as a means of culture been suitably estimated; no popular instruction on any reasonably large scale has been inaugurated; no musical journal has achieved both merit and success; no scheme of popular issues of music has come to anything; in short, music is in all our houses, but not so surely in our hearts. As a people, we do not sing, and if the conventional Yankee abroad whistles "Yankee Doodle" as he whittles, it is for the sake of the ditty rather than for any music in the air.

If you propose to learn music, the soundest advice in the case is, *Don't*. Music is more feminine than all the nine Muses rolled into one; she wants all your soul and time, or wants none of you. The way to her is sheer repetition, and the chances are that you will wonder, in disgust, whether it is worth going through so much to get so little. Her "scales" are dryer and thinner than those of a fish, and more inexorable than those ought to be that the figure of Justice holds. They are finger-gymnastics, which alone can subdue the fingers into a mechanical condition. You may hate them, but you must "take" them, and cleave to them. More or less they run through every composition; their fingering is of constant application; in vain is it to learn "Money Musk," "Fisher's Hornpipe," "Java March," and "Bonaparte's Retreat from Moscow," for without months and months of scales, the fingers will never acquire suppleness or independence. And when this skill of the fingers is attained, only in the rarest cases does money drop freely from them; most musicians will testify, on the contrary, that it oozes like blood from their finger-ends. As an organist (if you are one of the elect few), you will get, by general rule, perhaps half what is paid for the care of the church edifice; as a composer—for you must not be dazzled by the success of Mr. Charles Grobe's last variation (*Opus* 9,019)—the publisher will issue your compositions for you, or will allow you to purchase copies at the actual cost price; as a teacher, you shall dance attendance for pupils and the payment of your bills, and shall grieve at heart to see music degrading herself in your unhappy person. Do you still refuse to leave hope behind, or still determine to enter? There are carved figures above the gate, eloquent, entrancing, winning; but the figures inside you do not see. Music is a profession of wrangles and jars, and the Passions that nowadays throng around her are of the violent order; for you must take fair note that the times are not as they were

When music, heavenly maid! **was** young,
While yet in ancient Greece she sung.

Presumably, every tyro has been seasonably admonished of the nature, at least the importance, of time or rhythm, concerning which we may reach this distinction, that the latter is the correct term, meaning the movement *in* time, while the former is only the *medium*, to speak philosophically. Nine out of ten, if asked, would probably state the kinds of "time" variously from three to eight, just as they state the mechanical powers as numbering six; whereas, in either case, there can never be more than two. The two in music is simply $\frac{2}{2}$ and $\frac{3}{2}$, *double* and *triple*, the waltz and the march movements; all others are modifications, existing only by the slight mark of secondary accents. The very good people who join in the singing of that venerated but wretched piece of psalmody, "St. Martin's," do not know that they are bringing waltzes into church, nor do they suspect that about one-half of church music are waltzes, saved from being irreverent by being sung slowly, but as trifling—many of them—as the drinking song in "Traviata" if only they should move off "*Allegro*." A march movement proceeds evenly, like the swing of a pendulum; while the waltz goes by beats in groups of three, which peculiarity is possibly at the bottom of its sometime pathetic, sometime joy-moving, power. The "Marseillaise" and "Yankee Doodle" would not stir feet and thrill hearts if transmuted into waltz movements; and "God save the King" would appear badly as a march. This chief distinction, running through the whole range of existing or possible compositions, makes rhythm simply to consist of accent, which is the pepper and salt of all playing, without which it is a mere succession of simple beats, meaning nothing. Objectively, music is a matter of sheer mathematics; *time* is nothing more than marking the intervals of time as it passes—just what the metronome accurately does,—but it can do nothing adequately toward directing rhythm.

But there are mightier aspects behind. Music contains three characteristics, increasing in subtlety in the order named, like the three degrees of comparison, viz: rhythm, movement, expression. The first is obvious, merely mathematical, lying entirely within the range of our eyes; the second lies partly within and partly without that range, partly spiritual and partly substantial; the last is utterly intangible, and is what separates the playing of Beethoven from that of an automaton. Movement can never be disclosed without rhythm; but rhythm may be perfect without necessarily presenting the movement of the composition, yet the importance of rhythm is mainly that its absence effectually destroys the subjective character of the piece. For every composition not wholly meaningless contains an essential characteristic of individuality, not always easily determined and almost never accurately understood. It is the *anakuklosis*, or self-revolving of the piece; it is the key, the thread, the order of thought in it. To find what that is, we must follow it beyond the range of our eyes to the line where movement and expression coalesce; but that such a characteristic does exist admits of the clearest proof. For compare the "Marseillaise" with "Yankee Doodle" and "Dandy Jim of Caroline." I grant that the metronomic sign is not the same in the three, but make it so; let them move together as marches (which they are), and it appears that there is some distinction which *andante* and *allegro* fail to cover. Or take the firm opening chords of the overture to "Nabuco," or the equally noble beginning of "Stradella," or the duo in "Martha"—more full of pathos, more really moving in its appeal, than anything else I know in

musical composition—*Solo, profugo, rejetto, Di mia vita sul mattin*; or a hundred other passages that might be named, of which it is impossible to say that melody, fastness or slowness, and rhythm, all combined, account for their differences, and you may believe in the “self-revolving” of a composition, its law and expression to itself.

Experience, however, is more subtle. It is more subtle than the odor of flowers, for that we can define though we cannot see it or touch it. We can only point in the direction where this is. The mystery alone is absolute, for it is the mystery of absolute fact. It is a conventional fact that two and two equal four, but the wonderful difference—appreciable by the dullest ear—between the major third and the minor, is an absolute fact which will never be explained in this world, and until it is explained we shall not know the larger facts that underlie musical expression. But it is just this that determines the master, and made Beethoven's performance of his “Vesper Hymn” better than my own; just this that holds the thought in music and is in it the charm to soothe the savage breast. It is indefinable, for there are no words for it; intangible, for it is purely subjective; invisible, for it is wholly out of the plane of our sight.

I used an incorrect expression, further back, but purposely, as it is a popular one. It is impossible to “learn” music, and no man can impart it. Guido could not make a Guido of you. A teacher may produce mechanical skill and correctness; may impart a knowledge of rhythm and an appreciation of movement, but his power stops there; the pilot leaves as the misty seas are reached. All these are materials, useless without the skill to build; they no more make music than paint makes a picture. Here the test comes in, whether you did well in refusing to listen to those who warned you, by the example of their own experience at least, to be not seduced by music. For, with unpardonable stupidity, it is assumed that music is a necessary accomplishment, and we proceed to don it as we don a coat, ignorant or unmindful that if it is not already in the soul it can not be put there; the road is outward from soul to finger-ends, not inward. And this setting one child to learn music, another drawing, another painting, another the working of impossible animals in Berlin wool, is just a little sillier than the time-honored Old World custom of allotting professions and future husbands and wives to unbaptized babies in the cradle.

The player's style, if distinctive at all, should be his own. Very few teachers are enough removed from the inevitable characteristics of a hack to make it safe to follow them; and if great players are taken as models, by a humiliating law of our human imperfection, their absurdities are sooner caught than their excellencies. Least of all, any imitation of that popular musical eccentric, Gottschalk, should be allowed; for it is only just to say that he is the most fatal guide that could be, and that his influence on young players, both by his performances and his compositions, is exceedingly pernicious. Overlook his white kids and his airs, and his playing, in some chief points, is unlike anything else ever known; but we cannot prudently expect to light our fires with Catherine wheels and tourbillon spirals. It is not injustice to say that it would be better for everybody but himself and his publishers if his compositions—unless something like the “Berceuse,” the “Dying Poet,” and the “Marche de Nuit” be excepted—had never been written out. Hundreds will indignantly spring to his defence; but consider. The “Last Hope,” absurdly called a religious meditation, opens with a beautiful passage of har-

mony; but the air, though pretty, is smothered in a mass of froth. "Murmures Éoliennes" none but the best pianists can master; "Union" is merely a piece of musical slight-of-hand; and, in short, this dear, marvellous "Seven Octaves" is altogether too much upon the seventh octave to be anything but a musical Puck:

I'll follow you, I'll lead you about, around,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier.

You will allow me to remind you that, in playing, the use of the arms is to hold up the wrists, and that you are to play with your fingers. Probably your teacher tells you this; if not, get another, and thus avoid having a bad habit to be corrected. Do not treat your wrist in the quick, inconsiderate way that the schoolboy does when he spells it *rist*; for in it—meaning by "wrist" the forearm as well—is the repository of all your mechanical skill as a player. Gottschalk's wrists must be a marvel of perfect muscles, and Wehli's left hand is equal to the right, and its fourth finger equal to the first. The fingers should be independent little hammers, with which (if they are such) *staccato* and *legato* will be equally easy. Keyboards to be smitten with the fist are gone by; the golden rule in piano execution is, that the wrist is always to be kept from dropping, and that the playing is always to be done with the fingers. The very few exceptions will announce themselves when they are encountered.

Many people seem to forget that a piano is but a piano, and try to make something more of it; and a great deal of excellent music—as well as such absurdities as the "Battle of Prague"—has been wasted in trying to adapt it to the piano. Church music goes passably well upon it, but anything which calls for prolonged tone is impossible upon the piano. This cuts off the whole range of organ music, and anybody who doubts may make a test of the brilliant organ extravaganza, Wely's Offertoire in G. Louis's "Departed Days"—a very sweet nocturne upon brass or stringed instruments, and very popular years ago—is ridiculous tum-tum on the piano, because there is no way of producing the prolonged tones. And much more mistaken is it to adapt overtures to the piano, for it is simply to emasculate them of all beauty and leave but the skeleton frame-work; once hear the overture to "Tell," "Stradella," "Nabuco," "Fra Diavolo," and many another, adequately given by an orchestra, and one never wishes to hear or play an overture on the piano afterward. For this is really one of the most imperfect of known instruments, having little substance of tone, and having also a "wolf" of discord in each octave. The violin, which is the most perfect instrument, is surpassed by it only in compass. The organ is great only by the number of pipes controlled by a single manual; but the completest triumph of instrumentation is of course the well-appointed orchestra. It was one of Thalberg's charms that he comprehended, and yielded to, the deficiencies of his instrument, and played in such a "gentlemanly" way. He had no clap-trap airs; he did not seek applause by making the piano roar, or sing, or imitate the cries of animals, but simply *played* it, as well as it can ever be played, with the quietness that marks an artist.

Here is a fit place to mention the unfortunate use of what is called the "loud" pedal, which, by the way, is not a loud pedal at all. The "swell" in the organ or melodeon does increase the volume of sound by removing an obstruction to it; but it is acting out a misnomer to try to make of the piano-forte a *forte* piano. The harp of the piano requires dampers while the ordi-

nary harp does not, merely because its strings are larger and are reduplicated; and the loud pedal does not increase the volume of tone an atom, but only blurs all together, so that a player who always raises the dampers might strike one key as well as another, for the unmusical result is precisely the same. The true use of this pedal is singly to effect a partial prolongation of tone, not at all an increase of it; and hence it is admissible, or at least most desirable, to keep the dampers up only so long as the tones move in parallel lines, as it were—that is, during the same fundamental harmony—so long as there is no *crossing* of tones, but only an interlacing. Gottschalk uses the pedal most wonderfully and exquisitely, especially in such compositions as the “Dying Poet.” It is not easy to name instances where the right use of the pedal is valuable, but it would be easier to enumerate those where it is not; indeed, the piano would be only a bundle of sticks without it. Of the soft pedal, however, so much cannot be said in commendation. I do not remember having ever heard a pianist use it much, and there are not many good ones made. I do not think it amounts to anything, for the genuine *piano* of the instrument lies in the player’s fingers, which are always sufficient, if they are what they should be, and provided the action of the instrument is perfect.

A good style of playing, as of writing, is hard to define by rules; yet we can put up the sign “*cave!*” near certain things. Look out for that lion in the way, Force. Almost any Bottom can roar *extempore*, and any blacksmith can pound; but the piano is a harp, not a horseshoe, and the power to express, *with the fingers*, its possible capacities of light and shade is equally different and inestimable. Notice that the name of the instrument, curiously and suggestively enough, is a compound of two musical terms—*piano* and *forte*—and the name in English is *the soft-loud*. Let it be just what its name imports. Its value is chiefly in melody, in which point I count it safe to say that no other instrument equals it; it is not loud, nor is it a many-voiced orchestra, nor has it the roll of an organ, and any attempt to make it do the work of these, sacrifices its delicacy and brilliancy without replacing them by anything else.

The beginning, middle and end of a good style is, of course, Touch. This is like saying that the first thing in oratory is to be an orator, yet the force of language can no further go. The question of possessing touch is the one that decides whether pearls, or pebbles and dirt, shall drop from the finger ends. *Crescendo* is everlastingly insisted upon by some people who make a hobby of it, impatient at the very name of *diminuendo*; but they forget that no power we are acquainted with has ever been able to make hills without valleys intervening. Can you adequately express this to the ear < > ? If so you are a long way advanced toward a good style. Can you strike one key, say ten or twenty times, with a *gradually* increasing force, and then as gradually diminish during an equal number? If you can do this well or approximately, if you have firmness and precision and do not now and then raise the hammer without sounding the string, rest assured your fingers are trained and susceptible of training; but if you fail entirely in these, your fingers—however mechanically correct—are as much out of place upon the keyboard as the paw of a gorilla.

Above all, do not feel like apologizing for your emotions, or for your love of music, if you have such a love. If it is true that what is bred in the bone will come out in the flesh, it is equally true that what is not bred there will not come out; and, consequently, the many people who smile serenely or

openly deride, when some others "go into raptures" over music, simply disown what they never had—ears to understand. For music is a subjective matter: a donkey hears all the tones as well as a man does, and the difference of appreciation between donkey and man, as between man and man, is in the inner ear, the possession or the want of a certain temper of soul. Having ears, some hear not, and mistakenly pity those who do, whereas the pity is for themselves. I was not ashamed that my eyes filled when I first heard the Boston organ, for man is an emotional animal, and laughter and tears alike require no other justification than a sufficient moving cause thereto. Did the rocks and beasts which Orpheus drew say to each other that they had made fools of themselves, after the music stopped and let them return to their places?

Just as much may be said for music, objectively considered. The follower of each science is ready to maintain with his honor that there is none other like it; and this is only because he has gotten further into it than others have. For all sciences, arts, or sorts of human knowledge, let us remember, are but so many paths of which we see and enter only the hither end; all beyond is out of sight and to be hereafter revealed. And of music we certainly know that it is the most subtle pleasure and power we have—no more to be detained and examined than time; no more to be handled than electricity. Of all our satisfactions, it is the very least gross; they who know it want no defense of it, while they who do not know it admit nothing to be defended. We have extant a defence of poesy, but the man were mad who should put forth a defence of music. Like beauty, it is its own excuse for being. I do not hesitate to pronounce music heavenly, for it is a remnant of the heaven mankind lost; define it or not, it does reach further, draw more strongly, link more closely, to the original purity than anything else the fall left us. Its harmony reminds us, in all human discords, that there is somewhere eternal calm and order; its melody is proof enough that there is a pure and ineffable God. Whether the stars are actually "forever singing as they shine" is of no importance. The best work of music is in quiet homes where the object sought in it is pleasure rather than pretence. Do not hold up a farthing candle to show it to anybody who cannot see it, my dear young pianist; and never apologize to your own soul for loving it. For it is a light on many dark ways of circumstance, against which we were besotted and blameworthy to close our eyes; and the possession of its faculty is a matter for constant joy, and never for even a momentary shame.

JULIUS WILCOX.

NEBULÆ.

— THE mention of Tennyson, in our criticism of Miss Rossetti in the last GALAXY, as a third-rate poet, has brought queries and exclamations down upon us. "If our dear laureate, who wrote such lovely things about Prince Albert in his 'Idylls' is not first-rate," exclaims "Maude," half questioning, half defying, "I should like to know who is?" Miss Maude is a clever, saucy little "Britisher," we'll warrant; and we do not wonder at her indignation on the part of her favorite, when we consider how loosely terms of admiration and comparison are used even by some people who really should know better. The question would be, If Tennyson were first-rate, to what rank should we assign greater men? The world has yet produced only three first-rate poets—Homer, Dante and Shakespeare. In the second rank come Sophocles, Virgil, Milton, Goethe, and possibly one or two more. The third rank is much more numerous, and includes in our own language, Chaucer, Spenser, Scott, Wordsworth, Byron, Browning and Tennyson. There might be good claims set up for the right of other poets to be reckoned in this grade. All the great civilized tongues furnish some poet at least to this grade, except the French, which in its modern form seems to be incapable of poetry above the rank of *chansons* or *vers de société*.

— JOURNALISM in this country has some good and some very weak points. An amusing exhibition of two or three of the weak ones has been recently given in the form of assertion and criticism of which the subject was, not an article, but the title of an article in THE GALAXY. The point of the criticism seemed to be censure of the needless use of polysyllabic words of Latin origin in sentences involved in construction and tedious in length. This in itself was well enough, had it not been at once made apparent that the writer was entirely ignorant not only of the article which was the seeming occasion of his remarks, but of all the topics upon which he undertook to give an opinion. He set forth the literary fault of style which he censured as "one of the principal evils attendant upon a classical education," when it is well known that writers and speakers who have not had an academic education are those who are most apt to affect a pompous style and Latinized vocabulary; and he chose as his frightful example of the vice he was decrying Mr. Grant White who, as every observant reader of his writings knows, prefers the homely Anglo-Saxon side of our language, and uses probably a smaller proportion of words derived from what are called the Romance tongues than any writer of the day. Not content with making these two blunders, he went on to say that the gentleman in question "having been called to the charge of a department in a semi-monthly magazine"—THE GALAXY—named that department "Nebulæ," and filled it with articles "whose chief characteristic is the pompousness of their empty titles," the latest of these being "an essay entitled 'Is Cholera Convectionous?'" These errors of fact are even wider of the mark than the previous errors of opinion.

Mr. Grant White is in charge of no department of THE GALAXY, which is entirely in charge of its conductors. Neither did he give this department its name. It was called "Nebulæ," and so printed and published before he wrote a line for THE GALAXY, or, we believe, knew that such a magazine was to be. Nor has he given the title to a single article that has appeared among our "Nebulæ;" nor has he named any other article, nor is he or any other person except the conductors of THE GALAXY responsible for any article in it, except those which are published under his own signature. As to the word *convectious*, which we proposed as descriptive of the manner in which cholera is communicated—whether it will get foothold in the language depends entirely upon whether it is needed. If it is needed, we venture to predict that it will come into use without reasonable objection from any quarter; because it is as correctly derived and is formed in as entire accordance with analogy, as infectious, factious, fictitious, or any other word of that class. If it is not needed it will be no more heard of, and be forgotten as it should be. But some intelligent physicians seem to think already that some such word was wanted. But, however this may be, the writer who has thrust out the head that we are hitting shows that he wrote his censures in ignorance of the very matter that he was criticising, by the remark, "We venture to say that not one in fifty of the educated readers who peruse THE GALAXY ever met the word *convectious* in print until they saw it in the connection whence we have quoted it." If he had only read the article in question he would not thus have exposed himself. For in that article the word was proposed in terms as a word made from *veho*, *vectum*, which we did not know had ever been used or even suggested before. It is a new word, made, like other words, to express a new idea. All this would have been discovered by a writer who knew more of what he criticised than he found in the table of contents. We have thought it worth while to notice this trivial censure because it gave us an opportunity of correcting an error about THE GALAXY, and because in its mingling of captiousness, ignorance and indecorum, it is characteristic of a great deal of so-called criticism that is admitted into our papers, daily and weekly. Incompetent or half competent youths who have a facility at "paragraphing" are allowed to write what they please, and what they write is published without proper editorial supervision, in fact generally without any; and so our papers, especially the weekly papers, are filled with articles which at the best are only smart and shallow, and which are in no small measure devoted to puffing the friends of the writers, and abusing those whom they choose to regard as their enemies, among whom a decent self-respect leads them to include the most of those writers who have not the honor of their acquaintance. Good papers are often deformed in this way; and young men who might become good writers and able journalists are vulgarized and degraded by the influence of this Bohemian Mutual Admiration. Another point. It is not decent to go behind the editorial impersonality of a journal or a magazine, and to point out publicly that this or that editorial article, for which the editor is responsible, was written by this or that individual. Not less indecent is it to attribute to a well-known author, and to criticise upon grounds personal to him, as for instance, his education, that which he does not give to the public with his name. It leads to laughable blunders, too, as in this case has been seen. A man who can be guilty of these offences against decorum is fit to be trusted alone with no sharper journalistic tools than scissors and paste pot.

— THE wrong suffered by Miss Braddon in the publication of the book called "What is this Mystery?" has attracted much attention since its public exposure, which was first made in THE GALAXY. Miss Braddon herself has published a letter upon the subject in the principal literary papers of London, which has been widely reprinted here. It is noticeable in this letter that Miss Braddon does not plumply deny that she wrote the book for which she is made responsible. She only says that she "never wrote a novel with the title given." Now, the title of the book, as we showed, was changed by its New York reprinters; and Miss Braddon might be its author and yet her assertion be perfectly true. She might safely deny the authorship of a story with the title, "What is this Mystery?" when she could not do so as to one entitled "The Black Band, or The Mysteries of Midnight, by Lady Caroline Lascelles." Our readers may remember that we suggested this in our first exposure of this disgraceful affair; asking, "Is Miss Braddon Lady Caroline Lascelles, or is Lady Caroline Lascelles Miss Braddon?" and, again, "Did Miss Braddon write this book five years ago for the 'Half-penny Journal,' under the assumed name of Lady Caroline Lascelles?" Now, the hint we thus threw out seems possibly not so wide of the point as some of our readers may have supposed, and nearer even than we ourselves may have thought it to be. For not only have we the remarkable wording of Miss Braddon's disclaimer, but since THE GALAXY'S exposure of the affair, Miss Braddon has published a book—"The Trail of the Serpent"—which seems to be an early production of hers to which she had not before given her name, and which first appeared in a cheap illustrated paper like the "Half-penny Journal," from which "What is this Mystery?" was taken. In the preface to this newly reprinted, and, it would seem, newly-owned book, Miss Braddon says "she can never again feel the exquisite emotion aroused by the sight of the first proof sheet of that story as it was presented to her—very badly printed on very bad paper, and embellished with an oblong smudge, which demanded no small effort of imagination on the part of the beholder to accept as an illustration." This book, the first proof of the first edition of which, with its oblong smudge by way of illustration, so moved the young and unknown author, is scarcely less coarsely sensational, and rude, and vulgar in style than "What is this Mystery?" a book, if book it must be called, which, for its absurdity and vulgarity, ought to be made into bonfires. Crude, coarse and garish as Miss Braddon's best work is, even at her present advanced stage of culture and experience, we are glad that she can feel that the authorship of such a book as "What is this Mystery?" is something not to be owned by a writer who claims a seat even upon the lowest bench in the literary academy. She not having owned this book, her wrong would be hardly the less at the hands of those who attribute it to her, even if she had written it in her days of pupilage.

But Miss Braddon's letter brings up two subjects which are of more general and enduring interest than any question of authorship. First, she takes the narrow-minded, insolent tone toward "America and the Americans," so common with her countrymen, and which causes us at once to laugh at them for their absurdity, to pity them that a people so sensible in the main should really be so foolish, and to be angry with them for their offensive manners. It is that tone which makes so many of us shun intercourse public or private with Englishmen, lest we should be obliged either to endure or to resent insult. She of course denounces the persons at whose hands she has suffered. That

is right, and she might have said more with unquestioned license. But she is not content with scoring them as rogues and liars, she must mark off, at least by implication, roguery and lying, as characteristic and peculiar American traits. She says, "It may be—I hope it is not—in accordance with American notions of fair dealing to make these positively false statements. . . . I trust the day will never come when English publishers shall fall into imitation of the course pursued by Messrs. Hilton & Co. . . . Doubtless it would be a 'smart' speculation to appropriate any anonymous trash and label it with the name of an American writer," etc. Now something may of course be pardoned to an author, and that author a woman, who is smarting under such an injury as Miss Braddon received. But Miss Braddon's offensiveness in the passage just quoted is not peculiar to offended authors, or to women, in Great Britain. Not peculiar in this respect, she also makes the common British blunder of inviting an attack at a very vulnerable point. Her conditional assertion on the one side, that false statement is in accordance with American notions of fair dealing, and her hypocritical-seeming hope that it is not; and her trust on the other that the day will never come when English publishers will fall into the dishonest "smart" ways of these Americans, are preposterous enough to any one who is at all acquainted with the course of London publishers from the day when, more than two hundred and fifty years ago, Jaggard published as William Shakespeare's, a medley of worthless trash and passable verses by other poets, down to this day when Henry Ward Beecher has just been obliged to expose conversely like treatment of him by two British publishers, which he relates in his preface to a lately published book now before us. During his visit to England he was spoken to by a young clergyman about a book of his—Mr. Beecher's—called "Royal Truths." With great surprise he denied its authorship and all knowledge of it, to the equal surprise of his friend, who told him that he would surely find such a book published as his at a certain publisher's in London. Arrived at London, "sure enough," he says, "I found a book by myself of which I had never heard," to wit, the book just published here by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, and called, though not by Mr. Beecher, "Royal Truths." This book had been made up by taking and surreptitiously printing and publishing under his name notes of certain parts of Mr. Beecher's extempore sermons, without the slightest consultation with, or intimation to him, as to what was done, and without any consideration for his wishes upon the subject. Again, a friend of Mr. Beecher's was shown in England a little book, which we have seen, called "Aids to Prayer." It was brought to his attention as being by a British author, and it was published in London and Edinburgh without the slightest hint of its authorship or even of its transatlantic origin. The matter of this book was taken bodily out of Mr. Beecher's "Summer in the Soul," without his knowledge, renamed, and published as a British work; the "religious publisher" saying when he was asked why he did so, that it was "for fear others would print it upon him unless they supposed it to be an original English book." Now, if we followed the example of Miss Braddon, who but follows the example of her countrymen, we should assert or intimate that this is a British trick of trade, and that such doings are quite consistent with British notions of honesty and decency, though they are not so with ours. But we don't doubt a moment, in spite of their pharisaical conceit, and the real lack of good breeding shown by their insulting manners, that all respectable people among the British public will condemn

such conduct as that of these British publishers, just as among us all decent people have condemned the conduct of the persons at whose hands Miss Braddon has suffered here. Let us never be betrayed into attempting to right one wrong by doing another, while all the same we do not forget to snub these British pretenders well for their petty insolence.

But the chief interest in Miss Braddon's letter is in her second point—the inevitable point with a British author who has anything to say about this country—international copyright. And, by the way, it is somewhat noteworthy that from not one of those of our authors who have, so to speak, suffered from the lack of an international copyright law have we heard any of those howls and whines which the subject is sure to provoke from the British man of letters. Miss Braddon says that “should such trading”—as that of which she and Mr. Beecher complain; and the remote contingency implied in “should” is delicious—“should such trading ever arise”—and “ever” is also delicious—“should such trading,” then, “ever arise in England, then, perhaps, American statesmen will see the urgent necessity for an international copyright, to protect the characters of American writers,” etc. Surely Miss Braddon's notions of the efficacy of an international copyright rival those of the elder Mr. Weller in regard to the powers of an *alibi*, which he would have used as a defence even in a case of breach of promise of marriage. “O Sammy, Sammy,” he exclaims, as the court adjourns after Mr. Pickwick is cast in the famous suit of *Bardell vs. Pickwick*, “vy wasn't there a hallyby?” It is somewhat difficult for our unilluminated eyes to see how a law giving the European writer a copyright in the sale of his book in the United States would protect Miss Braddon against the publication of a book which is not hers, under her name; although it is plain that it would protect Mr. Beecher against the publication by British publishers of books which are his by false titles and without his name. Provision might easily be made against such wrong as that which Miss Braddon has suffered; but it must needs be by some other means than that of a strictly construed international copyright law. For this affords as good an occasion as need be on which to say that for such a law very strict construction must be expected. British publishers are no less clamorous than British authors for an international copyright law in the United States. We take it that their views will undergo some change upon this subject when they know that however their authors may profit by such a law, *they* are sure, “sertain sure,” not only not to profit by it, but to lose all their present gains by exportation to the United States, which we know are very considerable. For an international copyright law passed at Washington would be framed to protect the *right* of the British author, not to aid the *interest* of the British manufacturer. It would allow copyright to the British writer for every book that he *published in this country*; but it would provide with especial care that the right of the American publisher should not be infringed by the sale of copies from abroad; and this it would do, not only in the interest of the American publisher who took the risk of publication, but in that of American manufacturers. British writers make the mistake of supposing that American publishers are the chief obstacles to the enactment of an international copyright law. But in this they are altogether wrong. Except two or three publishing houses who really manufacture books upon their own premises, the publishers of the United States would very willingly see an international copyright law go into operation. And besides, publishers here are not so numerous or so influential a class as to

be able to affect legislation. The real, the effective opponents of that law are manufacturers—to wit, type-founders, press-makers, book-binders, manufacturers of morocco, calf-skin, and muslin used in binding, and, chiefly, paper-makers. All these people fear a great diminution of their business in case an international copyright law is passed. They apprehend that if there were such a law, our publishing tactics would of necessity approach if not conform to those of London, and that our publishers, on account of foreign competition, would bring out fewer books, and instead of bringing them out in a style which will ensure their being bought by the thousand, would make them more costly and sell them by the hundred, to the great detriment of all the manufacturing people aforesaid. Which people go to Members of Congress and say, "See, will you cause me to discharge fifty, and me a hundred, good workmen, and so on, who have votes, just for the sake of putting money into the pockets of British manufacturers, and, at best, of British authors who have heaped foul language upon us before the world for sixty years past?" The Congressmen's answer is not far to seek, as the old jest books say. This may be provided against by making it imperative that a British author's book, to bring him copyright money, shall be published in the United States? Certainly; but that would ensure the corresponding provision, that no copies shall be sold in the United States but those manufactured here. Now, except in the case of popular novelists, the number of copies of books by British authors of repute exported to this country by the British publishers is so large a proportion of the editions published by them, that the loss of this sale would so materially affect their profits, that they would probably oppose the law, and, in case of its passage, stipulate for a diminution of copyright upon every book republished in the United States. But upon this question of copyright we are all wrong on both sides of the water. We treat the subject as if the law *conferred* his right upon the author, whereas his right is, of all rights, that which is, *par excellence*, a natural right. What copyright laws really do is to *limit* and *restrain* that natural right. This is what they may justly do. The law-making power says: It is not for the public interest that you should retain your money control over, and your money interest in, your ideas longer than a certain term of years. But we strangely overlook the right of the author in the pure creation of his own brain, which he has locked up in his desk and which he could give to the public on what terms he pleased and could get, were it not for copyright laws. The restraint of these laws, or some such restraint, upon the right of property in thought is good upon the whole; but do let us look upon them in the proper light, as imposing a restraint, and not as conferring a privilege. The first step toward a righteous adjustment of this subject should be the repeal of all existing copyright law, the consequence of which would be that the author—any author in any country—would have absolute control of his writings by common law or natural right. Then let this right or control be limited in terms by law for the good of the community. This repeal once effected, and the natural rights of the author in the production of his own brain recognized, all the minor relations of the subject would be easily adjusted.





‘HARRY,’ SHE SAID, ‘THERE IS NOTHING WRONG BETWEEN YOU AND FLORENCE?’

Page 347.

THE GALAXY.

OCTOBER 15, 1866.

ARCHIE LOVELL.

BY MRS. EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "MISS FORRESTER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"G. S. D."

MR. WICKHAM had followed the two women closely and stood ready to meet Mrs. Sherborne, when, at the end of a silent two minutes, she tottered back out of the room to which they had conducted her.

A glance, less than a glance, into her face, told him all that he sought to know; and in a moment he was at her side and had drawn her hand fast within his arm again. "You keep yourself quiet, Mrs. Sherborne," he whispered, leading her out of ear-shot of the old woman at once. "Don't you say a word—not one! and never fear but that justice will be done to all. I told you that things would end comfortable, and so they will. Take my word for it."

And then back the way they had come, too quick to give Mrs. Sherborne time to cry or break down, he led her through the oyster-shell bed, and along the narrow up-and-down passages of the public house till they reached the bar. There Mr. Wickham stopped, and addressed a word or two to a man dressed in a jersey and a fur cap, and of a countenance that bespoke a closer acquaintance with the practices of the ring than with any Christian virtues—the landlord, half waterman, half prize-fighter, wholly blackguard, of the Britannia.

"Surely, Mr. Wickham, surely," he answered, obsequiously.

"Sarah Ann," opening a door at the back, or riverside of the house, "come out a little to me, my dear. Here's a gentleman and a lady would like the parlor to have a cup of tea in. This way, ma'am," to Mrs. Sherborne; "one step down, if you please. Sarah Ann, wheel the sofy round to the window. As fine a view of the river, though I say it, ma'am, as any in London."

Sarah Ann was a dark-haired, rather pretty child, of fourteen, with the unmistakable look of decent girlhood about her clean Summer dress, and shining hair, and modest face: the look that so mysteriously meets you sometimes, in these places, and on the children of ruffians like this man. She put down her work—very smart wool work it was, Mrs. Sherborne noted: as

women do note the small matters of their world, whatever their own state of mind; with silver paper carefully pinned over it to keep all, save the square inch where she was working, clean—then followed her father out of the room at once, smiling shyly at Mr. Wickham, who remarked that she really grew out of knowledge every time she came home from boarding-school, and Mrs. Sherborne and her new friend were left alone.

Mr. Wickham came across the room, put a chair for himself opposite the rickety horse-hair sofa that the girl had wheeled beside the bay-window, and looked Mrs. Sherborne steadily in the face.

"Now, my good lady," said he, "don't you go to flurry yourself unnecessarily. I needn't put any questions, for I see by your face that your friend and this young woman that was found in the river are one and the same, and, as I told you before, you needn't fear but that justice will be done to all. You know, I suppose, Mrs. Sherborne, that the inquest on the body was held this morning?"

No, she sobbed, she knew nothing. Only she was sure—and she told Eliza, her cousin at Stoke Newington, the same—that she should be too late, however it was.

"And were not too late," put in Mr. Wickham, quietly. "So far from being so, you were just in time, it appears, to establish your friend's identity. Now, Mrs. Sherborne, may I further ask if you know what conclusion was arrived at by the jury? You don't, I see; and I'll tell you. No conclusion at all. There was evidence to prove that a heavy body was heard to fall into the water close to the bridge about ten o'clock the night before last, and that this woman was discovered dead—drifted in among some vessels not a couple of hundred yards from where we are sitting," Mrs. Sherborne shuddered. "by an early hour next morning. And there was medical evidence from two surgeons holding different opinions as to the direct cause of death (as surgeons mostly do on inquests), and that was all. No identification of the body; no clue to the young woman's history in any way. So the jury, directed by the coroner, brought in a verdict 'that deceased was found dead in the waters of the river Thames, but how she came into the said waters there was no evidence to show.' The further management of the case was put—now don't you be surprised—into my hands. I am Inspector Wickham of the detective force, and the people in the office near Drury Lane knew what they were about when they advised you to come to me for assistance."

Mrs. Sherborne started up to her feet; her horror at the sickening sight she had been newly forced to look upon; her grief—and very real grief it was—at the confirmation of her fears; every conflicting emotion of her heart swallowed up in the one overwhelming terror of her being in the presence of a detective. This mild, middle-aged gentleman to whom she had talked so freely, and who had lionized the city, and given her his arm so pleasantly, a detective! One of that dread force who with a lightning glance, a seemingly careless question, can worm out all secrets from the human breast, and deliver men up, whether dukes or beggars, to the dread retribution of justice. A detective: and to realize what Mrs. Sherborne felt it must be recollected that her belief in the infallible, almost omniscient, sharpness of the corps was the purely popular one: derived principally from weekly serials, and holding as much resemblance to the real detective officer of every-day life as the popular Jesuit, the malignant, fanatical fiend of Protestant stories, does to the pleasant *poco curante* gentlemen of the Society of Jesus, who sit beside you at a dinner party.

"If I had only known, sir!" she gasped; "if I had only known," dropping him a curtsy, "I would have spoken very different."

"Not a doubt of it," interrupted Mr. Wickham, laying his hand good-humoredly on her arm, and making her sit down again. "If you had known who I was, and what I was about, you'd have been so flustered—I've seen it scores of times among your sex, ma'am—as scarcely to know whether the deceased was your friend or was not. And for that very reason, you see, I kept dark until you had identified her, and took you quiet and comfortable by a side-door to the station, so that you should not be upset by the crowd outside (which there mostly is in these parts) nor anything. And now, Mrs. Sherborne, you take a cup of tea," this as the tawdry slipshod barmaid of the Britannia opened the door and came in with a tea-tray; "you take a cup of tea, and give me one, and then we'll start off homeward. Push the table over by the window, Polly, and let's see what we've got here. Buttered toast, creases, ham, and a plate of s'rimps." Mr. Wickham's tastes were evidently understood in the Britannia. "That will do first-rate, and if we want more hot water we'll ring. Now, Mrs. Sherborne, will you pour out the tea? well, the sofa is low, suppose you have a chair over here? I can't say I ever fancy a cup of tea unless it has been poured out by a lady's hand!" adds Mr. Wickham, persuasively.

Upon which, Mrs. Sherborne having, with some difficulty, taken off her silk gloves, or rather peeled them back after the manner of a snake shedding its skin, untied her bonnet-strings and spread out her pocket handkerchief over the lap of her black silk dress, these two singularly-matched companions began their meal together.

Lengthened study of our common nature had taught Mr. Wickham, among other important psychological truths, that the conscience of any fasting human creature is much austerer, much more difficult to draw on into confidence, than that of a feasting one. It had also taught him practical wisdom concerning the exact description of food or drink with which the conscience of persons of different ages and sexes may be best propitiated. Thus, with a broken-down swell he would infallibly at five o'clock of an afternoon, order sherry and bitters; with the young of either sex, tarts and ginger beer; with a ragged outcast of the streets, a "quartern;" with a woman of Mrs. Sherborne's age and habits, tea, buttered toast and a relish. And a striking trait of character, a beautiful instance of professional zeal, was to be found in the fact that whatever conscience had to be thus propitiated, high or low, male or female, Mr. Wickham's own digestive powers were ever equal to the task of bearing that conscience company during the process of propitiation.

"Another cup of tea, ma'am? Well, I don't know but what I will take another, if you'll keep me in countenance—and a bit more ham? Come now, you must." The poor woman who had been traversing London since morning was really taking her food with relish, but felt, as many people do, that it was a sort of crime, requiring apology, to eat under affliction. "You must keep your strength up, you know. Now, just a little bit—as thin as a wafer. That's it. And so," after a silence, "this Miss Hall, poor thing, had more than one admirer, eh? Ah, it's generally the case with pretty young women—as I am sure you must have known ma'am! And mostly above her in rank. All of them, indeed, I think you mentioned?"

"Well, Mr. Wickham," answered Mrs. Sherborne, confidentially; for, alas for human nature! two plates of ham, two cups of tea, and a few of the de-

tective's artful questions, had made her heart so warm toward him, that the names of Gerald Durant and Miss Lucia and Mr. Dennison were already as household words to Mr. Wickham. "I don't say all were above her, for there was young Frank Simmons of the mill, as good a lad as ever walked, has been ready to marry her any time this two years; but bless you, these young girls 'll never look at an honest lad of their own condition when once a gentleman have turned their heads with soft words and flatteries! And for certain Mr. Gerald is a gentleman that any woman, high or low, might be proud to be chosen by—or Mr. Dennison, either, and as fine a made man and perfect a gentleman in his ways, as I ever see!"

"And the general opinion, at first, of the country round was that Mr. Gerald Durant—thank you, Mrs. Sherborne, I don't know but what I will take a crease or two—that Mr. Gerald Durant—Gerald Sidney, I think you said?"—and, mentally, Mr. Wickham twists the letters G. S. D. into a monogram like one he holds in his possession—"was the companion of the girl's flight?"

"Well, it certainly was said by some," answered Mrs. Sherborne, shaking her head with melancholy emphasis, "but for my part I never see why there should be more suspicion of Mr. Gerald than of another. Old Sir John took up cruelly hard against him for certain, and for the last six months Mr. Gerald has not been near the Court."

"And you yourself believe the girl to have been really married, Mrs. Sherborne, you say?"

"I do, Mr. Wickham," she answered decisively, "I got a letter from her, as I told you, a few days after she left, and in that letter she spoke of herself and her happiness in a way that I would take my oath she wasn't a girl to do unless she had been a lawful wedded wife. Why, wasn't she found with a marriage ring tied on the ribbon round her neck, sir?" cried Mrs. Sherborne, eagerly, and with a trembling voice again.

"Y—es," answered Mr. Wickham, with deliberation, "that she certainly was, and that taken by itself says nothing—less than nothing, ma'am. If you'd seen as much of this kind of thing as I have, you'd know that people who are going to make away with themselves will act a lie—pay money sometimes to carry that lie out—as deliberate—as deliberate," repeated Mr. Wickham, pausing for a simile, "as you or I might do, that mean to live. She may have been married and she may not, and this Mr. Durant may or may not have been her lover. Time alone will bring it all to light, *and* silence. You understand my meaning, I hope, Mrs. Sherborne, when I say, *and* silence?"

Mrs. Sherborne opened her eyes very wide, but made no answer.

"I don't mean, of course," explained Mr. Wickham, "that you are not to tell your friends at home of the girl's death, and of your having identified her. You say you're going back to Staffordshire to-morrow morning, and it's only natural, and indeed right, that you should speak when you get there of what you have seen. My meaning is, that you should in no way seek to throw blame on this young gentleman, Mr. Durant, or even mention anything about the conversation that you have had with me. As far as I can make out, Mr. Durant has suffered a great deal in his reputation, as respects a certain party, already, and if, now that the party has met with a sudden death, one was to begin saying one thing and one another, the young gentleman might be brought into very bad trouble indeed. You take my meaning

right, Mrs. Sherborne? I'm an officer of justice, and the business of my life is to bring the guilty to justice, but my maxim always is—shield the innocent, and believe every man innocent until he is proved to be guilty!"

At the enunciation of these beautiful sentiments from the lips of a detective, Mrs. Sherborne's honest eyes filled with tears. Mr. Wickham need have no fear of her, she sobbed. The family at the Court were the best friends she and her husband had got in the world. She had known Mr. Gerald since he was a baby, and had always loved him for his fair face and his winning ways—that she had! and Miss Lucia too; and in spite of all that was passed and gone, the best day in her life would be when she should hear the church-bells ringing for their wedding. Hadn't she mentioned that they were lovers? in answer to the keen flash of intelligence that passed across Wickham's face—why, it had been a settled thing when Mr. Gerald was still in frocks. No one need fear that her tongue would do an injury to him, or any of the family, bless them! and she only hoped Mr. Wickham would kindly take no advantage of anything she might have let fall already, making him her country curtsy, and looking imploringly and with tearful eyes in his face.

"Take advantage!" he repeated, almost indignantly. "Why, of course not. I only want to see justice done to you and your friends too, and don't you fear but if I can bring anything to light in this affair you shall hear from me again. Mrs. Sherborne, Heathcotes, Staffordshire, I think you said?" taking out a small pocket-book and a pencil from his pocket. "Near Hatton, ah, yes, near Hatton, Staffordshire. And Heathcotes is on Sir John Durant's estate? to be sure. Now, Mrs. Sherborne, do you happen to know Mr. Gerald Durant's address? Somewhere West-end way, you believe, and in the Guards. Well, well, that'll do, I don't suppose I am at all likely to want it, and the other cousin—the gentleman who was also an admirer of Miss Hall's—Mr. Robert Dennison, barrister, lives in a place called the Temple, if you remember right? Just so. Now, ma'am, if you have quite done, perhaps you will get ready to start"—Mr. Wickham, whose *petits soins* for the fair sex seemed unbounded, pointed out a small, dingy looking-glass covered round with pink and green crimped paper above the mantelpiece—"and I'll see you part of the way on your journey home. If we look sharp we can walk up to Eastcheap just in time to catch a six o'clock 'bus direct for Stoke Newington."

Which they did. Mr. Wickham saw Mrs. Sherborne, umbrella and all, safely embedded away among fourteen other Stoke Newington passengers; shook hands with her heartily; hoped they would soon meet again; desired his compliments to Mr. S. at home; and kissed the tips of his fingers with gallantry as he stood carelessly watching the departure of the omnibus from the Eastcheap office. Then in a second, his attitude, his manner, the whole expression of his face, seemed to change.

"Five minutes past six," he thought, taking out his watch. "Time still to look up one or both of these men to-day. The lawyer is the least important; but he comes first upon the road. 'G. S. D.' can be seen to afterward."

And he hailed a cab, jumped into it, and told the man to drive, and lose no time upon the way, to the Temple.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WORKING UP A CASE.

ANOTHER long day was wearing toward its close with Robert Dennison. The evening papers had afforded him the scanty information that the verdict returned had, by the coroner's direction, been an open one. No details of the inquest itself had as yet been published; and in a fever of doubt and suspense he was standing by his open window, gazing vacantly out upon the gardens and the river, and speculating as to what kind of evidence might at this moment be in the hands of the police, when a discreet ring—neither the loud ring of a friend nor the deprecating ring of a modest dun—came at his chambers door. A minute later, the card of Inspector Wickham, of the Metropolitan Police—for this time it was the policy of Mr. Wickham to affect no mystery—was handed to him.

I have already said, that once in the broad region of absolute falsehood, and Mr. Dennison felt himself more at home than in the delicate border-land which separates falsehood from truth. It was the same with danger. Once face to face with positive peril, in a position where his own strong will and keen brain were all he had to look to for help, and his nerves felt calmer, his heart freer, his face wore more its natural color and expression than it had worn yet during the blank dread of the last twenty-four hours. With steady self-possession, overdone in no way, he turned round as Inspector Wickham—closely following his card—was announced; gave him the kind of nod a man would naturally give to a gentleman of Mr. Wickham's appearance and profession; then stood, his eyes quietly fixed upon his visitor's face, as though waiting to hear what he had got to say.

Mr. Wickham gave a little cough and looked down for a second at the pattern of the carpet. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Dennison, for calling upon you so late in the afternoon, but the fact is I have some rather important business on hand; and if you are disengaged—"

Robert Dennison glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece, and answered that he did not dine till seven—it was five-and-twenty minutes past six now—and that he should be happy to give his attention to what Mr. Wickham had to say. Then he seated himself beside the table in the centre of the room, signing to his visitor to take a chair opposite him, and laid his arm upon the table in a sort of professional attitude of attention. What could Inspector Wickham of the police have to say to Mr. Dennison, barrister-at-law, that was not of a purely abstract or professional character?

"I shall not trouble you long," remarked Wickham, upon whom none of these indications of calmness were lost; "and what I have got to say I shall say in as plain a manner as possible. I am an officer of the detective police, Mr. Dennison, as you are aware. I am employed in the case of the woman who lost her life from London Bridge two days ago, and I have come in search of some important information which I believe it may be in your power to render me concerning her."

Still not a quiver of the lip; not a change of hue; not a second's abatement of the black eyes that were fixed on Wickham's face. "I shall be happy to hear what you have to say, Mr. Wickham; but I need hardly tell you that this is a case wholly different to any with which I am ever concerned."

"You mean in a professional way, Mr. Dennison?"

Dennison nodded.

"I am not addressing you in your professional capacity, sir. The details I am seeking for, the inquiries I am about to make, are strictly private ones. Can you enlighten me in any way as to what Margaret Hall's movements have been since she left Heathcotes on the tenth of January last, or who Margaret Hall's companion was on the night of the second instant—the night of her death?"

"Margaret Hall!" cried Dennison, starting up eagerly, and with a flush dyeing his dark face. "You don't mean to tell me—" His agitation made the words die upon his lips.

"I mean to say that the body of the girl who met her death from London Bridge two nights ago has been identified, since the inquest, as that of Margaret Hall, late of Heathcotes, Staffordshire," answered Wickham, coldly. "I am in a delicate position, Mr. Dennison, and you are in a delicate position; but it may save a great deal of trouble and vexation to all parties hereafter if you answer me one or two plain questions now. Although, of course, no one knows better than you do, sir, that it rests entirely with yourself to do so or not."

Robert Dennison sank down into his chair, and passed his hand hastily across his eyes. "I am ready to answer any question you choose," he said, in an altered voice, after a minute's dead silence; "but there are circumstances connected with the name of Margaret Hall which make this news a terrible blow to me—a terrible blow," he repeated; and drawing across a decanter of wine that stood upon the table, he poured some out into a tumbler, and swallowed it at a single gulp. "Who identified her?" he cried, as Wickham, silent and impassive, sat and watched his face. "Good God—there may be some mistake still! Margaret Hall was a simple country girl—a girl whom I, whom all of our family, knew and respected. Who identified her? Who knows that she was ever in London? All this must be seen into at once."

"The person who identified her was a farmer's wife of the name of Sherborne," answered Wickham, quietly. "You know her? I thought so. The girl's late mistress at Heathcotes. She is staying up here in London, it seems; and when she read the description of deceased in the paper, thought, not unnaturally, perhaps, Mr. Dennison, under the circumstances, that it might be the girl who left her service seven months ago, as it has proved to be. As to the matter being seen into," added Mr. Wickham, with an expression that on any other face might have been a half smile, "you may rest quite easy about that. There is no doubt whatever about the identification; and what I hope and expect to make equally clear is this: what company was Margaret Hall in on the night of August the second, the last night of her life? Now, Mr. Dennison, remembering always that it rests entirely with yourself to answer or not, may I ask if there is any information you can afford me on the subject? August the second; two nights ago."

"And I answer that I have not the faintest clue to what you seek," answered Dennison, with deliberation. "August the second—Tuesday—I was dining at home on that night, I remember, with a party of friends. Whatever question you have to ask, Mr. Wickham, you must have the kindness to put into plainer language. We shall never come to understand each other by enigmas."

"Certainly not; now, do you object in any way, Mr. Dennison, as you have a perfect right to do, to tell me the names of the gentlemen who formed your party?"

"Not the very slightest, although I am wholly at a loss to understand the drift of your inquiries. There were," after a moment's thought, "Mr. Drury, Mr. Charteris, Mr. McIvor and Mr. Broughton."

"No one else?"

"No one. Stay, quite late in the evening my cousin, Mr. Gerald Durant, came in for a short time."

"Late in the evening; I suppose by that, sir, you mean a little late for dinner?"

"I do not. My cousin was not expected for dinner, indeed he only returned from the continent late that evening."

"And at what time do you suppose he came here to your chambers?"

"Well, I really don't recollect. Eleven—twelve o'clock, perhaps. Yes, it must have been about twelve, I should say."

"And you did not yourself leave home at all that night?"

"Most certainly not. I was with the friends who dined with me, as I told you."

"I see. Would you mind stating, Mr. Dennison, if you remarked anything at all unusual about your cousin's manner or appearance on that evening when he visited you?"

Dennison's eyes, when the question was asked, were bent gloomily on the carpet, as though he was still pondering over the death of that "simple country girl, whom he and his family had known and respected." He raised them now with a sudden flash, a sudden glow, rather, of red light within their sombre depths, to Wickham's face, and for the first time during the interview, a guilty look of confusion, of hesitation, crossed his own. If that look had been acting, Robert Dennison must have possessed the genius of a Kemble or a Kean! But it was genuine; and Mr. Wickham, tolerably versed in histrionic display, recognized its genuineness, and being only human, built up a theory in his own mind on the instant.

Mr. Dennison was cool and collected in accounting for himself on that fatal evening of the second; was betrayed into an admission of Mr. Durant's untimely visit to him; and then at the first question respecting Mr. Durant's demeanor, hesitated and grew confused. What, unless he had grounds for suspecting his cousin's implication in the girl's fate, should cause this change in him? If he was positive of Durant's innocence, what made the last a more embarrassing question to answer than any of the former ones?

"I have no right to expect a reply, Mr. Dennison, but it rests with you to refuse to give me one, and I repeat my question again. Did you see anything unusual in your cousin's manner or appearance on that evening of the second when he visited you?"

Under certain conditions of extreme nervous tension, most men must have experienced the sudden enlargement of grasp and vision with which the brain seems to become endowed. Before the mind of the huntsman whose horse is galloping toward a precipice, of the prisoner at the bar waiting for the first word of the foreman's lips, the concentrated perceptions of a dozen ordinary years seem to crowd in those few moments of agonized surprise. It was thus with Robert Dennison now. As Wickham questioned him about Gerald, and as he looked up with that expression of doubt, of guilt, beyond even his sub-

tlety to hide, upon his face, a train of reasoning, a summing-up of possibilities that it would take me pages to elaborate, had passed—mechanically, it seemed to him; he was in no condition just then for any sensible exercise of will—across his brain. He remembered all the country rumors, never fully set at rest, with respect to Gerald and Maggie Hall; the strong motive for being rid of her, which his relations with Lucia might be supposed to supply; remembered Gerald's strange manner and significant remark of having seen "a Staffordshire face" upon the evening of the dinner party; remembered, finally, that the only proofs which had ever existed of his own marriage were ashes since yesterday! So much for the past. Now for the future.

If Gerald were publicly accused of having had any share, direct or indirect, in Maggie Hall's death, he was, unless he could positively establish his innocence, irrevocably ruined. And on Gerald's ruin—the ruin of the man who had stood to him and to his secret so staunchly—might rest his own strongest hope of salvation. At this moment the die was probably being cast on which the life of one, or both, of them should depend. This moment, if ever, was the time for him to speak. Should he not speak? He had committed no crime. He had only made a foolish marriage; only neglected a low-born wife of whom death had ridded him. (Ay, but a shameful death—such a death as would make true men shrink from him, true women keep him from their houses; a death that, if known, would be a blot upon his name, a barrier in his path, such as her life, had she lived, could never have been!) And if the worst came to the worst, *that* only could be discovered. His presence at home on the night of her death was a fact to be proved by half a dozen witnesses. He could but come, eventually, to the shame of having concealed his marriage, and—and the cowardice of having left another man, an honest man and a generous, to bear the burden of his guilt!

Robert Dennison's face blanched to an awful gray; the dark, massive-hewn lips trembled, almost for the first time in his life. "I—I must have time!" he stammered. "How can I undertake to remember whether there was anything unusual in my cousin's manner or not?"

"In other words, Mr. Dennison, you decline giving any answer to the question."

Dennison covered his face with his hands, and felt with a start the cold, thick dew that was standing upon his forehead. To what dark suspicions against himself might not this vacillation, this womanish sentimental weakness, give birth? What had he to do with this Quixotic remorse about Gerald's possible danger? Gerald's unstained innocence, of course, would be his shield. Of what good is unstained innocence if it requires alien assistance in time of need?

"You are perfectly right, Mr. Wickham. I decline answering any question except upon matters that concern me alone. Of those I will answer as many as it pleases you to ask." And he rose from his chair, and folding his arms, turned round and confronted Wickham with a look that told him plainly he considered it time for their interview to be at an end.

Mr. Wickham got up in a moment and took his hat and stick from the chair where he had deposited them. "I fully appreciate your motives, Mr. Dennison," he remarked, "and know that you act as one gentleman should do toward another, particularly a relation. The case is a very painful one—it seems likely to me will become more painful still—but I hope you don't think I have exceeded my duty, sir, in the questions that I have asked?"

No, answered Mr. Dennison, stiffly, he did not. In such a calling as Mr. Wickham's no doubt it was a duty to go through many interviews as fruitless and as painful to the feelings of the people concerned in them as this one had been to him. And then he consulted his watch, and after comparing it carefully, for his nerve had thoroughly returned to him now, with the clock above the mantelpiece, remarked that it was already past his dinner hour.

"And you will have no objection, Mr. Dennison, I suppose, to give me the addresses of the different gentlemen who dined with you on the second?" said Wickham, taking out a well-worn note-book from his pocket. "This is the last question with which at present I am obliged to trouble you."

Robert Dennison hesitated for a second, then determined, at the pass to which he had now come, truth, literal, uncompromising truth, was the safest path for him to tread in. He had told no falsehood yet, had not compromised his cousin in aught. If a train of unforeseen coincidences should hereafter draw down false suspicion upon Gerald, it would be for Gerald to clear himself. His own safest course, nay, his own duty now, was to act as straightforwardly as honor consistently would allow him to act, and leave the future to shape itself as it might.

"I am perfectly ready, sir, to tell you where any friend of mine lives. Mr. Charteris, Mr. Drury, Mr. Broughton, Mr. McIvor;" and he gave him the address of each in full.

"And your cousin, Mr. Gerald Durant?" asked Wickham, pausing after he had carefully written down the different addresses that Dennison gave him.

"My cousin, Mr. Durant, lives in the same house with Mr. McIvor, 102 Clarges Street."

"Thank you, Mr. Dennison. I am very much obliged for the way in which you have answered my questions. Good evening to you, sir. In a few more days I shall probably find it necessary to call upon you again." With which comforting assurance, Dennison having answered that he should, of course, be willing to see him on business whenever he chose to call, Mr. Wickham took his leave.

It was within a few seconds of a quarter-past seven when he turned out of the Temple into Fleet Street, and for a moment Mr. Wickham stood and pondered, irresolute. These young West-end swells, he thought, generally dined about eight. He might have time yet to get a look at Mr. Durant on his way to his club, for Mr. Wickham was quite intimate with the habits of Guardsmen, as indeed he was intimate with the habits of every class of men in London. At all events, there could be no harm done by looking him up; seeing the house he lived in; speaking, perhaps, to his servant; getting hold, as it were, of the first end of the thread which should serve as a clue hereafter to Mr. Durant's ways of life. He had broken in already upon all his other business by the number of hours he had devoted to Mrs. Sherborne; the remainder of the day might as well be given over to the same case; the case which Mr. Wickham's professional acumen already made him feel was likely to turn out a very different one to the commonplace "street accident" which this morning he and his confrères had believed it to be. To have traced out the old trite story of poverty and of misery to its old trite source had been but a sorry triumph for a man of Wickham's standing. To bring home abduction, cruelty, desertion, if nothing worse, against a man in the position of this Mr. Durant, was a prospect that stimulated the keenest emotions, the highest

ambitions, of his breast. Yes, he decided he would lose no unnecessary time; he would, at least, call at the house where the young Guardsman lived, at least put something in train ready for to-morrow's work. And hailing another hansom as he reached the Strand, he jumped in; a quarter of an hour later discharged it with his accustomed discreetness in Piccadilly, and then proceeded leisurely and on foot to No. 102 Clarges Street.

His ring was answered, as it chanced, not by the servants of the house, but by Gerald's own gentleman, Mr. Bennett; who, elegantly but plainly dressed, was just starting on his own pleasure—possibly to dine at his own club—and who held his nose very high in the air on perceiving “the sort of person” who was making inquiries for his master.

“The vally,” thought Wickham, taking poor Mr. Bennett's accurate measure with half a glance. “Ah, ah, young man! you and I will have a good deal to say to each other before we've done, I dare say!” Then aloud: “Mr. Durant gone out of town, has he? Well, and when do you expect him back to town, my friend?” Resting one of his strong arms within the door, carelessly, as it seemed, but just sufficient to hinder Mr. Bennett from slamming it in his face, as he appeared to have every intention of doing.

The term “my friend;” the outstretched arm; and a certain latent expression in Wickham's eyes, brought down the nose of the gentleman's gentleman by some inches. Mr. Gerald Durant, he knew, was as much in debt as any man keeping above water at all can be; and it suddenly struck Mr. Bennett's intelligence that the visitor, as likely as not, was a sheriff's officer, with whom it might be prudent for him to hold civil parley during his master's absence.

“Well, I don't suppose Mr. Durant will be away more than three or four days. We generally stay about that when we go to the Court. If there's any message I can take—I shall be very happy.” Mr. Bennett, out of his master's presence, had quite the proper drawl of high life. “I rather believe I'm going down there myself to-morrow.” Languidly this, and as if travelling was an intense bore to a London man of his *far niente* habits.

“No, no. I don't want to send any message,” said Wickham, and as he spoke he stepped quietly inside the passage. “You are Mr. Durant's vally, I suppose? I thought so. Then we're all among friends. The fact is, you see”—lowering his voice, and, pushing to, but not shutting the door, “your master owes a pretty round sum of money to a certain friend of mine”—the broad facts of human nature told Mr. Wickham that this was a hypothesis likely to savor of reality in the case of any young Guardsman—“and I've just called round to see if things could not be arranged quiet, agreeable for all parties. Now, my friend has no more wish than I have to press matters too hard; and of course it's to his advantage, and the young gentleman's advantage—to all our advantages, I may say—that your master should keep on terms with his uncle, Sir John Durant. I understood you right? he has gone to his uncle's house in Staffordshire, now? Yes. Well, then, give us your opinion—between friends, of course—is Mr. Durant all square with the old gentleman do you think? and his daughter? for you see I know the whole family history by heart. If he is, and if everything's likely to come off pleasant, and soon, my friend's the last man—the last man living,” said Mr. Wickham, warmly, “to be down on any young gentleman of good prospects.”

And led away by the visitor's genial manner; feeling thoroughly convinced,

too, that his own first view of his vocation was a correct one, Mr. Bennett spoke. Right? why, Lord love you!—for, being in earnest he forgot to be elegant—nothing could be more right. A coolness? Well, he had never heard anything of it, or never seen anything of it himself. Mr. Durant corresponded frequently with all the family, and the marriage for certain would not be delayed beyond next Autumn. They had not been home three days from the continent now, and Mr. Durant was off to the Court already—one of the finest seats and oldest families in Staffordshire, that and Lord Sandford's, which was the most intimate friend old Sir John had; and it *was* said meant between them to put Mr. Gerald Durant into parliament at the "disillusion," which he, Mr. Bennett, believed to be on the eve of taking place.

"So I'm told, so I'm told," said Mr. Wickham, after pausing a moment and tapping his chin reflectively with the head of his stick; "but, not being a political character myself, can't say. At all events, Mr. Bennett, it's a great matter for a young gentleman to keep on terms with elderly relatives—especially when these elderly relatives have money and only daughters! and the advice I mean to give to my friend is to have patience for a bit. I might look round here again in the course of a week or so, and I might not," added Mr. Wickham candidly, as he pushed open the door and went out into the street again. "But if I did, it would be as between friends, you understand, Mr. Bennett? Just to pick up a word or two from you as to how things are going on."

Mr. Bennett nodded intelligently; congratulating himself meanwhile upon the success of his own admirable diplomacy.

"Nowhere near here where I should be likely to see you without coming to the house?" hazarded Mr. Wickham; and turning round as though the thought had struck him suddenly when he was already moving away from the door. "If there's one thing I hate more than another in these matters it is formality. Patience and a friendly spirit, I say to my clients, is a great deal more likely to get money out of a young gentleman in difficulties than dunning and tormenting, and bothering his life out! and if there *was* any place, Mr. Bennett, any place that you frequent, as one may say, at odd hours?"

Thus pressed, Mr. Bennett admitted that there was a retreat in which a good many of his leisure hours, of an evening especially, were passed; the Star and Raffle, a public on your right as you turned down the adjoining mews toward Half Moon Street. Hearing which, Mr. Wickham, with a friendly nod and a remark that if he had occasion again to see Mr. Bennett, the Star and Raffle would be the place where he should seek him, started forth in excellent spirits upon his homeward road.

He had gained no direct evidence certainly, by his visit to Clarges Street; but he had heard enough collectively, during his afternoon's work, to convince him that suspicion, sinister and thick, was gathering fast around Gerald Durant. And a light shone in Mr. Wickham's keen eyes as he walked! No more human emotion stirred in him at hunting down the evidence that should destroy a man's life than stirs in an etymologist as he unravels the knotty derivations of a Greek verb; or in a geologist as he searches for tidings of the Stone Age among the implements of the drift. The "London Bridge case" had been made over into his hands; and he was simply performing his day's duty conscientiously before going home to his

cottage garden and his little children at Kentish Town. If Mr. Durant was innocent, so much the better for Mr. Durant; if guilty, so much the better for his own professional reputation. And reviewing all that he had gathered to-day: Mrs. Sherborne's story of the old county scandal; Robert Denison's hardly-wrung admission of his cousin's visit on the evening of the second; the confession of the valet that his master was in difficulties, and looked to a wealthy marriage for his rehabilitation: reviewing all this evidence, line by line, almost word for word, and adding it to certain other facts already in his possession, Mr. Wickham felt as sure as he had ever felt of anything in his life, that he held the first links of a successful chain of evidence within his hands.

As he passed out of Clarges Street into Bolton Row he stopped; following an old constabulary habit of early days, rather than for any particular reason; and took a look down each of the four openings for a few seconds; and then, as he twisted round with the peculiar pivot-action of the profession, found himself nose to nose, almost in the arms of a gentleman who at that moment was in the act of turning into Clarges Street. The gentleman was dressed in very well cut evening clothes, partially concealed by a gossamer over-coat of the same pale color as his face and hair; and in his button-hole was a dandy bouquet, and in his eye an eye-glass.

"Deuce take you!" he drawled: as the sudden turn of Mr. Wickham's robust person sent him, with a shock, about six inches from his sphere, and the dandy bouquet flying across the pavement. "I must really beg, sir——"

And then their eyes met, and the sequel of the bellicose command remained for ever unspoken.

"Why, Jemmy!" cried Wickham, laying his hand familiarly on the other's shoulder, and looking carefully up and down every item of his dress, from the exquisite boots up to the single pearl (Palais Royal, I fear) of his necktie; "Jemmy! whatever lay are you on now?"

"Well," said Jemmy, perfectly calmly, the first momentary surprise over; "I'm on what I fancy, in your profession, is termed the swell lay, Mr. Wickham, so it's annoying, isn't it, to have my bouquet smashed? You haven't half a crown you could lend me, I suppose, to buy another? I'm just going to dine with a friend of mine down here, and come out as usual without a farthing of change about me."

The request, or the tone in which it was made, had evidently the effect of a very excellent joke upon Mr. Wickham. "It's a most singular fact, Mr. Harcourt," he answered with great *bonhomie*; "Harcourt—Vavasor—Vere de Vere! whatever the alias is now—but I was just going to ask a similar favor of you. I haven't a farthing's worth of change about me, as luck will have it. However, you're quite swell enough!" he added, looking admiringly at him anew. "Swell enough to dine at the Carlton, or the Guards' Club either, I am sure."

"Ah, that's just where I happen to be going," responded Jemmy, pleasantly. "Odd, is it not, that you should have guessed? I'm just going to call on my friend Durant, here in Clarges Street, and go round with him to his club to dinner."

"Mr. Gerald Durant, 102 Clarges Street?" Jemmy nodded; not in the least surprised, apparently, at Wickham's knowing any number of particulars on any given subject. "Are you going to dine with him by invitation?"

"Well, not exactly by invitation. I made acquaintance with him over the

other side of the water, and he asked me to look him up when I came to town ; so, knowing his hours——”

“ You thought you would do him the honor of dining at his club, and if by a fluke you could get into the card-room, teach him to play *écarté* afterward?”

“ I’ve taught him that already !” interpolated Jemmy, with a little innocent smile.

“ Then, my friend, you won’t repeat the lesson to-day. Mr. Gerald Durant is in Staffordshire.”

“ Ah ?”

“ In Staffordshire, and not likely to be back for some time. You made a pretty good lunch to-day, I hope, Jemmy ?”

“ Well, no ; I made a very bad one. I meant to dine with Durant. The fact is, I’ve only been in town a few hours, and the dust one swallows here is good enough at first to a man unaccustomed for some years to his native air. Wonderful, really, how people contrive to live in London !”

“ Ah, it is—it is wonderful how some people contrive to live, anywhere,” answered Wickham ; not in the least intending to be ironical, and again looking with highly complimentary approval at his friend’s appearance. “ I suppose now, Mr. Randall ”—for a moment Jemmy did change countenance at that word—“ you would not condescend to come and have a bit of dinner with me ? I know of a tidy place or two, Oxford Street way, and——”

“ Nothing would suit me better, I assure you,” interrupted Jemmy, easily. “ While we live we must dine, and if not at the Guards’ Club, why, in Oxford Street ; provided always it is at the expense of another man.”

And a few minutes later the pair, arm in arm, and deep in conversation, were making their way northward through Berkeley Square. No play for Mr. Wickham with the children in the little Kentish Town garden to-night. As a random shot ; hoping only to pick up stray hints as to Gerald Durant’s comings and goings abroad ; he had invited his newly-found friend to accompany him. With the first answer given by Jemmy, on the subject, he saw that chance had thrown him across another and most important witness regarding the last day of Margaret Hall’s life ; and on the spot, Mr. Wickham decided that the “ bit of dinner ” should change into an affair of courses and champagne.

Tea and toast had been sufficient to appease the honest bucolic scruples of Mrs. Sherborne. A conscience of a highly sensitive (and expensive) order had to be set at rest now.

CHAPTER XXIX.

DURANT’S COURT.

THE light of a cloudless August morning was shining upon the old house and garden down in Staffordshire. Shining with ruddy warmth upon the glistening vari-colored tiles in which the “ rose and crampette,” the family badge, was worked upon the pinnacled gables ; flecking with shafts of quivering brightness the gray stone mullions of the narrow windows ; illuminating in amber and gold the mouldering cartouche shield upon the eastern front which told, as well as you could decipher for ivy, how the house was built by a certain Hugh Durant, in the year of grace 1570, and where the Durant

arms, lichen-grown, and stained with the weather of three hundred Winters, were sculptured.

August was the month of the year when the Court garden was at its zenith. Geraniums, calceolarias, verbenas, all were in their fullest blaze of color now; nor was the sight the only sense gratified, as in too many modern gardens is the case. Far and wide across the lawns was blown the subtle, cinnamon fragrance of the cedars; clove carnations and scented pinks were plentiful in the borders; the magnolia in the sheltered south angle of the Court was covered with blossoms that filled the air with their intoxicating sweetness—a sweetness to which the odor from peaches and nectarines in the pleached alleys close at hand was married most deliciously.

It was a garden that, once seen upon a Summer morning like this, was apt to haunt, not your memory only, but your heart; as a sweet old tune does, or a fair and noble face out of one of Vandyck's pictures. Every part of it was laid out strictly in accordance with the fashion of the times in which the house was built. There were images cut in juniper or "other garden stuffe;" little stiff yew-hedges, with occasional pyramids, statues and fountains; spacious turf walks, set as in the days when Bacon wrote, with burnet, wild thyme, and water-mints to perfume the air when trodden upon and crushed; and in disregardance of all those rules of modern horticulture which keep fruit and flowers distinct, fruit-trees, espaliered, were ranged on either side of most of the bordered walks.

And in this quaint antiquity, in its defiance of science and fashion, alike lay the potency, the human element, of its charm. Just as within the walls of Durant's Court you were overcome by inseparable associations of the men who had been born and rejoiced over, who had sorrowed and died there, so under the cedars, and in the shaded walks and alleys of the garden, you were haunted by mute memories of the youthful vows that must have been exchanged, the youthful lips that must have kissed here in the lapse of time between Elizabeth and Victoria. The love-whispers of a dozen buried generations, the roses of three hundred or so dead Junes, seemed to have left some lingering echo, some intangible pathetic fragrance in every nook and corner of the unchanged old place. Love was in its atmosphere! And with the August sun shining over all as it did now, the warm air rich with odors, alive with the hum of bees and voices of birds, it looked as fitting a scene as could have been found anywhere for the enactment of the first brightest act in the play of life. A fitting background to the two figures, a young man's and a girl's, who were standing together on the lawn beneath the cedars; the sun flickering down on the girl's white dress and delicate cheek as she looked up with quiet happiness, with the perfect assurance of acknowledged and requited love, into her companion's face.

For Gerald and Lucia were once more openly affianced lovers; and Lady Durant, too happy in her heart to see them so, no longer gave lectures against undue demonstrations of feeling before marriage. Ten days had passed on now since the prodigal had first returned and been forgiven; and—while Mr. Wickham, with unslacked ardor, was pushing forward inquiries in London, and daily gaining fresh evidence in support of the case that he was working—no faintest rumor of the position in which he stood had as yet reached Gerald's own ears or the Court. His first interview with Sir John Durant had been a characteristic one; the old man for the first five minutes vehemently declaring that unless his nephew could prove his innocence regarding

Maggie Hall, he would never receive him back to his fireside or to his affection; and Gerald, with perfect firmness, but admirable courtesy and temper, declaring that he neither could nor would seek to prove one circumstance that should exonerate himself! "I have already told you, on my honor, that I am guiltless," he said, simply. "I have told you that I have had reasons impossible to explain for bearing the imputation silently hitherto, and it rests with you now, I think, to take the stigma away from me or not. Say one word, sir, and I will leave your house in five minutes and return to it if you choose no more." And Sir John, looking into his handsome face, the face that had never lied to him during all the bygone years, had not only held out his hand to Gerald on the spot, but asked him with tears in his eyes to forgive them all for the wrong that they had done to him by their suspicions.

This was immediately after Gerald's arrival at the Court. On the very day following, Mrs. Sherborne, with her dark news of Maggie Hall's death, returned to Heathcotes; and while Lucia in the first happiness of reconciliation was wandering, her hand on Gerald's arm, through the woods and gardens of the Court, many were the whispered asides of the county world as to the opportuneness of Mr. Durant's return at this particular season, the heartlessness of Lady Durant in allowing him with such hot haste to be again the suitor of her daughter.

A woman who, at the best of times, barely tolerates the people she lives among, is sure of receiving pretty stringent criticism upon her actions when occasion arises. All the pottery ladies who had been snubbed—ignored, perhaps, is the juster word—by Lady Durant, felt it their duty now to express what they, as mothers, thought with regard to her conduct. As long as Maggie Hall lived, Mr. Durant—married or unmarried, who should say?—had been banished from the Court: on the day succeeding her death—let it be hoped a death that was fairly come by!—he appeared openly among them again as Miss Durant's future husband. Of course, every one trusted sincerely that Mr. Durant had had no share in the unhappy girl's betrayal; still it must be confessed that things looked most suspicious against him, and that it would have been more delicate—not to say human—of Lady Durant, had she allowed a little longer time to elapse before bringing him forward again in the eyes of the world at her daughter's side.

This was the outside, or neighborly view of the position; Lady Durant meanwhile leading her accustomed, untroubled life, in happy ignorance of what was being whispered by the people who courted her bow as she drove abroad, or flocked round her carriage whenever it stopped in the village, to offer congratulations on the now openly-acknowledged engagement of her daughter. Led by the instinct which in a true woman's heart so seldom errs, Lady Durant had never, from the first, shared her husband's suspicions against Gerald, and the only really strong feeling she had with regard to Mrs. Sherborne's story was—its indecorum. It was, of course, impossible actually to keep from Lucia the fact of her old playmate's death; the news told, and Lady Durant made an express request that no allusion should ever again be made to the subject in her hearing. It was about the first time in her calm, sequestered, selfish, existence, that any of the grosser accidents of every-day life—passion, abandonment, despair: possibilities unrecognized by Mrs. Hannah More as ever likely to compromise the sensibility of any woman of refinement—had been thrust upon her own personal experience; and the easiest way of getting rid of the unpleasant sensations they occasioned was, ob-

viciously, not to talk about them. Poor, common, erring human nature being the one element which Lady Durant had never taken into consideration in her otherwise admirable scheme of human life, she was about as well fitted to cope with any of its ordinary manifestations, as were the pious, cloistered nuns fitted to cope with common storm and common sunshine, when the French Revolution first opened the convent doors and sent them adrift upon the world.

On one point only, kindly and charitable as she was, did the mistress of Durant's Court entertain any decided opinion in the matter, namely, that it was a very merciful thing it had pleased Providence the poor creature Maggie should have been taken. It was an awful judgment upon herself, of course, and a solemn warning to all other young women in that condition of life; still, if a member of any good family *had* been implicated, as was supposed, in the unhappy girl's flight, it was a mercy for which that family, and, indeed, all right thinking persons, could not be too thankful that she was "released." And when Mrs. Sherborne went away with tear-stained face and aching heart, after the first dreaded ordeal of breaking the news at the Court, the honest woman felt duly cast down at the benignity of Providence with respect to the gentry (as contradistinguished from the lower classes) which Lady Durant, in a lecture of an hour and a-half, had pointed out to her.

"My lady spoke up beautiful," she told her husband that night; "all 'about the wicked cease from troubling,' and other texty's, Thomas; but Sir John, he cares most at heart for our poor girl's death. The tears were in Sir John's eyes, mark you, and when my lady had gone away he says to me, 'Mrs. Sherborne, be satisfied the right shall be done yet, and whoever did this thing, or caused the girl to do it, shall be brought to justice if I've any power to bring him there.' My lady's very kind and very good, but she has her feeling, you see, Thomas, as a lady, and Sir John he has his feelings as a gentleman; and nothing can be more different than the feelings of a lady and of a gentleman," added Mrs. Sherborne, "where a handsome girl like poor Maggie is concerned."

And she was right. In small domestic matters the kindly, weak, old man was, happily for himself, entirely under his wife's domination. In any position where he felt his honor, however remotely, to be touched, he consulted no one. And honor and justice alike called upon him to be in some sort the champion of the dead girl; every plough-boy, every dairy-servant on his estate, being, according to the old man's stately feudal ideas, a rightful claimant upon his protection. That Gerald had been wholly innocent of taking Margaret Hall from her home, he believed now upon his soul. On whose head the guilt of her death lay, God only knew! but had his own son lived, and Sir John Durant suspected him of being the man, he would have felt it his plain duty as a gentleman to help to bring him to justice.

It was a case simply in which every chivalrous instinct of his nature bade him take up the side of the weak against the strong. Toward the follies which men, collectively, have agreed to condone, or call by no worse name than follies, Sir John Durant's conscience was as passively elastic as are the consciences of most men who have lived their threescore years and ten on the earth. He was no Don Quixote to espouse the cause of a dairy-girl who of her own free will had forsaken her duty, and then—following the natural law of such matters—been forsaken in her turn. But Mrs. Sherborne's story, the vague insinuations of the newspapers, had hinted to him a far darker suspi-

cion than that of abandoned love or broken trust; the suspicion that Margaret Hall, a lawfully-married wife, had come by her death unfairly. And quietly and without speaking to any one in the house of what he had done, the old man wrote off at once to his London lawyer, desiring him to inquire into the circumstances of the "London Bridge case" at once, and, if need be, offer a reward in his name for the discovery of any person or persons concerned in the girl's death. "She had been accidentally identified as a farm-servant of one of his oldest tenants," he wrote, "and some suspicion seeming to rest upon the manner of her death, he felt it a kind of personal duty to encourage the fullest investigation in the matter." And the reward of one hundred pounds had been duly offered and posted; and Mr. Wickham—knowing the quarter from whence it came—had prosecuted his researches with redoubled energy, duly informed Sir John Durant's lawyer how the case was being successfully "worked," and how quiet and patience were, he believed, all that was requisite to bring home guilt to the rightful party in this mysterious affair. Every word of which intelligence was read morning after morning by Sir John at the breakfast-table, with Gerald sitting at Lucia's side, and Gerald's face and laugh making the old room bright as it had never been during the last bitter months of his estrangement from the Court.

Robert Dennison's name, as if by tacit consent, was seldom mentioned among them during this time. Once or twice old Sir John had said something about writing and making Robert come down, with Conyers, to talk over electioneering matters, and Gerald each time had remarked, in a joking tone, but with a serious face, that he should certainly go back to London for the occasion; old Conyers and Robert Dennison discussing business being something altogether out of his sphere. The days, however, passed on without Dennison either writing or making his appearance; and as it was now near the middle of August, Sir John began to say that Robert must certainly have gone out of town, probably out of England, as usual, for the rest of the vacation—a belief which Gerald, who shrank from meeting his cousin as though he had himself been the guilty one of the two, was not slow to encourage.

As much as it was in his easy nature to despise any one, he despised Robert Dennison now. A man might be cynical, selfish, facile-principled, and so long as he was a gentleman, so long as his failings were decently glossed over by refinement, Gerald Durant could like him still. What were the majority of the men he lived among, and called by the name of friends? Whether Robert Dennison had or had not been legally married to Maggie Hall, there were no present means—setting aside the evidence of those two letters he had returned to him in Morteville—of telling. Married, or not married, there could, of course, be little doubt as to his wearying in six weeks of the poor creature's society; and Gerald was the last man to blame another for the inconstancy of feeling which in his own case he regarded as a happy, natural infirmity, rather than an error. But would not a man of common manliness, a man possessing one of the instincts of a gentleman, have shielded all the more scrupulously from evil the helpless girl to whom love bound him no more? To win a woman from her duty was, according to Gerald's light, what many a good fellow would do under strong temptation: to tire of her—well, to tire of everything is an inseparable condition of human existence! but to refuse a woman so won protection while she lived; to put her away from her rightful place, if indeed he had been unfortunate enough

to marry her—was the conduct of a blackguard. (A fine distinction, perhaps, but none the less real to a man educated as Gerald Durant had been.) Maggie Hall had died a forlorn wanderer upon the London streets—for with bitterest self-reproach Gerald's memory recalled to him the woman of whose face he had caught a glimpse upon the bridge, and whom, in his Sybarite shrinking from misery he had left to perish; the woman whom Archie Lovell sought to save! He remembered how that wan face haunted him; remembered how he had spoken of it, "the ghost of a Staffordshire face," in Dennison's chambers; remembered the tone of Dennison's voice, the cold sneer that rose upon his lips as he answered. And yet at that moment as he sat there with his friends, in his well-appointed rooms, after his excellent dinner and wines, he must have known what dark shame was in truth possible . . . the fresh face he had wooed bared to the disgrace of London gaslight! the woman who had been his love exposed to horrors of which a violent and self-sought death was the lightest!

In his own way, Gerald Durant was capable of actions that—viewed altogether from the heights—were as intrinsically wrong, perhaps, as any of Robert Dennison's; and yet, in a higher and very different degree, he felt himself as removed from the level of his cousin now, as Waters had felt himself removed from the level of his Morteville associates. For Gerald, whatever his faults, had always been, always must be, a gentleman, "*sans peur et sans reproche*." He had been brought up to think that the unstained honor of a dozen generations, at least, of Durants had descended to him; and that every good thing of life, nay, life itself, should always be held ready for sacrifice in his hand, sooner than that one jot or one tittle of that bright inheritance should be allowed to pass away. And any man who believes himself to be a heritor by birth of what the world calls honor (or dishonor), is already far upon the road toward meriting the title by his actions. The code on which the Durant principles were framed was not by any means a transcendental or a perfect one. It was simply the very commonplace, faulty, narrow code, which men of the world unquestioningly hold to embody honor. But, whatever its leniency on some points, it branded falsehood and cowardice with the brand of shame irretrievable; and, in his heart, Gerald felt himself forced to acknowledge that Robert Dennison was capable of both! He had no more thought of betraying him now than he had had during all the bygone months, when his own ruin had so nearly been the price of his generosity. Robert was a poor man; and a single breath of such a story as this might be enough to blight his professional prospects for life. Robert was Lucia's first cousin, Sir John Durant's nephew; and to sully his fair fame was in some measure to sully the fair fame of the family. He would keep his counsel; stand by him, outwardly, with the same staunchness still; only—and this Gerald felt with daily, hourly-increasing repugnance—he could never again make Dennison his companion, could never again bear to see his smooth face here at the Court, or at Lucia's side. Here, in the quiet old garden, under the dear old trees, where falsehood, cowardice, dishonor, were words unknown; the trees under whose shade Robert first wooed as his wife the girl who now lay in a nameless London grave, and with only darkest disgrace and shame written over her for her epitaph.

Such thoughts, joined to other personal ones by no means void of pain—for Archie Lovell was neither forgotten nor unavenged in his heart—had made Gerald a somewhat silent and spiritless lover during these early days of his

renewed engagement with Lucia. At the present moment, however, standing after an excellent breakfast in the pleasant morning air; his admirable Havana between his lips; the sunlight, the smell of flowers, the song of birds, the sight of Lucia herself—fresh, pure, simple as the white dress she wore—all ministering to the gratification of his keen-strung, pleasure-craving nature, every dark thought seemed very far indeed from Gerald Durant. The singularly false platitude about the inability of money to purchase enjoyment is never more false than when applied to a man like Gerald. Good horses, good wines, a good cook, a place like the Court to live in during the shooting season, were precisely, now that his youth was waning—at six-and-twenty!—the things which he knew himself to need. In another five years, when he should have done forever with balls, and every other lingering folly of his youth; a favorite arm-chair at the club when he was in town; horses that were somewhat heavier weight-carriers in the country; and a better *chef* and better wines than ever, constantly. And all this lay before him in the common course of things if he married Lucia; and she was a very nice girl, poor little thing! fair, gentle and feminine; and really looking her best, looking as as only English girls can look now, with the morning light searching out her uncovered face and discovering no flaw thereon; and the golden sun giving her smooth dust-colored hair a tinge of red which made it almost—almost for one passing moment—look like Archie's.

"And what sort of people are these—Lovells, did you say? these new people at the rectory?" Gerald had been in town the last two days and had only returned to the Court late last night. "What is this Miss Lovell like who is coming here? Pretty, I hope?"

"Oh, *dear* no," answered Miss Durant, decisively. "Not in the least. I called at the rectory yesterday, and mamma and I both thought her quite plain. A freckled brown skin, and red hair, and large mouth, and so odd-mannered. I hope you won't mind her coming, Gerald? but you know that we did not expect you till this evening, and mamma is anxious I should be friendly to the poor girl. You won't mind her now, will you?"

"Well, if she is plain, Lucia, I certainly shall not; neither mind her, nor look at her. Whatever she was," he added, in answer to a certain look that he read in Miss Durant's eyes, "I should not be likely to think much of her or any one else when you are by, Lucia!" And throwing away the end of his cigar, Mr. Durant put his arm round his cousin's waist and drew her to his side.

"Oh Gerald, please, how can you! only think if mamma——"

"Mamma's jurisdiction is over," he interrupted her. "If mamma was looking through the window, as I dare say she is, I should make a point of——"

"Oh Gerald, oh please don't!" cried Miss Durant, her fair face crimson. "Miss Lovell may be here any minute. Just think if the new rector's daughter was to see me like this!"

"Well, I suppose rector's daughters are sometimes engaged to their first cousins and even have dim glimmerings of the fearful results of such a position," said Gerald. "Don't be a baby, Lucia! for mercy's sake, don't be a baby any longer—I shall like you so much better if you are not—and now come in, and let's have some music, child. I heard you mur—practising something out of Dinorah this morning, and I want to give you a lesson. If you leave off being a baby and learn to sing well—and you have really a very nice voice—I shall be so fond of you, Lucia!"

And, his arm around her still, they went through the open French window into the drawing-room together; and then Gerald seated himself at the piano, and while Lucia looked for her music, began rambling, as his way was, from one air to another till he reached Fortunio's song which brought his thoughts back abruptly, and with singular distinctness, to Archie Lovell.

"You are always singing that thing," said Miss Durant, as she returned, her arms full of music, to his side. "I can't think why you are so fond of it. I see nothing in it at all."

"No? Perhaps you don't understand it, Lucia," answered Gerald, taking his hands away from the keys, and sighing inwardly as he glanced at the goodly pile of songs that his beloved had brought.

"Not understand? Why I understand French as well as English. *Si vous croyez*"—Lucia's accent was very British indeed—"que je vais dire. If you believe that I am going to say whom I dare to love, I should not know for an empire——"

"Ah, Lucia, for pity!" interrupted Gerald, jumping up, and clasping a hand on each side of his head. "Sing, my child, sing 'Beautiful Star,' or 'Ever of Thee,' or any other of your favorites, but for heaven's sake don't meddle with mine. Never translate French again, there's a good girl. I shall be so much fonder of you, Lucia, if you don't try to translate French again."

"But did I not translate it accurately, Gerald? Was I wrong in one word? '*Si vous croyez*——'"

"Sing," interrupted Gerald, peremptorily—and making her sit down before the piano—"What? Oh, anything in the world that you like—this." And taking up the first song from the heap she had deposited on the top of the instrument, he opened it before her, and Lucia sang.

She had a tolerably correct ear, and a really nice voice; and she had been taught as well as English masters in the country do teach, and when it was marked *piano* in the score she sang soft, and when *forte*, loud; and she played her accompaniments correctly; and altogether irritated Gerald more thoroughly than any singer he had ever listened to in his life.

He had many tastes—love, pictures, books, good horses, good wines—but only one passion, and that passion was music. He could sit through the longest classical concerts—the first English guardsman, I believe, of whom the fact has been recorded—with acute, unmixed enjoyment; could pass any number of hours listening to the choruses of Greek or Italian sailors, when he was yachting in the Mediterranean; could hear, with a certain pleasure, even the "*belle voix fausse*" of Theresa herself. No music in which music was, from the highest rendering of Beethoven down to the rude choruses of half a dozen sailors, or, lower far, the songs of a *café chantant*, came amiss to him. He said of himself that he would rather have bad music than no music; and, with the exception of Lucia's singing, this was true. But Lucia's singing was a thing apart—perhaps because he knew he was going to listen to it all his life. He got actually hot and irritable, when he listened to her—it was so correctly irreproachable, so utterly, inexplicably void of nature, feeling, sympathy.

"Brava, brava, Lucia!" This when four consecutive modern English songs had been sung to him, without the omission of a verse, without the wrong playing of a bar; with only that subtle want in every note that caused him such intolerable suffering as he listened. "Of the songs themselves I

don't think much, but you really sing them most—correctly. Now, shall we try something of a different kind—that air from *Dinorah* I heard you singing this morning?”

“Just as you like, but I have not near done my English songs yet. However, I can go back to them afterward, if the rector's daughter is not here. ‘*Sei vendicati assai* ;’” the Italian accent, if possible, more loyally British than the French one; “it's rather low, but Mr. Bligh thinks my lower notes quite as good as my high ones.” And then, *dolce* and *piano*, and gradually *crescendo*, according to the printed directions, Miss Durant went on duly with the execution of the song.

Gerald heard her out in patient martyrdom through one verse, and into the middle of the second; then he made a sudden swoop down upon her hands, and before Miss Durant had had time to recover herself, had dispossessed her from her place at the piano and seated himself there instead.

“My dear Gerald, what is the matter?” she cried, in her little prim old-maidish way, and smoothing down the ruffled bows of blue ribbon at her wrists. “Do you really mean that I don't know that song perfect? Why, Mr. Bligh said——”

“You know it—perfectly perfect, Lucia! You sing it like a bird! only, do you see, the circumstances under which the young man in the opera sings that song are not cheerful ones, and a little—just a little more expression—is demanded than you give to the words. If you remark now, at this particular point, we are told that the voice is to be ‘*suffocato dalle lagrime*.’ He is calling upon the woman he has lost, you know——”

“I know;” Miss Durant always knew everything; “Mr. Bligh told me, and said I attended to all the marks very carefully indeed. It's quite absurd to take things literally in songs,” added Lucia, wisely. “I am no more choked with tears than I am ready to expire at any one's feet, and as Mr. Bligh says——”

“Shall I sing it to you, Lucia?” interrupted Gerald, who felt himself going mad every time Mr. Bligh's name was mentioned; “I can't play the accompaniment right, because, as you know, I play more than half by ear; but I really can, Lucia, if you would only believe me, show you the kind of feeling that should be thrown into the song.”

“Oh yes, Gerald, I shall be very glad to hear you. Still I assure you, Mr.——”

But, before that horrible name could sound again, began a low plaintive prelude—at which Miss Durant smiled pityingly, inasmuch as it was not the accompaniment written and printed, and taught to her by Mr. Bligh—a minute later and Gerald's voice was filling the room with its rich flood of true and natural music. As he sang he forgot his little irritation against Lucia; remembered only the part into which, with all the fervor of his happy temperament, he had thrown himself in a moment; and when he reached the point at which he had interrupted her,

“Rispondia a chi t'implora,
Rispondi' o cara a me!”

Mr. Durant put his right arm round Lucia's waist, and turned his face caressingly up to hers as the soft Italian words of tenderness and despair floated from his lips.

No picture of mutual and happy love could be prettier than the one they

formed at this moment: Lucia in her white dress, and with her slight figure and fair young head half bending over, half turning away from her cousin; Gerald with one hand lightly touching the keys, the other clasped round the girl's slender waist as—his lips parted, his handsome eyes softening with the passionate meaning of the music—he looked up, full and imploringly, into her face.

And the picture was not unseen. A step, unheard, had come up to the open window; a figure, unnoticed, had stood and watched all that little love scene; and then and there—and while in very truth his imagination was addressing Archie Wilson, not Lucia Durant—died by sudden death, whatever fancy for Gerald had once existed in the heart of the woman he loved, or believed he could have loved, best on earth.

"Miss—Miss Lovell!" cried Lucia, starting away from Gerald's arm as the figure moved at last, and a shadow falling across the pages of the song told her that they were not alone. "I beg your pardon, but we were singing, and the time went so quickly."

"Lady Durant told me to come this way," said a voice quietly; a voice that seemed to send every drop of blood in his body to Gerald's heart. "Don't let me interrupt you, please, unless your song is finished."

And then, with calm and stately self-possession, the new rector's daughter walked into the room.

Gerald had prepared himself, from Lucia's description, for a red-haired, repulsive young person of six and twenty; a young person carrying a basket, and requesting subscriptions, and generally speaking through her nose, and talking of the parish and the Sunday-schools. He turned round, startled by the voice, and full before him, fresher, brighter than he had ever seen her yet, stood Archie.

*"Risponchia a chi t'implora,
Rispondi' o cara a me!"*

His prayer was answered already; but Mr. Durant did not feel near as comfortable as he had done when dying musically of despair, his arm round Lucia's waist, a minute ago.

A DREAM OF THE SOUTH WIND.

O fresh, how fresh and fair
Through the crystal gulfs of air,
The fairy South Wind floateth on her subtle wings of balm !
And the green earth lapped in bliss
To the magic of her kiss,
Seems yearning upward fondly through the golden-crested calm !

From the distant Tropic strand,
Where the billows bright and bland,
Go creeping, curling round the Palms with sweet, faint undertone,
From its fields of purpling flowers,
Still wet with fragrant showers,
The happy South Wind lingering sweeps the royal blooms of June.

All heavenly fancies rise
On the perfume of her sighs,
Which steep the inmost spirit in a languor rare and fine,
And a Peace more pure than Sleep's
Unto dim, half-conscious deeps,
Transports me, lulled and dreaming, on its twilight tides divine.

Those dreams ! ah me ! the splendor
So mystic-clear and tender,
Wherewith like soft heat-lightnings they gird their meaning round,
And those waters, calling, calling,
With a nameless charm entralling,
Like the ghost of music melting on a rainbow spray of sound !

Touch, touch me not, nor wake me,
Lest grosser thoughts o'ertake me,
From earth receding faintly with her dreary dins and jars,—
What viewless arms caress me ?
What whispered voices bless me,
With welcomes dropping dew-like from the weird and wondrous stars ?

Alas ! dim, dim, and dimmer
Grows the preternatural glimmer
Of that trance the South Wind brought me on her subtle wings of balm,
For behold ! its spirit fieth,
And its fairy murmur dieth,
And the silence closing round me is a dull and soulless calm !

PAUL H. HAYNE.

THE SEA ISLANDS OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE melancholy prominence given to the islands of the coast of South Carolina by their unhappy situation during the late war, will, perhaps, lend a certain degree of interest to a brief description of this very peculiar section of country.

The sea coast of South Carolina, a low, level, sandy, and originally heavily-wooded plain, is indented along its whole extent by bold, short inlets or arms of the sea, whose frequent branches, bending away from the main stream in lines generally parallel to the coast, and uniting their head-waters, form that remarkable chain of islands which is so peculiar a feature of the State.

Among the principal of these rivers, first to the southward is the May, termed by the French upon its discovery, *La Belle Rivière*, which, leaving Calibogue Sound at the sea, bends softly westward, and pursues its short career between banks whose loveliness justify both its baptismal title of "The Beautiful," and its present name, which associates it with the vernal bloom of the most delightful month of the year. Next is the Broad, with its kindred Port Royal, the latter diverging to the northward, forming at their common outlet the magnificent bay of Port Royal, which, from the time when, three centuries ago, Jean Ribault first cast his anchors into its blue waters, and gazed delighted upon its broad expanse, up to the present day, has ranked among the first of harbors in the estimation of mariners. Next are the Combahee, the Ashepoo, and the South Edisto, whose common outlet expands into the broad bay known as St. Helena Sound. Next is the North Edisto, a deep, short arm of the sea, repeating on a smaller scale all of the general features of Port Royal. Nearest to Charleston is the Stono, now rendered doubly historic by the severe action fought upon its banks during the Revolution, and by the repeated conflicts with the navy and the army which it witnessed during the recent siege of Charleston.

The largest of the islands which are enclosed amid the network of these streams and their multitudinous branches, are Dawfuskie, Hilton Head, St. Helena, Port Royal or Beaufort, Edisto, Wadmalaw, John's and James'. These, with numerous others of smaller size, form the chain, which, from ten to fifteen miles in breadth, extends continuously from Charleston to Savannah.

The soil of these islands is very fertile by nature, and, on account of the intelligence and wealth of the inhabitants, highly improved by an exceedingly enlightened system of cultivation. The chief staple product is the delicate fibre known as Sea Island Cotton, which seems to find here the peculiar conditions necessary for its culture, as it grows nowhere else, excepting, in a less flourishing degree, along the contiguous shores of the adjacent mainland. The land not being adapted to the lucrative cultivation of the cereals, the attention of the inhabitants in former times was devoted to the raising of indigo and tobacco. Upon the introduction of cotton, it was at once discovered that the plant raised in this soil had a tendency to change its nature so as to produce

a fibre of a much finer quality; and this natural tendency, assisted by a continual judicious selection of the seed from year to year, has improved the cotton to a degree indicated by a marketable value four or five times as great as that of the ordinary cotton raised elsewhere.

The climate is abnormal in character, uniting, perhaps on account of the proximity of the Gulf Stream, many of the peculiarities of the tropics with those of the temperate regions. It is delightful in Winter, which, on account of the great preponderance of evergreens, hardly differs to the eye from the warmer seasons, and it rises to a splendor in Summer and Autumn that is never experienced elsewhere in the same latitudes, while the excess of heat is happily tempered by the sea breezes, which, rising with astonishing regularity toward the middle of the day, bathe the country far into the interior with moist and refreshing coolness. As is naturally to be expected, such an atmosphere is enervating to the body, and abounds with the seeds of disease; but this disadvantage has been gradually reduced to the minimum by the applications of science. The presence of this tropical element is indicated in the foliage, generally, and in the growth of particular trees, such as the palmetto and the orange, which belong to a warmer latitude, and cannot be raised even in this State at a distance of a few leagues from the coast.

The scenery is lacking in that variety and scope, which is imparted by the alternation of hill and valley, and by a background of heights or mountains; but this is compensated by the majestic expanse of its river and ocean views, and by the luxuriance and brightness of the foliage. Among the principal trees the live oak deserves a passing notice, stretching its great, long arms away from a short, massive trunk to such a distance as to cover, in many instances, a space of ground almost incredible to one who has not seen this monarch of the Southern forests. The laurel (*Magnolia Grandiflora*), too, may be mentioned, rising in pyramidal shape to a stately height, and displaying the gleam of its large, white blossoms amid the glossy green of its dark leaves. Among the smaller trees, or, more properly, shrubs, the eye of a stranger would be, perhaps, more struck by the cassino, forming natural hedges of astonishing closeness and regularity, and spangled all over its pale green foliage with bright, red berries. Cedars and myrtles also abound, gathering closely, in low, damp places, into dusky thickets. Parasitical plants, vines and creepers in great variety run everywhere with the utmost luxuriance, trailing the tangled masses of their foliage all over the undergrowth, and hanging in graceful festoons from limb to limb of the larger trees. The principal among them are several descriptions of wild grapes, and the jasmine, whose innumerable yellow blossoms not only lend an elegant decoration to the woods, but load the air, sometimes for miles together, with a delicate fragrance which is unsurpassed by that of any flower in the world.

On the sea line, the action of the winds and waves has gradually piled numerous sand-hills, generally in successive chains, indicating the receding of the waters which have thus, by their own movements, been gradually contracting their limits for centuries. The soil, not adapted to cultivation, remains still covered with the dense growth of the virgin forests. In the depths of the hollows between these hills, shut in closely by the surrounding vegetation, are little sheltered ponds, frequented by numerous flocks of wild fowl, and pleasant, sunny glades, the favorite haunts of the red deer, which still abound in the woods of Carolina. The eye of a spectator, standing on one of these miniature mountains of snowy sand, wanders from the secluded recesses

of the forest at his feet, to broad glimpses of the illimitable ocean, spreading grandly into the distance before him.

The beauty of these scenes is heightened by the scale of surpassing magnificence on which all of the phenomena of the heavens exhibit themselves. The blue skies which bend above these happy islands are equal in brightness, in the estimation of travellers, to those of the lower portion of Europe. Morning and evening display a delightful variety and lustre of tints, while the dark azure of the midnight heavens, the clear light of the stars, and the wilder diorama of storm, and cloud, and tempest attain almost to a degree of tropical sublimity. Place a stranger, at evening of a day in Spring, upon the northern extremity of Pinckney Island, amid the desolate grove that once flanked the mansion now buried beneath the encroaching tide of Broad River; before him the broad expanse of the majestic stream, passing soon into the ocean whose waters lie along the distant horizon; behind him the gorgeous panoply of the tinted cloud and golden sky which the sun at his setting is wont to gather about him in these beautiful heavens; around him the gloom and silence of the ancient oaks; and nothing can heighten the sublimity of his emotions unless to tell him that this is the ancestral seat of an honored race, the home of one of the great and brave of the olden time, who from this very spot went forth to impress upon the Nation the worth of that generous spirit which may have caught some of its inspirations from the majesty of these, his native scenes.

These islands, on account of their contiguity with the sea, were naturally among the earliest portions of the State that were settled. Their division into parishes, and the names of these, derived entirely from Scripture, indicate their settlement in common with all the lower portion of South Carolina by the high-church party of England. Even up to this time the Episcopal Church here enjoys a greater preponderance, in proportion to the population, than in any other portion of the United States. The inhabitants are almost universally of English descent, with but a small admixture of the Huguenot emigration, which elsewhere in the State forms so important an element, and none at all of the descendants of the other European nations. True to their original stock, they were, as a class, but luke-warm Whigs during the Revolution, while some of the most influential families were to the last undeviating adherents of the Crown; and, perhaps on account of the strong tendency to conservatism and aristocratic feeling, inherent in the peculiar institutions under which they have lived, it is a strange, but indubitable fact, that, even up to this time, the prevailing popular sentiment inclines to monarchy rather than to democratic government.

These communities, from a variety of causes, have not been subjected to that series of changes which throughout our country has obliterated old landmarks with such wonderful rapidity. Without examining further into these causes, inasmuch as no emigration has occurred to alter by incorporation the original stock, the present inhabitants are the identical descendants of those, who, nearly two centuries ago, redeemed these islands from the wilderness, and many of the planters still cultivate the same lands, which in colonial times were granted to their forefathers. This result has been produced to a great degree by the astonishing prevalence of intermarriages, a custom, owing mainly to the mere accident of proximity in a society necessarily limited on account of the peculiar topography of the country, but, doubtless, also largely due to the fond designs of parents and relatives desirous to preserve their possessions

within the limits of their own families. Instances are known of intermarriages of cousins-german through three successive generations.

Strange old houses strike the eye, many of them of peculiar material, yielding, in the increase of wealth, to modern and more commodious structures, and becoming more and more curious in their variety. Traces of old English customs are retained, and everywhere a stranger fresh from metropolitan newness, is impressed by old-fashioned habitudes of thought and sentiment, of which the people themselves are totally unconscious.

The use of family burial grounds is very general, a beautiful custom, which, perhaps, owes its origin to the exigencies of early colonial times. Nothing can surpass the deep solemnity of these rural little cemeteries, with their low, brick walls and simple tombs, shadowed by the most majestic oaks, hung, as if in funeral pomp, with long drapery of gray and venerable moss. The scion of these families reverts in thought whenever the vicissitudes of life may lead him to the Sabbath calm of that hallowed spot where he shall lie down at length in the company of his fathers. All of these circumstances intensify the peculiar attachment, which islanders, like mountaineers, are known all over the world to bear to their homes, and have tended, in the case of these people, to create a prejudice for which they are notorious throughout the State.

Society here presented the strange aspect of but two classes, according to the distinction of race—those of master and slave. Among the whites the usual social gradations, with a trifling allowance for the superior pretensions of cliques, were entirely wanting. Slavery here existed in its fullest development, and it operated in conjunction with the peculiar character of the staple product, not remuneration to the personal labor, to eliminate entirely all the lower orders, excepting the very few handicraftsmen who were necessary adjuncts to the planters, and who, rigidly excluded from all social communion by their haughty superiors, were not sufficiently numerous to be accounted a class of themselves.

The disproportion of the colored population to the whites was greater here than in any other portion of the country, and, in consequence, these were, on an average, the largest slaveholders in the South. In illustration of this, on Edisto Island, in a population of from five to seven thousand souls, there were not more than eighty voters. The large number of their slaves, the fertility of the soil, and the value of the staple product which they cultivated, rendered these planters, as a class, the wealthiest agricultural population in the world; and this wealth, too, was so equally distributed, that, although there were no vast fortunes which could compare with those immense accumulations in the hands of a few that are to be found in the great centres of commercial enterprise, yet there were few which sunk below the standard of means sufficient, not only for comfortable subsistence, but for a considerable degree of luxury.

The uniformity of the population through so many generations, to which we have above alluded, had engendered the habit of attaching a certain degree of estimation to each particular race, and produced a sort of mutually admitted adjustment of the social scale according the accident of birth. So powerful an influence did the prejudice exercise, that wealth, and even intellectual superiority, could scarcely win their way against the persistent opposition with which it was certain to meet claims which conflicted with its old established order; while that natural decay, which results from unthrift, or

misfortune, or even profligacy, if supported by prestige of this kind, received a latitude of charity, such as is accorded in no other community in our country.

These people, in common with all the wealthy planters of South Carolina, as a class, were distinguished for their intelligence and refinement of manner. A strain of chivalrous feeling pervaded their minds, imparting an elevation of tone to their sentiments, and touching their courtesy with a grace and cordiality which never failed to captivate the stranger.

As may naturally be supposed, the standard of education was very high. The young men, in a large majority of instances, had received collegiate educations in the best institutions either in this country or in Europe, and many, even of those whose circumstances rendered them independent of professional labor as a means of support, were graduates either of the schools of medicine or law, or had pursued some other branch of mental application with a view to the completion of a course of study. Private libraries were almost universal; and there were to be found among these planters many gentlemen, who, without ever having sought the breath of fame, were possessed of the utmost ripeness of scholarship, and an astonishing variety and extent of information, in the acquirement of which they had passed the hours of an elegant leisure.

Their manners, with all their intelligence and refinement, retained a trace of rural simplicity and heartiness; and every stranger, who has ever sat within the light of their happy homes, and partaken of their free, cordial hospitality, will bear testimony to the prevalence among them of those generous qualities of our nature, which gladden and dignify private life, and heighten, while they facilitate, the pleasures of social communion.

The chances of war fell with peculiar severity upon the islands. After the fall of Port Royal, within a week, communities the oldest and most populous in the State, were broken up and entirely deserted. It was like a realization of the desolate cities mentioned in Eastern tales to pass through the streets of large villages and miss the sight and sound of men. Excepting in the vicinity of Port Royal, within the limits of the occupation of the army, the occasional scout might ride for miles, between fields overgrown with yellow broom, and along by great, empty houses, without ever seeing a footprint upon the grass-grown roads. It filled me with a strange sensation to ride up to one of these deserted plantation settlements, and to wander through the tenantless house, strewed with the wrecks of splendid furniture and the litter of valuable books, and over the premises instinct with that sadness and solemnity, which hangs about the vacant abodes of men. Desolation everywhere, so intensely present to the mind that it almost seemed present to the sense, lurking in the empty chambers, staring blankly out of the open windows, lingering vaguely under the shadow of the great oaks of the avenue.

The inhabitants deserted their homes so suddenly, because they feared an isolation from the rest of the State, by the interposition of the navy in the rivers between them and the mainland. Scattered all over the upper country, wherever they could find shelter, they exchanged the comforts and pleasures of their former lives for a precarious subsistence, many of them dependent upon charity, numbers suffering the extremes of want and poverty; and it is easy to imagine the union of joy and sadness with which these exiles must have returned, after their four years' wandering, to restore their desolate homes, and renew their dissolved communities.

E. B. SEABROOK.

THE LAST BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

AROUND the ancient brick-built town of Winchester, Virginia, some of the fiercest tides of battle have flowed during the great Rebellion, and the lovely valley in which it is situated was one continuous theatre of war while the strife lasted. It was always a favorite battle-ground for the South, since the Rebel generals knew its every nook and corner, and were often able to select their positions to our great disadvantage. It was the broad highway for Northern invasion; twice under Lee and once under Early, the Rebel hosts had poured from it across the border, threatening the National capital, and carrying dismay into Maryland and Pennsylvania. There seemed to be a strange fatality attaching to the Federal arms in the Valley; its occupation by one of our armies was the sure precursor of discomfiture and retreat, until Winchester and the Shenandoah came to be synonymes of disaster. Banks, Shields, Hunter, Fremont, Milroy—all had met with indifferent or indecisive success in that quarter, or worse, had suffered positive defeat; and the critical Summer of 1864 found a powerful Rebel army in the Lower Valley, but just returned from a demonstration at the very gates of Washington, burdened with spoils of agriculture, and successfully covering the crops of the Valley till they could be harvested and sent southward to Lee. But there came a day when the border was relieved of the constant terror that for two years had hung upon it like the sword of Damocles, and the power of the enemy suffered a shock from which it never recovered; there came at last a man who rolled back the tide of Federal humiliation in the Shenandoah, and struck a blow toward the ultimate downfall of the Confederacy, which thrilled the loyal pulses of the land like an electric shock, and enabled the Lieutenant-General to see his way more clearly to the final discomfiture of Lee. The day was September 19, 1864; the man was Sheridan.

On the 7th of the preceding August, Major-General Sheridan assumed command of the Middle Military Division. The army then lay at Halltown, beyond Harper's Ferry, about thirty-five thousand strong, and composed entirely of men who had grown familiar with battles and campaigns. There was the Sixth Corps, fresh from the terrible conflicts of the Wilderness, and bearing the prestige of an old and tried organization; there was the Eighth; the gallant Army of West Virginia, but just returned from Hunter's victorious advance to Lynchburg, and his forced retreat thence through the Kanawha; there was the Nineteenth, called from the stern fields of Louisiana to a new experience; and there were Torbert's and Wilson's splendid cavalry divisions. No leader could have asked for a better or a braver army; its mettle had been tried and retried, and repeated tests had, on widely different fields, approved its soldiers as men who would fight. All this was well known to the General; and it must have been with pardonable complacency that he surveyed from Bolivar Heights the encampments of his command, stretching

in a semicircular line at his feet from the Potomac to the Shenandoah, and dotting the smiling plains with countless tents.

So much for the army ; its new leader was hardly as well known. Nobody had heard much about Sheridan up to that time ; he had not then achieved the military stature of Hooker, or Burnside, or Meade. We of his new command knew as little of him as was generally known throughout the country, and the half-contemptuous inquiry more than once greeted the announcement of his assignment to command us : "*Sheridan—who the devil is Sheridan?*" To be sure, we had heard of him as a cavalry commander of much dash at the West, and, more lately, his daring raid to the south of Richmond had given him much reputation. As a division commander at Stone River he had done hard fighting, and we remembered the reports of the spirit with which he pressed his troops up the side of Lookout Mountain. Still, nobody pretended to say that he had shown himself able to manœuvre and fight an army, and I think that the prevalent feeling among the corps was one of surprise and disappointment when Grant's order was promulgated. But Grant knew his man, if we did not ; with that wonderful insight into the characters of men which has as much as anything contributed to his great success, he selected Sheridan out of all his generals as the one especially adapted to finish the war in the Shenandoah ; and the order announcing him was the beginning of the end.

But forty days elapsed after Sheridan took the reins, and no decisive results were reached. He had moved his army up the Valley to the ground near Strasburg, where the battle of Cedar Creek was afterward fought, Early retiring slowly before him ; and then the Rebel chief assumed the offensive, and Sheridan fell back to Halltown, the cavalry skirmishing severely along the pike, but nothing like a general engagement ensuing. In a few days the Rebel army withdrew beyond Charlestown, and we cautiously followed. Then there was another rest of a week, and then Sheridan felt his way carefully to a ridge beyond Berryville, while Early withdrew across Opequan Creek. To our army, and to the North, all this manœuvring seemed incomprehensible. We were supposed to be in the Valley to fight ; Sheridan could bring on a battle in four hours, on any given day ; and since fight we must, sooner or later, why prolong this unprofitable campaign, and defer the opportunity ? We can answer this question now, as we could not answer it when everybody impatiently asked it. We know now that the General fretted and chafed during those forty days like a lion in the leash, and would have hurled his army forward at once had not his ardor been under the check of superior orders. "The two armies lay in such a position—" says the Lieutenant-General,* "the enemy on the west bank of Opequan Creek, covering Winchester, and our forces in front of Berryville—that either could bring on a battle at any time. Defeat to us would lay open to the enemy the States of Maryland and Pennsylvania for long distances before another army could be interposed to check him. Under these circumstances, I hesitated about allowing the initiative to be taken. Finally, the use of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, which were both obstructed by the enemy, became so indispensably necessary to us, and the importance of relieving Pennsylvania and Maryland from continuously threatened invasion so great, that I determined the risk should be taken. But fearing to telegraph the order for an attack without knowing more than I did of General Sheridan's feelings as

* Report of the Armies of the United States for 1864 and 1865, pp. 16, 17.

to what would be the probable result, I left City Point on the 15th of September to visit him at his headquarters, to decide, after conference with him, what should be done. I met him at Charlestown; and he pointed out so distinctly how each army lay, what he could do the moment he was authorized, and expressed such confidence of success, that I saw there were but two words of instruction necessary—Go in!"

Such was the impulse which led to the last and most glorious battle of Winchester. Like every officer whose sphere of duty is confined to the command of a company, regiment, or brigade, I saw it in a very limited area, and my narrative must necessarily be, to a great extent, one of personal experience and observation. But with the light of recent reports bearing upon this battle, and after careful surveys of the field and conversations with officers who fought at different parts of it, the masterly plan which Sheridan disclosed to his superior two days before the fight, and which he carried to a triumphant conclusion in its details, becomes clearly apparent. Its audacity was striking; none but a general possessed of unbounded confidence in his army could have dared to employ it; nor could confidence in his own powers have been wanting to the man who could originate and use it. A short paragraph will place the reader completely in possession of the plan, and will give him a clear idea of the ground, and the relative positions of the armies at the opening of the conflict.

Winchester is situated upon the Valley pike, some thirty miles southwesterly from Harper's Ferry. The Opequan, a creek of considerable size, crosses the pike south of the town, skirts the place to the east, and thence runs northerly to the Potomac, crossing also the Berryville road. The point of this intersection is some three miles northeasterly from Winchester, and the country between, the field of the fight, is a rolling stretch of meadows, woods and orchards, frequently crossed by stone and rail fences. The last mile of the road from Berryville comes through a deep gorge with steep and thickly wooded sides, and just across the creek the ground is broken into large hollows; beyond was a thick belt of forest, running at right angles from the pike eastwardly. The army of Sheridan, before the battle, faced to the west; that of Early faced rather to the northeast, the two together forming an acute angle; but the line of the Rebels upon the day of the battle ran from the pike almost due east, conforming to the dispositions of Sheridan's corps. Their position was a good one, and was strengthened by the support of the hills in their rear, upon which their artillery was planted during the fight. Their numbers were equal to ours; a captured return a few days before showed an aggregate of thirty-six thousand of all arms. Early had grown sceptical of an attack. The events of the last six weeks had led him to believe himself an overmatch for Sheridan, and he had already ventured upon the hazardous experiment of detaching Gordon's large division to reconnoitre our extreme right. It had moved up to Martinsburg, twenty-six miles from Winchester, two days before, and only the utmost forcing brought it back to Early's lines in time for the bloody work of the 19th. Barely eight miles separated the two armies; the cavalry vedettes had frequently skirmished between the positions. With these facts all clearly arranged in his mind, Sheridan proposed to himself and to Grant to send the weight of his cavalry by a wide detour to the pike, there to fight down all opposition until it could connect with the line; to march the Sixth and Nineteenth corps rapidly up the Berryville road, deploy them from the gorge, engage the whole army of

Early, and hold it engaged with these two thirds of his own until Crook could mass his corps on the right, and then to launch both infantry and cavalry upon the enemy's left, and irretrievably shatter it, and roll back his whole force upon Winchester by one magnificent blow. Could this be done? It could if the Sixth and Nineteenth would hold obstinately to their line for three hours, and stand like a living wall against the furious attacks of a vastly superior force; it could if officers and men would fight as bravely and as obstinately as they had fought on other fields in battles of far less moment than this. The General trusted them to do it, and his confidence was not misplaced; but the experiences, the sights and the incidents of those three critical hours are such as will live imperishably in the memory of every man of those corps; and such, alas, as the pen is all too feeble to describe.

The presence of the Lieutenant-General at Charlestown, and his conference with Sheridan, were generally known throughout the army on the afternoon of Sunday, the 18th, and all anticipated the orders which followed for an early movement the next morning. Still, there were comparatively few who anticipated a battle; we had become habituated to moving up and down the Valley, advancing from and retiring to Harper's Ferry, until the sobriquet of "Harper's Weekly" was bestowed upon the army by some military wit; and nothing more than the possibility of a collision occurred to us. The corps commanders knew the truth, and the medical officers knew it; the ambulance officers, too, might have suspected it from the nature of their orders, and those in charge of the ammunition trains should not have been entirely ignorant of what was before us. But to the great mass of such an army, the admonition of the sergeant-major, "Be ready to move at three o'clock in the morning," did not necessarily portend anything more serious than a fifteen-mile march and a bivouac at night; and we slept on the night of the 18th in blissful ignorance of the gathering storm.

It was not later than four o'clock on the morning of the 19th, that General Emory's command abandoned its intrenched position in front of Berryville, and moved out toward Winchester. The Sixth corps had the advance and the Eighth followed the Nineteenth; the cavalry had left for Bunker Hill, on the pike, an hour before. The march was to be a short one; but a long delay, occasioned by some difficulty with the trains, retarded the advance, and brought on the fight much later in the day than was intended. The muffled sound of artillery was heard two or three times at this halt, probably caused by a slight shelling of the skirmishers of the Sixth. When in motion again, the men stepped out briskly, and the corps moved rapidly over the road. It was one of the most beautiful of early Autumn days; the air was cool and mellow, the sun shed a tempered warmth, and the whole face of the country smiled in the harvest time. Carelessly, unconsciously, we marched on to the harvest of death and mutilation, the merry laugh and jest of the soldier passing back from company to company, while little children came out of the houses by the way and looked timidly through the fences as we passed, commenting with childish curiosity upon the guns, the flags and uniforms. There had been a few shots exchanged at the crossing of the Opequan between our cavalry advance and the Rebel vedettes, before the latter had fallen back, and a mortally wounded skirmisher was carried past us, the yellow trimming of his gay jacket all stained with his blood. Our First division moved through the gorge up to the creek; and here another halt was ordered to allow our Second to pass us. Lining the sides of the gorge, we saw Grover's four brigades

pass rapidly through it, across the creek, and disappear in a hollow beyond. They had not the appearance of men who were aware that they were about to fight a battle; they swung along at the usual route-step, answering our greetings with a soldier's happy humor, and inquiring why the First division was not thought good enough to lead the corps. As soon as their familiar faces and flags were past, we fell into the ranks again, forded the creek, which was there about knee-deep, plunged into the hollows, and moved toward the woods beyond. Several shells flew in quick succession over the tree-tops, bursting uncomfortably near the column; and with every face on a broad grin at the nervous emphasis with which a staff officer bowed his head into his horse's mane, we took our position at double-quick, and were not further annoyed just then.

Both corps were now in position, the long lines of the Sixth reaching east from the creek, and the Nineteenth occupying ground on its right, toward the pike, but with a wide interval between. The latter corps had but two divisions in the Valley, its Third being still in Louisiana; and it was still further weakened on this day by the absence of Fessenden's brigade of Dwight's division at Halltown, on duty with the trains. The line of the Second division was formed in the woods, its four brigades being disposed in two parallel lines, with a short distance between. In the open space behind the woods, Beale's brigade of the First division was formed in close column of regiments, my own being in front. To the left of its rear, McMillan's brigade was also arranged in column, but in *echelon*—that is, with the flanks of the regiments overlapping each other. The spiteful screaming of occasional shells over the woods had ceased; and while these two hostile forces confronted each other, with barely a quarter of a mile between, for the next fifteen minutes there was a lull brooding over the whole scene as deep as that which precedes the bursting of the sirocco upon the desert. Only long rows of stacked muskets indicated what the formation was, for the men were lying or sitting on the grass, some reading over letters which had arrived from Harper's Ferry the previous day, some munching crackers from their haversacks, and not a few sleeping soundly in the shadows of the wood. Several of the officers were sharing a lunch spread over the top of a large stone, and chatting like schoolboys, when the Colonel joined us and was invited to partake. Just then our attention was attracted by the presence of Generals Emory, Dwight and Beale near the head of the column, and the earnestness with which they seemed to be conversing. Somebody inquired of the Colonel whether he expected much of a battle, and received a laughing negative. Beyond the Generals and their staffs, there were probably not three men in that entire division who comprehended the full significance of our position; and somebody afterward remembered to have overheard General Emory say to one of his aides, as he rode into the woods: "It might be better, after all, to tell the men that they are in the very face of the enemy, and that they will be in close action in ten minutes."

These may be trivial incidents; but in connection with the work of that afternoon they have a peculiar meaning. Your veteran soldier will fight at an instant's warning, for habit and military education have made him a combatant, and he will bear himself quite as bravely when suddenly thrown into action, as when his mind has been preparing for it for weeks.

It was just high noon when the bugle sounded the advance. The line moved forward simultaneously, in the order specified, so that the

Rebels might be engaged at all points; and from this moment my attention was riveted upon that part of the field directly beneath my eye. The Second division moved in gallant style straight through the woods into the clearing beyond, and over this clearing, some two hundred yards in width, the line rushed forward in a bayonet charge. My own brigade was at this moment moving up through the wood, and had made but little progress through it when the enemy's artillery opened from the Winchester hills, throwing a torrent of shells directly into this wood. The terrible missiles crashed downward through the branches, sending splinters and fragments flying through the brigade. The officers drew their swords and shouted sternly to the men to keep the line straight. Three of these shells fell directly in front of my regiment—the first killing the Colonel's horse, the second the Major's, without injuring either of those officers; and the third, exploding directly before my own company, threw death and devastation broadcast. A heavy fragment struck the corporal at my elbow, literally demolishing him; three other men were hurled senseless to the ground, more or less injured, and a smaller piece ripped the right sleeve of my blouse from wrist to elbow, tearing the flesh of the arm in its progress. There is a kind of excitement in such a moment which can entirely overcome slight pain. I grasped the arm in several places with the other hand, to make sure that no bones were injured, and while the deep, nervous tension of the next three hours lasted, I hardly felt that I was wounded. It grew painful enough before night; but that was after the battle had been fought and won, and when nature could be no longer slighted.

The brigade moved steadily on, while the screaming of shells filled the air with its dismal noise, and the sharp whizzing of rifle balls began to mingle with the sound. Over toward the left, but beyond our sight, a tremendous uproar of musketry, with quick and savage discharges of artillery, told us that the Sixth corps was at work. The woods in our immediate vicinity rang with the shouts of our officers, emphasized by the explosion of shells and the singing of bullets all about us. Such orders as these were mingled and commingled; and coming from twenty throats all at once, might have had a spice of the ludicrous, under any other circumstances:

"Guide right, I tell you!" "Brown, fix your bayonet, d—n you!" "Steady in the centre!" "Keep up there on the left—*guide right*, you villains!" "Keep cool, men—don't flinch from those devils in front!"

It may be said in excuse of the profanity which falls from the lips of an officer upon these occasions, that it is in most cases involuntary. The situation is one which instantly gives rise to unparalleled nervous excitement; and couple this feeling with that of responsibility for the conduct of those under his command, and you have two conditions which I was about to say will *force* a man into profane ejaculations for the relief of his overcharged nervous system. Certain it is that I have heard men swear upon the battle-field who would at any other time have been shocked to hear an oath from the lips of a comrade. And let casuists and moralists say what they will, and entirely waiving the wickedness of the act, a profane man does seem terribly in earnest while his profanity keeps within reasonable bounds.

All this time we could see nothing of the Second division, for the woods which we were traversing were dense, and the lines were entirely hidden from our view. We supposed them heavily engaged, from the fire which we in their rear were encountering, but the truth, the disastrous truth, was not re-

vealed for ten minutes longer. General Dwight had ridden with several of his staff out to the edge of this wood, and watched the movement of the Second, in order to be prepared with his own command for any event which might happen; and he afterward described Grover's advance as spirited in the extreme. With a ringing cheer, and led by general and field officers on horseback, the division went at double-quick across the clearing, and disappeared into the opposite wood. A roar of musketry, sounding in a thunderous burst of volleys, pealed up from that wood, and smoke and flame streamed out in a long line as though the whole forest had been suddenly ignited. There was a brief, bloody and desperate encounter, a crossing of bayonets and an incessant crash of rifles—and then the Second division was hurled back into the clearing, stunned, mangled and shattered, emerging from its conflict with the whole left wing of Early's army! The Rebels were massed in those woods in deep columns, against which Grover's command was broken as a mighty billow is broken upon the rock. Our regiments were in many cases disorganized with heavy losses in killed, wounded and prisoners, and were driven out of the wood by the exultant host which peopled it; and over the same clearing which had witnessed its gallant charge ten minutes before, the division fell back by scattered regiments, the lines of the enemy pressing close after it, sending volley after volley through its decimated and bleeding ranks, and capturing scores of prisoners.

This was the threatening disaster which General Dwight witnessed from the edge of the wood, and which devolved upon him the holding of the entire right until the discomfited Second could be rallied and again brought in position. At the point where he had ridden into the clearing, an angle of the wood extended out into it, leaving less than two hundred yards between it and the position of the Rebels. My regiment, at the head of Beale's brigade, was advancing straight toward it through an increasing storm of balls and shells which were making their deadly marks upon the ranks. The uproar at this point was terrific. So much noise in the front of a battle as was heard among those trees, it has rarely been my lot to hear. A voice—Dwight's, I suppose—shouted to General Beale:

"Throw one of your regiments straight to the front, beyond that point—we *must* hold it, at all hazards."

The stentorian tones of our Colonel rang out clearly above the *diablerie* of noise—"Forward, One Hundred and Fourteenth—FORWARD!" Nothing but the words of Tennyson,

"Into the jaws of death,
Up to the gates of hell,"

could occur to me at that instant; and they did occur to me with all their grim significance. The other regiments of the brigade were hurried by the right flank to eligible positions to oppose the threatened Rebel advance. McMillan's brigade was brought hastily up and disunited, each regiment being placed where it was supposed its presence might be most required; and my own, three hundred and fifty strong, advanced beyond the point of woods, where it halted. And there before our eyes was a sight which might well have made strong hearts falter and firm cheeks grow pale. A long line of battle stretched before us in front of the opposite wood, far outreaching us upon either flank, while three battle-flags blew out defiantly from the gray ranks. The flash of rifles burst continuously from its whole length, and from front, right and left a stream of bullets searched the air, singing their demoniac song

in our ears, and smiting down their victims thickly about us; while from the Rebel line rose cheer after cheer, sounding to us almost like the voice of doom. The Second division was retiring in disorderly rout; the brigade in our immediate front being resolved into a mass of stragglers who thronged the fields, throwing up their hands as they discovered us, and begging us not to fire till they had reached the wood. We tried to rally them; but that was a task which their own officers could not do, and which is rarely accomplished with a scattered command while under the same fire that disorganized it. They thronged back to the shelter of the woods, and there in that horrible slaughter-pen, for one long hour our regiment held the place that had been given it. For one long hour there was an incessant cross-fire of musketry between those opposing lines, as fast as the men could load and fire. There was no concealment, no shelter; the ground was open, the position of each well understood; our business simply to withstand the Rebel advance, punishing him to our utmost, and receiving his blows as long as they could be endured. Most literally were these orders obeyed. The horror, the utter dreariness of battle, never dragged more surely at the heart-strings of brave men than at those of this little band, fighting at the angle of that wood until one hundred and ninety, or more than one-half the whole, had fallen dead and wounded. There is a strange fascination in a scene like this which almost tempts an officer to suspend his duty and look around him. Your eye rested in smiling approval, half a minute since, upon that stalwart file-closer, Sergeant Brown, as he sighted his rifle so deliberately at the Rebel ranks; now you see him lying on his back, his arms thrown wildly over his head, and an ugly bullet-hole through his forehead. On your right and left, men go down while you are commending their good fighting, and urging them to keep up to the work; they fall in front of you till you find yourself in the ranks, instead of behind them—some lapsing heavily to the ground, stricken with instant death, and others settling slowly down with grievous wounds, and limping or crawling back as best they may. It is a scene of wild confusion, replete with horrors and ringing with unearthly cries and noises.

Our Colonel had gone to the rear, badly hurt, with seven other officers, and the Major at last withdrew the poor remnant of his command into the woods, to save it from utter demolition. But General Dwight had gained the time he desired to dispose his regiments advantageously; the First brigade was in line on the right, and McMillan's on the left, and a battery of artillery had been posted in a gap of the woods, well to the front, and was rapidly throwing shells toward the Rebel line. And all this time the noise of battle rolled away from the left, where Wright was fighting a stern fight of endurance, and where the noble Russell had already fallen at the head of his division, and where Ricketts and Getty steadfastly held their line. My regiment, with but a handful of men, rallying upon its colors, took position on the right of Beale's brigade. As we moved at double-quick through the woods, the scene presented was disheartening enough. Some of the regiments of Grover's division had been rallied and moved to the left, where they were renewing the fight in gallant style; but the woods were filled with stragglers, officers as well as men, some of them sheltering themselves behind the great tree-trunks from the searching bullets, and here and there a dozen men gathered disconsolately about a color, a poor representative of what was an hour before a full regiment. Emory and Grover rode through this demoralized mass, striving to bring it back to order, and the staff labored right well in the same

work. The line of the Second division was at last reëstablished; but it never saw before so dismal an hour as that which followed its repulse upon this field. One of the brigade quartermasters who was attending to his train at the rear, told me afterward that he supposed at this time, from the hundreds of wounded who were brought back, but still more from the stragglers who crowded the hollows and filled the Berryville road at the Opequan crossing, that our right was hopelessly beaten, and the day lost beyond redemption. And this was the grave risk which Sheridan assumed in delivering battle as he did. With the Nineteenth driven in upon the Berryville road, the Sixth must have necessarily fallen back to the ravine, where confusion, and, possibly, utter rout would have overtaken it. But the contingency did not happen. Our right was weak, fearfully overmatched by the Rebel left, but it steadily bore the shocks of their furious masses, and manfully stood up to its work.

The fight now raged furiously along the whole line. From one o'clock till three, one uninterrupted crash of cannon and muskets shook the air, and great wreaths of smoke hung lazily over the field. Beale's brigade had taken position behind a rail fence, the men lying down to load, and rising to the knee to fire, until they grew merry over their grim work, and something like the routine of a drill was seen in the loading and firing. The Rebel line had apparently not advanced a foot; it was prostrate on the ground, like ours, but the blue feathers of smoke curling up in front showed our men where to fire. Their bullets hummed through the long grass; and here and there a dull *thud* was heard as a man leaped up and fell again, smitten with a leaden envoy of death. It was easy to see that we were fighting with veterans who had learned the difficult lessons of range and elevation in musket-firing. One of our lieutenants was mortally wounded while lying flat, with his shoulders slightly elevated, and of all the wounds received, a very large proportion were in the legs. The Rebel artillery had a great advantage in position, and annoyed us seriously all through the battle. It was while we were fighting behind this fence that an incident occurred which had to my mind a touch of stern humor about it. One of our men had fallen with his head torn entirely from his shoulders by a round shot. As the body lay on the ground, the full knapsack rose almost a foot above it; and one of the soldiers, full of the fury of the fight, seized upon his dead comrade for shelter and rest, loading behind the body, and firing over the knapsack. The cry was raised about half-past two, along the line, "more cartridges;" and as they were not at hand, the brigade was withdrawn a little into the shelter of the wood, and an aide dispatched for ammunition.

A shout now ran along the right from lip to lip—a joyous cheer, rising above the clamor of the battle, and announcing that Sheridan was on the line. He came on the field like a whirlwind, riding the proud black pacer which afterward carried him to Cedar Creek, and followed by a few of his staff. The noble animal he rode curvetted and pranced so that it was impossible for Sheridan to hold him for a moment at any particular regiment, as he wished to do; but this rather added to the nervous, enthusiastic manner of the rider as he shook his hat toward the Rebel line, shouting to his soldiers,

"I tell you, boys, we've hardly commenced to fight those fellows yet! We can whip them any day—and by ——— we *must* whip them to-day!"

He was himself a living inspiration—a reënforcement better than a whole division would have been. At that most critical hour of the day, when the

stern work of endurance had been prolonged for hours, and thousands of our best and bravest had fallen, his presence was an assurance of ultimate victory. Wherever the fight was most furious, there was Sheridan, impetuous, confident, irresistible. He flashed like a meteor at noonday up and down the line of the Sixth corps, bursting out into quick, energetic appeals as the men recognized him, and half suspended their firing to give "three cheers for Phil. Sheridan."

"Hold this line, men—only hold it an hour longer," he exclaimed to one of the regiments, "and the day is ours! Crook is getting in on the right—you'll hear from him soon—and the cavalry will finish them. Only hold this line and give them the devil a little longer!"

It was done; he knew it would be. A supply of ammunition was brought up to Beale's brigade, and again the firing burst furiously forth from this quarter of the field. The men could not wait to pry off the covers from the stout boxes; they were demolished against the tree-trunks, and the line was supplied with the cartridges gathered up in handfuls from the ground. The tall, dry grass between the combatants took fire, and the added smoke obscured the position of each; but the terrible firing never relaxed. The battle smoked and flamed with furious and deadly vigor along the whole line, both armies steadfastly standing to the work of death, and each occupying the position it had at first assumed. The field hospital of Dwight's division was located in a flour-mill near the crossing of the creek, and toward it a constant stream of wounded went back from the front. There were instances of individual heroism occurring all along that line which ennoble the character of the American soldier and elevate our common humanity in our eyes. A sergeant quite near me had just finished loading when a rifle-ball shattered his hip, inflicting a mortal wound. He fell to his knees, and as some of his comrades laid hold of him to carry him away, he begged them to raise him to his feet, and let him have one more shot at the Rebels. Supported in their arms, and propped against a tree, he capped his musket, carefully sighted it to the front, and fired, and was then carried back to the hospital to die.

Toward four o'clock something like a lull occurred. The firing became more desultory from the enemy—possibly on account of an attempt to concentrate troops upon their left, which their cavalry which Torbert drove before him must have by this time reported as the critical point. There was still firing between the lines, both of artillery and small-arms; but it came in fitful bursts, and not at all like the tumultuous roar which had shaken the air for three hours. General Emory rode up to our brigade, and I fancied that his stern face wore a look of mingled pride and sadness when we told him that this wasted fragment represented Beale's brigade. "You shall be relieved," he said; and some regiments from the Eighth corps soon took our place in the front, while we were withdrawn further into the woods. An hour of such rest as only the powder-blackened and wearied soldier from the front can enjoy was here afforded us, and anxious questions were asked and answered about those whom we missed from the ranks. Taking advantage of the time, I walked forward to the first position of my regiment, and examined the ground. Our wounded had all been removed, but more than twenty of the slain were lying in the repose of death, and in the curious postures which death on the battle-field assumes. I noticed one man who had fallen upon his back at full length, with his hat on, his musket by his side, and his limbs and features composed, as if in a pleasant sleep; but there were others

whose arms were thrown out convulsively, and whose dull eyes stared at the heavens with a painful expression of mental agony.

Five o'clock came, and with it the end. The firing burst forth with renewed fury away upon the Rebel left, where the magnificent masses of the Eighth corps now bore steadily down. General Crook had experienced much difficulty in getting his corps in position, on account of a large swamp between our right and the pike; but after this obstacle was passed, the corps was soon formed in heavy columns. It was Sheridan's thunderbolt, and the moment for launching it had come. The Rebels now comprehended the plan, and frantic efforts were made upon the left to stay the attacking columns; but Crook had waited all day for his chance, and was not now to be stopped. A steady discharge of musketry tore through his ranks as he advanced, and the artillery from the hills again joined in the fight; but the gallant Eighth bore right on, and the left of Early's wavering army recoiled and crumbled before it. This was the moment which Sheridan seized for an advance of the whole line. Forming a connection, the Sixth and Nineteenth swept over the field which they had so hotly contested. But the victory was won; Early's army was already retreating in disorderly panic through Winchester, abandoning arms and cannon and prisoners by the thousand. As we cleared the woods and neared the hills upon which the artillery was posted, which was still thundering at us, loth to quit the field, we saw the cavalry squadrons charge over the hill in an irresistible torrent, cheering wildly as they scattered the gunners and fell upon the rear of the flying infantry as it entered the town. Discipline and organization disappeared together before the onset of those terrible troopers, and all night long the routed army hurried up the pike toward Strasburg, intent upon the refuge of Fisher's Hill.

The losses in killed and wounded upon our side were heavy, as they must necessarily be in a battle fought in five hours in the open field, and at close musket range; but if any doubts existed in our minds as to the effect of our fire upon the Rebel divisions in our front, they were dispelled by the appearance of the field as we passed over it. The edge of the woods where Grover had struggled obstinately with Early's left was lined with the slain of both sides; but the Rebel dead lay thickly in the fields beyond, and were piled upon each other in the yard of a large stone mansion which was directly in front of Emory's position. A ghastly row of gray-clad corpses lay along a wall, behind which some Rebel brigade had evidently found shelter; and the fields and hillsides as far as Winchester were dotted with the fallen. Muskets and accoutrements littered the ground; dead horses were plenty where the artillery had taken position, and clots of blood tinged the grass in spots, or were gathered in little pools in the hollows. A wounded Rebel prisoner told me that after three years service in the Confederate armies, he had never seen such slaughter on a battle-field as in this brief, fierce engagement.

The proud success of the Federal arms at this last battle of Winchester was due to the military genius of Sheridan, and to the splendid and persistent fighting of his troops. General Sheridan is not, as some of his critics have assumed, a mere Murat—a leader who can fight upon another's plans, but who has no head for combinations. His blow is studied with the most careful elaboration, and when it falls, it is annihilation. With such a leader and with such soldiers, we need never hesitate to assume the offensive in war.

JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

NUMBER THIRTY-NINE.

THE faint light of an early Summer dawn, more than a score of years ago, was just beginning to change the shadowy blackness of house and tree into gray outlines of even more weird and ghostly shape, as the door of a house in Frith street, New York, was softly opened from within, and a woman glided forth like a spirit, and, swiftly passing out, was almost in an instant lost to sight. If any lonely watcher at any window had seen her form, his recollection of it would have faded away as a dream fades before the light of a cloudless sunrise.

Slowly the gray sky melted into a paler gray; slowly the gray sky softened into pearly tints that in the far-off horizon were tinged with gold; slowly the golden halo stole all over the firmament, vanished into unfathomable depths of blue; and the great round sun, rising, flashed his beams from roof and steeple, then on inland stream and gay flowers, and it was day. The great city awoke. The footfall in the street ceased to echo, the distant tap of the patrol was heard no more. The rattle of cart and rail-car began to shake the air again, and the thousand sounds of city life rose up. Windows and doors began to teem with life, and everywhere there was the going forth of humanity to its pleasures or its toil.

Of all the busy thoroughfares in New York, Frith street was one of the most busy, and the houses in it were generally pretty full of people. To this rule Number 39 was an exception. It was a small two-story building of brick, and had about it an old-fashioned, quiet look which distinguished it in a singular manner from its neighbors. The blinds, the curtains, and the whole aspect of the place, while not seeming in the least neglected, were indescribably forlorn. While the dwellings each side and facing it were cheerful with voices and home sounds, Number 39 was always silent. Of an evening a white hand might have been seen to move a window, or a flitting figure pass across, throwing its shadow upon a blind; but these not often. And all the people round about knew, though scarcely any had seen them, that an old French lady and her daughter lived there alone. None knew their history, but only that they had lived there alone these dozen years or more.

Why should a closed door look different at different times? I am sure I can't tell, but somehow I, who lived opposite to Number 39, found myself looking at Madame Herbert's closed door with a feeling which I could not define, but which affected me strangely. It was often not opened for days together, why should it have been so now? I knew the habits of the little family enough to be aware that neither of the two women would be likely to appear, but that they were invisible to-day, seemed something new and strange. I remarked this to my wife, who only laughed at me, and said that my lawyer's habits made me consider things that were neither singular nor suspicious just as if they made up points in a case. Of course, I could

only laugh also, and soon I was snug in my office, down town, in the company of my law books and papers. Nor was it until I was home again after a hard day's work that the subject of Madame Herbert's door recurred to me. "All quiet opposite, of course," said I, as I sat down to dinner. "Perfectly," said my wife, "not a soul has been seen that I know of." "Oh, yes;" said one of the children, "there has been nobody there, but don't you remember, mamma, saying that you heard a dog howl several times?" "And so I did," said she, "but I had forgotten it—at all events, the soup is growing cold, Charles." So the subject was dismissed again.

It was my habit in those days to read late at night, and I often sat up alone until long past midnight. On this particular evening I did so. At about eleven o'clock I finished my cigar and set to work, and was soon completely absorbed. But in an hour or so I became annoyed by a restless desire to escape from some sound, of what kind I hardly distinguished, and which at first I thought must be the wind whistling through some crevice or keyhole. As the night advanced the house seemed to become lonely. The curious sound became more distinct, and evidently came from outside. I threw up the window to listen, and then found that that dismalest of all sounds, the wail of a dog, proceeded from the closed and dark Number 39. A smothered wail, as though the animal was shut into some room. With an impatient exclamation I again resumed my reading. But I felt worried. Why should people keep howling dogs to be a nuisance to their neighbors? It really seemed as if I should never get through the brief in *Box versus Cox*, a case of disputed joint-tenancy. Then a luminous idea passed across my brain. I would smoke half a cigar on the stoop, and thus freshen myself up. Two minutes later I was standing before my open front door, all the better for the cool night air. Still the dog howled, and in a more dismal manner than ever. I began to form theories as to the cause, and by the time I had traced the sound of the policeman's heavy tread from half-a-dozen blocks off till he reached me, I had made up my mind to say a word or two on the matter. "Oh, it's you, Peters," said I as I recognized the officer, a sergeant, whom I knew very well. "Anything new?"

"Nothing in our line," he replied. "You are working late, as usual, sir?"

"Yes," I said. "But I am horribly disturbed by a dog that seems shut in over the way."

"Dog seems in trouble, don't he?" said Peters.

"House always shut up—queer people; old woman and girl live there by themselves."

"Just so. French, I believe."

"Yes. I don't know, but Peters, I can't help thinking there's something unusual that makes that dog so uneasy."

Peters merely replied, "Shouldn't wonder," and then slowly sauntered across the street, swinging his club by its string. He looked at the windows and tried those within reach, and then, mounting the steps, the door. To my surprise, he instantly knocked loudly at the latter with his club, and then pushed the door wide open, calling loudly to me as he did so.

Forgetting that I had but light slippers on, I immediately joined the officer. He was evidently excited; and as he pointed to the sill of the door his hand visibly trembled. I heard him ejaculate under his breath, "What a fool I was—what an everlasting fool!"

"What," said I, "is the matter, Peters?"

"Matter enough," he answered, "as you will soon learn. Last night I arrested a—well, a young woman, who was loitering in a very suspicious manner near this house. Her business she would not explain, and her whole appearance and agitated manner pointed to something very unusual. She wore a black dress of some woolen stuff, and the right arm of it was half torn away. Her hand bore marks of blood. We kept her a few minutes, but there was no real evidence to justify detaining her, so she was let out. Now look on that step—*there* is blood; and look here; here on the floor is a piece of black stuff suddenly torn from a dress sleeve."

"What of it—at all events, let us find out something more. Stay, I will get a light," said I.

So I returned to my own house, and hastily dragging on my boots and seizing my hat, a lantern that I used to look to the house fastenings before going to bed, and a small but efficient revolver, rejoined Peters. He had, meanwhile, been joined by the patrolman on the beat, whom Peters desired to remain outside Number 39, and if we whistled, to rap for help.

Cautiously stepping into the dark passage, we nearly closed the door behind us and began our search. There were two rooms on the first floor, and we looked over them thoroughly. Next the basement, also of two rooms. But in neither of the four was there any unusual appearance of any kind. And then we resolved to go up stairs.

I am not a nervous man, I think, but there was something about those stairs that made me feel strange. I looked Peters in the face, and he me, as we placed our feet on the first step. We both knew that some horror was in store for us. I saw in his eyes the strange dilation with which men gaze at a sudden accident. And the dog heard us too, for it began to yell frantically and to spring at a door as if it would tear it down. We both knew that the room in which the dog was—a small hall bedroom—must contain *something*. But we searched all the upper portion of the house before that room. At last we stood before its closed and apparently locked door. "Shall we knock?" said I. "No matter, and less harm," he answered, and he gave one solid blow upon the door that sounded like a thunder-clap as it echoed all over the house. The dog sank into instant silence.

"Take the light," said Peters. I did so. He then put his left arm behind his back, and, so to speak, concentrating his whole weight and strength in his left shoulder, flung himself full against the door, and as it flew open, staggered almost headlong in.

What had we come to see? A room dabbled over—floor, walls, furniture—with blood. A dog with blazing eyes and bloody feet glaring from beneath a lounge. A bed unslept in, but bloody. And in a large and heavy chair, a woman sitting bound hand and foot, and by cords passing round her body, with her head drooping forward upon her breast. And as we lifted her head we saw a hideous gash that had cut her throat from ear to ear.

A policeman is but a man. I have found some of the most humane men I ever knew among the force, and Peters was one of them. He was horror-struck, and could not articulate a word. Pointing to the street and to his mouth, I knew that I was to do what he could not contract his lips to do—whistle to the patrolman in the street. I did so at once, and in another minute or two we were joined by two other officers.

I pass over what followed, briefly. The house was taken possession of by the police; the dog was carefully removed and secured; and in due time there

came the inquest, with its inevitable verdict of "Wilful murder by some person or persons unknown," and private and public inquiries of the most searching description for the murderers. Money was the object of the crime, for a broken desk was found, and from a private record it was discovered that bank notes to a large amount had been kept in it, but were missing. As for the girl that had been arrested and set free, she was not heard of again, although all the resources of the police were taxed to the utmost to find her whereabouts. And the murder at Number 39 remained a mystery which it seemed would never be solved. The only relic of the case was the dog, which I took a fancy to, and brought to my house. Bob—that was the name I gave him—became quite a curiosity for a time, and was looked on as a historical character. This, too, soon died away. And when, five years later, I took a house several miles back of Jersey City, in one of the localities fast becoming popular, the terrible story of how our opposite neighbor died was very seldom thought of.

My business increased. I was growing rich. Not rich in the past-war sense of this year of grace, eighteen hundred and sixty-six, but I had enough to keep me in a quiet way without more work if I chose to remain idle. We saw little company, and, except some occasional visit from a client, saw but few new faces at home. People did say I was getting fat, but that was calumny.

"Anybody been here to-day, Jackson?" This to my clerk, with me now, man and boy, for twenty years.

"Only one man; queer looking chap, Mr. Elder; looks like a returned digger, or something of that sort."

"What does he want?" I asked.

"Some question about a California land claim, I think," said Jackson; "but he will be here in half an hour to speak for himself."

And in half an hour he came. Why Jackson should compare him to a digger, I could not for the life of me imagine. He was tall, well built, though rather slender; had black, curling, glossy hair, and full, dark beard, and his eyes were full of gentleness. There did not seem even the cool, ready tongue and iron watchfulness of expression that I have noticed about many who have made fortunes in a gold claim, and lost them again in the gilded saloons of San Francisco. But there was a something—no matter; I will get on with the facts.

Mr. Layton—that was the gentleman's name—had, he told me, purchased, several years ago, certain California reservations, and had paid for them in full. There were now claims advanced against him by the agents of certain Mexicans, and his object in visiting me was to have the title investigated, and, secondly, to hand over the whole property, without restrictions of any kind, to his wife. The total sum involved, or rather the total amount of his money and the value of the disputed property, would place his wife in possession at his death of over \$20,000. She was in the city, and if her presence was required, would be forthcoming; but, being of invalid habits, did not go abroad much.

I was, of course, ready enough to undertake the case, and took charge of the papers respecting it, and we parted with an offer on my part to make his visit as agreeable as possible. For the next few weeks I had frequent visits from Mr. Layton, and became quite upon companionable terms—so much so

that on his last call I invited him to my house on the following Sunday, and requested him to bring his wife, which he promised to do.

I well remember that day. The morning had been showery, and the sky had since cleared; all the trees and grass were dressed in their brightest green, and from the cool earth perfumes floated up with that indescribable freshness only experienced after rain or at night. Punctual to their time my visitors appeared at the end of the lane leading to my house, and my wife and I went to meet them. Mr. Layton's pleasant manner made introductions unconstrained, and the lady with him had just the sort of winning manner that attracts women no less than men. She was a pale, slender person, of a very gentle aspect. There was in every gesture and word an appealing manner and tone which seemed to ask for kindness and affection. There was evidently a strong attachment between the husband and wife, and entire confidence, I judged, between them.

We have three children. They were upon a few hours' visit in the neighborhood, and so our day was a quiet one. Children are a little noisy sometimes, and I had not such strong nerves as I used to possess. And dinner passed over with the sort of peaceful ease that suits that meal best. A cigar on the lawn was quite in order afterward; and when the golden clouds began to rise in the west, as if to meet the setting sun in their embrace, a stroll to the river-side was equally desirable. We should probably meet our young ones, my wife said.

And so we did. It was not long before merry voices were heard ringing through the little patch of timber I called my wood, and mingled with them the joyous bark of a dog. Very soon the white dress of my little daughter began to glance among the trees, and a dark spot could be seen careering round in a circle like a mad creature. Then the whole group came running toward us, the children laden with flowers, and the dog's hair all flying in the wind.

"How happy you must be," said Mrs. Layton to my wife; "we have no children, and—"

At that moment she stopped suddenly, and turning to my wife, said, hastily, "What a pretty dog—I had once"—and then she stopped; for Bob—the same Bob that years before was taken from the house in Frith Street—rushed toward her, and began leaping up to her face as with the most extravagant joy. That was enough to startle me, but worse followed; for Bob suddenly caught sight of my new friend himself, and in quicker time than I can write the words, had sprung at his throat with the most savage yell that I ever heard from any animal, and literally bore him to the ground. I take credit to myself that I acted promptly and with calmness. Of course there was a mystery—*what* mystery, flashed across my mind like lightning; but what I thought and what I did are two different things. What I did was to drag the dog off, have him tied up at once, and apologize to the best of my ability for the strange attack, which I attributed, as plausibly as I could, to some offensive gesture, or other accidental circumstance, on the part of Mr. Layton. Fortunately, though my wife knew the history of the dog, no notion of the truth occurred to her. Layton himself was intensely agitated; his face was ghastly white; his wife was lost in astonishment, and evidently possessed no clue to the meaning of what had happened.

Never in my life did I feel so strangely as I did all the rest of that day. To continue all the cordial attentions proper to one's guests while the mind is racked with even business anxieties, is bad enough, but now—

One thing was evident. I must allay all fears—can my reader doubt what fears?—that Layton may have conceived, and at the same time act out to the end the part I had to play in the retributive portion of the drama. I *did* act it out, as will be seen; and to this day I do not know whether I did aright or no. The first thing was to arrange a complete surveillance over Layton's movements; and in order to effect this, I could think of no better way than to telegraph to Peters. To do this before night was impossible, for I felt that Layton's eye watched me as a cat watches a mouse. Nor could I possibly leave the house without exciting his suspicion. I managed the affair in a simple way, however, as luck would have it. One of my boys—a smart lad, who will make a name some day greater than his father, and in his father's profession, too—is fond of drawing. I told him in the evening, as we were all sitting round the stove, that I wanted to look at his last productions. He brought his portfolio to me, and I began to criticise its contents, and with a pencil in my hand. The work was faulty, I told him. There were errors that even I could detect and remedy. "Come here to a table, Charley," said I, "and I will show you what I mean." And I took the book to another part of the room. "Here," said I, "look attentively at this," and I wrote,

"I am going to write a private message to you on this drawing."

"I see, father," said my bright boy, "and I will follow your instructions." I wrote again,

"Go to the telegraph office, and telegraph to the Broome Street Police Station for Peters, the detective; tell him to come directly, and with help enough to watch this house, and arrest man or woman leaving it to-night. Go quietly, Charley, and take no notice."

"Oh, that's easy enough," said Charley. "I can very soon draw the lines in that way. This picture is too bad to show Mr. Layton, as I see now; he shall see the others, though," and he tore it up. The portfolio was duly admired by the visitors, and further public criticisms made by me, and finally Master Charley, with a demure countenance, marched out of the room with it.

We sat an hour or so, and then retired for the night. Charley came in to wish us *bon soir*, and gave me a little nod, which was what I wanted. And ten minutes afterward the echoes in the house had all died away, and the last chamber door was locked.

We had, soon after purchasing our house, built an extension at right angles with it; just like an L the whole building was. In this extension were three rooms—a basement, used for washing and the like, an office or study above it, which I used, and above that a bedroom, which, on this occasion, was occupied by our eldest daughter, who had given up her room situated immediately over my own in the main building, and the window of which opened into the back garden, to Mr. and Mrs. Layton. To the middle room I quietly repaired, telling my wife that I had work to do, and she, poor dear, little knowing what work that was, told me she should soon be asleep as with a kiss I left her. I took a light from our bedroom, and blew it out the instant I entered my sanctum, and locked the door inside—I hate squeaking locks; mine don't squeak. Then I sat down by the window, on the sill of which I laid a piece of ironmongery, which, small as it was, held six lives within its power. And I waited.

Waited till the moon, which set that night at twelve o'clock, had gone down to rise upon millions of sleepers on the other side of the world. Waited until everything above, below, around, seemed dark, and silent, and ghostly, as if I were shut into a vast grave.

There were but two ways of reaching my house at that time of night—now nearly two o'clock. One by a horse or wagon, the other on foot. I thought I knew enough of Peters to be sure that no sound of hoof or wheel would come within my hearing through his agency, and I was nearly right; for it was but a muffled clatter that, just after the village clock struck two, seemed to echo faintly from some point a mile off, and beyond my "wood." But, listening intently as I possibly could, I heard no more. And a half hour dragged wearily on.

"Hush!" my brain said to my heart. (I am not given to philosophy, reader, so don't be alarmed by this expression; but it describes what I felt.) "Hush!" A creaking just outside my door, and the handle tried! It was locked, as I said before. A stealthy footstep that I rather felt than heard next made a board crack further along the hall, and I thought I heard something like a cautious hand trying the street-door fastenings. Another board cracked on the basement stairs; then on the main staircase of the house, and after that there was profound stillness again for a while. I was becoming horribly excited. To have a—well, no matter what—walking about one's house like a ghost is bad enough, but when you are waiting for people to help you circumvent him, and cannot tell whether they are around you or—

"Hush!" again. A low whistle, so low that none but a listener could have caught it, came from the wood. It was repeated in four different directions, all within a very short distance of the house. My work so far, then, was done, and I need but be a spectator if I would, or might go to rest if I could rest. I chose the latter, and soon was in my own bedroom and snugly tucked up. I was not surprised to find that I could not sleep. All sorts of fancies would crowd into my brain—recollections of crimes which my profession made me familiar with; of hairbreadth escapes wherein men scaled walls, climbed chimneys, forced open heavily guarded doors with a rusty nail and their bruised and bleeding fingers, let themselves down with their blanket and made off, muffling their jangling fetters with its torn strips. Then I fell to wondering whether any of *my* blankets would be torn up to make a rope of—it really seemed possible. There would be no harm in just taking a peep out of the window, at all events. The idea had no sooner crossed me than I thought I heard the window of Mr. Layton's room, just over mine, you remember, very gently opened. Then a sort of scuffling against the front of the house was indistinctly heard, and next there glided slowly down past my window the figure of a man!

"By thunder! it's coming now," I said to myself, as I slid out of bed and began to dress as fast as I could. Not fast enough, though, for I was too late to see the end.

The figure glided slowly past my window, and almost instantly there arose strange men's voices, and noises as of a violent struggle. "No, you don't," I heard one man say, and then there was the dull thud of a blow. "Never, never," said another voice, hoarse with passion or fear. "Never will I be taken alive." "Look out, Jones, he has a pistol," shouted another, and then added: "Fire at him if he lifts his arm." But he did lift his arm, for, the moment after, a loud report seemed to shake the house, and the shrieks of frightened women echoed from roof to basement.

I was down stairs and upon the lawn before long, you may be sure, and then I saw at a glance how the whole case stood. There were four men, one of whom carried a dark lantern, which he turned to show something upon

the ground. A man who was a man no more; a mere piece of dead flesh and blood. For Layton's arm had lifted quickly and steadily toward his own life, and there he lay stone dead, with a bullet in his brain.

I really cannot describe what scenes of agony followed, nor need I. The case was one of suicide, which disposed of one horrible duty that I had undertaken, and he was peacefully buried in the cemetery near our house. The wife was for weeks like an insane woman, but we took care of her. She begged me to take all her papers and his and examine them, and I did so. Ah! she was an injured woman, as innocent as she had been wronged. For I found among Layton's baggage a box of hers with letters in it and certain valuable papers that had belonged to the old lady at Number 39. They proved that the daughter, Emily was her name, had long been secretly engaged to Layton, and that, the mother being averse to any change in her daughter's condition in life, they had agreed to a midnight flight. Emily left the house as I described at the beginning of this history, and as she did so hurt her hand and tore her sleeve. She was arrested, and late in keeping her appointment; and Layton had gone to reconnoitre the house. Finding the door open and the old lady at home, the temptation arose to murder and rob her. Then he returned to the meeting place and she was there. They fled together—he with his guilty secret, and she with the fullest trust in him. She never heard of the murder, never knew that her mother was dead, nor, for the two women had lived very unhappily together, did she care to inquire.

I never told her all I knew. Peters, my wife and I alone were in the secret. She settled down into a solitary life in a cottage near our house. We gave her Bob, and she never saw any connection between her husband's fate and the dog's behavior. She never knew of her mother's fate either, beyond that she was dead years ago, which I thought it best to tell her. And she simply faded from the earth like a morning mist. Gentle always, she watched the days come and go with a strange resignation. Sometimes she would speak of her dead husband. He was so good to her, she would say to us; so kind always; so generous to others; never harmed a creature, for he had a heart as warm as was his face honest and handsome.

All true. And yet he was a murderer. The contradictions in human nature often puzzle one. As a lawyer, I never trust to appearances or doubt the possible perversion of the brightest character. At all events, the old expression that So and-so is an excellent person but has a spice of the devil in him, may contain a theory that when I have more time I will try to find out.

INGOLDSBY NORTH.

THE CLAVERINGS.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE

CHAPTER XXV.

THE DAY OF THE FUNERAL.



ARRY CLAVERING, when he walked away from Bolton Street after the scene in which he had been interrupted by Sophie Gordeloup, was not in a happy frame of mind, nor did he make his journey down to Clavering with much comfort to himself. Whether or no he was now to be regarded as a villain, at any rate he was not a villain capable of doing his villainy without extreme remorse and agony of mind. It did not seem to him to be even yet possible that he should be altogether untrue to Florence. It hardly occurred to him to think that he could free himself from the contract by which he was bound to her. No; it was toward Lady Ongar that his treachery must be exhibited;—toward the woman whom he had sworn to befriend, and whom he now, in his distress, imagined to be the dearer to him of the two. He should, according to his cus-

tom, have written to Florence a day or two before he left London, and, as he went to Bolton Street, had determined to do so that evening on his return home; but when he reached his rooms he found it impossible to write such a letter. What could he say to her that would not be false? How could he tell her that he loved her, and speak as he was wont to do of his impatience, after that which had just occurred in Bolton Street?

But what was he to do in regard to Julia? He was bound to let her know at once what was his position, and to tell her that in treating her as he had treated her, he had simply insulted her. That look of gratified contentment with which she had greeted him as he was leaving her, clung to his memory

and tormented him. Of that contentment he must now rob her, and he was bound to do so with as little delay as was possible. Early in the morning before he started on his journey he did make an attempt, a vain attempt, to write, not to Florence but to Julia. The letter would not get itself written. He had not the hardihood to inform her that he had amused himself with her sorrows, and that he had injured her by the exhibition of his love. And then that horrid Franco-Pole, whose prying eyes Julia had dared to disregard, because she had been proud of his love! If she had not been there, the case might have been easier. Harry, as he thought of this, forgot to remind himself that if Sophie had not interrupted him he would have floundered on from one danger to another till he would have committed himself more thoroughly even than he had done, and have made promises which it would have been as shameful to break as it would be to keep them. But even as it was, had he not made such promises? Was there not such a promise in that embrace, in the half-forgotten word or two which he had spoken while she was in his arms, and in the parting grasp of his hand? He could not write that letter then, on that morning, hurried as he was with the necessity of his journey; and he started for Clavering resolving that it should be written from his father's house.

It was a tedious, sad journey to him, and he was silent and out of spirits when he reached his home; but he had gone there for the purpose of his cousin's funeral, and his mood was not at first noticed, as it might have been had the occasion been different. His father's countenance wore that well-known look of customary solemnity which is found to be necessary on such occasions, and his mother was still thinking of the sorrows of Lady Clavering, who had been at the rectory for the last day or two.

"Have you seen Lady Ongar since she heard of the poor child's death?" his mother asked.

"Yes; I was with her yesterday evening."

"Do you see her often?" Fanny inquired.

"What do you call often? No; not often. I went to her last night because she had given me a commission. I have seen her three or four times altogether."

"Is she as handsome as she used to be?" said Fanny.

"I cannot tell; I do not know."

"You used to think her very handsome, Harry."

"Of course she is handsome. There has never been a doubt about that; but when a woman is in deep mourning one hardly thinks about her beauty." Oh, Harry, Harry, how could you be so false?

"I thought young widows were always particularly charming," said Fanny; "and when one remembers about Lord Ongar one does not think of her being a widow so much as one would do if he had been different."

"I don't know anything about that," said he. He felt that he was stupid, and that he blundered in every word, but he could not help himself. It was impossible that he should talk about Lady Ongar with proper composure. Fanny saw that the subject annoyed him and that it made him cross, and she therefore ceased. "She wrote a very nice letter to your mother about the poor child, and about her sister," said the rector. "I wish with all my heart that Hermione could go to her for a time."

"I fear that he will not let her," said Mrs. Clavering. "I do not understand it at all, but Hermione says that the rancor between Hugh and her sister is stronger now than ever."

"And Hugh will not be the first to put rancor out of his heart," said the rector.

On the following day was the funeral, and Harry went with his father and cousins to the child's grave. When he met Sir Hugh in the dining-room in the Great House the baronet hardly spoke to him. "A sad occasion; is it not?" said Archie; "very sad; very sad." Then Harry could see that Hugh scowled at his brother angrily, hating his humbug, and hating it the more because in Archie's case it was doubly humbug. Archie was now heir to the property and to the title.

After the funeral, Harry went to see Lady Clavering, and again had to endure a conversation about Lady Ongar. Indeed, he had been specially commissioned by Julia to press upon her sister the expediency of leaving Clavering for a while. This had been early on that last evening in Bolton Street, long before Madam Gordeloup had made her appearance. "Tell her from me," Lady Ongar had said, "that I will go anywhere that she may wish if she will go with me—she and I alone; and, Harry, tell her this as though I meant it. I do mean it. She will understand why I do not write myself. I know that he sees all her letters when he is with her." This task Harry was now to perform, and the result he was bound to communicate to Lady Ongar. The message he might give; but delivering the answer to Lady Ongar would be another thing.

Lady Clavering listened to what he said, but when he pressed her for a reply she shook her head. "And why not, Lady Clavering?"

"People can't always leave their houses and go away, Harry."

"But I should have thought that you could have done so now; that is, before long. Will Sir Hugh remain here at Clavering?"

"He has not told me that he means to go."

"If he stays, I suppose you will stay; but if he goes up to London again, I cannot see why you and your sister should not go away together. She mentioned Tenby as being very quiet, but she would be guided by you in that altogether."

"I do not think it will be possible, Harry. Tell her, with my love, that I am truly obliged to her, but that I do not think it will be possible. She is free, you know, to do what she pleases."

"Yes, she is free. But do you mean——?"

"I mean, Harry, that I had better stay where I am. What is the use of a scene, and of being refused at last? Do not say more about it, but tell her that it cannot be so." This Harry promised to do, and after a while was rising to go, when she suddenly asked him a question. "Do you remember what I was saying about Julia and Archie when you were here last?"

"Yes; I remember."

"Well, would he have a chance? It seems that you see more of her now than any one else."

"No chance at all, I should say." And Harry, as he answered, could not repress a feeling of most unreasonable jealousy.

"Ah, you have always thought little of Archie. Archie's position is changed now, Harry, since my darling was taken from me. Of course he will marry, and Hugh, I think, would like him to marry Julia. It was he proposed it. He never likes anything unless he has proposed it himself."

"It was he proposed the marriage with Lord Ongar. Does he like that?"

"Well; you know Julia has got her money." Harry, as he heard this,

turned away, sick at heart. The poor baby whose mother was now speaking to him had only been buried that morning, and she was already making fresh schemes for family wealth. Julia has got her money! That had seemed to her, even in her sorrow, to be sufficient compensation for all that her sister had endured and was enduring. Poor soul! Harry did not reflect as he should have done, that in all her schemes she was only scheming for that peace which might perhaps come to her if her husband were satisfied. "And why should not Julia take him?" she asked.

"I cannot tell why, but she never will," said Harry, almost in anger. At that moment the door was opened, and Sir Hugh came into the room. "I did not know that you were here," Sir Hugh said, turning to the visitor.

"I could not be down here without saying a few words to Lady Clavering."

"The less said the better, I suppose, just at present," said Sir Hugh. But there was no offence in the tone of his voice, or in his countenance, and Harry took the words as meaning none.

"I was telling Lady Clavering that as soon as she can, she would be better if she left home for a while."

"And why should you tell Lady Clavering that?"

"I have told him that I would not go," said the poor woman.

"Why should she go, and where; and why have you proposed it? And how does it come to pass that her going or not going should be a matter of solicitude to you?" Now, as Sir Hugh asked these questions of his cousin, there was much of offence in his tone—of intended offence—and in his eye, and in all his bearing. He had turned his back upon his wife, and was looking full into Harry's face. "Lady Clavering, no doubt, is much obliged to you," he said, "but why is it that you specially have interfered to recommend her to leave her home at such a time as this?"

Harry had not spoken as he did to Sir Hugh without having made some calculation in his own mind as to the result of what he was about to say. He did not, as regarded himself, care for his cousin or his cousin's anger. His object at present was simply that of carrying out Lady Ongar's wish, and he had thought that perhaps Sir Hugh might not object to the proposal which his wife was too timid to make to him.

"It was a message from her sister," said Harry, "sent by me."

"Upon my word she is very kind. And what was the message—unless it be a secret between you three?"

"I have had no secret, Hugh," said his wife.

"Let me hear what he has to say," said Sir Hugh.

"Lady Ongar thought that it might be well that her sister should leave Clavering for a short time, and has offered to go anywhere with her for a few weeks. That is all."

"And why the devil should Hermione leave her own house? And if she were to leave it, why should she go with a woman that has misconducted herself?"

"Oh, Hugh!" exclaimed Lady Clavering.

"Lady Ongar has never misconducted herself," said Harry.

"Are you her champion?" asked Sir Hugh.

"As far as that, I am. She has never misconducted herself; and what is more, she has been cruelly used since she came home."

"By whom? by whom?" said Sir Hugh, stepping close up to his cousin and looking with angry eyes into his face.

But Harry Clavering was not a man to be intimidated by the angry eyes of any man. "By you," he said, "her brother-in-law; by you, who made up her wretched marriage, and who, of all others, were the most bound to protect her."

"Oh, Harry, don't, don't!" shrieked Lady Clavering.

"Hermione, hold your tongue," said the imperious husband; "or, rather, go away and leave us. I have a word or two to say to Harry Clavering, which had better be said in private."

"I will not go if you are going to quarrel."

"Harry," said Sir Hugh, "I will trouble you to go down stairs before me. If you will step into the breakfast-room I will come to you."

Harry Clavering did as he was bid, and in a few minutes was joined by his cousin in the breakfast-room.

"No doubt you intended to insult me by what you said up stairs." The baronet began in this way after he had carefully shut the door, and had slowly walked up to the rug before the fire, and had there taken his position.

"Not at all; I intended to take the part of an ill-used woman whom you had calumniated."

"Now look here, Harry, I will have no interference on your part in my affairs, either here or elsewhere. You are a very fine fellow, no doubt, but it is not part of your business to set me or my house in order. After what you have just said before Lady Clavering, you will do well not to come here in my absence."

"Neither in your absence nor in your presence."

"As to the latter you may do as you please. And now, touching my sister-in-law, I will simply recommend you to look after your own affairs."

"I shall look after what affairs I please."

"Of Lady Ongar and her life since her marriage I dare say you know as little as anybody in the world, and I do not suppose it likely that you will learn much from her. She made a fool of you once, and it is on the cards that she may do so again."

"You said just now that you would brook no interference in your affairs. Neither will I."

"I don't know that you have any affairs in which any one can interfere. I have been given to understand that you are engaged to marry that young lady whom your mother brought here one day to dinner. If that be so, I do not see how you can reconcile it to yourself to become the champion, as you called it, of Lady Ongar."

"I never said anything of the kind."

"Yes, you did."

"No; it was you who asked me whether I was her champion."

"And you said you were."

"So far as to defend her name when I heard it traduced by you."

"By heavens, your impudence is beautiful. Who knows her best, do you think—you or I? Whose sister-in-law is she? You have told me I was cruel to her. Now to that I will not submit, and I require you to apologize to me."

"I have no apology to make, and nothing to retract."

"Then I shall tell your father of your gross misconduct, and shall warn him that you have made it necessary for me to turn his son out of my house. You are an impertinent, overbearing puppy, and if your name were not

the same as my own, I would tell the grooms to horsewhip you off the place."

"Which order, you know, the grooms would not obey. They would a deal sooner horsewhip you. Sometimes I think they will, when I hear you speak to them."

"Now go!"

"Of course I shall go. What would keep me here?"

Sir Hugh then opened the door, and Harry passed through it, not without a cautious look over his shoulder, so that he might be on his guard if any violence were contemplated. But Hugh knew better than that, and allowed his cousin to walk out of the room, and out of the house, unmolested.

And this had happened on the day of the funeral! Harry Clavering had quarrelled thus with the father within a few hours of the moment in which they two had stood together over the grave of that father's only child! As he thought of this while he walked across the park, he became sick at heart. How vile, wretched and miserable was the world around him! How terribly vicious were the people with whom he was dealing! And what could he think of himself—of himself, who was engaged to Florence Burton, and engaged also, as he certainly was, to Lady Ongar? Even his cousin had rebuked him for his treachery to Florence; but what would his cousin have said had he known all? And then what good had he done; or, rather, what evil had he not done? In his attempt on behalf of Lady Clavering, had he not, in truth, interfered without proper excuse, and fairly laid himself open to anger from his cousin? And he felt that he had been an ass, a fool, a conceited ass, thinking that he could produce good, when his interference could be efficacious only for evil. Why could he not have held his tongue when Sir Hugh came in, instead of making that vain suggestion as to Lady Clavering? But even this trouble was but an addition to the great trouble that overwhelmed him. How was he to escape the position which he had made for himself in reference to Lady Ongar? As he had left London he had promised to himself that he would write to her that same night and tell her everything as to Florence; but the night had passed, and the next day was nearly gone, and no such letter had been written.

CHAPTER XXVI.

TOO MANY, AND TOO FEW.

As he sat with his father that evening, he told the story of his quarrel with his cousin. His father shrugged his shoulders and raised his eyebrows. "You are a bolder man than I am," he said. "I certainly should not have dared to advise Hugh as to what he should do with his wife."

"But I did not advise him. I only said that I had been talking to her about it. If he were to say to you that he had been recommending my mother to do this or that, you would not take it amiss?"

"But Hugh is a peculiar man."

"No man has a right to be peculiar. Every man is bound to accept such usage as is customary in the world."

"I don't suppose that it will signify much," said the rector. "To have your cousin's doors barred against you, either here or in London, will not injure you."

"Oh, no; it will not injure me; but I do not wish you to think that I have been unreasonable."

The night went by and so did the next day, and still the letter did not get itself written. On the third morning after the funeral he heard that Sir Hugh had gone away; but he, of course, did not go up to the house, remembering well that he had been warned by the master not to do so in the master's absence. His mother, however, went to Lady Clavering, and some intercourse between the families was renewed. He had intended to stay but one day after the funeral, but at the end of a week he was still at the rectory. It was Whitsuntide he said, and he might as well take his holiday as he was down there. Of course they were glad that he should remain with them, but they did not fail to perceive that things with him were not altogether right; nor had Fanny failed to perceive that he had not once mentioned Florence's name since he had been at the rectory.

"Harry," she said, "there is nothing wrong between you and Florence?"

"Wrong! what should there be wrong? What do you mean by wrong?"

"I had a letter from her to-day, and she asks where you are."

"Women expect such a lot of letter-writing! But I have been remiss I know. I got out of my business way of doing things when I came down here and have neglected it. Do you write to her to-morrow, and tell her that she shall hear from me directly I get back to town."

"But why should you not write to her from here?"

"Because I can get you to do it for me."

Fanny felt that this was not at all like a lover, and not at all like such a lover as her brother had been. While Florence had been at Clavering he had been most constant with his letters, and Fanny had often heard Florence boast of them as being perfect in their way. She did not say anything further at the present moment, but she knew that things were not altogether right. Things were by no means right. He had written neither to Lady Ongar nor to Florence, and the longer he put off the task the more burdensome did it become. He was now telling himself that he would write to neither till he got back to London.

On the day before he went, there came to him a letter from Stratton. Fanny was with him when he received it, and observed that he put it into his pocket without opening it. In his pocket he carried it unopened half the day, till he was ashamed of his own weakness. At last, almost in despair with himself, he broke the seal and forced himself to read it. There was nothing in it that need have alarmed him. It contained hardly a word that was intended for a rebuke.

"I wonder why you should have been two whole weeks without writing," she said. "It seems so odd to me, because you have spoiled me by your customary goodness. I know that other men when they are engaged do not trouble themselves with constant letter-writing. Even Theodore, who, according to Cecilia, is perfect, would not write to her then very often; and now, when he is away, his letters are only three lines. I suppose you are teaching me not to be exacting. If so, I will kiss the rod like a good child; but I feel it the more because the lesson has not come soon enough."

Then she went on in her usual strain, telling him of what she had done, what she had read and what she had thought. There was no suspicion in her letter, no fear, no hint at jealousy. And she should have no further cause for jealousy! One of the two must be sacrificed, and it was most fitting

that Julia should be the sacrifice. Julia should be sacrificed—Julia and himself! But still he could not write to Florence till he had written to Julia. He could not bring himself to send soft, pretty, loving words to one woman while the other was still regarding him as her affianced lover.

"Was your letter from Florence this morning?" Fanny asked.

"Yes; it was."

"Had she received mine?"

"I don't know. Of course she had. If you sent it by post of course she got it."

"She might have mentioned it, perhaps."

"I daresay she did. I don't remember."

"Well, Harry; you need not be cross with me because I love the girl who is going to be your wife. You would not like it if I did not care about her."

"I hate being called cross."

"Suppose I were to say that I hated your being cross. I'm sure I do; and you are going away to-morrow, too. You have hardly said a nice word to me since you have been home."

Harry threw himself back into a chair almost in despair. He was not enough a hypocrite to say nice words when his heart within him was not at ease. He could not bring himself to pretend that things were pleasant.

"If you are in trouble, Harry, I will not go on teasing you."

"I am in trouble," he said.

"And cannot I help you?"

"No; you cannot help me. No one can help me. But do not ask any questions."

"Oh, Harry! is it about money?"

"No, no; it has nothing to do with money."

"You have not really quarrelled with Florence?"

"No; I have not quarrelled with her at all. But I will not answer more questions. And, Fanny, do not speak of this to my father or mother. It will be over before long, and then, if possible, I will tell you."

"Harry, you are not going to fight with Hugh?"

"Fight with Hugh! no. Not that I should mind it; but he is not fool enough for that. If he wanted fighting done, he would do it by deputy. But there is nothing of that kind."

She asked him no more questions, and on the next morning he returned to London. On his table he found a note which he at once knew to be from Lady Ongar, and which had come only that afternoon.

"Come to me at once; at once." That was all that note contained.

Fanny Clavering, while she was inquiring of her brother about his troubles, had not been without troubles of her own. For some days past she had been aware—almost aware—that Mr. Saul's love was not among the things that were past. I am not prepared to say that this conviction on her part was altogether an unalloyed trouble, or that there might have been no faint touch of sadness, of silent melancholy about her, had it been otherwise. But Mr. Saul was undoubtedly a trouble to her; and Mr. Saul with his love in activity would be more troublesome than Mr. Saul with his love in abeyance. "It would be madness either in him or in me," Fanny had said to herself very often; "he has not a shilling in the world." But she thought no more in these days of the awkwardness of his gait, or of his rusty clothes, or his

abstracted manner; and for his doings as a clergyman her admiration had become very great. Her mother saw something of all this, and cautioned her; but Fanny's demure manner deceived Mrs. Clavering. "Oh, mamma, of course I know that anything of the kind must be impossible; and I'm sure he does not think of it himself any longer." When she had said this, Mrs. Clavering had believed that it was all right. The reader must not suppose that Fanny had been a hypocrite. There had been no hypocrisy in her words to her mother. At that moment the conviction that Mr. Saul's love was not among past events had not reached her; and as regarded herself, she was quite sincere when she said that anything of the kind must be impossible.

It will be remembered that Florence Burton had advised Mr. Saul to try again, and that Mr. Saul had resolved that he would do so—resolving, also, that should he try in vain he must leave Clavering and seek another home. He was a solemn, earnest, thoughtful man; to whom such a matter as this was a phase of life very serious, causing infinite present trouble, nay, causing tribulation, and, to the same extent, capable of causing infinite joy. From day to day he went about his work, seeing her amid his ministrations almost daily. And never during these days did he say a word to her of his love—never since that day in which he had plainly pleaded his cause in the muddy lane. To no one but Florence Burton had he since spoken of it, and Florence had certainly been true to her trust; but, notwithstanding all that, Fanny's conviction was very strong.

Florence had counselled Mr. Saul to try again, and Mr. Saul was prepared to make the attempt; but he was a man who allowed himself to do nothing in a hurry. He thought much of the matter before he could prepare himself to recur to the subject; doubting, sometimes, whether he would be right to do so without first speaking to Fanny's father; doubting, afterward, whether he might not best serve his cause by asking the assistance of Fanny's mother. But he resolved at last that he would depend on himself alone. As to the rector, if his suit to Fanny were a fault against Mr. Clavering as Fanny's father, that fault had been already committed. But Mr. Saul would not admit himself that it was a fault. I fancy that he considered himself to have, as a gentleman, a right to address himself to any lady with whom he was thrown into close contact. I fancy that he ignored all want of worldly preparation—never for a moment attempting to place himself on a footing with men who were richer than himself, and, as the world goes, brighter, but still feeling himself to be in no way lower than they. If any woman so lived as to show that she thought his line better than their line, it was open to him to ask such a woman to join her lot to his. If he failed, the misfortune was his; and the misfortune, as he well knew, was one which it was hard to bear. And as to the mother, though he had learned to love Mrs. Clavering dearly—appreciating her kindness to all those around her, her conduct to her husband, her solicitude in the parish, all her genuine goodness, still he was averse to trust to her for any part of his success. Though Mr. Saul was no knight, though he had nothing knightly about him, though he was a poor curate in very rusty clothes and with manner strangely unfitted for much communion with the outer world, still he had a feeling that the spoil which he desired to win should be won by his own spear, and that his triumph would lose half its glory if it were not achieved by his own prowess. He was no coward, even in such matters as this, or in any other. When circumstances de-

manded that he should speak he could speak his mind freely, with manly vigor, and sometimes not without a certain manly grace.

How did Fanny know that it was coming? She did know it, though he had said nothing to her beyond his usual parish communications. He was often with her in the two schools; often returned with her in the sweet Spring evenings along the lane that led back to the rectory from Cumberly Green; often inspected with her the little amounts of parish charities and entries of pence collected from such parents as could pay. He had never reverted to that other subject. But yet Fanny knew that it was coming, and when she had questioned Harry about his troubles she had been thinking also of her own.

It was now the middle of May, and the Spring was giving way to the early Summer almost before the Spring had itself arrived. It is so, I think, in these latter years. The sharpness of March prolongs itself almost through April, and then, while we are still hoping for the Spring, there falls upon us suddenly a bright, dangerous, delicious gleam of Summer. The lane from Cumberly Green was no longer muddy, and Fanny could go backward and forward between the parsonage and her distant school without that wading for which feminine apparel is so unsuited. One evening, just as she had finished her work, Mr. Saul's head appeared at the school-door, and he asked her whether she were about to return home. As soon as she saw his eye and heard his voice, she feared that the day was come. She was prepared with no new answer, and could only give the answer that she had given before. She had always told herself that it was impossible; and as to all other questions, about her own heart or such like, she had put such questions away from her as being unnecessary, and, perhaps, unseemly. The thing was impossible, and should therefore be put away out of thought, as a matter completed and at an end. But now the time was come, and she almost wished that she had been more definite in her own resolutions.

"Yes, Mr. Saul, I have just done."

"I will walk with you, if you will let me." Then Fanny spoke some words of experienced wisdom to two or three girls, in order that she might show to them, to him, and to herself that she was quite collected. She lingered in the room for a few minutes, and was very wise and very experienced. "I am quite ready now, Mr. Saul." So saying, she came forth upon the green lane, and he followed her.

THE MORMON COMMONWEALTH.

BY A MORMON ELDER.

THE Mormon religion is a nationality, and their church a part of the Republic of America. Whether in Utah or scattered among the nations of Europe, they are virtually part and parcel of a large social body and territory on this continent. If they have not yet emigrated to Utah, they all design to emigrate—every man, woman and child. Mormondom is a unit, religiously, socially and nationally, even though scattered throughout the whole earth. In Europe its commonwealth may be represented in the following, as it stands to-day:

The European Mission.—The churches in Europe are divided into conferences, and districts of conferences, and these sub-divided into branches and districts of branches. In England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, the British mission is organized into forty-four conferences, of which two only, Belfast and Dublin, are in Ireland. The rest cover the whole of Great Britain.

The whole number of Mormon souls outside of Utah is about as follows: In Great Britain, 54,000; Scandinavia, 30,000; rest of Europe, 90,000; Ireland, about 600. Total, 174,600.

The Scandinavian mission now numbers about ten thousand, over and above its emigrations for the last twelve or fourteen years. It is much younger than the British mission. The following from its presiding elder will give a notion of its spirit:

COPENHAGEN, June 23, 1866.

President Brigham Young, Jr. (head of the European mission):

DEAR BROTHER:—I feel happy to have the privilege of sending you the half-yearly statistical and financial report. The fruits of the labors of the elders have been 728 baptisms, of which 422 for Denmark, 217 for Sweden, and 89 for Norway, and the prospects for future additions are still bright; and I trust we will soon fill in the decrease caused by this season's emigration. . . . The saints are longing to emigrate, and I have no doubt they will do all they possibly can to release themselves from the shackles of Babylon; and, judging from their efforts this year, I think a goodly number will emigrate next season, if the Lord sees fit to keep the way open for the deliverance of his people, which I hope and pray for. . . .

C. WIDERBORG.

Then there is the Australian mission, the Swiss, Italian, Cape of Good Hope, Sandwich Islands, Bombay, East India, Malta; some of these unimportant now. It is where the Anglo-Saxon and kindred races are that one must look for the Mormon power. Australia will, of course, sooner or later, be great. So we may expect of New Zealand, where it is now beginning to work. A gentleman from that land, Danish by birth, came across the Plains with me this season, bound on a mission to New Zealand.

One of the most potent and singular of our church institutions is priesthood without hire—divines without pay. We have a non-paid ministry, from

Brigham to the last man ordained. It is our business both to do the work and to find the means. It is given to the apostles, especially, to "build up the kingdom." Let the apostles see that the work is done, is the imperative law written upon our hearts. Now, the eighty-two quorums of seventies are also ordained apostles, thus making the Mormon priesthood to already amount to nearly 6,000 apostles, beside high priests, bishops, etc. These ranks, however, are simply higher in our quorums, not in our apostleship. To the apostle then is given the work to be done, the twelve holding the "keys to unlock the nations;" and the seventies are their immediate aids. The home work, more directly belonging to the bishops, high councils, etc., is also carried on without salary, and you would find it difficult to get even the church clerks at home to acknowledge that they are salaried servants, though, of course, they and their families are supported out of the general treasury. But the ministerial labors of the priesthood are all moving upon the principle "without purse or scrip," at home and abroad. *See that the work is done* is the standing ordinance to all. But the pay for our labors, and the means to do it? "See that the work is done!" is the stern answer that we all get back. It is the law of each, and thus we are all thrown upon our own source-creating power and executive ability. The twelve and seventies are called on missions to the nations; they sell stock, houses or farms, or draw from their merchant tills, provide for their families while they are away, and off to the nations, bearing their own expenses. When they are in their fields of labor, their own efficiency must find the means for their support and the carrying on of the work. Where there are branches, of course they yield their revenue, but in all new fields, there the perseverance, self-reliance and source-creating ability of the elders are taxed to the uttermost. What has this not made us? Cannot the reader see that it has given us character, made us equal to the accomplishing of anything—miracle-workers—without money as our motive power? Had we waited till the church could have "hired" us, we should have accomplished next to nothing. Had archbishops and bishops of the established churches of the day undertaken the work, and men of capital backed them with their millions, they would have bankrupted their treasury, and done not one tithe of that which we have done. Yet we were rich in the best of means and most potent of agencies—men, mind, and our institutions, and these brought forth the results. We have created all out of ourselves! And now that the church is wealthy, we still adhere to the system "without purse or scrip," and ever shall, for we find it mightier for our work than the wealth of a nation at our back. Even at home we have no place for paid preachers. There is no craving for nicely-made sermons. We go to the tabernacle for worship, not sermon-making; and Brigham and a few others are the only ones who dare to preach much at home. The fact is, we are workers, not spouters; and a paid ministry would be just as worthless at home as non-effectual for our work abroad.

The Mormon "Army."—Here is our army: First, there are, I think, eighty-two quorums of the seventies. These are organized expressly for the missionary movements in foreign lands. Their duty and calling is, under the Twelve Apostles, to carry the work into all the world, and then bring back their harvest sheaves to the body of the church. When the elders from fatherlands, who have built up missions there under American presidents, gather home, they are organized into these quorums of seventies, which are thus constantly increasing. Although it is their duty to work among the

nations, they have, excepting in a sprinkling of cases, been working at home building up Utah. But there is the sequel. They have laid the foundation of a hundred settlements and cities, and, now then, comes their proper work. Beside these there is a large quorum of high priests, and the bishops under the presiding bishopric. There are also high councils of States and cities, but, beyond these seventies, the work of these branches of the Mormon priesthood is presiding and building up at home. But this army of eighty-two quorums of the seventies is for foreign service and the great Mormon warfare. These seventies' quorums have over each seven presidents, and over the whole there is a quorum of seven presidents of all the seventies, at whose head is Brigham's brother, Uncle Joseph, the beloved of the people. While Brigham is the universal brother among the saints, Joseph is no less the general uncle. The one is the venerated head of the family, the other the compassionate, quick-throbbing heart. Joseph Young has never grown out of the beautiful nature of the child. He is the friend of everybody; all of us seventies love him, as though he was our own father, and Joseph is the most enthusiastic and earnest in the work of us all. In this we, his boys, cannot overmatch him with all our youthfulness. And here I will note a fact without dwelling upon it. Those who have built up the foreign missions, literally, were boys. I was myself in the field at twenty, and sixteen years of a travelling elder's experience is not without events. This is true of thousands more of our young elders, some of whom had not reached the age of twenty when they took their hymn book and bible and went out to the world with their missions "*without purse or scrip*." I have not space here to tell the Mormon elders' experience in the field, and the eventful career of our boy missionaries. These are they who form the seventies. They form the "army" that Brigham and his brother Joseph will hurl upon our fatherlands; these are the hunters soon bound to the nations to fill up our hundred settlements, and to spread over the territory cities without number. Beside the seventies, there are also the elders' quorum, and the priests, teachers and deacons' quorums. These all, in time, pass into the seventies, and, in time, our army of seventies will be innumerable. If from six members who formed the church thirty-six years ago, the great results of the present have grown, what will this innumerable corps accomplish in the thirty-six years to come? What if we are let alone to carry on our work peaceably? What if we are not let alone, but kicked about abundantly? This kicking about, by the way, has helped wonderfully to make us what we are. All the quorums of the whole Mormon Commonwealth are under Brigham Young and his counsellors—Heber C. Kimball and Daniel H. Wells and the Twelve Apostles, with Orson Hyde at their head.

Nowhere can the great Mormon movement of the age be so well understood as in its foreign missions. In working out the problem of these, you have the sum of the whole. You see at once the character and forces of the community, their earnestness and fortitude, what they will and what they won't do, what has been their past, what will be their future. It is out of them that the community has grown, in them their character was formed, their complete and forceful organism perfected, for even after they emigrate, they are but so many organisms of missions brought together into geographical unity: nothing has changed but territory. They are one great *commonwealth*, though scattered throughout the whole earth, and Brigham is as much their temporal and spiritual ruler in foreign missions as he is at home,

perhaps even more absolutely. In knowing what his strength is in Utah, and what Mormondom is there, one may know what it is in Europe, providing you give it enough multiplication. The immense power Brigham Young holds over Europe is not known. I think the Mormons know it not themselves, but they will find it ere long, not in the carrying out of a defined administrative budget, now in the mind of every elder, but when Brigham comes to that part of his work he will define it for the elders, and it will be seen that he has more power to move Europe and make it palpitate than has the whole United States. Of course, I speak not of war and diplomacy in courts, but in missionary and emigration movements among the peoples of the mother countries, to the throwing of hundreds of thousands, aye, millions upon this continent.

The Administrative Body.—There is not only a president in each conference, but under him there are a number of Mormon travelling elders, whose duty it is to travel from branch to branch, to keep the churches in the faith and carry on the executive functions of the work. They proselyte where they can, but of latter years have paid more attention to church stability and efficiency directed toward emigration. These branches of the conferences are all presided over by local presidents, selected from the people themselves. The branch president has his own daily business as a tradesman or a workingman, preaches, holds council meetings (for which latter the Mormons are famous), keeps his own family, and at the same time helps support the work out of his private means, and is always supposed to lead in this matter. Indeed, he would be moved from his place were he ever so eloquent, if he was not the foremost in doing in every matter to the extent of his ability. Here also we find in the Mormon Commonwealth, as with the presidents of conferences, that the branch presidents are men selected for their administrative capacity and energy in the work, and not for their spouting talents, which it must be owned are generally but small. I would myself sooner listen to an organ-grinder than to a Mormon branch president. Speaker Colfax who, as Mr. Bowles in his book boasts, whipped Brigham's sermon with his great oration, and flabbergasted the Mormons with his eloquence, could also whip nearly any of our branch presidents. Fortunately for us, Brigham is the type of an empire-founder and not the Speaker of the House. Yet I could pick out a hundred of our elders in Utah who could drown Mr. Colfax with their forceful eloquence, of Brigham's quality; who in Europe on the platform of public discussion have been the Davids to many a Goliath. It is not that the Mormons lack great speakers, but they are all more of Brigham Young's class, whose sermons are alive with force and earnestness, than those who can make a happy display.

Council Organizations.—I now come upon the most important feature in the organization of the Mormon church. This is, that lay membership is not one of its institutions, unless the women may be termed such. They are a nation of priests. There is no such a thing as mere membership in their body. All are ministers of some degree, all administrators in their great work. The reader will presently see, as we proceed and reach the organizations of Utah, what the Mormon Commonwealth means, and what one of their movements mean when they rise for one. Just imagine, by the way, that Prussia, who has whipped Austria, had now resolved itself into one great army of Imperial Germany, about to strike upon France for their sacred father Rhine, and you have an illustration of what the Mormon movement

of the future will mean. An approximation may be found in the putting of the Territory of Utah "upon wheels" in Buchanan's time, when the whole people started up at the lifting of Brigham's finger, for an exodus, whither they knew not, cared not, so that he led, and they, by their sacrifices, preserved their liberties and rights. But all this is in their very essential organization, and the character of their commonwealth, first evolved and nursed in Fatherland, and then amalgamated upon the Continent of America, to which all their operations throughout the world are directed, and the destiny of every Mormon's life points. Every man of the Mormon church, then, must be regarded not as a mere member, but as an apostle, etc., among the higher councils, and, as touching the foreign missions, members of conference, councils and branch councils. A branch is an organization of elders, priests, teachers and deacons; the *sisters* being the only lay members, and they have been, in the building up of foreign missions, nearly equal in their results with the men in missionary and emigration operations. In proselyting, I would give the palm to the sisters, for having done most in building up the churches in the old countries, and for being the very best preachers, according to the Mormon understanding of preaching, which means bringing people into the community, be it by the tongue or by any other influence. These elders, priests, teachers, deacons, and our administrative sisterhood, then, are all organized together, link to link, forming a mission, divided into districts of conferences, districts of branches, and branch councils. Every branch council regularly meets to carry on the work, and any one who happened to be at one of them would find that these Mormon branch officers had laid off the towns also into districts, and apportioned out to the laborers each branch district, organized under a president. Thus every county, town, village and city throughout her Majesty Victoria's Kingdom is most completely put under Mormon dominion. Some years ago her Majesty's Government and all England were moved into great demonstration when the Pope of Rome divided up the realm and gave it to Catholic bishops under Cardinal Wiseman; but Brigham and the Mormons have put Great Britain under a more complete dominion than did the Pope; and though in actual numbers our total is vastly below that of the Catholic church, Mormondom will in this age amount to more than Popedom in England. Moreover, the actual members do not tell the aggregate strength of the Mormon Commonwealth anywhere, for though it should be but the man and woman in the statistical membership of the mission, there will be in the results all the children. A total of twenty thousand, therefore, would swell into one hundred thousand souls of American population, and in a generation compound their multiplication. Utah abundantly illustrates this problem.

The "Millennial Star" is the official organ of the European mission. It comprises theological, ethical and sociological articles, from the pens of its editors and also from contributors, who are never paid for their contributions, the magazine being in the interest of the common cause, and not a private speculation. But chiefly the "Star" is for administrative purposes, and its editorials are presidential. It speaks to the whole mission with authority, and directs the work throughout Europe. All the churches on the European Continent take their executive cues from the "Star," and translate some of its articles and editorials into the church organs abroad. This is also the case in Wales. In consequence of the people there speaking another tongue, though they are incorporated with the British mission, there has existed something equivalent

to the branch executive organization of the other grand divisions of the European churches. The Welsh principality, as it is officially denominated, has issued millions of tracts and books, and for many years had a weekly church organ, all published in the Welsh language. This Welsh organ also took its cues from the "Millennial Star." The "Star" is always under the direction of the president of the whole European mission, and his name stands as the publisher and editor. As a necessity, however, the president being "everywhere," an assistant presides over the editorial department, and is the acting editor, but, as in the cases of George Q. Cannon and Orson Pratt of the Apostles, the presidents do themselves a great deal of writing. The assistant also always speaks to the churches as though he was president, and not in his own name, and in conformity with the work of the times. The "Millennial Star," therefore, is the voice and authority of the presidency to direct the whole body in their movements throughout the European mission. The "Star" is now in its twenty-seventh yearly volume. Nearly the whole of this time it has been printed by R. James, who was not in the church, but who made his fortune out of it. The "Star" is now printed by the "L. D. S. European Publishing and Emigration Office."

The Mormons are Wesleyans.—We differ very little, excepting in a few peculiarities—such as polygamy—from the ancient Wesleyans. Most of us are from that body—from Wesleyan parents, Sunday schools and churches. The writer's grandfather was an early Methodist, and a member of the connection fifty-two years. Thus it is with many more of our body, many of whom have been Wesleyan local preachers; Brigham and his brothers were Methodists, and, spite of our few outward differences, there are no people so much like John Wesley and his early followers in spirit, faith and missionary energy, and almost every other distinctive feature, as the Mormons. It is true, we are Baptists, but it is Wesleyan Baptists.

The church has not grown out of polygamy, but polygamy out of the church, and it is just as consistent that we may outgrow that peculiar institution. It was not published in England till about 1852, and we ourselves have fought it much at first, and strange to say the men have done this as much as the women. It could not in human possibilities have been established, save as a divine institution. The very virtues of the people and not their vice is the only explanation of how it could ever have obtained among an Anglo-Saxon race, and lived a day in an institutional form. The Mormon faith holds marriage as a cardinal doctrine of salvation to all. Every man must have a wife, and every woman a husband, and as the Mormons, male and female, all manage, without exception, to marry, you have in that fact much of the philosophy and design of polygamy in a nutshell. We *will not* make our sisters prostitutes. They shall be called what they are—wives—though it should offend all the world, and make every city famed for prostitution, cry Shame! Offspring is also a paramount object with the Mormons of both sexes. There is an anti-polygamic act, we all know. Apropos of that, has not the reader fallen across the circumstance of a zealous missionary, who, having converted a king, with cannibal habits, and seven wives, insisted upon an anti-polygamic act. The king solved the problem of getting into monogamy by going home and eating six wives. There was more logic in him than in the zealous missionary. Now Congress may pass a thousand anti-polygamic acts, but it will never get a Mormon to eat his wives nor prostitute a sister of his faith. It would have been a noble man

who, before the war, freed his slaves, but he would be a monster among those who had once adopted polygamy, however much mistaken in it, who would eat his wives, or, what would be still blacker-hearted, though more consonant with a too general practice in *civilized* society, cast them out as abandoned things and bastardize his children. Do not be troubled over polygamy. It will not hurt the virtuous society of the States, while most of us will be satisfied if we have one *good* wife, and very much indisposed to run the risk of getting a bad one and multiplying trouble. But be it always understood that doomsday shall come first, ere we will fall to and eat our wives, or cast them out, or call our dear lambkins bastards.

Brigham Young has a very strong hold upon England. Leaving out the sub-missions on the continent of Europe, I have shown that England, Scotland and Wales are divided into between forty and fifty conferences, where is carried on a regular and continuous administration of the Mormon Commonwealth. I give not emphasis to numbers of members, but design to bring out strongly the organization and administrative agencies, for in this alone can it be understood what we amount to. These forty-two conferences have each of them a president. A conference extends throughout one county of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, and sometimes the larger ones into several counties. These conferences are divided into branches, amounting in some instances to twenty or thirty to a conference, but generally not exceeding ten. These cover the whole county, or more, and their members are in nearly every town and village in Great Britain. Thus we have everywhere in that kingdom the germs and agencies of a vast future growth and work, whenever the time comes for Brigham to throw his own force and the whole force of the church into it. It is true that, in consequence of a twelve years' devotion to emigrational affairs, and the suspension of missionary movements from an all-absorbing activity, to give place to the working-up of a great administrative organism, resulting in the emigration of tens of thousands, the numbers of the church there are less than they once were. Branches have been amalgamated together, and one branch might contain members scattered into several towns or villages, for it must be noted that organization is ever kept intact, and as soon as any branch ceases to have sufficient importance as an organism, it is forthwith incorporated with another, and the administration preserved from breaking up. Thus it will be seen that, in one of its views, Mormondom and organism are synonymous. Mark it, therefore, that not only to the number of their branches, but in almost every village, town and city in the United Kingdom of Great Britain, there are Mormons—germs of a mighty future growth, and all linked together into a great administrative body. Here let me emphasize again, that Mormon missionary movements mean not sermon-making but administration—the government of the most peculiar and wonderful commonwealth that has ever existed since man was made.

The administrative ability of the Mormons is their preëminent characteristic. In this Brigham Young, who is on all sides admitted to be unsurpassed, fitly types his people. It is certainly true, that which Colfax, Richardson and Bowles have said, that Brigham did not make a very marked display in sermonizing, on the occasion when our distinguished visitors invited him to preach to them in the tabernacle, to show them what he could do in that line. Everybody in Salt Lake City remarked upon it, for it was clearly one of the worst things that ever Brigham had uttered in the whole history of his

preaching efforts. Perhaps it was, as scores of Mormons said, that the Lord wasn't going to let the President do his very best just then, by way of exhibition, even to our distinguished visitors. Further, it might be that Brigham was determined to do his very worst, for those who have observed him know that that is just like him, when somebody is waiting to clap him or reckon him up. This reminds me of a story I have heard of the President rebuking a crowded tabernacle audience, who forgot themselves in a fit of enthusiasm and applauded him. "Did they think they were in a theatre?" If Brother Colfax and his companions thought to be carried away with a furor of applause, they were disappointed. We did clap the Hon. Speaker of the House, for we are in the habit of doing such things, but never to Brigham. The men are of different types. But all admit the Mormon President's wonderful executive and organizing capacity. We have heard him very powerful and eloquent in speech; and, on great occasions, few men ever moved an audience more, or were more capable of electrifying a nation with a master speech than Brigham Young; but it is less as an example of sermonizing than as a manifesto in some great crisis, or as the impetus of some vast movement, into which a whole territory, and, in fact, Mormondom everywhere, is at once thrown by the force that he gives. Men wonderfully gifted with "gab" are seldom great administrators, and in the latter character Brigham has, perhaps, not an equal in the world. Hence, wherever you find Mormondom, there you find wonderful organism and great executive capacity. In the missions you often, aye, almost generally, find poor sermon-makers presiding over conferences, and the first-class preachers of the mission are as a rule poor—at least too poor for the Mormon efficiency—in presiding and administrative places. Indeed, it has been often found that telling preachers have managed, or mismanaged, to get their conferences into difficulties and debt, when men who could scarcely "hold forth" for a quarter of an hour without giving one a pain in the stomach, made their conference move like clockwork. In fact, Mormondom is clockwork, and hence its tremendous success. There has been comparatively little done by preaching, in the common acceptation of the word, but everything by missionary operations. Does this seem a paradox? Solve it, and you will understand much of the Commonwealth of Mormondom, the secret of its success, and the whole character of the Mormon community.

In the future, our base of operations will be changed. Preaching will be less than ever like sermon-making. Holding discussions, lecturing, etc., will take too much of our time. Our tract societies, and missionary movements based upon them, will be exploded. We have a more powerful way of preaching. We shall go to hunt up our fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters—all our kin. If they ever loved us—if we ever had a schoolmate or friend that held us in his heart, there shall be a speech created in them that shall preach for us sermons that shall out-sermon ten thousand eloquent tongues. We shall ask how dared they to outcast those whom they loved, and had confidence in, till their new-found faith came. We shall go for them who have outcast us. Those who gathered from the old countries as hardy working men, but now men of property and farms in Utah, will hunt up poor relations and gather them home, to share in their prosperity; and they will go to deliver them from lands distracted with war and civil strife. We will wake them up everywhere whom we love. A hundred thousand people must be connected with millions of relations, companions and old acquaintances. We will hunt them

up, and strike them where they have struck us—in the heart; and give them our revenge—good for evil. The Mormon elders have, from the beginning, preached of their mission first as that of the “fishers” sent to the nations, and then as the “hunters.” The work of the one is past; the other, opening before us. Let the reader remember what I have shown of the hold of the Mormon organization in almost every city, town, village and hamlet throughout the United Kingdom of Great Britain, and it will be seen how much we are going to make that nation palpitate with our movements. The Mormon seventies will put their administrative heads into their hearts, and the world will be astonished at beholding what a Mormon multiplication sum will be wrought out.

UTAH.

Utah must not be considered as merely one community crowded into one large city. As in all other cases, reckon not up our sum by mere numbers, but coupled with the multiplying capacity of our organizations. In this case, call us not so many in number, but so many cities and settlements spread over much territory. This can stand for our census: Cache County (the granary of Utah), comprising fifteen cities and settlements; Washington County (the cotton country of Utah), eleven; San Pete County, eleven; Kane County (named in honor of the brother of the famous Arctic explorer), eight; Iron County, eight; Millard County (with Fillmore, the former capital of Utah, principal), six; Great Salt Lake County, five; eleven more counties, including thirty-two settlements and cities. Total, ninety-six settlements and cities.

Here again we have these germs of Mormon growth, which they scatter everywhere like so much seed sown, designed in Brigham's policy to bring forth crops of harvest. The fact is, our work is empire-founding, and its chief apostle understands it, and is marvellously endowed with the peculiar capacities and experience for his mission. It is not as a State growing up haphazard and through ordinary circumstances; but this has all been brought about by a defined programme to which the President has worked. Hence, no sooner had he fairly planted the germ of Salt Lake City than he began to send out *missions* to raise up cities and settlements, and that is just how Utah Territory has grown up. The apostles who had once led the work into foreign lands, and other representative men, now led home missions, as presidents of States and bishops, to preach the Gospel in the building up of a powerful State of the American Union: ever in their genius and religious character like the Puritans, doing a vast amount of praying with a vast amount of work as sermons, do these Mormons come out to the view. But think not that this building up of settlements and cities upon the missionary principle is a very come-atable problem to any other people but ourselves. Nothing would be more impracticable; and Utah to-day would simply have amounted to a few principal places on the route to California and the mining territories, in the hands of any other but the Mormons. But the Mormons had a commonwealth to evolve, and all knew and were well impressed by Brigham of the necessity of laying themselves out for this, and of sinking themselves in the public good; and thus has Mormondom, with its hundred settlements, grown to its present proportions on this continent.

The cotton country was the last mission. Cotton was most important to the future growth and self-support of the people; grape vineyards desirable; and they must extend their settlements to the Rio Virgen and Colorado

River. So Brigham, following his programme, which forces all private interests to yield to the general weal, called a large number of men of property to sell out in Salt Lake City and elsewhere, and establish the cotton country—as if five hundred men of substance in New York were counselled by the nation to sell out and go and settle a hard district, with the prospects of bread and water for their families for a year or so: and all for the *public good!* The cotton mission was called in 1860; abundance of good lots and houses were instantly flung into the market, to the no small satisfaction of the new settlers; and the old ones, who had made nice, warm nests, were transplanted to a climate where they could be certainly warm enough without them. But all these sacrifices of a few years have always been rewarded, and have brought out large farmers, great stock-raisers, merchants; and now will produce extensive cotton-raisers and lords of vineyards. Brigham has made us a great and well-to-do people, by his policy, our faith in him, and his character and force to move and mould a community to the best interest of their commonwealth.

The tithing system is our great financial scheme. The whole church is under the law of tithing. The most advanced financial reformers of all nations have aimed toward a system of direct taxation as the model scheme. The Mormons have it in their tithing system, and have incorporated it as their fundamental institution of finance. Not by promiscuous collections from congregations is the work carried on, but we have a national source of revenue from direct taxation of an entire people. It is not designed to pay a ministry, as has been seen, but for the growth of the community socially at home, the carrying on of the work abroad, and to aid the emigrations. By-and-by the church treasury must become inexhaustible. When the whole resources of a financial scheme of such magnitude and directness, of a community grown immense in wealth, shall be brought to bear upon some great national enterprise, what *then* will be the results? We do not yet realize the potency and magnitude of the institutions that we have in our hands, nor the amount of men and means at our command. When we all realize it, as our leader does, we shall do infinitely more than now. Brigham Young is the "trustee in trust" for the whole church. Our enemies play upon this. The "*Vedette*," published at Camp Douglass, says Brigham is quoted by the Bank of England as third in deposit of capital in that bank, amounting, I think, to seven or eight million pounds sterling. But I would not have any one place dependence on it, yet I hope the church has that amount there. Almost the fool can see that Brigham cannot reach any great personal end, or do anything without enlarging the whole of his people. Who has made us what we are? Under Providence, since Joseph Smith's death, Brigham Young has done it. It is his interest, his destiny, the great future of his name and mission in the world, to make his people a power. It is *profitable* to us to be true to our mission, and to each other, and to make the most of our splendid institutions, which in their aim and scope take in the whole, and reach the minutest detail in the most direct method. Thus it is with our financial scheme of tithing; and Brigham, Heber, Daniel and the Twelve pay their tithing, more strictly, perhaps, than any of us, and out of their landed property, mills, factories, farms, etc., they support themselves and grow rich.

Industrial and Social Totals.—As above stated, Utah consists of about 100,000 souls in ninety-six cities and settlements. About 7,000 of them are farmers, who have under cultivation about 140,000 acres of land. The Territory produces about 480,000 sacks of flour yearly, out of which Montana

Territory, with its 20,000 or more souls, is supplied. An immense quantity of dried fruit is also raised, part of which goes to Montana. Great Salt Lake City is a city of orchards, and from the "bench" on the mountains the houses seem, in the Summer, to be peeping out of a forest. The most plentiful fruits are apricots, apples and strawberries. Stock-raising is also an important branch of the farming interests. Horses, cattle and sheep are raised. Hitherto many of them have died on the open ranges in Winter, but better care is now being taken of them. George A. Smith, a cousin of Joseph, and one of the Twelve, said, in his rough phrase, speaking of the richness of the Territory in stock, "Utah is lousy with cattle." Southern Utah will be a land of vineyards and cotton. The Mormons are temperate, but not teetotallers. They will not be whiskey drinkers, but they are social and home abiding people, and they will consume their own home-made wines. Cotton has already been raised in Utah. Some loads of it were wagoned into the States years ago, but the cost of hauling was more than the cotton could bear, and the production has not been much stimulated. When the Pacific Railroad opens, it will increase again. In manufactures, of cotton particularly, a good beginning has been made. A large quantity of cotton yarn is already spun from cotton grown in the Territory. There are two large cotton factories, one of them belonging to Brigham Young, and there are several smaller ones. The whole Mormon community has long been, and is still, clothed in cloth and linsey of homespun, and almost every house is a home manufactory. The centre of the Utah cotton interest will be at St. George, the capital of Southern Utah, which is expected to become the commercial rival of Salt Lake City. The Deseret Mercantile Association was formed expressly for the development of the cotton country. All the leading capitalists of Salt Lake and the Territory are included in this, and they have, by way of a beginning, spent \$20,000 already in erecting a warehouse on the Colorado River.

Great Salt Lake City now covers an area of six square miles, and contains some 20,000 inhabitants. The streets are rectangular and eight rods in width. There are twenty-one wards, with a bishop and his two counsellors to each; and all the bishops throughout the Territory are under the presiding bishop of the church, Edward Hunter, formerly of Pennsylvania, with his two counsellors. The bishops appoint teachers, whose office it is to visit from house to house. Brother Brigham and the Apostles receive these visitors from time to time, who drop in to know if they are doing their duties in good fellowship with the church, holding family prayers, etc. I have often known some good, simple brother, or an artless youth of eighteen, visiting an Apostle, or president of a mission, to know if he was "all right" and exercised faith and prayer. What a republican kind of institution!—a youthful member of the church visiting its pope, cardinals and bishops to confess them! This is no mere form, but carried out with a good deal of earnest simplicity on both sides. The duty of the bishops is to administer in temporal matters and outward ordinances. Each ward has its schoolhouse, where, Sunday evenings, meetings and the councils of the ward priesthood are held to carry on the executive affairs of the church. There are six large halls used for literary and scientific purposes and social parties. The Mormons have done a good deal of dancing, which always opens and closes with prayer. A curious mixture, certainly; but then how can one judge a Mormon by a common rule, to whom everything is a part of his religion?

There is a regular municipal government, with the mayor, councilmen and

aldermen, and thus throughout the Territory. As for the capabilities of the city for future growth, just imagine a valley twenty-five miles across, surrounded by a belt of mountains, and it can be seen at a glance that there is room to build up one of the largest cities in the world. Boston is no longer the "hub of the universe." Mormondom claims it for Great Salt Lake City. Providence has thrown the Mormons on to the back bone of the American Continent, and they will most certainly hold on. We will not be bowled off. The attempt to do it is vain. You cannot root up a territory of a hundred settlements and cities, and the American Nation dare not send the people to the slaughterhouse, even though a part of them are polygamists—Bowles says not more than one fourth, correctly I should think. Moreover, we are profitable to the Nation. We have helped it much in its Western development of empire, and shall help it much more. Then railroad companies, New York's great merchant houses, and everybody else, will, by-and-by, have some self-interest in letting us live. Encase yourself in the self-interest of others, and it shall cover for you a multitude of sins. Good God, what a satire upon mankind have I penned!

The principal merchants of Utah are Mr. Jennings, Mr. Godbe, Kimball & Lawrence, Walker Brothers, Ransohoff, Bassett & Co. There are minor merchants, also, who do considerable amounts of business, and for the last few years Jew merchants from California and the Eastern States have poured into Salt Lake City like locusts. The sons of father Jacob, as if from instinct, always flock to a city just about the time that an extraordinary commercial epoch is coming toward it. The reader, perhaps, will be surprised at the amount of business that these Salt Lake merchants already do. Mr. Jennings, when he was in New York this Spring, purchasing goods for the Salt Lake market, stated that his sales alone last year amounted to more than two millions of dollars. Mr. Godbe, beside carrying on his staple business, yearly comes East as an agent for the people, making very extensive purchases for them. The bankers of Salt Lake City are Holliday & Halsey, Noonan, Orr & Co. and Kerr & Co. Mr. Jennings' new store cost \$65,000; Godbe's already \$80,000, and when finished, \$90,000 will have been expended on it. Godbe has also another nearly completed of cut stone, cost \$35,000. Woodmanse Brothers have erected a costly store of cut stone. Ransohoff has also built another, so have Bassett & Co., and Walker Brothers have built a number of stores less costly, and are building a row of stores now; then there is their grand store in the process of erection, the cost of which will be say \$60,000 or \$70,000. Other stores have also been built, and all these in about four years. These merchant princes are also erecting their private palaces. Godbe's gravel-wall, octagon house (on Fowler's plan), cost \$10,000, and his Gothic cottage, \$12,000. One firm, Walker Brothers, have built three private residences in the suburbs, costing something over \$30,000 each; and Mr. Jennings designs a magnificent house upon the bench, far surpassing all the rest. Jennings, in fact, is the millionaire of Mormondom, and he abounds with energy and enterprise. So also do Walker Brothers; and all these men have grown up from nothing in Salt Lake City in a few years. The instincts of commerce are generally keen, and this building of magnificent stores and palaces by our merchant princes, oracles much for the stability and future of Mormondom.

The telegraph also is becoming one of our institutions. All over the Territory the people are fast planting telegraph poles. Every important settle-

ment of Utah will be connected with Great Salt Lake City by the electric nerves of the age. I was informed to-day by Oscar Young, Brigham's son, bound on a mission to England, that before October is expired the telegraph wires will be up everywhere in Utah. A mule train came down to the States this Spring to freight back the wire for this purpose. As soon as the main line of the Pacific railroad reaches Great Salt Lake City, branch lines may be expected to follow in the track of the telegraph poles.

There are every year sent down to the frontiers of the Eastern States, about five hundred teams, to bring home the emigrants from Europe. Every settlement sends its quota. They come from the extreme of Southern Utah, making a journey of five hundred miles, before being organized by the presiding bishop and his council in Great Salt Lake City, from whom they receive written instructions. The leading item of these is, that the companies shall have prayers morning and night. The emigrants from Europe are brought from Liverpool to the frontiers for seven or eight pounds sterling, and thence taken home by the Perpetual Emigration Fund Company, to whom the emigrants refund the expenses when able. This is another evidence how a whole people move as one man into any work. None is supposed to say it is too far or the undertaking too arduous.

Literature has also a home in Utah. The "Deseret News," a weekly, has been considered as the church organ. It also publishes a semi-weekly. Its editor is Albert Carrington, one of our best legislators. T. B. H. Stenhouse publishes the daily "Telegraph" and semi-weekly "Telegraph." These two establishments are no petty editorial offices, found, after much searching, up in the garret of garrets, as with some of our great-gun papers of New York who arrogate a literary autocracy. Everything in Utah is big and solid. The "Deseret News" establishment is one of the largest on the Pacific, and last Christmas the printers and editorial corps of the daily "Telegraph" sat down to supper about thirty strong. Several days before leaving New York, Mr. Stenhouse informed me that he had collected advertisements from the New York firms this season to the amount of \$4,000. This advertising in a newspaper of a distant Territory will give an idea of what the eastern merchants think already of Utah as a field for their commerce. T. B. H. Stenhouse is the postmaster of Great Salt Lake City, and special agent of the United States Postal Department for Utah. He once belonged to the *corps* of the New York "Herald." There is also published in Great Salt Lake City the "Juvenile Instructor," edited by George Q. Cannon, one of the twelve apostles.

Salt Lake City has one of the largest and best theatres in America. Its green-room, dressing-rooms and complete establishment for the management and company, for the purposes of acting, are only surpassed at the Boston theatre. The costumes, properties and scenery are all in keeping. Julia Dean (Hayne), though accustomed to metropolitan sovereignty, has deemed it not unworthy her reign for nearly eighteen months. Her engagements, however, have expired. Other professionals have starred there. Mr. Forrest himself is expected to visit Salt Lake on his return from California.

There is a very extensive Philharmonic Society in Great Salt Lake City, and its branches extend over the whole Territory. In musical organizations, as in every other organization and growth in Mormondom, when a movement begins at headquarters, thence it flies everywhere throughout Utah. It is designed at an early date, at the opening of the great tabernacle, to amalgamate a choral body from the branch choirs, to the number of one thousand perform-

ers. The new tabernacle will have the second largest organ in America. They design also to build a fine musical college, and establish its professorship. David O. Calder is the director of the association. Brigham Young, however, is president of this and also of the dramatic association. We are eminently a people of *institutions*. Everything that grows up is not a petty bubble, but it becomes consolidated into one of our national institutions, to stand as long as we stand, and progress with our growth. Hence, Brigham will ever be the patron and head of these unfoldings of our civilization.

The Militia of Utah.—Notwithstanding that our warfare is not a military one, nor our mission at all resembling that of Mahomet and his disciples, yet, as might be expected from an Anglo-Saxon race and Americans, they would boldly maintain their national rights and religious conscience. Accordingly, throughout the Territory they have a powerful militia of all the able-bodied men, organized for their own defence and the service of their common country, should ever the parent Government call upon Utah to stand beside the sister States on the battle-field to fight for the cause and empire of the nation. The Mormon battalion—the same organization that served in the Mexican war—and the famous Nauvoo Legion stand as the two leading branches of the militia corps. This militia are “minute-men.” At a call from Brigham Young the whole Territory would be in arms as in a moment; for it cannot be denied that, though Brigham is not the Governor of the Territory, he is the governor of the people. He is the first citizen of Utah—we claim nothing more for him—and will ever be found to lead us in the path of duty to our common country, which we all love more intensely because that love is incorporated as a part of our religion—not of our politics, for we have none.

RECAPITULATION.

Mormondom consists of about 275,000 souls, of whom all the adults are priests and missionaries, whenever ordered. Its home is Utah, where its base of operations covers 175,000 square miles, where four-elevenths of its force is working in one mass under the single strong control of Brigham Young, and has already a powerful organization; a hundred cities or settlements; farms, manufactures and commerce; in short, a commonwealth rounded and complete within itself. From this great heart there pulses forth the blood of Mormondom—the stream of missionary work, now actively pushed by some thousands of energetic men, and sweeping in to the centre a great annual immigration of converts made abroad. It has one state religion, a civil organization substantially identical and absolutely harmonious with that religion, a unity of spirit which makes the whole one soul for missions, conversions and emigrations, and throughout an entire subjection of material good to spiritual progress. What more is necessary to insure a great empire in the near future?

EDWARD M. TULLIDGE.

GIL GARAY.

IN San Francisco, in 1849—that Year One of the fierce founding of the city—on the corner of Pacific and Stockton Streets there was a sort of *Venta de Juanilla*, or Jenny's Tavern, such as Bryant describes in one of his pleasant letters from Spain; and, like him, we found it between the placid, monotonous Burgos of "Washerwoman's Bay," and the mad, many-mannered Madrid of the Plaza. Unlike the flaring, blaring, swearing "saloons," half dance-house, half gaming-hell, of the more American quarter, the *Fonda de los Cuatro Amigos* was a true hostelry, with beds and a *table d'hôte*; and the Jenny of it was a buxom cosmopolitaine, dimpled, soft-fingered, tender and sharp, who called herself "Veuve Tastu," shrugged her shoulders in French, tipped Rhine wine in German, waltzed in Spanish, flirted in American, and chatted in all four languages, at the same time explaining to you that her *Cuatro Amigos* meant France, Germany, Spain, and the United States; a woman of one idea in a polyglot form, and that idea—the Veuve Tastu.

This most politic widow had plied her complaisances in her natural calling of landlady since her twentieth year—she was now about thirty-five—at first in Valparaiso and Santiago, and afterward in Callao and Lima, and by many adroit arts, somewhat more agreeable than scrupulous, had cultivated a paying good-will for her fixtures, not only among fandango-loving Mexicans, Chilians and Peruvians, and all those careless motes of French that dance lightly, idly, up and down in the bright, soft sunshine of the isles, but among those encroaching, buccaneering Americans as well, who spree, and raid, and filibuster through the tropics; and especially those rootless rovers, the very gulf-weed of humanity, the German adventurers of the Pacific coast, who are forever drifting forth and back among the trade-winds,

Sport of the spoom of the surging sea,
Flung on the foam afar and anear.

The building in which these friendly nationalities met to eat, drink and be merry together, was one of the several "old *adobes*" that constituted the last remaining memorials of that unconscious Californian hamlet of Yerba Buena, which woke up one morning and found itself famous by the ponderable realization of the golden dreams of many a romantic adventurer. The four of these flea-infested relics most dear to the Old Californian heart were the old *adobe* on the corner of Clay and Kearney Streets, the first hotel; the old *adobe* on the Plaza, the first custom-house; the old *adobe* on Dupont Street, the first great trading depot, and the old *adobe* of our *Cuatro Amigos*. These old *adobes* stood for all that was old in the newest order of things under the sun; and, swept away at last by manifest destiny, American enterprise, and six great fires, they took with them the last mute remonstrance of the original native life. To this day an old *adobe* embodies a pioneer's idea of ancient history; when he says "old," he means 1849; he believes that Time was dis-

covered by Captain Sutter; MDCCCXLIX is the alphabet of his antiquarian research, and this morning's "Alta California" the consummate literature of modern discovery; nothing is "new" that dates back of the last steamer; and as the exuberant, conceitful, hyper-Latinistic author of the "Urn Burial" might have said, "Senator McDougall can never hope to live within two Methuselahs of Sam Brannan."

In a city wholly built of inflammable scantling and canvas, it was something to boast of that our more substantial fonda, conceived in a wet spell and brought forth in mud, was comparatively fire-proof; and we who desperately lodged there in indiscriminate bunkry consoled ourselves with the compensation that, though sorely chastened with fleas, we were not utterly given over to flames. Our public saloons were two, on the second floor: in front, a spacious bar-room, which at night became a ball-room also—the small tables which constituted it a restaurant by day being compactly piled in a corner to clear the floor; in the rear, a sort of irregular hall, jealously consecrated to the mysteries of French and Mexican monte, faro, rondo, roulette, lansquenet, euchre, bluff. The latter was our "quiet" room, our place to get away to, where at all hours reigned a sweet, meditative repose, only broken by the tuneful jingle of doubloons and Spanish dollars, or the lulling monotone of the dealer, with his "*dos, tres, siete, ocho, caballo, rey!*" soothing as the dropping of nuts or the dripping of water—at no time any sound more startling than the yell of a "dead-broke" player, the crash of a table, the crack of an impulsive revolver, or a groan or two. The Veuve used to say that, to be sure, Pacific Street was a little suburban, a leet-tle what you call out-of-the-way, but then the quiet was *such* a comfort—did not Monsieur think so?—one could take one's little *siesta* in the afternoon, so like one's heavenly Lima—which was quite out of the question in that reckless, shocking Plaza, you know.

It was the maddest motley of costumes, a triply confounded Babel of tongues, that met every night at the *Cuatro Amigos*. Hans Christian Andersen would have made a fable of it—Chili, Peru and Mexico, France, Spain, Germany and the United States, all leaving their places on the map of the world to play "Pussy-wants-a-corner," in a fifty-vara lot, or putting on the goloshes of happiness, like Councillor Knap, and stepping out of the card-party of history into the mud of Forty-nine. It was a Yankee Willie that brewed a peck o' maut and a French Rab and a Spanish Allan that came to pree; and the drappie that should have been in their e'e got into their tongues, so that they broke each other's language to that extent, that when you came to pick up the pieces you could find nothing to match a *caramba*, or fit into a *sacré*, but a few shapeless fragments of *damn*. As for me, between the native and foreign compliments and imprecations, I quite lost my head, and could never surely tell where a salute left off and an insult began. I was in the trouble that overwhelmed an old foretop-man of the frigate Brandywine when she lay in the harbor of Rio between a French corvette and a Spanish ship-of-the-line. He had been sent aloft to rig a block, and, to the surprise of his mates (for he was a smart and willing hand), sulked and grumbled over the splice. Presently he was hailed by the officer of the deck: "Foretop, there! Bear a hand with that block, and be damned to you." "Aye, aye, sir! But when you've got a *si, si* on the starboard, and a *oui, oui* on the larboard, and a *blast-your-eyes* in the bunt, what's the use of you? Besides, *they wears galluses.*"

But the *Cuatro Amigos*—the place, the hour and the company—were

coherent enough when the dance began and joy was unconfined. The Mexican fandango, the French quadrille, the German waltz, the Yankee reel, were a common language to us, and, though our tongues might need interpreters, our toes were briskly colloquial. Then we drew back our chairs to the wall or leaned against the bar, keeping time with castanets and tambourines and clapping of hands, and sometimes with snatches of Spanish and German song, to the merry music of harp and guitar, flute and violin. There were those among us to whom the wine-like atmosphere of the dance was as the very breath of life; and the poetry of schottische and waltz, polka and mazourka, even manola and bolero, and tarantella, and cracovienne, had its eloquent and rapturous renderings; for, had we not our shy little *señoritas* from Acapulco, and our sly little *señoritas* from Lima, our plump little *niñas* from Santiago, and our brisk little *niñas* from Valparaiso, and our German and French adventuresses from everywhere, who, though abundantly brisk and sly, were neither plump nor shy? And ah! had we not also our nimble, melodious, darling, Gil Garay—our beautiful, ill-fated little Gil?

Against the joined forces of *ennui*, home-sickness and bad luck our hostess was a host in herself; but little Gil, mercurial, original, versatile, full of surprises, was our hostage to fortune, and no matter how heavy-sad the day, it was a light and happy night that brought us the changeful music of his throat and finger and foot—a creature of infinite prank, of infinite pathos, in whose nature were so fantastically blended the monkey of unconscious drollness, the squirrel of piquant quickness, the kitten of happy, sudden attitude, and the fawn of tender, helpless expectation, all harmoniously blended to the quipful melody of the mocking-bird, that the result was an unique in natural history—just Gaspar Gil Garay.

I remember well how he made his first appearance among us. The company was unusually full that night, and there were many new faces in the fandango. A ship was just in from Callao, and some of the regular visitors of the *Cuatro Amigos* had found old friends among the passengers. About midnight the dance, crowded and boisterous, suddenly ceased, and the dancers, as if at an expected signal, fell back into the circle of spectators, the clappers of castanets and jinglers of tambourines, and the floor was left clear. Then the orchestra—a harp and a flute and two guitars—sang to that Herodian daughter of Spanish dance, the cachuca; and at once, from behind a red curtain in a corner by the bar, there sprang into the centre of the room a beautiful, panting creature, all eagerness and charm. Her features made up a model of regularity and proportion, her complexion olive and rose, her hair black and lustrous, her eyes big, dark and impassioned, her lips rich with seductive provocation, her teeth like jewels, and her smile triumphant. Her costume was rich and purely correct—the delicious velvet bodice of dark purple, the yellow satin skirt, short, soft and suggestive; the clocked and flesh-colored stockings; the quaint high comb; the ample and elegant vail of black lace.

As she stood for a moment, poised on a pinnacle of captivating coquetry, one little foot pointed prettily like a pen as if to write her name on the sanded floor, her waxen, rounded arms upraised in a fine arch, her neck proudly turned, and her eyes glancing cunningly askance as the dimpled chin kissed the dimpled shoulder—as she stood so, quaintly clicking the time on her castanets, as if nicely measuring her pulses for the start, and then, with foot high in air, leapt right into the middle of that rapturous river of dance—

it was a vision of the *Teatro Real* in its glory, and our savage San Francisco was *his* romantic Madrid, by that double-sexed Ariel of the minute transmuted. I had seen Ellsler and Taglioni and Cerito, already, I have seen Augusta and Soto and Cubas since; but more delightful, more surprising, more inspired than either—I have seen Gil Garay in the cachuca.

He vanished as he had appeared, in a fling and a flash of satin and velvet, and a clatter and a clash of castanets; and his exit was followed by protracted and boisterous applause, delivered with voices, and hands, and feet, tambourines and whistles. In the lulls, forty people asked in four tongues, "Who is she?" "Where did she come from?" but no answer could be gathered from the wise smiles of the few who were in the secret, and curiosity was presently forgotten in the merry-go-round of the fandango.

But again, by the same consentaneous movement as before, and as suddenly, the dancers mingled with the lookers-on, and the cleared space was left, surrounded by the now curious and eager circle of audience. Some one placed a small table in the centre; some one else cried "*Monsieur Le Singe!*" There was a dash of rollicking overture from the small orchestra, then a general burst of laughter mixed with a polyglot of exclamatory hubbub, and a great Monkey sat on the table and made such faces and signs as only monkeys can. The "make-up" was perfect, the study from nature astonishingly true, the cynical *epigram* of attitude, gesture and expression deliciously piquant, the humor unctuously droll, the wisdom solemn and sermon-like, the pathos replete with such fine, tender touches as only they can justly appreciate who have ever seen a monkey wounded and forsaken; a monkey homesick and heart-broken; a mother monkey, in a hysterical wits'-end of puzzled horror, rocking her dumb, dead baby on her breast, playfully tickling it, petulantly spanking it, laying it down desperately, retiring from it cunningly, chattering to it coaxingly, sitting down over against it, as it were a bow-shot, and wondering, Will it never, never, never make faces any more?

The mask, made of some flexible, elastic, semi-transparent material which responded with a sort of awful truthfulness to the action of the facial muscles, especially those of the brow, cheek and lips, was such as I had never seen before, and singularly French in its curious reproduction of details. The fidelity was ridiculously heart-rending with which it gave that careworn, eager-anxious, friendlessly funny, "what next" expression which we pity in the faces of the poor little tailed Grimaldis who perform for our street-corner entertainment on the tread-mill of that same old wretched round of tricks, to the fine-ground tyranny of a hand-organ.

A guitar was laid on the table before him. He snatched it up with a sort of voracious inquiry, turned it over and over, jerkily, peeped with Paul-Pryish impertinence into the hole, broke two of the strings with a savage *spang*, and immediately affected the liveliest alarm and grief, patting the instrument soothingly; and then he chuckled triumphantly, and squealed in the bowels of it with all the daft delight of a Yorkshire boggart. It was a happy translation from the ourang-outangese, and only a monkey of true talent and taste could have rendered it faithfully back into the original.

Presently he began to pick at the remaining strings with a pensive study that was inimitably droll—his head on one side, his brows elevated, his eyes upturned in the small frenzy of the average "sentimental songster;" and putting together the shapeless fragments of his broken jangle and twang, he

made, as if by chance, a tune—like Yriarte's ass, when, finding by chance a shepherd's flute in the grass, he

Drew nearer, and snorted
Upon it, by chance.

The breath of the brute, sir,
Drew music for once;
It entered the flute, sir,
And blew it by chance.

"Ah!" cried he in wonder,
"How comes this to pass?
Who will now dare to slander
The skill of an ass?"

And the tune he played was called MORAL:

And asses in plenty
I see at a glance,
Who, one time in twenty,
Succeed, by mere chance.

But there was method in our monkey's chance, for out of those broken bits of instrumental tom-foolery, deftly fitted together, he constructed a sort of musical mosaic—a most grotesquely happy accompaniment to that wonder of run-mad nonsense, the "Monkey Song" of the Cuban negroes, as one may hear it yet, half sung, half chattered, on the plantations in the interior.

With ears and eyes and nose assiduous, I have listened and peeped and poked these many years among the world's queer sounds and sights and smells, but never have I happened upon anything half so fragrantly fresh and awfully earnest and dumbfoundingly funny as Gil Garay's mildly-monstrous performance of the "Monkey Song." It used to remind me of a passage in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ."

NORTH—In a rude age there may be bursts of passion—of imagination, even—which, if you, or any other man whom I esteem, insist on calling them poetry, I am willing so to designate. In that case, almost all human language is poetry; nor am I sure that from the promise of such inspiration we are justified in excluding the cawing of rooks, or the gabbling of geese, and certainly not the more impassioned lyrical effusions of monkeys.

SHEPHERD—Rum deevils, monkeys!

A bursting uproar of applause, which would fain have relieved itself with yells, was instantly astounded and stunned into stillness by a change in the programme as bold as it was sudden, and all the more impressive for its grotesqueness. Without leaving the table, without even changing his attitude, that phenomenon of versatile caprices glided at once into a low and tender prelude, and thence into that loveliest of Sevillian serenades, the very melodious soul of Spanish moonlight and slumber, compact of enchantment and blissful bondage and rapturous longing—*El Sueño*—that dream of love striving in song,

Where souls have still the gift of speaking
With nature in her own old wondrous way.

Then he was gone. And then the delight of that motley company uttered itself in gold and silver; dollars, doubloons, nuggets, were dashed in handfuls upon the floor—the *Cuatro Amigos* literally flinging themselves away in a true Forty-nine furor.

Well, night after night came little Gil, a mollifying missionary to our hard

heathenry; with the cunning charm of harmless dance and song, and many a heart-reaching echo of home and love and the old familiar faces and places, reclaiming us from our cut-throat recklessness to a Californian quality of innocence—neither very fine nor durable, but encouraging while it lasted. The *Cuatro Amigos* became the safest saloon in San Francisco; our company grew and grew, in numbers and respectability; and we used to boast that we kept an exclusive angel on a high salary. But one night—no angel! “We armed our fears with ten thousand shields and spears;” but he never came again.

In the garret of a German milkman’s rancho, at the head of the Vallejo Street that was to be, I found him some months later—alone and dying. It was a solitary place, quite in the fields, and far from the barbarous confusion and ferocious selfishness of the town. He had chosen it—poor dear fellow!—because there were cows and goats and a tree or two, there, and from his window, on clear mornings, he could see the Golden Gate; and “because he could turn his back on the tents and his face toward the ships, and forget in *that* direction, and remember in *this*.”

When he told me he had never slept out of that house since he arrived in San Francisco, I fairly trembled for him. Bayonets think, they say—then why not revolvers and bowie-knives, slung-shots and garroting grips? And what could these have been thinking about when this lonely child-man was trudging unattended and unarmed, and with pockets heavy with gold and silver, through the dark midnight and the desperate thicket and across the ominous moor, where shot or cry, if it had been heard at all, must have fallen upon indifferent ears.

But who cared for him now?

“O, his German friends—there were three of them—were very kind; they prepared his breakfast for him before they went to their work in the morning, and his supper when they returned at night; and every day at noon the young Mexican woman who burrowed in the small crumbling *adobe* I saw from the window brought him chocolate and *frijoles*, with sometimes part of a steak or a fowl;” for a Mexican woman is ever an angel of pity, though her technical *virtue* be a long-lost and forgotten thing.

He had lived always quite alone here. The three men were absent all day long. One among his customers in town, another watching the cows between pasture and spring, and the third at work among the sheds or the few furrows they tilled. They took but two meals a day, and so he never saw them at noon. It was best so; he loved his actual loneliness, for out of it he conjured a lovely vision of company—his beautiful wife, his darling little ones. For their sakes he had come here to get gold. He knew that his season for gathering it was short, for his doctor in Santiago had told him he had consumption—one lung almost gone—and his days were strictly numbered. He was a lamb shorn of his strength, and but that among the vines and oranges of Chili and Peru the wind was tenderly tempered to him, the life would not have been left him for the task he had set himself—to leave them safe from want.

“But, Garay, how could they let you come here to die? these bleak Winters, these deadly rains, this shelterless, pitiless make-shift, this forlorn foothold of a place?”

“Ah, Señor, they did not know. I dared not tell them. I paid the doctor to keep my secret; else how could I have had my way? Señor, I am the

man who owned the goose that laid golden eggs. I have killed my heart, to get out this golden love for them."

"And are you rich already?"

"Ay, rich for our small covetings. The *Cuatro Amigos* have been munificent to me, and I have saved it all. I never play, never drink, never even smoke now." (Think of that, for a Spaniard, and an actor too, caught on the Prado, trained in the Zarzuela, famous for show-tricks at the Circo, and extravaganzas at the Teatro Real! Ah, my merry life, here's a deadly moral to you!) "Well, I was going to say I never ate either; but lately that dear, kind Costanza, my Mexican nurse, has been telling me that if I did not eat plentifully I should not last till Summer; and then the sea, and Santiago—and *them*! You see, Señor, I began by starving that goose of mine. Well, my brave captain, my more than brother, he that brought me hither from Valparaiso—I put into his hands all my money, and told him to double it quickly; and the glorious sailor—he's as free as the breeze and as plucky as a petrel—started next morning, ran out to sea, and down the coast, in a splitting gale, turned my doubloons and dust into Chili flour, brought it back here, and quadrupled it. We are rich now, for us; and he is waiting here, to take my body home, I suppose; for when I begged him to make another run, and share the profits with me, he said there was not time—was not time—not time!"

"Have you had medical advice, Garay?"

"A doctor? I? Here in San Francisco, where scientific stupidity costs half a fortune, and professional impudence the other half? *Valgame Dios*! No. Would you have me devoured alive?"

"But I am a doctor; and since they shall cost you nothing, it is but fair that you should accept the stupidity for profound knowledge, and the impudence for cheerful courage."

"Ah, kind friend, true friend! What is poor little Garay, that you should heed his helpless peevishness? As you will, as you will."

"Good! Then to-morrow I shall bring you medicines; and let the good Costanza meet me here. Meanwhile eat as heartily as you can of your steaks and fowls, and take now and then a glass of the wine I send you. So then, till I see you again."

With both his girlish hands, almost transparent in their emaciation, he clasped the hand I offered, and kissing it mutely, lovingly, let fall a tear upon it. "Garay," said I, "I wish you to get strength, quickly and by every means, for you must return to your family without loss of time."

He sprang up, and stared at me with that expression of startled and bewildered terror which flashes into the face of a man who is suddenly aroused from dreaming that he is dying. Then slowly there gathered in his eyes a glow of soul-deep satisfaction, and round his lips a smile of triumphant joy. How like a beautiful woman, dying gloriously, he looked! He fondly patted my rough, brown cheek:

"I may? I can?"

"You can, Garay, you *shall*!"

With a sigh he fell back, and turning his face to the wall, closed his eyes, and lay as one sleeping sweetly. As I turned to leave, I threw one reluctant glance round that wretched loft. On the coarse wall, between two naked scantlings, hung the guitar that lately sang so daintily to the fine passion of *El Sueño*; two strings were broken. Across a rude, short bench, the only

seat, the velvet, and satin, and lace, the purple, and orange, and black of the cachuca costume were flung scornfully. On an inverted empty barrel at the head of the bed, a watch and a pair of castanets lay together—both *stopped*. It was an inspiration for the eye that caught, and the hand that fixed, the grim contrasts and the tragic moral of "The Duel after the Masquerade."

"Captain Valdes, our little friend is failing fast."

"God be with him! How long will he last, Señor Doctor?"

"A short run to Valparaiso. Is your schooner fast?"

"Yes, and I can make her faster."

"How?"

"By piling on sail till she squeals."

"But this is a tearing season."

"So much the better. I've put new spars in her—the toughest sticks on the coast. I've put a new suit of sails on her, and scraped her bottom. Now let it blow. I am ready for him. I promised that queen of his to bring him to her alive, and she is waiting and watching for him now. If he is ready for me, Señor Doctor, give him to me. If he will last a short run to Valparaiso, as you say, death must have the heels to catch him. *Vamos!*"

"When can you sail?"

"To-morrow morning."

"You shall have him."

On the first day of November, 1849, Captain Estevan Valdes ran that nine-lived witch, *La Niña*, high and dry ashore at Valparaiso.

"He's alive, Señora!" cried the captain to a brilliantly beautiful woman, who sprang, all wild, over the side.

"Teresa! Adios!" gasped little Gil Garay.

J. W. PALMER.

THE SEVENTH COMMANDMENT IN MODERN FICTION.

EVERY one who is familiar with the fictitious literature of the day, whether it be English or American, can hardly escape noticing the extent to which offences against the Seventh Commandment are used as part of the machinery of the novelist. Many persons are inclined to regard this as an objectionable feature of the modern novel. Some even hold that this peculiar feature renders the novel in which it may appear, essentially and irredeemably immoral in its tendencies. With Podsnappian dislike of improprieties, they fear lest it should "bring a blush to the cheek of a young person," and hence demand that the very existence of this class of crimes should be ignored in fiction as well as in every-day life.

That a novel is immoral in its tendency merely because its plot involves the commission of a crime, is a manifest absurdity. The materials of the novelist, viewed simply as such, are, in themselves, wholly devoid of any moral character. If a writer proposes as part of the plot of a projected novel, that the hero shall commit a crime, nothing can be predicated as to the moral influence of the proposed work. It is only under the plastic touch of the author that the fact of crime takes character and influence. If he handles the subject in such a way as to become openly or impliedly the apologist for crime, then his book should unhesitatingly be pronounced immoral; but if, on the contrary, he directly or indirectly condemns crime, or even if the consequences of the narrated crime have a tendency to condemn it, then the strictest moralist can bring no valid objection against the book.

The truth of this view of crime as material for the novelist, is for the most part generally admitted. Yet, as to one class of crimes, namely, those involving an actual or contemplated breach of the Seventh Commandment, the Podsnaps, as has been said, prefer to believe that this view is inadmissible. By turning resolutely away from the misery and crime in the actual world, by persistently "putting it behind" them, they succeed in forgetting its existence, and they demand that the novelist, in creating an ideal world, should imitate their example. They are not aware that it is out of the power of the author to comply with their wishes. He is subject to a higher law than the imaginary necessity of complying with their artificial prejudices—the law of artistic synthesis that governs the wide world of art, and demands that the work of the artist, be he painter or sculptor, musician or novelist, should be consistently developed from a clearly preconceived plan. The writer of sensation stories for the "Sunday Jupiter" is governed only by the wishes and tastes of his readers, but the true novelist, the man who loves and reveres his profession, and regards it as the first and noblest of the arts, can no more write simply to please the illiterate majority, than could Fra Angelico have sullied his saintly pencil with the popular, yet impure, legends of a sensuous mythology.

The fact that the class of crimes forbidden by the Seventh Commandment enters so largely into the framework of most of the novels of the day, as it indisputably does, is due to an unexpressed but nevertheless existent law of artistic composition. The novelist makes use of this element, not altogether from choice, nor simply because it may possibly gain for his book a certain degree of popularity, but from a necessity arising from the character of the modern novel. Before tracing the origin of the use of this element, it is, therefore, necessary briefly to examine the distinguishing characteristics of the English—including, of course, the American—novel of the day.

Within the last thirty years a great change has passed upon English fiction. Prior to that date the English novel was merely a narrative of the circumstances and events surrounding its characters. The characters themselves were mere puppets, employed to give life and interest to the incidents of the story; to wear the properties and to aid the action of the plot. The author's method of composition would seem to have been, first, to invent a sufficient number of interesting incidents and situations, and to collect a series of pleasing landscapes, and then to create characters who should aid him in the exhibition of his wares. To day the novelist pursues an entirely different method. Circumstances and events are now used by the author as the means of developing his characters, and are strictly subordinated to this purpose. A novel was formerly a record of adventure. It is now a study of character. It was formerly objective, dealing with the actions of men and their outer surroundings. It is now subjective, dealing with the mental state, the impulses and passions, the motives and principles of men, and using events simply as the machinery of the story. In Fielding and Marryat we read only of the adventures—and they are unquestionably very entertaining—of "Tom Jones," or "Midshipman Easy;" in Thackeray and Hawthorne we are presented with an artistic study of "Becky Sharpe," or "Donatello."

This general division of novels into the two classes of subjective and objective novels, is one which holds good in spite of every other method of classification. Viewed from a different standpoint, novels might be divided into half-a-dozen different classes; such as novels of society, historical novels, novels devoted to music, like "Charles Auchester," or to political subjects, like "Uncle Tom's Cabin." But, divide them as we may, each class is still divisible into the subjective and the objective, just as the several pieces into which a stratified rock may be vertically broken, will each retain a common line of horizontal cleavage.

In fiction as in reality, love is necessarily the main theme. It is beyond controversy the strongest passion in the breast of man or woman. It is through his mistress or his wife that a man's life is made happy or wretched; the man himself most easily and surely blessed or ruined. Hence, love is the one theme that touches all our hearts. It is the one universal language in which the novelist must write, in order to be read of all.

Nevertheless, there are limitations to the use which the author is permitted to make of this theme. Were he to offer us a study of a pure, unalloyed and undisturbed idyl of love, between two perfectly harmonious and thoroughly unexceptionable people, it would prove as insipid and uninteresting as are the loves of the complacent and newly married couples that infest our watering places, and flaunt their innocent and aggravating happiness in the faces of the unsympathizing throng. The author is obliged to interpose obstacles and difficulties in the onward flowing current of his lovers' happiness, in order to create any interest in their daily conduct and ultimate fate.

Now, the subjective character of the modern novel demands that these difficulties should not be merely those of time and place, but that they should be exclusively those whose force is dependent on the moral strength of one or both parties. The barrier which, for a time, at least, must interpose between the hero and the heroine and the future of their consummated happiness, must be moral rather than physical. The harsh father, the intercepted letters, the misunderstandings arising from transparently foolish slanders, belong properly to the novel of incident, not to the novel of character.

The available moral obstacles which the novelist has at his command are not very numerous. Differences in rank are constantly becoming more and more repugnant to the democratic spirit of the age, and hence are losing their utility as material for the author. The force of such distinctions daily loses its hold upon the public. When the young Caxton voluntarily relinquishes all attempts to gain the lady whom he loves simply because she is his superior in rank, he fails to assign a reason for his conduct which the majority of men—in America, at all events—will consider valid.

So, too, any difference in pecuniary position between the characters of a novel, when used as a barrier between them, savors too much of the prosaic and sordid to warrant its frequent use. The objections which apply to the use of disparity in rank, apply still more strongly to this class of obstacles.

Inherent and irreconcilable peculiarities of character may furnish a legitimate barrier, but peculiarities of character are scarcely alone sufficient for the novelist's purpose. Moreover, these peculiarities are usually inseparable from their results. For instance, an extremely jealous disposition in either the hero or heroine may be the apparent separating cause, but jealousy cannot be treated apart from its results, and it is, after all, the results of jealousy, and not the fact of its existence, that will really constitute the obstacle of which the author is in search. These results will usually involve elements partaking of the nature of crime real or suspected, and hence the barrier which they may constitute will properly come under another classification, viz., that of crime.

The fact of crime, committed, contemplated or shunned by one or both of the leading characters, is the most effectual and easily managed means of marring or postponing their ultimate bliss which the novelist has at his command. But here again he is restricted in his choice of available crime. Murder can rarely be handled—except by such a consummate master as Hawthorne—in such a way as to avoid coarseness of treatment and consequent disgust on the part of the reader. Miss Braddon—who owes her popularity not to the fact that she creates melo-dramatic and essentially vulgar heroines, and describes them in tawdry rhetoric and imperfect grammar, but to the fact that she has, in a measure, grasped the true idea, and comprehended the main laws of subjective fiction—shocks the reader of "*Aurora Floyd*," and "*Lady Audley's Secret*," by the coarse brutality of murder. Wilkie Collins, too, has failed to make his "*Armada*" worthy of anything more than ephemeral popularity, because murder, a crime that revolts nine-tenths of the class of readers upon whose verdict rests the future of every novel, is the main feature of his plot.

Crimes against property have a certain degree of availability, but this is comparatively limited in its range. Swindling, forgery, the theft and concealment or destruction of wills, etc., are all legitimate elements of fiction, but they are of limited availability in this, that they cannot usually be committed

by those characters in the novel for whom our sympathies are demanded. A lady that can steal or murder, either in fiction or in reality, necessarily wholly forfeits our regard. Right or wrong, the prejudices of people are existent facts that cannot be ignored. We may sympathize with the woman who deserts her husband for the sake of one whom she loves more dearly, but we cease to interest ourselves in her fate if she adds the comparatively trivial crime of stealing her husband's watch, or of carrying off the household spoons.

A little reflection will convince any one that of the remaining crimes mentioned in the Decalogue, those forbidden by the Seventh Commandment alone possess any wide availability for the purposes of the novelist. And here it must be understood that a definition should be given to this class of crimes sufficiently broad to include all breaches of faith between betrothed persons, even though unattended with any crime of which society takes cognizance. With this broad definition, the class of crimes just mentioned affords all the conditions necessary to the writer of the modern, subjective novel; gives to him the material wherewith to weave the story of passionate love at war with principle or adverse fate. For the barrier which the Seventh Commandment places between those whose happiness depends upon accomplished love, is strong or feeble, remains impassable or vanishes away, just in proportion as their force of character and love of right dominate or yield to the strength of opposing passion.

The French mind, essentially analytical, early perceived the availability of this element, and used it before it had become popular with English writers. It is not because of the fact—if it be a fact—that French civilization is more corrupt than the Anglo-Saxon type, that the French novelists have dealt more with this element of fiction, but simply because the French taste demanded the subjective rather than the objective novel, and hence, by the process which we have endeavored to analyze, it logically followed that the Seventh Commandment should enter largely into French fiction. The relatively greater immorality of French over English and American society is shown by the manner in which French writers have handled this theme. By tacitly approving or openly advocating the violation of the Seventh Commandment, Balzac has rendered his writings immoral, while Thackeray, his great disciple and successor, handling the same subject, would have written the best and truest and most powerful of sermons.

The fact of the wide and increasing use of this element in English and American fiction is evident at a moment's glance. Brockden Brown and Hawthorne, the two most eminent American writers of the subjective school, have made great use of it. It is to a skilful use of this *motif* that Miss Prescott's writings owe whatever they possess of passionate power. Her first romance, "Sir Rohan's Ghost," and four out of the seven stories in her volume entitled "The Amber Gods," are based upon this theme, and our magazine literature affords abundant proof of its popularity. The love of Clive for Ethel, rendered hopeless by his marriage to Rosa, is the controlling fact of "The Newcomes." Both "Adam Bede" and "Romola" draw their main interest from the same source, and even "Felix Holt" would lose much of its charm and power, were the long-concealed crime of Mrs. Transome wanting. Dickens, in his general defiance of, and exceptional superiority to, all laws of composition, is also exceptional in his disuse of this element, but the lesser English novelists, such as Miss Thomas and Mrs. Edwards—both exceedingly

clever in composition and development—Trollope, Yates and Sala, depend upon it as the chief component of their plots. At the present moment the three leading English serials, now in course of re-publication on this side of the Atlantic, afford examples of skilful but totally dissimilar treatment of the same subject.

That the use of the Seventh Commandment will ultimately be abandoned by novelists is quite probable, but its use will continue so long as the character of the novel remains as it is at present. For it is logically a result, artistically a necessity, of the modern subjective, analytic novel.

W. L. ALDEN.

THE SECRET.

“And he made a hole amid the reeds, and whispered in it, ‘King Midas hath asses’ ears!’”

FAR-REACHING billowy flats, set here and there
With gem-like pools, gleaming among the reeds
Whose crested lances pierce the marshy air,
Above the tangled weeds.

And far away, beyond the belting firs,
O’er whose dark shoulders peeps the ling’ring moon,
A distant sound the lonely silence stirs—
The wandering ocean’s rune.

The lowering west is wrapped in sombre gray,
Save where, low down upon the horizon cold,
Burns the last token of departed day,
One gleam of dreary gold.

The earth and sky are pregnant with a sense
Of some dark secret floating yet unknown;
Heavy with mystery the air grows dense,
The silence still more lone.

The secret glows athwart the sunset’s gold,
It sighs among the red boughs of the woods,
The pale moon bears it on her bosom cold,
The night above it broods.

The dark reeds bend beneath the unseen weight;
They whisper strange things to the lilies cool,
The royal lilies, keeping purple state
Beside the silent pool.

The keen Spring breezes swooping o’er the reeds,
Catch the dread secret on their airy wings
And trail it through the land till some one heeds
The tale all nature sings,

And gives it voice, when through the startled land,
Like sudden wild-fire spreads the blazoned shame;
And gaping clowns in grinning circles stand,
Mocking a royal name.

L. F.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH PAINTING.

THE great underlying characteristic which distinguishes the French school is an attempt to grapple with the fundamental principles of painting, even if it be at the cost of some prettiness of detail, or of dramatic force in the treatment; that is, the *drawing* of the picture must be correct, though the subject itself may be devoid of all interest; the chromatic effect must be harmonious, though there be not a single agreeable color on the canvas.

In England every law of composition may be sacrificed to dramatic interest, and the picture, so far as color goes, be as discordant as the music of an unskilful brass-band; but let the different tones, composing this *olla podrida* be in themselves clear and brilliant, and the artist may yet secure the admiration, not of the general public only, but even of the *dilettanti* and the critic.

The Englishman's first consideration in painting a picture, is to tell a story, and if he fails to do this, palpably and intelligibly, his picture finds no favor with the dealers.

The Frenchman's ambition, on the contrary, is to carry the art of painting one step further, and it is the execution and not the choice of subject which to him is of importance.

The result is that the Gaul, with an expressive shrug of the shoulders, calls the Briton an "*illustrateur*," while the Briton stands before his rival's canvas and wonders "what the deuce the fellow means?"

The fact is that the Latin race has been and probably will ever remain diametrically opposed in thought and feeling to the Anglo-Saxon. So deep-rooted, indeed, is the difference between the one class of mind, concise and mathematical in its modes of thought, and the other, vague and erratic, but reaching often to a sublime grandeur from the very vagueness of its aims, and working out an intense individuality through the very liberty born of its erratic tendencies, that it is to be doubted whether they can ever be brought to see art from the same standpoint.

In France every effort is made to carry out a uniform system in each department of governmental administration; even as a republic she aimed at *uniformity*. In England one may almost say that there is no such thing as a *code* of laws. There are, indeed, laws innumerable, but so various, and often so contradictory, as to be really nugatory; thus throwing all the weight of the decision upon the judge or administrator, so that the responsibility falls not upon the system but upon the man.

As it is in the administrative bureaus of the empire, so is it also in the broad fields of art. The French artist recognizes certain definite laws, and it is these which he first teaches to his pupils; for instance, there are the laws governing the proportions of the human figure, one of which is that the length of the head will enter six or at most seven times into the entire length of the body; this is the Greek standard; the average of modern measurements only

gives us five or even less. As an example of how these rules are sometimes ignored by English masters, it is only necessary to refer to a well-known painting by Maclise, "Macbeth and the Ghost of Banquo." In this large and pretentious work the heads of the principal figures might be repeated ten or eleven times before you attained the exaggerated length of their attenuated bodies. The Ghost is not included, not being honored with a body; and as to the hands and feet, one pauses in amazement before extremities that might charm the aristocracy of Peking, but would scarcely tally with a European's locomotive requirements.

The simplest principles of perspective are passed over with the same sublime indifference, even by men like Millais (Ruskin's hero), who, in "The Picnic," paints apples in an orchard *some thirty inches in diameter*, if you compare them, brought forward to the plane of the foreground, to the heads of the very uninteresting English damsels, seated upon blades of grass, that suggest the idea of the painter having used a powerful lens while making his studies for *verdure*.

Aërial perspective, which can only be rendered by atmospheric modifications of color, is often outraged by the most celebrated artists; for instance, a blue or scarlet jacket in a painting like "The Derby," by Frith, will be rendered by the brightest hues the pallet can afford, while it is physically impossible that they should be entirely unaffected by the distance at which they are placed from the spectator, and which would be made apparent to the eye by a large admixture of gray, effects most admirably felt by Troyon and the Bonheurs (Auguste and Rosa), to say nothing of Couture and Courbé.

The laws of harmony, or the effect produced upon one color by the juxtaposition of another, are so subtle in their nature, and so difficult in their application, that it is scarcely possible to convict an artist of ignoring them, unless the student could have an example placed before him of a work in which these laws have been respected and one in which they have been disregarded, in order to compare them, and note the difference; but while such palpable principles as those cited above are frequently overlooked, it will easily be conjectured that those which govern the delicate relations of color are generally violated by English painters.

The craving after "nice bits of color," without regard to their relation to each other, leads also to a very imperfect system of modelling, or careless modification of light and shade upon any object with a projecting surface, by which its various planes must be made obvious to the eye, for it is only by a judicious sacrifice of brilliancy and transparency in the receding planes that a high degree of relief can be obtained.

It is the frequent violation of these simple laws which causes English pictures to appear so flat when placed by the side of a good French work.

The question naturally arises why the Englishman's painting should be so deficient in justness of proportion, in harmony of color, and strength of relief, when these qualities are found in a high degree of perfection, even in the works of many mediocre painters of the French school? Is the Briton inferior in intellect? Has he no powers of observation?

The *esprit*, the wit and humor, the profound philosophy, the delicate sentiment revealed in every touch with which he illumines his canvas, stamp him at once as a clever humorist, a deep thinker, and an earnest poet. It certainly can not be to any lack of intelligence in the individual that the blame can be attributed. If it be not the fault of the man it must be that of his education, and the most superficial examination will justify this assertion.

Up to the present day there is no school of painting connected with the Royal Academy ; there are classes for drawing, and for modelling in clay, and lectures upon a variety of subjects ; but, when it comes to the art of painting, the student is sent to his own attic, or left to wander alone over the hills and moors of "merrie England," and thus he labors for years without, perhaps, stumbling upon some simple law which he would have learned as a boy in any respectable French *atelier*. And painting has a science as well as mathematics, or any branch of physics.

Unfortunately, an education neglected not only leaves the mind ignorant of some truths, but fills it with false theories and errors of practice. Thus an Englishman is taught, from his earliest years, to exercise his observation in looking for what he thinks *should be* in nature ; that is, bits of flashy color, until his eye becomes so trained to this sole pursuit that he overlooks what really is before him, viz : the soft, gray tints with which nature, even in the glowing East, assures us of the cooling breeze and the refreshing dew. Undoubtedly, the Chinaman, in many of his imitative efforts, displays remarkable powers of untrained observation. In his copy of any object, he will render, with the most minute care, the tiniest mark or scrawl ; yet who would look for nature in a Chinaman's painting ? What is true of the Chinaman in a greater degree is true of the Englishman in a lesser degree. He turns from a work where the intensity of the ultramarines and scarlet madders is modified in proportion to their distance from the spectator, and thinks the picture *cold* and *heavy* ; he paints his shadows, whether they be of wood surface, or stone, or earth, or woolen cloth, with some transparent mixture in which bitumen or mummy predominates, and then glories in their transparency, as if an opaque body, like earth or woolen cloth, could ever look transparent ! Metals, silk, and satin are indeed opaque, but their reflective surface gives them, in nature, a transparent effect ; this is not true, however, of unvarnished wood, unpolished stone, or the human body. He forgets that it is the poetry of life and action which we wish to see in a painting, rather than the texture of a carpet, or the shape of a distant leaf, and, above all, he forgets that Heaven has blest us with an atmosphere without which his scarlet and crimson would torture our eyes, and so he paints us pictures where the men and women cannot possibly be living beings, endowed with hearts and lungs, for they would instantly expire from want of air—they are but lay figures, draped and put into action. It is a scene from Madame Tussaud's, but not from real life.

While the most enthusiastic admirer of the Associates and Professors of the Royal Academy is compelled to admit these charges, with some individual exceptions, he can point with legitimate pride to the exquisite finish of the most unimportant details, to the marvellous execution of bits of velvet, and satin, and metal, and to the intensity of expression to be found in almost all the heads, or rather faces, even in pictures whose other merits are beneath consideration.

ION PERDICARIS.

NEBULÆ.

— AFTER General Banks was last elected to Congress, a certain Boston newspaper publisher met the general, exchanged greetings and shook hands; for personally they were friends. "General," said the journalist, "I am very sorry that I felt it my duty to oppose you so squarely throughout the canvass." "Why—did you?" answered the military politician—"I didn't know it." Somewhat in like manner, the Mormons, at present, "man themselves with haughty stare" against the rage of the nations, and announce what they will do and what they won't. Their chief difficulty will be that nobody will know it. There are only about 280,000 Mormon souls in the whole world, according to the estimate of one of their own elders, given in an article in this number of THE GALAXY. This allows about 56,000 adult men, a poor and ignorant body, whose sole strength is, that they are all obedient to Brother Brigham. This organization of his can do something, but not much. For rolling back the tide of Anglo-American civilization, whenever that tide shall wash over the mountain bounds of Utah, Brother Brigham's bands will be just as efficient as old Mrs. Partington's mop in keeping the Atlantic Ocean out of her back kitchen. The confidence with which our elder invites the United States to come along, might remind one of the invitation "extended" upon a previous occasion to Jonathan and his armor-bearer, by some gentlemen of the Philistine persuasion, who, like Brother Brigham and his men, had ensconced themselves in a fencible place among the rocks. "Come up unto us," observed the Philistine gentlemen, "and we will show you a thing." Now-a-days they would say "a big thing." But in the sequel the exhibition was conducted by Jonathan and not by the Philistines; and the "thing" was far bigger and more disagreeable than the confident showmen had reckoned. Just so it will surely be when our modern Brother Jonathan accepts the invitation of our Utah elder. "They fell before Jonathan." When the United States goes to Utah, Mormonism will disappear like a puddle with Niagara Falls turned into it. Until that time, the United States have too many matters of importance on their hands to attend to the flourishes of 56,000 men in the middle of the great American desert. Let them flourish. Their valiant challenging is as safe as that of the fighter whose terms of combat were "Arms, sabres. Distance, thirty paces." Probably this is to be the real solution of the Mormon question. Meanwhile, the article to which we have alluded, especially together with its preceding article in the previous number, gives a pretty clear and full account of the status of the Mormons by population, wealth, organization and purpose. Its spirit, and even its characteristic traits as a composition, though abundantly open to criticism, have a curious interest as thoroughly genuine specimens of Mormon sentiments and ways of putting things.

— "HONESTY" writes to one of the newspapers that he found papers valued

at \$8,000, and delivered them to the owner under the promise of receiving a liberal reward. He received \$25, and indignantly asks if that was liberal. Certainly it was. It would be safe to bet the value of what he found against what he received that he never did a whole day's work that paid him half what he got by finding those papers and giving them to the owner; in which he merely did his duty as an honest man. Many untrained people seem to think that the finding of an article without its owner by gives them some right in it; and they are encouraged in this opinion by profuse rewards and praises of their honesty if they seek the owner. The finding of an article does give the finder some right in it, as against any one but the owner, but not a shadow of a right as against him. With the right as against others it imposes the duty of finding him. When he is found, all the claim the finder has upon him is for fair payment for time and trouble and expense. Generosity will, in certain cases lead him to give more, but that will be as a gift or compliment. All this no person of principle and judgment will question for a moment; but a little observation will discover that a notion to the contrary is spreading among a great many people who have little principle, judgment, or education; of which not only the letter which is the occasion of our remarks, but the printing of it in a leading journal, is evidence.

—We shall not deny the writer of the following communication the privilege of saying a word upon the Woman Question, and thereby bringing upon himself, if he were only known, the scorn and detestation of all the female intelligences, beginning with Anna Dickinson:

GENTLEMEN:—The freedom with which THE GALAXY opens its pages to writers of various views upon questions of morals and politics, is one of its most attractive traits; and while each writer is made responsible for what is thus given to the world by the publication of his name with his article, there can be no reasonable charge of inconsistency or trifling brought against the conductors of the magazine themselves. There is therefore no tenable ground of objection to the admission of the story called "Pamela Clarke" in THE GALAXY of September 15th. For although somewhat afflicted with improbability in its incidents and incongruity in its characters, it was cleverly written, and put in a rather striking way some notions that are vaguely afloat now among some women. They have, in the words of the author, "unsatisfied longings and great aspirations;" and this is "an epidemic breaking out here and there among the women of America;" the cry thereof is "coming up from every quarter of the land" and "there is no present help." They seem to think that they are afflicted with a new disease; but, bless their sweet souls! it is as old as the hills. Our grandmothers called it nerves; among our mothers the woman who had this ailment announced herself as *femme incompréhensible*, not understood; now such a woman has great aspirations and pants for "a career." Bless me, gentlemen! what does a woman want of a career? I wish some one of them would take my career. She might have it, and welcome. What would they have? I am not precise and unsympathetic. I can understand that a woman may "hate housework and abhor sewing," although the most gifted as well as the loveliest women that I have seen in a life of forty years did housework with heart and sewing with grace. But here is Miss Pamela Clarke, who does not need to work for her support, raving for occupation, occupation with an object; and yet turning up her nose at a proposition to nurse the sick or teach a public school, because they "don't lead to anything." Whither would she have her occupation lead? She also raves to be a man. Does she know what is the supreme test of first-rate manhood? *To do well the duty of the day.* To most men that duty is mere drudgery. But the man who shirks it because he has great aspirations is the man who rarely or never is fit for more than drudgery. If it had not been for the obstinacy of the British Ministry George Washington would have lived an obscure life, "without end or aim," as a Virginia planter. But he was just the man to do the duty that lay before him, whatever that was. If it had not been for a disagreement

between two factions of the Democratic party at Baltimore, General Grant would have lived a life without end or aim in an obscure town in the West, and General Sherman have passed his in the drudgery of "teaching a public school" of a military cast in the South. They would not have raved about unsatisfied longings or great aspirations. They would have done the duty next to their hands. These women talk simple nonsense. Miss Pamela Clarke's biographer tells of an association of them that met together to talk over their longings and their aspirations. Now, had I my way, I would have settled the question for them as the Romans settled it once for some Sabine women. A score or two of good, strong, strong-willed men to carry them off, and marry them well, like Miss Rossetti's lover from the North, who in the end left the girl he carried off "neither power nor will nor wish to say him nay," would be the best prescription for a circle of women afflicted with this epidemic.

I sometimes think that we men are partly responsible for this nonsense by some falling off in real manliness of character ourselves as well as by our weak yielding to the whims of women; like Miss Rossetti's lover from the South, again, who "never dared to say her nay," and about whom therefore she "balanced in her thoughts." You don't seem to think Miss Rossetti much of a poet; but she is plainly a good deal of a woman. And those Romans were a very sensible, practical people. MAN.

—THE strenuous criticism to which "*Ecce Homo*" has been subjected in England has drawn out an answer from the author, in the form of a Preface Supplementary, which has been reprinted and widely distributed here. One passage of this second preface is very characteristic. The author defends his assertion that Christ set himself up as a ruler demanding allegiance; and in the course of his defence brings up the story of the centurion who sent to Christ, asking him to heal his sick servant, as evidence that the analogy of Christ's church to an army was present in his mind, and also as an illustration of the kind of subordination which he meant to enforce. The author says that the Roman officer "deprecatd with ingenuous embarrassment an honor which seemed to him subversive of the distinctions of rank. He represented himself as filling a place in a graduated scale, as commanding some and obeying others, and the proposed condescension of one whom he ranked so immeasurably above himself in that scale shocked him. This spirit of order," the author goes on to say, "this hearty acceptance of a place in society, this proud submission, which no more desires to rise above its place than it will consent to fall below it, was approved by Christ with unusual emphasis and warmth." Now what is this story in which the author of even such a book as "*Ecce Homo*" finds sanction for king, lords, commons, and a peasantry? St. Luke tells us that the centurion "when he heard of Jesus" sent to him "beseeching that he would *come* and heal his servant." That Jesus went, and that it was not until he was "not far from the house" that the centurion sent out to him saying not only in the first place, "I am not worthy that thou shouldst enter under my roof," but in the second "neither thought I myself worthy to come unto thee." The centurion then added "but say in a word and my servant shall be healed; for I *also* am a man under authority, having under me soldiers, and I say unto one go and he goeth, and to another come and he cometh, and to another do this, and he doeth it." And when Jesus heard this he wondered, and did—what? praised the man for his deference? approved his military or his household discipline? Nothing of the kind. He said, "I have not found so great *faith*, no not in Israel." This is all the story. The centurion had heard of Christ's marvellous healings of the sick. He had also surely heard—from his official position, and from his intercourse with the Jews, to whom he was kind and for whom he had built a synagogue, he could not but have heard—that Christ visited and mixed freely with

persons very far below the centurion in rank, even below that of his soldiers, and therefore he had no hesitation in asking this great healer to "come" to his house and heal his servant. But when Christ was near the house he sent out, after the manner of the time and the country, a messenger with words of respect and honor, which to our ears sound humble and deferential to the last degree. To this very day the language is used in the East from inferior to superior, and even between equals who wish to propitiate each other. But the centurion had also real faith in the power of Christ; and so to his message of respect he added another, in effect—It is quite needless for you to come, for you have the same control over the powers of nature that I have over my soldiers and my servants. Speak therefore the word and my servant shall be healed. Then Christ explicitly expressed his admiration of the centurion's unquestioning, unlimited *faith* in his miraculous power. Not one word is there which directly or even indirectly refers, either with approval or disapproval, to anything else than this faith. And in this story a man who could write "Ecce Homo" finds an approval of "unusual emphasis and warmth" of established ranks in society. Truly, this is the Gospel according to John—Bull, with whom "know your place" is the first and the second commandment, and all others are like unto it.

—AMONG the changes which have recently taken place in the expression of British opinion with regard to this country, few have been so striking as that of Cornelius O'Dowd in his "Blackwood" papers upon men, women and things in general. This writer has been one of the most insolent and foulest-mouthed of our British vituperators. Indeed, he may safely be said to have been the most insolent. Of all the insults ever offered to the people of the United States, North and South, as a body, none known to us equals in intentional outrage his paper in "Blackwood," published during the war, and called "The Fight over the Way." The point of this paper was that a great deal too much attention was given by the British public to our war; that it was a matter of no moment which was right, or which side was successful; that we were a parcel of blackguards on the other side of the way fighting merely to gratify our low instincts; and, especially, that the attention bestowed upon us by the respectable folk who looked on and took sides flattered us to such a degree that we would keep on with the row as long as "the gentlemen" would cheer one side or the other. Here was a great nation struggling through a civil war the like of which has not been known in history; our fathers, brothers, husbands, sons, were giving their lives up with a devotion to duty—mistaken or otherwise—never surpassed from the time when Thermopylæ was fought; we were pouring out money as we poured out blood, and staking all our present and all our future upon the issue of the contest; and this Irish-English, English-Irishman sees in it only the occasion for jeering comment, of which the stupendous insolence is only equalled in degree by the coarse brutality. We were desolating our homes North and South (for the "neutral" gentleman made no distinction, we were all "Americans" and blackguards alike) that we might be honored by the attention of the British public. Could a "Blackwood" writer, could Cornelius O'Dowd, go lower than that? Yes, he could; he has gone lower. He has made himself even more offensive; for with this in his memory, and in ours, he has flattered us and held out to us the dirty hand that sought to inflict that cruel wound upon every mother, sister and wife in our country. He now comes out in favor of "America as an ally" for Great Britain. Confessing jauntily

that he is not without some sins on his conscience as to "certain small bickerings and petty animosities" between the two nations, he goes on to say that the British critics have been not exactly fair in their serving of us up for the amusement of Europe, and that we are really so fine a specimen of an Anglo-Saxon people, that, as it is not improbable that ere long the continental nations of Europe "will turn with impatient anger on the country which seems to prosper by their discords and only develops her resources by their troubles," it would be prudent to make friends with "America" and secure her as an ally. He is pleased to say that "there are no two peoples who want each other as much as we do;" and he fondly expresses the belief that should the British nation encounter the peril aforesaid, this nation "will not suffer the land which stands to her in the sacred relation of a father to be insulted or degraded." Could British humiliation be greater than it is in this appeal, made not only by O'Dowds but by much better mannered and higher spirited persons, to stretch out a hand of filial help to the mother country in the day of her coming trial? Alas, that the cry must be in vain! *We* would have had it otherwise. We had long ago forgiven mother England the oppression which led to our war of Independence, although she had not forgiven us our success; we had long ago forgiven her the conduct which Captain Wilkes retaliated upon her in the Trent affair; but she had not forgiven us that our ships and sailors proved that, when we chose, Britannia no longer ruled the waves. Consequently, she has treated us for two generations with an insolence which, insolent as your Great Briton has been since the Queen Anne days to all people—the Englishman of former years did not thus distinguish himself—was unparalleled even in British annals. What does this man mean by his twaddle about petty bickerings? We can stand a joke at our own expense, and give and take sharp hits from other people as we do among ourselves. We can do more: we have shown that we can forgive injury; but the Cornelius O'Dowds on the other side will find that we cannot forget two generations of such insult as finds its representative exhibition in his "Fight over the Way." He and his yoke-fellows who have just now discovered that the two peoples want each other so much, will also find that their discovery has been made just at the time when, whatever may be the condition of Great Britain, the United States are not in very particular want of anybody or anything that they have not, or cannot have, for the asking or the taking. These British gentlemen who are now so ready to seek "America as an ally," may learn in the words of an old saw common to both of us, that

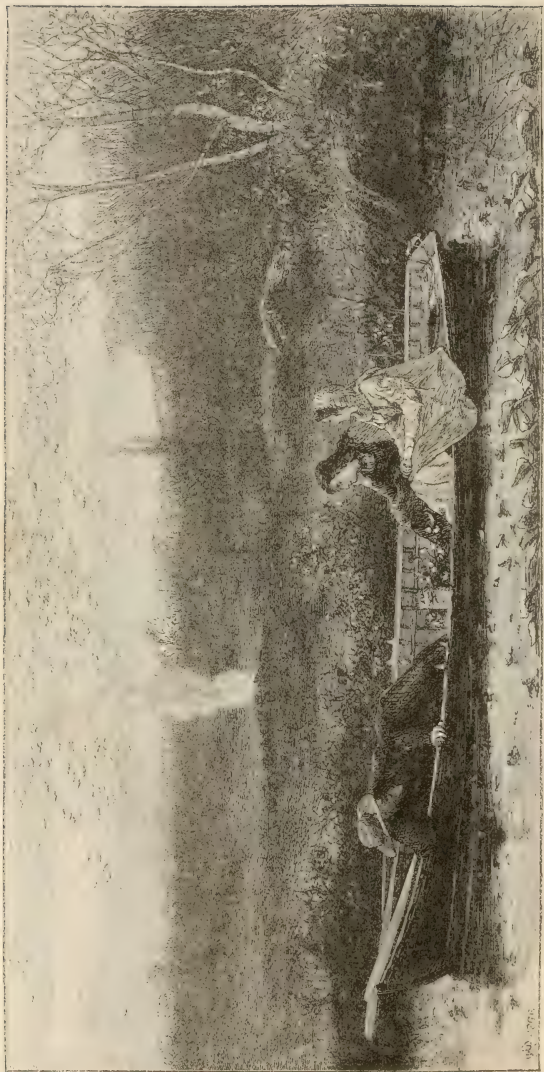
"He that will not when he may,
May not when he would-a."

— "DIAMOND State Matches, sir? Seventy-five cents for twenty-five boxes?" "What kind of matches are those, my lad?" "Parlor matches, sir." "But why do you call them Diamond State Matches? What have matches to do with diamonds, or what have diamonds to do with States?" "Dunno." It was the boy's business to sell his matches, not to answer the questions speered at him by persons of an inquiring turn of mind who did not buy. The querist was not learned in State nick-nomenclature, or he would have known that the name of the matches merely signified to the initiated that they were made in that part of our country which is called Delaware. Could there be sharper comment upon that foolish State pride which shows itself in the giving of distinctive State nicknames, supposed to be significant of some quality or characteristic trait of the people or the soil of the State,

than this colloquy, occasioned by the ignorance of the two parties to it, that the people in Delaware have chosen the nickname of their State from its smallness, it being the least in size of all the States—taking occasion at the same time to imply that compared with the other States, it is not only as small, but as brilliant and as precious as a diamond, which, of course, those big, coarse, cobble-stone commonwealths, New York and Virginia, South Carolina and Massachusetts, and the rest, ought to take in high dudgeon. But why should we go on with this nicknaming of the States? What is gained in any way by calling Pennsylvania the Keystone State, and New York the Empire State, and South Carolina the Gamecock State, and so on through the catalogue? If these names were the fruit of a healthy, natural feeling which had sprung up spontaneously among peoples distinguished from their neighbors by race, and which had grown into strength through generations, they would be well, because in that case they would be really significant. But having been sought out and taken up within the memory of the present generation, as with one or two exceptions is the case, and being, with those exceptions, entirely without other significance than such for example as attaches to the "Diamond State," "the Empire State," "the Keystone State," "the Buckeye State"—being, in fact, mere affectations—are they anything more than the feeblest manifestations of that least manly and least lovely trick or habit (for we will not admit that it has enough inherent or enduring quality to be styled a trait) of our national mind which we ourselves have stigmatized as spread-eagle-ism? The confession that they are nothing more than this, and that the purpose with which they are assumed is unworthy of an intelligent people, may be made by the greatest stickler for that theory of local self-government in local affairs which we call the doctrine of State Rights. If our States were countries, inhabited by different peoples, and defined by natural boundaries,—if our Union were a mere league between tribes distinguished from each other by traits, and habits, and dialects, like the Achaian League, there might be some reason in the attempt to mark our States off from each other by names springing from State pride, and fitted to foster and perpetuate it. The citizen of Massachusetts, or of Virginia, indeed, or even of Connecticut, if he is a descendant of the early settlers of those commonwealths, has some excuse for State pride; for they are the mother commonwealths of the Nation. They, more than any others, moulded our national character. In this respect, and in comparison with these, even the great colonies of Pennsylvania and New Amsterdam—rich though they were, and powerful no less from the character of their leading men than from their position, and although they took a prominent part in our struggle for independence—exercised a comparatively small influence. Neither the Quaker nor the Dutch burgher has left more than slight traces of the position they once held in this country; and in the course of a generation it will be impossible to tell, except from history and tradition, that they once held divided rule from the sources of the Hudson to the mouth of the Delaware. They have been absorbed; but the traits of the roystering Jacobite planter, and of the stern Puritan farmer, are still traceable in their descendants, who have spread themselves over the land, framing its local governments, and moulding its society from East to West. But take a map of the country that they have reclaimed and civilized, and look at the outlines of the States into which they have divided that country for the purpose of local government, and see that the boundaries of those States are not such as separate, or as can separate, nations, peoples,

or even tribes of the same people. They are not natural boundaries, but in almost all cases mere imaginary lines which cut straight across rivers and mountains. The distinction upon which this State pride is founded is the mere creation of the land surveyor. The people in two adjoining States inhabit the same country and are in blood, in history, in government, in religion and in manners identically the same people. They are separated by an imaginary straight line, drawn by the theodolite. Their homogeneity becomes more and more marked year by year. With the exception of a very few persons, members of families whose fortunes have been long settled, they freely change their places of residence from one State to another, sometimes twice before they are thirty years old. There are hundreds of thousands of men in this country, South as well as North, who have never exercised their rights of citizenship in the States where they and their forefathers were born, because they left their native places before they were of age, and who have since that time been citizens of and exercised political rights in States the existence of which as separate political corporations is but a few years older than their own. Can these men with any semblance of reason profess great pride in the State of which they have for a few years been residents, and which, ere long, they may leave for another? What multitudes of men now residents of Mississippi or Louisiana were born in Virginia, Tennessee or one of the Carolinas, and have passed some years of their lives in an intermediate State, in more senses than one! How filled are Ohio and Indiana with men New England or Kentucky born; and among the successful or the struggling merchants and professional men of New York, how considerable a proportion of her million inhabitants were less than twenty years ago citizens of other States North and South! In which of these political corporations must a man take peculiar pride, the one in which he was born and bred, or that which he has sought for business purposes, and in which he may or may not plant his family? Is it not a little amusing to hear a man who grew to manhood in the "Land of Steady Habits" congratulating himself that he is "a Buckeye, sir," and professing that "it will ever be his pride to maintain the honor of the Buckeye State?" Every Yankee may reasonably take pride in Plymouth Rock, the Charter Oak, and Faneuil Hall; but is it not a little queer to hear a Yankee who has gone to Virginia and bought or married some "niggers" priding himself in the glory of "the Old Dominion?" Either of these men may stickle for the strictest exercise of the right of local self-government, and rival Randolph and Calhoun in unyielding maintenance of the doctrine of State Rights, and be above question except from political opponents; and with this political question, or with any other, we do not meddle in these pages. The man who moved from Vermont or Kentucky to Illinois fifteen or twenty years ago, and who within the last three has gone to Nebraska—and there are not a few of such—may, with entire reason and consistency insist just as strongly upon the right of local self-government upon all subjects, the control of which is not specifically given to the Government of the Union by Congress, in the last-named State as he did when he was a citizen of either of the former. The political individuality of the commonwealth called Nebraska is as absolute and perfect as that of Massachusetts or Virginia. But would not the attempt to give its people or its soil any other individuality be a little laughable? Is it not laughable, for instance, in California, which within the memory of young people who have not yet attained majority was a wilderness, and has since then been settled and

brought into political existence by men from every part of our country, and even from Great Britain and from Germany? What is true in this respect of California and Nebraska is almost if not quite equally true of twenty-three, if not of thirty-three, of our thirty-six States. And this attempt to get up a feeling of State pride in States the boundaries of which are drawn like diagrams upon a black-board, and which are peopled from all parts of the country of which they form a part, and of which they were all within a generation an undistinguished part, is not only ridiculous, but pernicious. It tends to weaken the sentiment of patriotism by dividing it between two objects. Every man who is not without natural affection loves the home of his youth, and takes an interest in the well-being and a pride in the well-doing of his kinsmen and his friends. But this is a matter of family and neighborhood, and concerns a comparatively small patch of ground. With this feeling, too, no change of political position, no pride in our common country, no devotion to her need interfere. And a river or a mountain range marking off races, nationalities or quasi nationalities from each other may not unreasonably bound pride and sympathy as well as laws and jurisdiction. But what shall we say of pride and sympathy which might not only have to call in the land surveyor, but which might be able only by his aid, to determine whether it was due to Massachusetts, Connecticut or Rhode Island, to Tennessee, Mississippi or Alabama? Is there either good taste or wisdom in this calling in the aid of adventitious and artificial distinctions to weaken the feeling that, although for some political purposes and for local government we are and cannot safely be other than many commonwealths, we are one nation and one people?



DRIFTING.

PAINTED AND DRAWN ON WOOD, BY W. J. HENNESSY.

THE GALAXY.

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THE CLAVERINGS.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CUMBERLY LANE WITHOUT THE MUD.

THEY walked on in silence for a little way, and then he asked her some question about Florence Burton. Fanny told him that she had heard from Stratton two days since, and that Florence was well.

"I liked her very much," said Mr. Saul.

"So did we all. She is coming here again in the Autumn; so it will not be very long before you see her again."

"How that may be I cannot tell, but if you see her that will be of more consequence."

"We shall all see her, of course."

"It was here, in this lane, that I was with her last, and wished her good-by. She did not tell you of my having parted with her, then?"

"Not especially, that I remember."

"Ah, you would have remembered if she had told you; but she was quite right not to tell you." Fanny was now a little confused, so that she could not exactly calculate what all this meant. Mr. Saul walked on by her side, and for some moments nothing was said. After a while he recurred again to his parting from Florence. "I asked her advice on that occasion, and she gave it me clearly—with a clear purpose and an assured voice. I like a person who will do that. You are sure then that you are getting the truth out of your friend, even if it be a simple negative, or a refusal to give any reply to the question asked."

"Florence Burton is always clear in what she says."

"I had asked her if she thought that I might venture to hope for a more favorable answer if I urged my suit to you again."

"She cannot have said yes to that, Mr. Saul; she cannot have done so!"

"She did not do so. She simply bade me ask yourself. And she was right. On such a matter there is no one to whom I can with propriety address myself, but to yourself. Therefore I now ask you the question. May I venture to have any hope?"

His voice was so solemn, and there was so much of eager seriousness in his

face that Fanny could not bring herself to answer him with quickness. The answer that was in her mind was in truth this: "How can you ask me to try to love a man who has but seventy pounds a year in the world, while I myself have nothing?" But there was something in his demeanor—something that was almost grand in its gravity—which made it quite impossible that she should speak to him in that tone. But he, having asked his question, waited for an answer; and she was well aware that the longer she delayed it, the weaker became the ground on which she was standing.

"It is quite impossible," she said at last.

"If it really be so—if you will say again that it is so after hearing me out to an end, I will desist. In that case I will desist and leave you—and leave Clavering."

"Oh, Mr. Saul, do not do that—for papa's sake, and because of the parish."

"I would do much for your father, and as to the parish I love it well. I do not think I can make you understand how well I love it. It seems to me that I can never again have the same feeling for any place that I have for this. There is not a house, a field, a green lane, that is not dear to me. It is like a first love. With some people a first love will come so strongly that it makes a renewal of the passion impossible." He did not say that it would be so with himself, but it seemed to her that he intended that she should so understand him.

"I do not see why you should leave Clavering," she said.

"If you knew the nature of my regard for yourself, you would see why it should be so. I do not say that there ought to be any such necessity. If I were strong there would be no such need. But I am weak—weak in this; and I could not hold myself under such control as is wanted for the work I have to do." When he had spoken of his love for the place—for the parish, there had been something of passion in his language; but now in the words which he spoke of himself and of his feeling for her, he was calm and reasonable and tranquil, and talked of his going away from her as he might have talked had some change of air been declared necessary for his health. She felt that this was so, and was almost angry with him.

"Of course you must know what will be best for yourself," she said.

"Yes; I know now what I must do, if such is to be your answer. I have made up my mind as to that. I cannot remain at Clavering, if I am told that I may never hope that you will become my wife."

"But, Mr. Saul——"

"Well; I am listening. But before you speak, remember how all-important your words will be to me."

"No; they cannot be all-important."

"As regards my present happiness and rest in this world they will be so. Of course I know that nothing you can say or do will hurt me beyond that. But you might help me even to that further and greater bliss. You might help me too in that—as I also might help you."

"But, Mr. Saul——" she began again, and then, feeling that she must go on, she forced herself to utter words which at the time she felt to be commonplace. "People cannot marry without an income. Mr. Fielding did not think of such a thing till he had a living assured to him."

"But, independently of that, might I hope?" She ventured for an instant to glance at his face, and saw that his eyes were glistening with a wonderful brightness.

"How can I answer you further? Is not that reason enough why such a thing should not be even discussed?"

"No, Miss Clavering, it is not reason enough. If you were to tell me that you could never love me—me, personally—that you could never regard me with affection, that would be reason why I should desist—why I should abandon all my hope here, and go away from Clavering for ever. Nothing else can be reason enough. My being poor ought not to make you throw me aside if you loved me. If it were so that you loved me, I think you would owe it me to say so, let me be ever so poor."

"I do not like you the less because you are poor."

"But do you like me at all? Can you bring yourself to love me? Would you make the effort if I had such an income as you thought necessary? If I had such riches, could you teach yourself to regard me as him whom you were to love better than all the world beside? I call upon you to answer me that question truly; and if you tell me that it could be so, I will not despair, and I will not go away."

As he said this they came to a turn in the road which brought the parsonage gate within their view. Fanny knew that she would leave him there and go in alone, but she knew also that she must say something further to him before she could thus escape. She did not wish to give him an assurance of her positive indifference to him—and still less did she wish to tell him that he might hope. It could not be possible that such an engagement should be approved by her father, nor could she bring herself to think that she could be quite contented with a lover such as Mr. Saul. When he had first proposed to her she had almost ridiculed his proposition in her heart. Even now there was something in it that was almost ridiculous—and yet there was something in it also that touched her as being sublime. The man was honest, good and true—perhaps the best and truest man that she had ever known. She could not bring herself to say to him any word that should banish him forever from the place he loved so well.

"If you know your own heart well enough to answer me, you should do so," he went on to say. "If you do not, say so, and I will be content to wait your own time."

"It would be better, Mr. Saul, that you should not think of this any more."

"No, Miss Clavering; that would not be better—not for me, for it would prove me to be utterly heartless. I am not heartless. I love you dearly. I will not say that I cannot live without you; but it is my one great hope as regards this world, that I should have you at some future day as my own. It may be that I am too prone to hope; but surely, if that were altogether beyond hope, you would have found words to tell me so by this time." They had now come to the gateway, and he paused as she put her trembling hand upon the latch.

"I cannot say more to you now," she said.

"Then let it be so. But, Miss Clavering, I shall not leave this place till you have said more than that. And I will speak the truth to you, even though it may offend you. I have more of hope now than I have ever had before—more hope that you may possibly learn to love me. In a few days I will ask you again whether I may be allowed to speak upon the subject to your father. Now I will say farewell, and may God bless you; and remember this—that my only earthly wish and ambition is in your hands." Then he

went on his way toward his own lodgings, and she entered the parsonage garden by herself.

What should she now do, and how should she carry herself? She would have gone to her mother at once, were it not that she could not resolve what words she would speak to her mother. When her mother should ask her how she regarded the man, in what way should she answer that question? She could not tell herself that she loved Mr. Saul; and yet if she surely did not love him—if such love were impossible—why had she not said as much to him? We, however, may declare that that inclination to ridicule his passion, to think of him as a man who had no right to love, was gone forever. She conceded to him clearly that right, and knew that he had exercised it well. She knew that he was good and true and honest, and recognized in him also manly courage and spirited resolution. She would not tell herself that it was impossible that she should love him.

She went up at last to her room doubting, unhappy and ill at ease. To have such a secret long kept from her mother would make her life unendurable to her. But she felt that, in speaking to her mother, only one aspect of the affair would be possible. Even though she loved him, how could she marry a curate whose only income was seventy pounds a year?

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE RUSSIAN SPY.

WHEN the baby died at Clavering Park, somebody hinted that Sir Hugh would certainly quarrel with his brother as soon as Archie should become the father of a presumptive heir to the title and property. That such would be the case those who best knew Sir Hugh would not doubt. That Archie should have that of which he himself had been robbed, would of itself be enough to make him hate Archie. But, nevertheless, at this present time, he continued to instigate his brother in that matter of the proposed marriage with Lady Ongar. Hugh, as well as others, felt that Archie's prospects were now improved, and that he could demand the hand of a wealthy lady with more of seeming propriety than would have belonged to such a proposition while the poor child was living. No one would understand this better than Lady Ongar, who knew so well all the circumstances of the family. The day after the funeral the two brothers returned to London together, and Hugh spoke his mind in the railway carriage. "It will be no good for you to hang on about Bolton Street, off and on, as though she were a girl of seventeen," he said.

"I'm quite up to that," said Archie. "I must let her know I'm there, of course. I understand all that."

"Then why don't you do it? I thought you meant to go to her at once when we were talking about it before in London."

"So I did go to her, and got on with her very well, too, considering that I hadn't been there long when another woman came in."

"But you didn't tell her what you had come about?"

"No; not exactly. You see it doesn't do to pop at once to a widow like her. Ongar, you know, hasn't been dead six months. One has to be a little delicate in these things."

"Believe me, Archie, you had better give up all notions of being delicate,

and tell her what you want at once—plainly and fairly. You may be sure that she will not think of her former husband, if you don't."

"Oh! I don't think about him at all."

"Who was the woman you say was there?"

"That little Frenchwoman—the sister of the man—Sophie she calls her. Sophie Gordeloup is her name. They are bosom friends

"The sister of that count?"

"Yes; his sister. Such a woman for talking! She said ever so much about your keeping Hermione down in the country."

"The devil she did. What business was that of hers? That is Julia's doing."

"Well; no, I don't think so. Julia didn't say a word about it. In fact, I don't know how it came up. But you never heard such a woman to talk—an ugly, old, hideous little creature! But the two are always together."

"If you don't take care you'll find that Julia is married to the count while you are thinking about it."

Then Archie began to consider whether he might not as well tell his brother of his present scheme with reference to Julia. Having discussed the matter at great length with his confidential friend, Captain Boodle, he had come to the conclusion that his safest course would be to bribe Madam Gordeloup, and creep into Julia's favor by that lady's aid. Now, on his return to London, he was about at once to play that game, and had already provided himself with funds for the purpose. The parting with ready money was a grievous thing to Archie, though in this case the misery would be somewhat palliated by the feeling that it was a bona-fide sporting transaction. He would be lessening the odds against himself by a judicious hedging of his bets. "You must stand to lose something always by the horse you mean to win," Doodles had said to him, and Archie had recognized the propriety of the remark. He had, therefore, with some difficulty, provided himself with funds, and was prepared to set about his hedging operations as soon as he could find Madam Gordeloup on his return to London. He had already ascertained her address through Doodles, and had ascertained by the unparalleled acuteness of his friend that the lady was—a Russian spy. It would have been beautiful to have seen Archie's face when this information was whispered into his ear, in private, at the club. It was as though he had then been made acquainted with some great turf secret, unknown to the sporting world in general.

"Ah!" he said, drawing a long breath, "no; by George, is she?"

The same story had been told everywhere in London of the little woman for the last half dozen years, whether truly or untruly I am not prepared to say; but it had not hitherto reached Archie Clavering; and now, on hearing it, he felt that he was becoming a participator in the deepest diplomatic secrets of Europe.

"By George," said he, "is she really?"

And his respect for the little woman rose a thousand per cent.

"That's what she is," said Doodles, "and it's a doosed fine thing for you, you know! Of course you can make her safe, and that will be everything."

Archie resolved at once that he would use the great advantage which chance and the ingenuity of his friend had thrown in his way; but that necessity of putting money in his purse was a sore grievance to him, and it occurred to him that it would be a grand thing if he could induce his brother

to help him in this special matter. If he could only make Hugh see the immense advantage of an alliance with the Russian spy, Hugh could hardly avoid contributing to the expense—of course on the understanding that all such moneys were to be repaid when the Russian spy's work had been brought to a successful result. Russian spy! There was in the very sound of the words something so charming that it almost made Archie in love with the outlay. A female Russian spy too! Sophie Gordeloup certainly retained but very few of the charms of womanhood, nor had her presence as a lady affected Archie with any special pleasure; but yet he felt infinitely more pleased with the affair than he would have been had she been a man spy. The intrigue was deeper. His sense of delight in the mysterious wickedness of the thing was enhanced by an additional spice. It is not given to every man to employ the services of a political Russian lady-spy in his love-affairs! As he thought of it in all its bearings, he felt that he was almost a Talleyrand, or, at any rate, a Palmerston.

Should he tell his brother? If he could represent the matter in such a light to his brother as to induce Hugh to produce the funds for purchasing the spy's services, the whole thing would be complete with a completeness that has rarely been equalled. But he doubted. Hugh was a hard man—a hard, unimaginative man, and might possibly altogether refuse to believe in the Russian spy. Hugh believed in little but what he himself saw, and usually kept a very firm grasp upon his money.

"That Madam Gordeloup is always with Julia," Archie said, trying the way, as it were, before he told his plan.

"Of course she will help her brother's views."

"I'm not so sure of that. Some of these foreign women ain't like other women at all. They go deeper—a doosed sight deeper."

"Into men's pockets, you mean."

"They play a deep game altogether. What do you suppose she is, now?" This question Archie asked in a whisper, bending his head forward toward his brother, though there was no one else in the carriage with them.

"What she is? A thief of some kind, probably. I've no doubt she's up to any roguery."

"She's a—Russian spy."

"Oh, I've heard of that for the last dozen years. All the ugly old Frenchwomen in London are Russian spies, according to what people say; but the Russians know how to use their money better than that. If they employ spies, they employ people who can spy something."

Archie felt this to be cruel—very cruel, but he said nothing further about it. His brother was stupid, pigheaded, obstinate, and quite unfitted by nature for affairs of intrigue. It was, alas, certain that his brother would provide no money for such a purpose as that he now projected; but, thinking of this, he found some consolation in the reflection that Hugh would not be a participator with him in his great secret. When he should have bought the Russian spy, he and Doodles would rejoice together in privacy without any third confederate. Triumviri might be very well; Archie also had heard of triumviri; but two were company, and three were none. Thus he consoled himself when his pigheaded brother expressed his disbelief in the Russian spy.

There was nothing more said between them in the railway carriage, and, as they parted at the door in Berkeley Square, Hugh swore to himself that this should be the last season in which he would harbor his brother in London.

After this he must have a house of his own there, or have no house at all. Then Archie went down to his club, and finally arranged with Doodles that the first visit to the spy should be made on the following morning. After much consultation it was agreed between them that the way should be paved by a diplomatic note. The diplomatic note was therefore written by Doodles and copied by Archie.

"Captain Clavering presents his compliments to Madam Gordeloup, and proposes to call upon her to-morrow morning at twelve o'clock, if that hour will be convenient. Captain Clavering is desirous of consulting Madam Gordeloup on an affair of much importance." "Consult me!" said Sophie to herself, when she got the letter. "For what should he consult me? It is that stupid man I saw with Julie. Ah, well; never mind. The stupid man shall come." The commissioner, therefore, who had taken the letter to Mount Street, returned to the club with a note in which Madam Gordeloup expressed her willingness to undergo the proposed interview. Archie felt that the letter—a letter from a Russian spy addressed positively to himself—gave him already diplomatic rank, and he kept it as a treasure in his breast coat-pocket.

It then became necessary that he and his friend should discuss the manner in which the spy should be managed. Doodles had his misgivings that Archie would be awkward, and almost angered his friend by the repetition of his cautions. "You mustn't chuck your money at her head, you know," said Doodles.

"Of course not; but when the time comes I shall slip the notes into her hand—with a little pressure perhaps."

"It would be better to leave them near her on the table."

"Do you think so?"

"Oh, yes; a great deal. It's always done in that way."

"But perhaps she wouldn't see them—or wouldn't know where they came from."

"Let her alone for that."

"But I must make her understand what I want of her—in return, you know. I ain't going to give her twenty pounds for nothing."

"You must explain that at first; tell her that you expect her aid, and that she will find you a grateful friend—a grateful friend, say; mind you remember that."

"Yes; I'll remember that. I suppose it would be as good a way as any."

"It's the only way, unless you want her to ring for the servant to kick you out of the house. It's as well understood as A B C, among the people who do these things. I should say take jewelry instead of money if she were anything but a Russian spy; but they understand the thing so well, that you may go further with them than with others."

Archie's admiration for Sophie became still higher as he heard this. "I do like people," said he, "who understand what's what, and no mistake."

"But even with her you must be very careful."

"Oh, yes; that's a matter of course."

"When I was declaring for the last time that she would find me a grateful friend, just at the word grateful, I would put down the four fivers on the table, smoothing them with my hand like that." Then Doodles acted the part, putting a great deal of emphasis on the word grateful, as he went through the smoothing ceremony with two or three sheets of club note paper. "That's your game, you may be sure. If you put them into her hand she

may feel herself obliged to pretend to be angry ; but she can't be angry simply because you put your money on her table. Do you see that, old fellow ?" Archie declared that he did see it very plainly. " If she does not choose to undertake the job, she'll merely have to tell you that you have left something behind you."

" But there's no fear of that, I suppose ?"

" I can't say. Her hands may be full, you know, or she may think you don't go high enough."

" But I mean to tip her again, of course."

" Again ! I should think so. I suppose she must have about a couple of hundred before the end of next month if she's to do any good. After a bit you'll be able to explain that she shall have a sum down when the marriage has come off."

" She won't take the money and do nothing ; will she ?"

" Oh, no ; they never sell you like that. It would spoil their own business if they were to play that game. If you can make it worth her while, she'll do the work for you. But you must be careful ; do remember that." Archie shook his head, almost in anger, and then went home for his night's rest.

On the next morning he dressed himself in his best, and presented himself at the door in Mount Street, exactly as the clock struck twelve. He had an idea that these people were very punctilious as to time. Who could say but that the French ambassador might have an appointment with Madam Gordeloup at half-past one—or perhaps some emissary from the Pope ! He had resolved that he would not take his left glove off his hand, and he had thrust the notes in under the palm of his glove, thinking he could get at them easier from there, should they be wanted in a moment, than he could do from his waistcoat pocket. He knocked at the door, knowing that he trembled as he did so, and felt considerable relief when he found himself to be alone in the room to which he was shown. He knew that men conversant with intrigues always go to work with their eyes open, and, therefore, at once he began to look about him. Could he not put the money into some convenient hiding-place—now at once ? There, in one corner, was the spot in which she would seat herself upon the sofa. He saw plainly enough, as with the eye of a Talleyrand, the marks thereon of her constant sitting. So he seized the moment to place a chair suitable for himself, and cleared a few inches on the table near to it, for the smoothing of the bank-notes—feeling, while so employed, that he was doing great things. He had almost made up his mind to slip one note between the pages of a book, not with any well-defined plan as to the utility of such a measure, but because it seemed to be such a diplomatic thing to do ! But while this grand idea was still flashing backward and forward across his brain, the door opened, and he found himself in the presence of—the Russian spy.

He at once saw that the Russian spy was very dirty, and that she wore a nightcap, but he liked her the better on that account. A female Russian spy should, he felt, differ much in her attire from other women. If possible, she should be arrayed in diamonds, and pearl ear-drops, with as little else upon her as might be ; but failing that costume, which might be regarded as the appropriate evening spy costume, a tumbled nightcap, and a dirty, white wrapper, old cloth slippers, and objectionable stockings, were just what they should be.

" Ah !" said the lady, " you are Captain Clavering. Yes, I remember."

"I am Captain Clavering. I had the honor of meeting you at Lady Ongar's."

"And now you wish to consult me on an affair of great importance. Very well. You may consult me. Will you sit down—there." And Madam Gordeloup indicated to him a chair just opposite to herself, and far removed from that convenient spot which Archie had prepared for the smoothing of the bank-notes. Near to the place now assigned to him there was no table whatever, and he felt that he would in that position be so completely raked by the fire of her keen eyes, that he would not be able to carry on his battle upon good terms. In spite, therefore, of the lady's very plain instructions, he made an attempt to take possession of the chair which he had himself placed; but it was an ineffectual attempt, for the spy was very peremptory with him. "There, Captain Clavering; there; there; you will be best there." Then he did as he was bid, and seated himself, as it were, quite out at sea, with nothing but an ocean of carpet around him, and with no possibility of manipulating his notes except under the raking fire of those terribly sharp eyes. "And now," said Madam Gordeloup, "you can commence to consult me. What is the business?"

Ah; what was the business? That was now the difficulty? In discussing the proper way of tendering the bank-notes, I fear the two captains had forgotten the nicest point of the whole negotiation. How was he to tell her what it was that he wanted to do himself, and what that she was to be required to do for him? It behooved him above all things not to be awkward! That he remembered. But how not to be awkward? "Well!" she said; and there was something almost of crossness in her tone. Her time, no doubt, was valuable. The French ambassador might even now be coming. "Well?"

"I think, Madam Gordeloup, you know my brother's sister-in-law, Lady Ongar?"

"What, Julie? Of course I know Julie. Julie and I are dear friends."

"So I supposed. That is the reason why I have come to you."

"Well—well—well?"

"Lady Ongar is a person whom I have known for a long time, and for whom I have a great—I may say—a very deep regard."

"Ah! yes. What a jointure she has! and what a park! Thousands and thousands of pounds—and so beautiful! If I was a man I should have a very deep regard, too. Yes."

"A most beautiful creature, is she not?"

"Ah; if you had seen her in Florence, as I used to see her, in the long Summer evenings! Her lovely hair was all loose to the wind, and she would sit hour after hour looking, oh, at the stars! Have you seen the stars in Italy?"

Captain Clavering couldn't say that he had, but he had seen them uncommon bright in Norway, when he had been fishing there.

"Or the moon?" continued Sophie, not regarding his answer. "Ah; that is to live! And he, her husband, the rich lord, he was dying, in a little room just inside, you know. It was very melancholy, Captain Clavering. But when she was looking at the moon, with her hair all dishevelled," and Sophie put her hands up to her own dirty nightcap—"she was just like a Magdalen; yes, just the same; just the same."

The exact strength of the picture, and the nature of the comparison drawn,

were perhaps lost upon Archie; and, indeed, Sophie herself probably trusted more to the tone of her words, than to any idea which they contained; but their tone was perfect, and she felt that if anything could make him talk, he would talk now.

"Dear me! you don't say so. I have always admired her very much, Madam Gordeloup."

"Well?"

The French ambassador was probably in the next street already, and if Archie were to tell his tale at all, he must do it now.

"You will keep my secret if I tell it you?" he asked.

"Is it me you ask that? Did you ever hear of me that I tell a gentleman's secret? I think not. If you have a secret, and will trust me, that will be good; if you will not trust me—that will be good also."

"Of course I will trust you. That is why I have come here."

"Then out with it. I am not a little girl. You need not be bashful. Two and two make four. I know that. But some people want them to make five. I know that, too. So speak out what you have to say."

"I am going to ask Lady Ongar to—to—to—marry me."

"Ah, indeed; with all the thousands of pounds and the beautiful park! But the beautiful hair is more than all the thousands of pounds. Is it not so?"

"Well, as to that, they all go together, you know."

"And that is so lucky! If they was to be separated, which would you take?"

The little woman grinned as she asked this question, and Archie, had he at all understood her character, might at once have put himself on a pleasant footing with her; but he was still confused and ill at ease, and only muttered something about the truth of his love for Julia.

"And you want to get her to marry you?"

"Yes; that's just it."

"And you want me to help you?"

"That's just it again."

"Well?"

"Upon my word, if you'll stick to me, you know, and see me through it, and all that kind of thing, you'll find in me a most grateful friend; indeed, a most grateful friend." And Archie, as from his position he was debarred from attempting the smoothing process, began to work with his right forefinger under the glove on his left hand.

"What have you got there?" said Madam Gordeloup, looking at him with all her eyes.

Captain Clavering instantly discontinued the work with his finger, and became terribly confused. Her voice on asking the question had become very sharp; and it seemed to him that if he brought out his money in that awkward, barefaced way, which now seemed to be necessary, she would display all the wrath of which a Russian spy could be capable. Would it not be better that he should let the money rest for the present, and trust to his promise of gratitude? Ah, how he wished that he had slipped at any rate one note between the pages of a book.

"What have you got there?" she demanded again, very sharply.

"Oh, nothing."

"It is not nothing. What have you got there? If you have got nothing, take off your glove. Come."

Captain Clavering became very red in the face, and was altogether at a loss what to say or do.

"Is it money you have got there?" she asked. "Let me see how much. Come."

"It is just a few bank-notes I put in here to be handy," he said.

"Ah; that is very handy, certainly. I never saw that custom before. Let me look." Then she took his hand, and with her own hooked finger clawed out the notes. "Ah! five, ten, fifteen, twenty pounds. Twenty pounds is not a great deal, but it is very nice to have even that always handy. I was wanting so much money as that myself; perhaps you will make it handy to me."

"Upon my word I shall be most happy. Nothing on earth would give me more pleasure."

"Fifty pounds would give me more pleasure; just twice as much pleasure." Archie had begun to rejoice greatly at the safe disposition of the money, and to think how excellently well this spy did her business; but now there came upon him suddenly an idea that spies perhaps might do their business too well. "Twenty pounds in this country goes a very little way; you are all so rich," said the spy.

"By George, I ain't. I ain't rich, indeed."

"But you mean to be—with Julie's money?"

"Oh—ah—yes; and you ought to know, Madam Gordeloup, that I am now the heir to the family estate and title."

"Yes; the poor little baby is dead, in spite of the pills and the powders, the daisies and the buttercups! Poor little baby! I had a baby of my own once, and that died also." Whereupon Madam Gordeloup, putting up her hand to her eyes, wiped away a real tear with the bank-notes which she still held. "And I am to remind Julie that you will be the heir?"

"She will know all about that already."

"But I will tell her. It will be something to say, at any rate—and that, perhaps, will be the difficulty."

"Just so! I didn't look at it in that light before."

"And am I to propose it to her first?"

"Well; I don't know. Perhaps, as you are so clever, it might be as well."

"And at once?"

"Yes, certainly; at once. You see, Madam Gordeloup, there may be so many buzzing about her."

"Exactly; and some of them perhaps will have more than twenty pounds handy. Some will buzz better than that."

"Of course I didn't mean that for anything more than just a little compliment to begin with."

"Oh, ah; just a little compliment for beginning. And when will it be making a progress and going on?"

"Making a progress!"

"Yes; when will the compliment become a little bigger? Twenty pounds! Oh! it's just for a few gloves, you know; nothing more."

"Nothing more than that, of course," said poor Archie.

"Well; when will the compliment grow bigger? Let me see. Julie has seven thousands of pounds, what you call, per annum. And have you seen that beautiful park? Oh! And if you can make her to look at the moon with her hair down—oh! When will that compliment grow bigger? Twenty pounds! I am ashamed, you know."

"When will you see her, Madam Gordeloup?"

"See her! I see her every day, always. I will be there to-day, and to-morrow, and the next day."

"You might say a word then at once—this afternoon."

"What! for twenty pounds! Seven thousands of pounds per annum; and you give me twenty pounds! Fie, Captain Clavering. It is only just for me to speak to you—this! That is all. Come; when will you bring me fifty?"

"By George—fifty!"

"Yes, fifty; for another beginning. What; seven thousands of pounds per annum, and make difficulty for fifty pounds! You have a handy way with your glove. Will you come with fifty pounds to-morrow?" Archie, with the drops of perspiration standing on his brow, and now desirous of getting out again into the street, promised that he would come again on the following day with the required sum.

"Just for another beginning! And now, good-morning, Captain Clavering. I will do my possible with Julie. Julie is very fond of me, and I think you have been right in coming here. But twenty pounds was too little, even for a beginning." Mercenary wretch; hungry, greedy, ill-conditioned woman—altogether of the harpy breed! As Archie Clavering looked into her gray eyes, and saw there her greed and her hunger, his flesh crept upon his bones. Should he not succeed with Julia, how much would this excellent lady cost him?

As soon as he was gone the excellent lady made an intolerable grimace, shaking herself and shrugging her shoulders, and walking up and down the room with her dirty wrapper held close round her. "Bah," she said. "Bah!" And as she thought of the heavy stupidity of her late visitor she shrugged herself and shook herself again violently, and clutched up her robe still more closely. "Bah!" It was intolerable to her that a man should be such a fool, even though she was to make money by him. And then, that such a man should conceive it to be possible that he should become the husband of a woman with seven thousand pounds a year! Bah!

Archie, as he walked away from Mount Street, found it difficult to create a triumphant feeling within his own bosom. He had been awkward, slow and embarrassed, and the spy had been too much for him. He was quite aware of that, and he was aware also that even the sagacious Doodles had been wrong. There had, at any rate, been no necessity for making a difficulty about the money. The Russian spy had known her business too well to raise troublesome scruples on that point. That she was very good at her trade he was prepared to acknowledge; but a fear came upon him that he would find the article too costly for his own purposes. He remembered the determined tone in which she had demanded the fifty pounds merely as a further beginning.

And then he could not but reflect how much had been said at the interview about money—about money for her, and how very little had been said as to the assistance to be given—as to the return to be made for the money. No plan had been laid down, no times fixed, no facilities for making love suggested to him. He had simply paid over his twenty pounds, and been desired to bring another fifty. The other fifty he was to take to Mount Street on the morrow. What if she were to require fifty pounds every day, and declare that she could not stir in the matter for less? Doodles, no doubt,

had told him that these first-class Russian spies did well the work for which they were paid ; and no doubt, if paid according to her own tariff, Madam Gordeloup would work well for him ; but such a tariff as that was altogether beyond his means ! It would be imperatively necessary that he should come to some distinct settlement with her as to price. The twenty pounds, of course, were gone ; but would it not be better that he should come to some final understanding with her before he gave her the further fifty ? But then, as he thought of this, he was aware that she was too clever to allow him to do as he desired. If he went into that room with the fifty pounds in his pockets, or in his glove, or, indeed, anywhere about his person, she would have it from him, let his own resolution to make a previous bargain be what it might. His respect for the woman rose almost to veneration, but with the veneration was mixed a strong feeling of fear.

But, in spite of all this, he did venture to triumph a little when he met Doodles at the club. He had employed the Russian spy, and had paid her twenty pounds, and was enrolled in the corps of diplomatic and mysterious personages, who do their work by mysterious agencies. He did not tell Doodles anything about the glove, or the way in which the money was taken from him ; but he did say that he was to see the spy again to-morrow, and that he intended to take with him another present of fifty pounds.

“ By George, Clavey, you are going it ! ” said Doodles, in a voice that was delightfully envious to the ears of Captain Archie. When he heard that envious tone he felt that he was entitled to be triumphant.

ARACHNE.

BENEATH an elm-tree, on the Summer grass,
Sat sad Arachne, silent and alone.
Her golden hair, dropt down before her face,
Hid all the injured forehead and the eyes
Low looking, but without a tear, and brushed
The white hands lying still upon her lap,
Whiter that they were clasped so tight. Her foot,
Thrust out beyond the border of her robe,
Touched, as if spurning it, the woven cloth,
Hateful to her who wrought it; for the pride
That lifted her, too bold, to grasp in vain
At equal honors with the immortal ones,
Had fallen, crushed before Athene's wrath.

A work of beauty was the hated cloth,
Showing the love of Gods for mortal maids
In deftly woven pictures, wonderful.

First was a pool, seen through the full-leaved trees,
Bordered with grass, and clear, with golden sands :
Close to the edge white Leda dipt her feet,
And in the midst a swan with rising wings.

Next, long haired Bacchus, beardless, full of joy,
Upon a knoll o'errun with heavy vines,
Sat half reclined. His left arm fell across
A crouching panther's curvèd back. His right
Clasped Ariadne golden-crowned. Below,
The Satyrs and Bacchantes danced and sang.

And then a sea that went to meet the sky,
And near, a moving meadow of high grass,
Where with a gathered wreath Europa stood
Crowning the snow-white bull that stooped for her.

And there had ended—for Athene said,
Blushing with wrath, "No more of this, unless
You weave me Io wandering thro' the world
Forever goaded by the gad-fly's sting,
Or Semele made hotter in the kissing flame,—
Fit fate for those whose climbing human pride
Would make them equal with immortal Gods!"
And saying, with her shuttle three times smote
Arachne on her face, and left her there,
Sitting alone beside the woven cloth.

So sat she from the early afternoon,
 Unmoving till the hated sun was gone,
 Then in the dusky twilight rose at last,
 And standing lifted up the weight of hair
 From off her eyes, but held it still close pressed
 Across the smitten forehead, hiding it.
 Then glanced once at the sky, and said,

“ At last !

And now, ere the sharp stars and the still moon
 Come out to mock me, let me go. For what
 Henceforth have I to do with light and hope ?
 For lo ! the Gods are great, and live in light,
 But mortals in the twilight, groping round,
 And woe unto the soul that lifts itself
 Above the limit, looking for the light,
 Thrust down forever by the jealous Gods !

So am I crushed, not for my good indeed,
 Or why the yearning hope that drew me on,
 Or why the joy in knowledge hitherto ?
 Is it then that they fear us, lest at last,
 Rising from knowledge unto knowledge, we
 Grow up to them, beyond them, thrust *them* down ?
 In that might be—But no, they have the power,
 And hide it from us, leading us astray,
 Pointing false lights that we may miss the true,
 And fix upon the low and cleave to that,
 Becoming less and less, until no more
 We struggle to be greater than we are.
 It is in vain, in vain ! To day the hope
 Is broken like the thread, and all my life
 Is broken with it, for I cannot rest
 On what I am, and there is nothing more.
 O, it was well to bid me rather weave
 Sad Io, driven frantic thro’ the world,
 Or burning Semele, beloved of Zeus !
 They do but mock us, playing with our lives—
 Leaving sad souls to starve in loneliness,
 Or mad with hope through yearning to pursue
 Swift shadows of bright beauty down to death,
 While they sit smiling at the useless toil.
 Toil worse than useless : I too longed and strove.
 Giving my life to labor, and through all,
 Enduring pain that promised evermore
 To change into pure pleasure at the end,
 When I should pass the limit of my life
 And reach the place I longed for. Shall I climb,
 Till lo ! just as my fingers touch the edge
 And the great joy grows more than beautiful,
 She stoops, who all along had beckoned me,
 Crushes the fingers from their straining hold !

Was it sweet sport, O blue-eyed one, sweet sport ?
O, hateful hope that lured me so to climb !
O, loathsome life ! so hardly made a thing
For laughter—but I laugh not, nor shall you
Look down and smile to see me any more,
Toiling to gather wisdom. For behold,
I too am wise, Athene,—having learned
The worth of hope and labor, whose reward,
Bought with the beauty of my maiden youth,
Is this !—and death's deep silence, after scorn."

She said, and stepped across the homeward path ;
And in the doubtful twilight, ere the stars,—
The clear unwearied stars,—and the calm moon,
Came out to light the darkness, passed away,
Into the deeper darkness of the wood,
Where gloom broods ever, and no voice at all,
Not so much as a shriek is ever heard
To break the cold proud silence of despair.

R. W.

DAYS WITH THE KNAPSACKS.

IN the early days of the year of Christian grace and American bloodshed, eighteen hundred and sixty-three, the humble individual whose name is appended to this article was favored with the regards of his Excellency, Horatio Seymour, in the shape of a captain's commission in one of the fighting New York regiments of the Nineteenth corps. His acceptance of this parchment raised him from the adjutant's laborious routine to the command of a company, and gave him a long-desired opportunity to gain an experience in the service beyond consolidated morning reports, and daily dress parades and guard mountings. He bade farewell, without regrets, to the sphere of headquarters, and with regrets, to the gallant gray which could not share his new duties—sold his spurs, laid aside his clanking cavalry sabre and high-topped boots, and for the following eighteen months, at the head of a hundred merry men, shared the unique and nomadic life of the foot-soldier in the field. The lights and shadows of military life are best appreciated when seen from the ranks; with your foot in the stirrup you are beyond that close companionship with the rank and file which alone gives an insight into the toils, the sufferings, the sacrifices, and the humors of that grand figure in the history of our tremendous civil conflict, THE AMERICAN PRIVATE SOLDIER. And hardly less proud is the position of the line officer whose duty is a sacred trust, and who gains the affectionate devotion of those under him by careful attention to their needs, by the exercise of a firm but kind authority, and by proving to them that he is in fact what his commission creates him—their leader. With this respect and confidence once bestowed, their honest hearts beat beneath their blue blouses with a firm loyalty to "the Captain," and if they indulge in the innocent familiarity of addressing him as "Cap," it is but another evidence of their regard. They follow him on the march through dust, and heat, and thirst, and weariness, much better content because "Cap" shares in them; their coarse rations seem something better in quality because "Cap" finds them palatable; the rain does not appear to penetrate the rubber blanket, nor the ground to be half so hard beneath it, when "Cap" lies under the same cover with Private Green; and when the skirmishers' rifles are swelling into volleys at the front, and the staff gallops furiously past, and the word "double-quick" hastens the regiment up to the whirlpool of slaughter—then their eyes look for him anxiously, and their hearts grow stouter at the gleam of his sword and the vigor of his voice, and dire are the anathemas visited upon the head of the laggard who falters when "Cap is with us." There is a thrilling incident which half the historians of Waterloo have omitted; the last act of the magnificent Old Guard, shattered, decimated, but not vanquished—when in the closing hour of that disastrous day they gathered sternly around their Emperor, and in the deadly uproar of the English cannon, sang together the old French air, "Where can one better be

than in the bosom of his family?" The incident illustrates truthfully the bond which the hazards and toils of military service create between the faithful officer and his command; and after relating it here, there is no need of further preface to this narrative of experiences with our Volunteer infantry on campaign.

More than half of the problem of war is solved when an army is mobilized and reduced to the consistent harmony of a great travelling machine. More battles have been lost since war first began by lack of knowledge on the part of commanders how to move their troops, than, perhaps, from any other one cause. An army is a community, a colony of wandering Bedouins, under a dictator; and, to keep it well in hand, while dispersed over many square miles of country, to be able to calculate with unerring certainty upon the exact time and place when and where all its parts can be concentrated, and to keep it sufficiently supplied with food and material, go far to the making of a successful general. But above these qualifications, and greater than all of them, is that wonderful faculty which the first Napoleon possessed in such a remarkable degree—the power of infusing confidence and elasticity of spirit into the whole mass of a command, so that it can accomplish a long and tedious march with the same buoyancy and *élan* with which it would charge a faltering enemy. It is this spirit that makes armies invincible; and whoever can succeed in perfectly uniting in himself all these conditions becomes of necessity a great general. If an example be sought from our own annals, the name of William T. Sherman will occur as a very conspicuous realization of these conditions.

"Well—but how does an army march?"

Not at all, my dear sir or madam, as some of the knaves of the quill would have you believe. It does *not* move out from pleasant camps or grim fortifications in glittering array of epaulets and sashes and plumes, with the ranks accurately dressed, with the left foot foremost, and with the music playing the National airs. The men do *not* move along at the regulation quickstep and with arms at a right-shoulder-shift; nor do the officers carry their swords in the fashion of the fierce hussar of the child's wooden toy. Such would be an ideal march, born of the brain of an imaginative civilian from the reading of Abbott's "Life of Napoleon," or Headley's "Washington and his Generals." Let us take a cursory view of the reality.

Time, five o'clock, *ante meridiem*; an early hour, much before daylight, and an uncomfortably chilly one; place, the fields contiguous to any of the Virginia highways. The tops of the adjacent mountains are wreathed in mist, and the air is thick with vapor and obscure with darkness. Were the time half an hour later, so that objects could be distinguished, any centre of observation would show you long vistas of stacked arms, and countless rows of motionless figures recumbent on the ground, covered with a single blanket or shelter tent. They lie in all shapes and positions, just as they laid themselves down late last night after a wearying day's march; some with heads pillowed on their boots or canteens—some singly, and others in groups of two, four, or six—all quiet as death, still as silence itself. You will look in vain for the officers; the confusions of field service are complete in the bivouac. The form shrouded in yonder rubber blanket may possibly be that of Colonel Grizzly himself; but just now he appears to no better advantage than does Private Mahony at his elbow, with his heels over the next man's chest, and his long-drawn snores rushing out like the explosion of a thirty-two. In the

far background you might discover an indistinct assemblage of picketed mules and horses, and the canvas thatching of the wagon train; and a small group of tents might mark the position of some headquarters. Suddenly rises a distant bugle-note, uncomfortably suggestive to the lighter sleepers. Next a fife and drum, presently another, a rattle and shriek of sheepskin and reed runs like a lighted train through the army till the sound is lost in the distance, and the whole bivouac is quickly jarred out of its slumbers by the merciless reveille. Prostrate soldiers start to their elbows, sore and stiff, and not much refreshed by the copious dews of the night; eyes are rubbed, consciousness regained, maledictions invoked on the drum-corps, and everybody is quickly in motion. It is true indeed that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast;" but did the gentle Shakespeare ever hear the tune, "Get up, you lazy soldier," played at five o'clock of a chilly morning?

Our lieutenant is an indefatigable sleeper, and long neglect has deafened his ears to the seductive strains of the reveille. Sometimes while it continues, you can perceive a troubled expression cross his round, young face, as if a premonition of something troublesome visited his slumbers; but wake himself he will not. It is a pity to waken him now; but we are informed by the sergeant-major who has just passed on his rounds, that the command moves in half an hour, and it is high time for this fellow to be astir. We draw the blanket gently away from him; his hands grasp it, and he mutters uneasily.

"Jack!"

No answer. We stoop down and lend him a gentle punch in the ribs, which opens his eyes and discovers his tongue.

"What the devil do you want?"

"Past reveille, Jack, and almost time to move. Get up, you good-for-naught." He heaves his bulk up to a sitting posture, and looks at us with a comical expression of regretful realization.

"The Lord save us, Cap! I expect I've been dreaming. Thought I was back in Chenango, under grandfather's apple-trees, cousining with Kate and Sue."

He jumps to his feet, and we both circulate among the men to see personally that they are preparing for the march. There need be no packing of knapsacks, for they must be well adjusted to make good pillows, and that was attended to last night; but the blankets are to be dried from the dew before the fire and rolled up compactly, the canteens filled, and breakfast cooked and eaten. A very simple matter, this last; small fires are kindled all over the bivouac, great kettles of coffee are soon steaming over them, haversacks are consulted for salt pork and hard-tack, and thus the simple repast is made. There is nothing very tempting about such fare as this, but it is the habitual diet of the soldier on the march, varied occasionally by such additions as his shrewdness and the careless habits of barn-yard fowls enable him to make. A grinning African now approaches us with the information, "breakfast ready, sah."

"Jonah, I welcome thee!" our volatile lieutenant exclaims. "In the bright lexicon of youth, I account breakfast the sweetest word, and love the next—what have we to eat?"

"Coffee and hard-tack, sah!"

"The d—dickens! Jonah, you need instruction. Attend to me!" The African rolls up the whites of his eyes before Jack's uplifted finger, swinging his awkward body to and fro.

"What is your chief duty?"

"Cook de grub, sah; fetch de water."

"By no means, Jonah! It is to forage, to extort supplies from these opulent farmers, to draw subsistence from the country. Negro of my vexation, let not the sun go down without a chicken for our mess!"

The darkey disappears in search of our blankets, and we finish our breakfast. By this time the drums are sounding the assembly, and five minutes are occupied with adjusting belts, strapping knapsacks, and rubbing gun-barrels. If our careful soldier has an honest pride in the musket which he carries, he feels that his existence depends upon keeping it serviceable, and is never weary of brightening it for inspection. The adjutant is on the line with the colors, and the companies rapidly take their places. The marching unit is the brigade, and its movements are directed by the bugle from the head of the column. Staff officers are galloping hither and thither, indicating to regimental commandants the order of march; soon the battalions face to the right, file into the road, close up into brigades, and the whole column is en route. The cavalry has the lead, as it must watch the front for danger; the artillery moves with the different corps, and the long wagon train, mile after mile of it, brings up the rear. When guerrillas are plenty and troublesome, large detachments of cavalry accompany the train for a guard. Only a bird's-eye view can comprehend all the details, and a spectator poised in mid-air over such a scene might fancy that he beheld a great serpent with glittering scales, slowly twisting forward his miles of body. He would see different corps, divisions, and brigades, separated by miles, half, and quarter miles of distance, or marching by different roads, in parallel columns, without much compactness; masses of men moving on without much apparent order, and yet each man knowing his place and falling into it at the word; clouds of dust rising from the shuffling feet of men and horses, and hanging heavily above the moving mass; stragglers sitting and lying by the wayside, faint and weary, or skulking from the restraints of discipline; the whole incongruous throng pressing steadily on through the long hours of the Summer day, slowly, and with occasional rests—over tiresome hills, through forests, and across meadows and streams, toward some unknown objective point of the campaign—till nightfall and the welcome bivouac come together.

So much for the general aspect of the march. A closer acquaintance exhibits it in its painful and fatiguing details. For the first hour after the column has started, before the heat of the day comes on, and while everybody is tolerably rested from yesterday's labors, you will see cheerful faces and hear garrulous and jovial tongues; but by-and-by, after the sun has scorched us, and while his fiery southern face still glowers above us; when ears, eyes, and nostrils are full of dust; when there are no feet but sore feet, and we limp along like a convention of cripples on the everlasting "tramp, tramp, tramp," of the route-step, then shall you see poor, distressed humanity bearing its burdens with true soldier philosophy, albeit every face is full of distress and dirt, and remarks are occasionally uttered more remarkable for emphasis than politeness. Does it rain? In rain as in shine the poor military footpad must trudge on; he is the sport of the elements, and has at least the cheap luxury of grumbling. The more doleful the situation, the more grotesquely will the dry humor of the soldier crop out to the surface, and he is sure to find his joke in any situation of affairs.

"This is all deuced nonsense," grumbles Jones, a tall file-leader. "Wonder

if old Blower knows what he expects to do with the enemy after he catches 'em?"

"I think the President made one great mistake," remarks Brown, a sedate chap, who rarely smiles, and whose opinion is always received with deference.

"Do you, though, Brown?" "What was it?" "Give us your views," etc., etc.

"Yes, I do, and I'm afraid he'll find it out as the campaign progresses. He should have made Jones Lieutenant-General, instead of Grant."

Jones subsides into silence under the laugh, and Smith quietly observes that he has learned some news which he guesses nobody else knows.

"Let's have it Smith," half a dozen sensationalists cry; whereupon Smith lays his forefinger by the side of his long nose, and informs them that it is reported that Moseby has burned up White's Ford, and blown up the Shenandoah Valley.

Noon approaches, and the fervid rays of the sun seem to burn whatever they touch. Gun-barrels grow hot and blistering to the hands, and the water in the canteens is too warm to drink. Throats are dry and parched, and eyes look restless and feverish; and you need not look closely to see teeth shut hard together, to choke down the complaints that rise from the heart. Yet there is no selfishness here. Yonder is a little, weak fellow, manfully struggling along under the weight of his musket and knapsack, when it is evident enough that his legs are scarcely strong enough to carry his own weight. The great file-closer at his right quietly relieves him of the musket, and for the next mile carries one on each shoulder. Presently, Lieutenant Jack observes it, and takes one himself. The poor, weak boy becomes almost fainting with thirst; somebody has a little cold water, and it is handed over to him as freely as though a river of it were at hand. Your true soldier has an invincible pride not to leave the company for any discomfort. He will endure everything rather than have it said that he did not stack arms with his company at night; and, when he asks leave to fall out, his officer may know that poor, exhausted nature can endure no more.

The column will halt at noon for perhaps an hour, and the exhilarating song of the bugle, which tells the welcome news, is greeted with irrepressible shouts. The panting, thirsty crowd can with difficulty await the command "break ranks," before they are rushing away to the living spring, bubbling out from the hillside in its purity, and furnishing such refreshment as the cellarage of the Rothschilds can never bestow. They throw themselves prostrate beside it, drinking it greedily as it gushes from the ground, bathing hands and head in its revivifying tide, and then fill their canteens to over-running with the precious fluid. O ye connoisseurs of the grape, who stretch your legs luxuriously beneath mahogany, and fancy you have found the highest pleasure which the glass can give in Clicquot, or Moselle, or Burgundy, or Curaçoa, you never knew the rapture of one draught of God's best gift when it frees the poor sufferer from torments such as Abraham saw across the gulf! Lying motionless in the grass, the wearied men make the most of the hour, and rest and shade strengthen them for the work of the afternoon. The march is soon resumed, and protracted until the sun has wheeled clear down below the western tree-tops. The eyes of the uninitiated will rest with something of amazement upon the aggregate burden which an infantry soldier carries, varying from fifty to one hundred pounds. Make an inventory of the whole, and you will have a musket, a dead weight, which must be shifted to

a dozen different positions in the course of an hour; a set of accoutrements, wretchedly uncomfortable to wear in hot weather; forty rounds of ball-cartridge in the cartridge-box, and sometimes ten more in the pocket; a knapsack crowded to repletion with indispensables; rubber and wool blankets strapped across the body; an overcoat rolled on the knapsack; a haversack slung upon one side, loaded with three days' rations, balanced by a canteen on the other containing three pints of water; and a dozen small affairs, stowed away wherever practicable. To march twenty miles between sun and sun, burdened in this way, in rain and shine, heat and cold, spite of aching limbs and blistered feet, and to prolong it for a month, make a school of endurance in which are learned lessons for a whole lifetime.

Perhaps the exigencies of the campaign may require us to ford a river. This is a disagreeable business, but not without its humorous aspects. Preparations for crossing over are made at the top of the bank, consisting simply in removing boots and socks, rolling up the lower garments, and slinging the cartridge-box high up between the shoulders, to keep the ammunition dry. The sight at the water's edge becomes unique and laughable. Regiments entering the stream, quickly lose their cohesiveness, and are resolved into a crowd of individual soldiers struggling with the current, and limping painfully over pebbles and rocks at the bottom. Boots suspended over the shoulder on the musket, swing to and fro like pendulums; and now and then you will see some poor unfortunate with insecure footing laboring frantically to preserve his equilibrium, and clutching at his neighbor as he trips, involving both in "too much of water." Splashing, stumbling, swimming and wading, regiment after regiment reaches the opposite shore; the lower apparel is resumed, the chaos reorganized, and the march continues.

* But all this sinks into utter insignificance when contrasted with a forced march, prolonged far into the night, when the system is prostrated with the fatigue of the day's labor. We somewhere read a description of a punishment applied to criminals in some of the barbarous countries of Africa—deprivation of sleep, until the wretched subject expires under the torture. No person has a better opportunity to test the miseries of overtaxed physical powers than the soldier. The necessity of sleep is a requirement that cannot be disregarded beyond a certain point; abused nature will assert its claim. The experience of half our volunteer regiments in the field will recall night marches when scarcely a man was wide awake, and many were absolutely walking in their sleep, moving along only because they were fractions of a moving mass. Reeling and staggering as they move, with eyes closed and feet stumbling, clearly conscious of nothing but motion, they keep their places in the ranks, and are carried forward with their motion. The bugle-sound will not waken a man in this condition; he will mechanically subside in his tracks at a halt, neither knowing nor caring whether he lies in a mud-hole or on a heap of stones; he could sleep soundly with Van Amburgh's lions snarling over him. "Attention!" sings the bugle, and the sleeper struggles to his feet and resumes the perpendicular; the column moves on, and he partakes of its motion. He may be both hungry and thirsty, weary, and aching in every bone; but the craving for sleep surpasses every other, and makes him insensible of all minor pain. And when at last an opportunity for sleep is given, it comes with a profundity which no opiate could give. There is a vigor, an active enjoyment about a slumber under such circumstances which experience alone can realize.

Outlining thus faintly the march of an army, we reach something of the truth which war-correspondents intend to, but do not, convey, when they inform us that "General Quickstep marched his column yesterday twenty-three miles toward Hardscrabble, on the Breakneck road;" always adding the stereotyped phrase, "the men are in excellent spirits." Very possibly these words have been read by many excellent citizens at the North, just before betaking themselves to feather beds and sea-grass mattresses; and very possibly they may have remarked thereupon, in their noble enthusiasm for a vigorous prosecution of the war: "Well, then—if they were in such good spirits, why couldn't Quickstep march them twenty miles further before he rested them?"

Indeed, why not? Nothing can be more simple; it is merely putting one foot before the other!

* * * * *

The still, sad night, which brings its Lethe to all suffering and unrest, shrouds our army gratefully in its dusky arms. Three hours ago the tattoo rattled its warning down the lines, the fires went out, the song and laugh were hushed, and sleep fettered the limbs of twenty thousand boys in blue. Their little shelters stretch across the plain, over the hillside, and away to the foot of the mountain, where now and then you catch the gleam of a bayonet from a picket-post. Our friend and lieutenant, Jack, has neither romance nor music in his practical soul, and we will leave him to his slumbers while we survey the scene without. There is no sign of life around you; a look of haggard weariness covers all these faces, and we can easily fancy that the angel of death, not of sleep, holds them in her embrace. Beneath the dim moon and the sailing clouds the bivouacs lie like mighty sepulchres of humanity. And so they are—sepulchres of life, not death!

The embers at the nearest fire are burning low, and beside them are lying two men whom we recognize as Brown and Smith, the jokers of our day's march. Let us draw near enough to overhear their words without being discovered.

"Sleep?—no, of course I couldn't. Every step we take carries us further from the mail that came to Harper's Ferry the night after we left, and God only knows when I shall hear the news. The crisis of the fever was just upon her when they wrote me before, and the letter that must be in this mail will tell me all. Poor Jane!—poor Jane! I've done my duty, as the captain would say, I know; but it's hard, too hard."

A tear rolls down his rough, bearded cheek, and he hides his face a moment in his hands. And then the other speaks.

"There's a little fellow at home just two years old, with my name, and his mother writes me that he's looking more and more like me every day. I don't know; I've never seen his little face, and heaven knows if I ever shall. Have you heard anything more about a battle, Brown?"

"They do say we shall have a hard one within a week. I'd like to avoid it if my duty would let me; but I'll never flinch when it comes."

"You're right, Brown. For the sake of the boy and his mother I wish I could be spared it; but duty and honor are as dear to me as they are. God willing, no harm shall come nigh me."

Their voices expire in the silence of the night, and until the harsh awakening of reveille their griefs are forgotten. We bear them and their dear ones sadly in our memory, well knowing that a day will come when the long wail

from the battle-field may reach to their doors, and that the boy may never know the love which the soldier bore him. Living or dead, let the grateful reverence of their country forever rest upon the rank and file of our Volunteer Army. Their strong arms and unquailing hearts saved the Republic through pains and sacrifices such as can never be described; let them be imperishably embalmed in its history.

JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

S U R F .

SPLENDORS of Morning the billow-crests brighten,
 Lighting and luring them on to the land,—
 Faraway waves where the wan vessels whiten,
 Blue rollers breaking in surf where we stand
 Curved like the necks of a legion of horses,
 Each with his froth-gilded mane flowing free,
 Hither they speed in perpetual courses,
 Bearing thy riches, O beautiful Sea!

Strong with the striving of yesterday's surges,
 Lashed by the wanton winds leagues from the shore,
 Each, driven fast by its follower, urges
 Fearlessly those that are fleeting before;
 How they leap over the ridges we walk on,
 Flinging us gifts from the depths of the Sea—
 Silvery fish for the foam-haunting falcon,
 Palm-weed and pearls for my darling and me!

Light falls her foot where the rift follows after,
 Finer her hair than your feathery spray,
 Sweeter her voice than your infinite laughter,—
 Hist! ye wild couriers, list to my lay!
 Deep in the chambers of grottoes auroral
 Morn laves her jewels and bends her red knee:
 Thence to my dear one your amber and coral
 Bring, for her dowry, O beautiful Sea!

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

A WOMAN.



SOME one, since the war, has painted "Virginia." I do not remember the picture precisely; the scene it represents is, perhaps, quite different from that at which I was looking in the November twilight, but the impression it left was of dull, monotonous desolation, and the impression of the landscape before me was the same. The hill-tops were smirched by frost; the untilled fields were covered with a sparse, weedy growth; there was a swampy slope crowded with soldiers' graves and their rotting head-boards; sterile tracts lay either side the lonely road, and over all there were stillness and stagnation. A slow, unhindered decay appeared to be thwarting the very processes of nature. Corruption was at work, and the scene was of the sort wherein the only kind of life

we look for is that foul life which corruption develops.

Nothing can be more frightful than this look of lethargy and ruin. I felt it clutch my fancy and hang with the weight of a nightmare to my spirits. I was lonesome, and there came into my mind a morbid notion, an idea of moral wrongs bred like maggots in the dissolution of an evil; of stinging swarms, like the bees of Samson's riddle, lodging in the carcass of a slain system.

"Eve," said a man's voice, somewhere near me.

I started. It seemed as if my foolish fancy had found a voice.

"Let go my hands now, Wilsy! I done listened to you all I will," came in reply in a woman's voice, brimming with rippling coquetry.

I smiled at my sombre superstition. By the light of the strip of beryl-colored sky still stretching along the west, I could distinguish the figures of the speakers as they stood by the well, a little way from my window, and I recognized at once the pretty quadroon who was my washerwoman, and her ardent and much abused lover.

She drew herself back as she answered him, resting one hand on the stone curb behind her. There was a voluptuous grace in her outlines and a lissom arrogance in her attitude which made her look, in the delusive light, like a dusk chiselling out of the shadows.

"I think you might promuss," Wilsy said, with tenacity, but no presumption in his voice.

"Wilsy, you keep such a fuss!" she answered complainingly.

"Well, I think you might," he repeated.

"I'm all the while tellin' you I ain't no account," she said, in an uneasy way, as though the admission was an argument, "now what you keep pesterin' me to marry you for?" Her tone was sharp, but even Wilsy, not over shrewd in other matters, seemed to understand that her irritation was directed rather toward herself than him; that it was pleasanter than she meant to admit to have him holding her struggling little hands so hard in his, and that she was seeking with inexplicable motive to justify her satisfaction by appearing dissatisfied. He had the keen insight of a simple nature, and Eve's manner abashed without discouraging him.

"Why I think you'se beautiful, Eve," looking at her boldly and exulting to refute her self-depreciation so clearly; drawing a little closer and flavoring a profound humility with a suspicion of audacity.

She sprang back from his advance. The brief irresolution went out of her face.

"Don't now, Wilsy!" with a quaver of fright in her tone, a genuine denial in her words, which at once controlled him.

It seemed, indeed, in the end, that he was a little afraid of her. He was rather below her type, and lacked the self-assertion which the quadroon often has, but the mulatto seldom. In his words and looks there was a craving enthusiasm, a timid, abasing, engrossing passion; in hers a succession of contradictions; one minute he seemed to please and soothe her, the next to grow detestable to her.

He stood away from her; hurt, but not angry.

"Don't you car' anything fo' me, Eve?" he asked, piteously.

A slow, gray horror crept over her childish, undetermined face, her mouth contracted, her eyes grew narrow.

"No, I don't!" she flashed out, harshly, and then with a sudden movement she lifted the bucket she had filled to her head, and walked rapidly away.

Of course, he followed her.

"You're gwine to make that contrac' with Massa Karstons, then?"

"Yes."

"Heaps o' work dere," he muttered, gloomily.

"You lem'me 'lone, Wilsy. I'se able to work," in a defiant way, as though vexed at his unwelcome, but undeniable statement; betraying in spite of herself her dread of hardship.

"I'se a sight better able 'n you be, Eve;" and then, with an increase of pluck, "You ain't fit to work. You'se jus' like white folks," stopping a minute, and adding awkwardly, "I'se earnt heaps o' money down dere at de war'house, you know, Eve."

"Well, I don't car' Wilsy," in a pettish tone.

"It'd be all your'n," he said, hesitatingly, shrewdly guessing how he might play tempter if he dare.

There was a struggle in her face—the struggle of a desire for strength with the feeble will which was her inheritance from an ancestry of oppression. She walked slowly, steadying the bucket she carried with one hand, the other hanging at her side. Wilsy followed, keeping a step behind her, fumbling with some embarrassment in both his pockets, and presently drawing from one a little package, the tissue paper that enveloped it being soiled and twisted with the poor fellow's previous nervous handling.

"I don't know as I got any use for dis," he said, unrolling the little bunch awkwardly and letting the lengths of a tinsel chain which it contained wind about his clumsy fingers.

The girl cast a swift, sly glance backward, and let her steps slacken inappreciably. There was a slim, yellow moon peering through the gray film that had come over the sky; its slant rays glittered in the gilt links as Wilsy dangled them.

"That's certainly fine," she vouchsafed, betraying her relish for the trumpery in her impulsive words.

"It suits you," said Wilsy, aptly.

She laughed out, slightlying, annoyed at having encouraged the compliment.

"'Twas got fur you," he ventured, walking beside her.

She laughed again with scorn, her eyes still on the chain.

"Great service it'd do me, *down dar*," emphasizing the words which reminded him that she meant to go away from him.

"Well, you may just take it, Eve, or I'll throw it away."

"Ho, Wilsy!" with amused incredulity.

"I will."

"Pshaw!"

Wilsy's courage had risen gradually to the coaxing point; with a sudden movement he thrust the chain into the hand hanging at Eve's side.

"You jes' take it now, Eve. You jes' take it and keep it—so it'll be safe," making the last clause a concession.

"Nonsense, Wilsy! Give it to some dem others. 'Lize 'll take mighty good car' of it;" but her voice was not altogether sincere. She raised her hand and let the lengths of the chain thread her fingers and slip down over her round arm.

"I'd like to see any dem gettin' it," he returned explicitly, trying not to betray a certain blind exultation he felt.

"You'se right smart car'less 'bout such things, Wilsy?" she asked, rather shyly.

"Dat's so, Eve," in a humble, contented tone.

"Well," speaking slowly, twisting the chain, "I s'pose I might jus' take it and keep it so's you wouldn't lose it. Couldn' take it no how else," with a returning waver in her tone, another look toward the chain, a renewed effort not to want it, a brief sigh.

"Law, Eve!" cried Wilsy, suddenly, "jes' see dem all waitin' dere to drive in, and no soul to open de gate;" and availing himself of his lucky discovery with the skill of a *diplomat*, Wilsy darted off, leaving Eve helpless, in possession of his gift.

"'Pears dere can't be no harm in jes' keepin' it," she murmured; "couldn' take it no how else," and then she was out of sight.

She came to me the next morning, looking a little wan, but jaunty and

trim as usual in her dress, and deft in her ways. She had a remarkably pretty face, babyish and irresolute to be sure, and void of expression except for the dumb, deep look of sorrow in her large eyes, but with clear, olive tints, and red, ripe lips; with well-hung arms, round, supple limbs, an easy, airy kind of grace—the incarnation of a joyous, life-loving nature, ready to receive impressions, equally ready to lose them.

"I want de cap'n to fix dat paper so's I ken go down to Miss Karstons right away, please Miss," were almost the first words she said.

I was a little inclined to remonstrate with Eve for this. The Karstons wanted a strong woman for mere drudgery, and the contract was to be binding for three months. Eve could flute ruffles, arrange a room, or dress one's hair to a charm—she had been brought up lady's maid—but it did not seem to me she was constituted for rough, hard work, and I did not want her to be discouraged in her first attempt at independent labor. But this situation with the Karstons, who were small farmers and ignorant people, was the only one which just then presented itself.

"I think you'd better have a little patience, Eve. Your work will be worth a good deal more in the right place," I said.

She looked fretted, which was very unusual.

"I want to go, Miss."

"What is the matter?" I asked, trying to get at the secret of her stubborn impulse.

She hung her head a moment. Then she said in an abrupt, uneasy way,

"Wilsy pesters me."

I laughed.

"Running away from a lover, eh? What is the trouble with Wilsy? Don't you like him?"

"He ain't no account," she equivocated, reservedly.

She puzzled me a good deal. Poor Wilsy's piteous pleading of the night before came to my mind.

"If you're so undecided, wouldn't it be well to incline to the side of mercy, Eve?" I asked, thinking I might justifiably pour a little oil upon this troubled, true-love current; "I expect Wilsy would make you a good husband. He's as smart a workman as there is about here, I hear them say," I added.

The blood flushed up to the girl's temples.

"I don' want a husband," she said, sharply; and then catching back something which seemed to come to her lips, she muttered, "Wilsy's always runnin' round after one and another. Dare say he won't fret long 'bout me," with a mingling of coquetry and sincerity in her words.

I saw there was something deeper than I might touch, so I forbore to add any more arguments. The contract was made out that same day, and the next I saw Eve driven off behind the single ox harnessed to a clumsy cart, the only vehicle remaining to Mr. Karstons after the final Confederate impression. I remember looking after the girl with a presentiment of ill, and a sense of disappointment. Her character was so legible, yielding, pleasure-loving; so susceptible of keen, sensuous delights; capacitated for enjoyment, but sure to swerve from suffering; easily tempted, cowardly, with small power for enduring or resisting, that I dreaded the test to which she was about to be put.

But new duties and excitements poured rapidly in. The weeks slipped

away, and I thought no more about the little love affair, unless when Wilsy came prowling around with disconsolate looks, waiting to ask if I ever heard anything from Eve.

The Winter wore away to February. It was one of those days when the sun touches the earth with a long, rapturous kiss, and a quick throb of life answers. Long, white rifts of cloud were stealing over the sky, softening its blue, wintry glitter. The air that nestled the withered leaves was moist and warm. There was a secret stir of life, a sense of the coming of a new creation.

I had prepared that morning for overhauling some clothing recently sent for the Freedpeople by the Commission, and was waiting for the men to open the boxes, when Wilsy appeared, with an unusually radiant expression, and after some preliminary shuffling, announced in a tone as of response to a question for which I might have been waiting,

"Eve done come, Miss."

"Has she? When?" I asked, rather preoccupied.

"Jus' to-day, Miss."

"How is that?" I inquired, still unsuspecting of the coming disclosure.

"We's married, Miss. De chaplain done done it."

"Married! Is it possible?" It would have been difficult for me to have told just why I experienced so much surprise.

"Yes'm, we's married." I fancied I detected a little suppressed indignation in his reiteration.

"Well, how did it come about, and how long since?" I inquired.

"Jus' dis berry day, Miss. Jus' now de chapla'n done done it," with evident relish for the last point.

"Oh! Well you must excuse me, Wilsy, for being astonished, but I supposed you and Eve were finally and effectually separated when she went down in the country."

"Yes'm."

"I might have known, though. Love laughs at locksmiths, and you of course have contrived to see her in spite of all."

"I haint seen her, Miss, afore to-day—not since las' Fall. I only sawnt her messages," said the literary Wilsy.

"Messages—indeed! Why, what a smooth, languid Ganymede you must have employed!"

Wilsy hung his head, not comprehending.

"I reckon she was clar' worn out with work down dar'," he said by way of reply, with an appreciation of the plea which had won his suit which was more logical than flattering.

"But I hope you don't think she consented to marry you from ambitious motives?" I asked rather maliciously.

A look of grim suffering blurred the exultation there had been in the poor fellow's face, and made me repent my question.

"It do sometimes 'pear as though she thought a heap on me, Miss," he said in a humble tone which went to my heart, and left me wavering between admiration of the groom's magnanimity and indignation of the bride's calculation.

At that moment they came to tell me that the boxes were ready.

"Well, Wilsy," I added, by way of lightening his spirits, as I prepared to leave him, "I suppose you don't go to your work to-day?"

He smiled, bashfully.

"I did'n' want to, Miss, but dere's heaps to do and dey could'n' get on 'thout me, no how, thank you."

"That is certainly hard," I said, trying to keep back a smile. "Tell Eve she must come up and see me this evening," I added; and then Wilsy—the brief cloud which had crossed his face dispelled—bowed and backed himself out of the room, and I went to my work.

Yet someway the little episode of Eve's marriage possessed my mind. I wondered if she really had married Wilsy without caring for him, and, if so, why she hadn't cared for him; and a dozen puzzling doubts, such as generally result from an attempt to sift a woman's motives, clustered around my endeavor to understand those of this pretty quadroon. The hesitancy and inconsistency with which she listened to Wilsy from the first; her struggle about going away, and the evident cost of her decision, her final return, her marriage, all perplexed me.

"Here is one article not invoiced," remarked the captain, who had met me at the door as I opened it, pointing to a man standing at the extreme end of the room—a negro, massively proportioned and yet so gaunt, sunken, with such restless, glittering eyes, and such an uneasy watchfulness in his face, that I felt a kind of wonderment at the sight of him.

"Why, where in the world did he come from?" I asked.

"Colonel Dack has sent him down here," replied the captain, speaking in a lower voice, and referring to an open letter he held. "He picked him up on a raid, the second year of the war; used him as a guide, and finally took him back with him beyond the lines. The fellow, he says, was very reluctant to go. Something seemed to weigh on his mind more than desire for freedom. However, he finally accompanied Colonel Dack, and after he was wounded went North with him. The colonel writes: 'I obtained a good situation for him when I no longer needed him, but the great Goliath pines like a girl to get home; the local attachments of these people are marvellously strong. So, as I couldn't see him die before my eyes, for homesickness, I send him on to you. You will find him faithful and smart, but a queer, reticent sort of fellow.'"

"What is his name?" I asked, as we say some common thing often, to relieve a mysterious awe that takes unreasonable possession of the faculties.

"Louis, I believe—yes, Louis," referring to the letter again, and then raising his voice and walking toward the man, "If you want any help you can keep him with you."

"Very well," I said, feeling a silly sort of aversion to have the man come near me; "you may hold the tray for me, Louis;" and getting engrossed presently in my work I ceased to heed the automaton who stood silent and rigid beside me.

"The contents of my boxes were after the usual type; old garments mended and cleaned, and hence valuable and available; new garments, with the *skews* of inexperience in the cut and the elaborations of an unwholesome leisure on the trimming.

An hour or so passed busily. The large wooden tray Louis held was piled with such articles as I needed, and I had dived into the depths of a barrel for one or two more children's frocks, as the last things required that day, when, emerging with these in my hand, suddenly the tray dropped with a crash.

I looked at Louis in astonishment. He stood there, shaking in every limb,

dumb, livid with passion, his eyes glued to the little child's dress of dark delaine, a chocolate colored ground, strewn with rose-buds, which I held.

"Why, Louis?" I said.

"I—I—oh, Miss, I beg your pardon;" shuddering.

I could only wait. In a moment two or three tears started into his eyes, and a look of humiliation and fright crossed his face.

"Were you sick?" I asked soothingly.

He stretched out his hand tremblingly, and took hold of the little frock, cautiously, with his great hands, as he might have handled a humming-bird; with an awkward, tender painstaking that was strangely touching. His explanation was abrupt and brief.

"Jes' such as she used to wear, Miss," he said, appealingly.

"Who? your child, Louis?"

The convulsion half returned.

"I meant my wife; mebbe she made the little gal one, afterwards," looking at me inquiringly.

"Oh, poor fellow! is your wife dead?"

He had stooped, beginning, nervously, to pick up the things. He stopped, at my question.

"No—no," hoarsely, and then, "she was just as much my wife"—the words wrenching great sobs from him, "just as much, as—as"—breaking down completely at last, burying his face in his gaunt hands and crying out loud.

I had seen too many of these rough-hewn tragedies among these people not to be continually prepared for them; but, for the first time, I had no courage to make inquiries, no happy inspiration by which to express sympathy. The utter solemnity of the man's grief seemed to separate him from me.

Two or three minutes, and he went down, falteringly, upon his knees, pressing his hands to them as he knelt, the muscles of his upturned face twitching, his eyes rolling.

I watched him, wondering, thinking that prophecies were wrought out of such organisms.

"Oh, my Father," he stammered; then hesitating, faith and strength seeming to fail him, and at last breaking down, with sobs:

"Oh, Evvy, Evvy! You promuss to wait; you promuss"—

A sickening suspicion came into my mind as he uttered the name. But that the thought of Eve had been so recently occupying me, I presume I should not have felt it.

"Poor fellow!" I said, not daring somehow to look toward him, "tell me what it is."

"It's because I'm 'feared I'll never find her, Miss," he sobbed. "I don't see how I am to find her. De ole home's all broke up, and Massa John's Souf, and mebbe he's took Eve with him."

I shuddered.

"Eve was your wife?" I asked, "and you left her when you went with Colonel Dack?"

"Yes, Miss. Dat was jes' so. I thought up Norf I could make money and buy her," defending himself piteously. "I did'n go with no other thought, and she promuss me to wait."

I shrank still from looking at him, as if I had been guilty of some crime toward him. What could I tell him?—that I knew his wife?—that her

promise had been broken?—that he had asked too much of her constancy and her strength? I could not tell him this.

It was an inexpressible relief at that minute to have the captain come in. There was something so crushing and colossal about the man's suffering that I had no nerve to confront it. He roused himself when the door opened and stood steadying himself by the boxes.

The captain said:

"They are discharging freight at the dépôt and are rather short of help. Wilsy, who you know so seldom grumbles, is saying he shan't get through to-night. So, if you're through with Louis, I'll send him down there to help."

"I am quite through," I said, almost eagerly. "I am going now to get some of the women to help me distribute the things."

I had my mind on Eve. The facts in my possession haunted me. It seemed best, if I had really suspected the truth, to conceal it from Louis. To let him know all would be unmerciful. The poor fellow! That he should be sent to help Wilsy through with his work that he might hurry home happy and unconscious to the woman who had been false to both, was too unkind of destiny! If my instinctive guess was true, Eve alone must bear the brunt of the knowledge, must content herself with its concealed torture. The least and best she could do now was to spare the men she had wronged so the surety of her guilt.

I put my shawl and bonnet on, and walked rather slowly to her quarters.

She sat in the doorway, in a broad block of yellow sunshine; her back was toward me, and she was singing low to herself as I came up, and was busy knotting some bright ribbon into a bow for her throat. She stopped singing, rose suddenly, and looked confused when she saw me; her arms had dropped, and the gay lengths of the ribbon strayed through her fingers and fluttered off in the breeze. Even in her holiday-looking toilet, I could see she was wretchedly changed. It occurred to me afterward that her dress was black—a glossy alpaca. She had the taste to perceive how much black relieved her tawny complexion. The dress fitted her admirably; there was a bit of lace about the throat, deep linen cuffs, Wilsy's chain worn somewhat ostentatiously, and a broad gold ring on her third finger. But her features had grown sharp, her throat thin. She looked sick and overworked. I could not help pitying her the loss of her round outlines and ripe color. The dejection and disgust inspired by the loneliness and the drudgery of the life she had been leading, and through which she had finally yielded, became quite plain to me. I read this one more story of temptation, resistance, eventual defeat. The determined fidelity, the sense of duty, which had led her to get away from Wilsy's influence; the detestation of hard work, to which she had never been accustomed; the perpetual revolt against the crude-heroic, overtasked impulse; the giving out of the unpracticed moral strength, were all pitifully plain.

"This is rather surprising news I hear of you, Eve," I said, gravely.

"Yes, Miss," she acquiesced, in an indifferent way.

"You have changed your mind since you told me you didn't want a husband?" I looked at her narrowly. She gave no sign that the words hurt her.

"Yes, Miss," again, brief and almost dogged in her response.

I looked past her, through the open door, into the room, which was neat as wax, with even an air of elegance about it, such as she could contrive to give

to her person, even with very shabby materials. She had spent the morning, no doubt, in arranging it. The wedding ceremony had been performed, for convenience's sake, at the chaplain's quarters, two miles distant, at the camp, by which she necessarily passed coming up from the Karstons', and where Wilsy had met her; but the celebration of the event—quite in contradistinction to its solemnization—was reserved evidently for the evening, and the bride had spent the intervening hours in making her preparations. It all had a gala look—the fresh, white curtains looped back with running pine; the toilet-table, on which lay pincushion and primer; two or three prints, surrounded by evergreens, hanging on the newly-whitened walls; the bed, with its scrupulous snowy covering, and the girl's stylish dress, with the gay ribbon still clinging and rippling over it.

My heart hardened at her calmness, at her passive acceptance of pleasure, which involved such misery; of ease and indulgence bought at such a price. She had, moreover, a way of intrenching herself in her laconic, respectful reserve, beyond any person I had ever seen. So I would not dally with the disclosure I had to make. I was hard with her; forgetting her inheritance; feeling toward her as I have felt toward other guilty, giddy women who had wrought harm like this. "Eve," I said, steadily, "have you ever had a husband before?"

The color went suddenly out of her lips; her rich, bronze-tinted skin grew mottled; her wide eyes—which had always held a look of sorrow as the sea holds its high tide—stared at me, a misty horror coming over them, and her calmness and assurance were all gone.

"Oh, Eve!" that was all I said at her betrayal

"Miss"—she stammered.

Then I added:

"What have you been doing? You had a husband who loved you. How would you feel to have him come back now?"

A sort of shiver wrinkled her skin:

"Miss"—with a faint, hysterical sob—"please Miss—oh!"

I saw well enough, then, that there was something in her nature quite apart from the sluggish apathy she had been showing. I saw that there were fierce, abiding passions, motives, comprehensions, capacity for reaction, which would be fearful. I pitied her for having what I had despised her for having not.

"Poor soul! what is to become of you?" I muttered, involuntarily.

"I—I—" she began; and then, with the inability of ignorant persons to comprehend the insight of others into their special experience, she said, drearily, laying her hopelessness bare, in the few words of her simple question:

"Have you seen Louis, Miss?"

Even with the preparation I had had, the confirmation sickened me. I was less impatient of the woman than of humanity, and I thought vaguely of that sullen November twilight, with its look as of a curse stamped on the war-scarred land, and of the notion I had of inevitable wrongs still swarming about a decaying evil.

"Yes," I said, "I have seen him."

She moaned very low:

"It was so long," she said; "I thought he had forgotten."

She panted, leaning against the casing. A fresher breath of wind fluttered the gay ribbon away.

I turned from her. The things I had made up my mind to say did not come to me. I had not counted on her suffering—her womanhood. I had no way to help her, or any of them.

There came just then a gray chill across the face of the bright February day. The low, long sob of the southeast wind sprang up from the copse, scattering the clinging, withered leaves of the chincapin bushes, and rattling the knotted, sapless links of the wild grape-vines, with the shuddering sounds of a coming storm. We both listened to it, having no more words to say.

I noticed, mechanically, then, a small crowd at a distance, coming up the road. But half conscious of it, I let it rivet my attention. It moved on slowly and compactly. I saw that in the centre something was being carried. Then, that it was a stretcher. As it came nearer, one after another, all colored folk, joined the little procession. A crowd has always an expression. The expression this crowd had was of solemnity and horror. A little nearer still, and I saw that on the stretcher there was the body of a man; probably a dead man. I said, some unaccountable excitement choking my voice:

“Eve, what is that?” the words coming in a husky whisper.

She roused herself vacantly, hearing me speak; following my eyes with the look I once saw in the eyes of a hound that had been hurt, but made no answer.

The throng was getting very near us; one of the foremost in it pointing toward us.

“Dere’s his wife, now—poor thing!”

The speaker was the man who had driven up with Eve from the Karstons’ farm that morning.

She sprang a little forward, with the spasmodic, fluttering motion of a small animal that has been fatally shot, and stopped.

One of the men who were carrying the stretcher—one of those at the head—looked up. Eve and Louis stood face to face. He was helping to bring Wilsy’s dead body to her—to whom he little dreamt!

I went forward and asked some of them, nervously, what had happened. One and another explained, hushing their voices.

The tackling, they said, had given way, while a box of iron plates was being lowered from the warehouse loft. Wilsy, at the moment, was underneath. He had stooped to raise something from the sidewalk, and was crushed by the falling box so instantly that he could not even have had a premonition of the danger.

The narrator shivered. For my life, I could not have told whether I had a feeling or no.

I was conscious of one glance toward the husband and wife, face to face, with the corpse between them.

Louis’ lips parted with a suppressed cry, as he caught sight of Eve. A light blazed over his face. It was evident that he controlled himself by almost superhuman effort.

“Poor thing,” repeated an old man, a preacher. “De Lord hab mercy!”

“An’ jes’ married this blessed day!” wailed one of the women.

A wild, haggard look shot from Louis’ eyes, as he heard these words. His gaze followed that of the throng, directed to Eve, with a stupid fright. She had paused; her arms were folded over her breast. Her eyes were void of expression as the eyes of a stone idol; not a quiver going over her hopeless, frozen face.

They carried the dead man in. They laid him, ghastly, bloody, mangled, on the scrupulous, snowy-covered bed. And then the crowd, excitable, impressible, began their shuddering wails and passionate prayers.

Eve, too, had followed them in; and through all the length of the crowded room, with its mocking nicety and pitiful decorations between them, her eyes were fixed on her husband's; his on hers.

Standing in the doorway, I looked till I could have cried.

He knew all; that was clear. His brain had been wrought to the condition which receives revelations from slight things. But knowing all, through the severity and agony in his face was a tenderness, a patience, a Christian charity, in which self-love had no part.

I came away and left them. I do not know that she was worthy of forgiveness, but, anyway, I believe he forgave her.

Poor, burdened people! God has granted that your hearts should be very merciful toward one another, and your mutual need of mercy has been great.

MRS. W. H. PALMER.

ON THE LAKE.

THE mellow ray
 Of fading day
 Warms the greenwooded hills with blushes;
 The pensive hour
 In cot and bower
 The long, laborious murmur hushes.
 Cease, doubt and fear—the hours of care are ended!
 Faith, wake! we're on the lake, between two skies suspended.

From copse and hill
 The fairies trill
 Their cricket pipes in countless number
 As from the day
 Earth rolls away,
 And turns upon her side to slumber.
 Now let the velvet-voiced horn give music softly blended!
 Love, wake! here on the lake, between two skies suspended.

Gently we row;
 Now, music, flow,
 In rippling melody entrancing;
 See, as we float,
 Around our boat
 The tipsy constellations dancing!
 We seem to soar with song through starry spaces splendid.
 Joy, wake! we're on the lake, amidst the stars suspended.

JOHN FLEETWOOD.

"E PLURIBUS UNUM."

NOT wishing to deter from the perusal of this article any fastidious person whom Fourth of July orations may have tired of spread-eagleism, nor by the patriotic sound of its title to beguile any enthusiastic fellow-countryman into attacking a treatise for whose matter he has no real predilection, I hasten to say that my heading signifies the vital and essential unity, not of all the States, but of all the physical forces which operate in nature. My title invites the reader to a brief popular talk upon the subject which is now universally interesting scientific minds throughout Europe and America under the name of "Correlation;" a subject which, indeed, possesses so many elements of interest for any active intellect, whether trained or not in the abstruser studies technically known as science, that, unless I do it great injustice by my treatment, every reader whose education enables him to enjoy the other portions of this periodical will finish the article with the feeling of having had opened to him a new field for his thought as limitless and as noble as those trodden by the feet of Milton and of Dante.

For the elaboration of the idea of the Correlation, or what is equivalent, the basal unity of all the forces of nature, all the sciences were necessary; nevertheless, we who are not great specialists or great mathematicians may stand outside the developed structure which has been laid well nigh to the topmost stone by the combined labors of such scholars, and admire its sublime proportions, from the earth beneath our feet to the highest range of vision—its still sublimer suggestions where the line grows vaguer and the pinnacles begin climbing into infinity. "Other men have labored," and we "enter into the fruits of their labors;" and, in this case, it is no arrogance to say that we shall enjoy the completed fabric, despite our inferiority in the erudite technicalities of abstract science, even more than any one of the builders, unless to his erudition he shall have added the spirit of the poet, the artist and the seer. Many a man from whose face the ever young stars win back no thankful radiance of delight feels a savage pleasure, as he sits by his study-lamp, in grubbing out, like a detective of the universe, the trail of all their movements; and in bragging, like Cicero to Catiline, that he knows where they were last night, where the night previous—in baleful prophecies of the exact time when their "glim will be doused" by an eclipse. Many a philosopher, insensible to the exquisite grace of swallow flights and the majestic plunge of cataracts, took the first prize in his junior year for the best discussion of their parabolas. And the sole delight which ever reaches the beauty-proof soul of many a *savant* from the clouds of gold-fringed crimson floating above the kingly death-bed of the sun, is the grim satisfaction he finds in knowing that, gather or attenuate as they may, they cannot elude the pneumatic formula for wind-driven bodies or refuse obedience to Marriotte's law. The true man of science begins with formulas, but he does not end

there. The full possession of science demands a heart not less than brains. Never was the love of beauty a more vital supplement to the love of truth than in the appreciation of this particular subject of science—the oneness in essence of all nature's energies and their capacity for endless mutual transformation.

Man is born into a tangle of forces. The threads of the skein are innumerable, and he perceives no continuity between them. Long after he has emerged from the fetish-worshipping period of his development, he perseveres in isolating every new phenomenon of the universe, ascribes to it a separate nature and gives it a distinct name. Though he no longer personalizes the forces, he continues to specialize them. No longer is there a soul in his amber, but on the behavior of the amber he bestows a title of its own, and electricity is conceived of as an utterly independent existence. His planet no longer has a *Daimon* for its charioteer, but the substituted conception of a resultant of forces by which he explains, is more complicated than the *Daimon*, without having attained any higher degree of universality. The heat that warms him and the cold that freezes; the light which illuminates and the lightning which appalls; the impetus by which his grain grows and that which in the swinging cradle cuts it down; every natural force working change of state or change of position has an essential difference in his eyes and a separate name in his vocabulary.

At a subsequent stage of his development, he attains the notion of a continuity between the surrounding forces, and leaps at once to the conclusion that it follows an ascending series. Then ensues one of those desperate periods in the history of intellectual progress, characterized by investigation for a First Cause. The Sages turn the tangled skein of physical forces, peering eagerly to find the ravelling end—if but once they can get that upon their reel, think they, the matter resolves itself into a mere job of logical winding, and at the other end they shall find their Creator. But the report of the ages is that no such clue can be discovered; that though cause be tracked into cause forever, no tracking can reach the All-Causing and the Causeless; that no addition of finites can ever sum up into the Infinite; that God, like his kingdom, "cometh not with observation, but is within" us; that their tower of causes is a Babel which will not reach unto the heavens; to return to the original figure, that after all their turning and twisting, natural science can find no break in nature's skein. Why does the animal live? Because he contains an oxidizing apparatus. Why does the plant live? Because it contains a deoxidizing one. The waste of the one flows over into the want of the other, and the sequence of their vital processes leads us to the origination of neither, but to the reciprocal maintenance of both.

Neither origination nor annihilation of force having ever come within the field of human experience, the best thinkers of to-day have wisely accepted the conclusion to leave to the heart and the religion of mankind all considerations of a First Cause, as necessarily beyond the province of a philosophy which deals with an endless chain of causes running into each other. Instead of limiting or degrading science, this conclusion really presents her with a freer field and more unhampered arms. Knowing what she can do, and acknowledging what she cannot, she does the former all the better for having entrusted to religion all functions connected with the latter. To Job's question, "Who by searching can find out God?" she has frankly answered, "Not I;" and in this honest reply has deserved of all the good full privilege

of research, free thought and plain enunciation upon the subjects of her special realm. To her now belongs the field of proof; to religion, the knowledge higher than any physical experiment or logical deduction of realities, grander than all things provable, together with their application as stimulus and solace in the vital exigencies of man's immortal career.

Out of the vast mass of experiments made by science with the newly received convictions of her true purpose have come two well-established and inter-dependending doctrines, known severally as the Persistence of Force and the Correlation of the Forces. Together they amount to the statement that experience reveals no break in the continuity of force, but a perpetual translation of special forces into each other. As a deduction from the continuity of forces, there is rapidly gaining ground among scientific men a conviction of the unity of all force, heat, affinity, molecular and massive motions of all kinds being but the phenomena of this single existence as manifested in varying relations to space and time. We might be allowed to carry deduction one step further, and assert that because our only cognitions of matter are cognitions of force, matter in the scientific sense is force. I believe this probable, but it is not in the path of the present article.

Leaving to the reviewer of Herbert Spencer the delightful task of considering the persistence of force in the light of the proofs and illustrations by that clear thinker, let us devote our attention to the Correlation of Forces, and the investigations whereby it has been elucidated. This subject is put in its clearest light and to its most exhaustive analysis by the little volume into which Professor Youmans has gathered the prominent treatises upon Correlation, written in Europe during the last quarter of a century by six of the most eminent investigators in this scientific field, with an introduction from the editor's own pen, which is one of the most valuable portions of the work.*

Science is cosmopolitan, but there are several reasons why an American must take a special pride in this book.

Primarily, because it is the first collection which has been made of the treatises composing it, and the only one likely to be made in the English language. Each treatise was originally published as an independent monograph. The difficulty of persuading the several British publishers to act in concert has thus far proved an insuperable obstacle to the collection of the pamphlets in a single volume on the other side of the water. No such obstacle existing in this country, we may congratulate ourselves on possessing the only portable edition of the most valuable researches made in modern physics.

In the second place, it clearly establishes the fact that the grand impetus in the direction whither all modern research is most profitably tending, was originally given by an American.

Monopoly can rarely be claimed in the discoveries of science. As with the Calculus, so with Correlation—the idea was simultaneously conceived by several minds. But Prof. Youmans has conclusively shown Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, our own countryman, to be the first philosopher who expressed absolute convictions upon the subject of correlated or translated forces, and established them upon a basis of experiments at all approaching

*The Correlation and Conservation of Forces; A series of Expositions by Professor Grove, Professor Helmholtz, Doctor Mayer, Doctor Faraday, Professor Liebig and Doctor Carpenter. With an Introduction, and brief Biographical Notices of the Chief Promoters of the New Views, by Edward L. Youmans, M. D. New York. D. Appleton & Co.

our modern requisitions in delicacy, magnitude or rigor of interpretation. We may almost assert that Rumford did for the doctrine of force in general an equivalent service to that which the understanding of chemical forces owes Dalton, Lavoisier, and their compeers. He cleared experiment of all avoidable mysteries; corrected all unnecessary aberrations, and stopped all discoverable leakages. His Munich experiments upon the nature of heat did away with slovenliness in all such researches forever. The time had come when chemists could no longer account for every loss of weight in their combustions by the convenient excuse that something had been "burned up," and when dynamists in all departments must give strict account for every equivalent of force passing through their tests. Count Rumford was the first and most conspicuous champion of the doctrine that heat is a mode of motion; and his bold disavowal, both on *a priori* and inductive grounds, of the old theory of a caloric fluid, may be regarded as the opening protest in our modern era of scientific conscientiousness. It is in the highest degree creditable to Professor Tyndall, whose pen Professor Youmans justly calls "chivalric," that in his late work on "Heat Considered as a Mode of Motion," he has paid due honors to our compatriot as the chief original investigator of that subject.

Among the earlier experimenters in the field of Correlation should be mentioned with honor the names of Joule, Tyndall, the brothers Thompson, Clausius, Colding, Rankine, Holtzmann, Seguin. To Professor Grove, however, we must concede the honor of occupying the relation of organizer to the ideas which all of these had in common with him. Each contributed special researches to the establishment of a law which Grove was the first to systematize in all its phenomenal applications.

Helmholtz and Mayer follow Grove in Professor Youmans' book; the former with a treatise of thirty-five pages on the "Interaction of Natural Forces;" and the latter with three treatises severally devoted to "The Forces of Inorganic Nature," "Celestial Dynamics," and "The Mechanical Equivalent of Heat."

Grove takes a brave step toward the doctrine of the unity of force when he dismisses the hypothesis of an all-pervading ether, and explains the action of light on the plain principle of a universal diffusion of matter throughout space—generically identical with that at the earth's surface but in a state of indefinite rarefaction. His abundant excuse for the abandonment of ether is that there is no occasion for it. Why make distinctions where none exist? If we call the perceptible nebulæ ponderable matter, what is to prevent the existence throughout the universe of ponderable matter so comminuted as to be imperceptible? Grove still further fortifies his view by setting forth the reactions which must ensue during the passage of a ray of light through a porous body, and the inconceivability of propagating such an impulse at all in an ether whose continuity was everywhere broken by particles of ponderable matter. His illustration of this view by the interference which wave-motion would encounter in a thickly studded archipelago is very happy indeed.

Grove further simplifies physics by denying a separate place to the force of gravitation, and is further inclined to agree with Mosotti in the opinion that whatever it be, cohesive attraction is one with it. He advances another step by identifying both of these with mechanical force, through the similarity of their behavior in passing from the dynamic to the static condition.

Perhaps the largest and noblest idea which has lately been expressed in science, is the hypothesis which Grove enunciates and evidently favors, to the

effect that no solution of continuity anywhere exists in the atmospheres of the universe; that a chemical combination in Uranus may eventually effect transformations in matter at Philadelphia; that the electrosphere of a fixed star is incapable of boundary, and that a positive current sweeping down from *Alpha Lyræ* may affect the position of the terrestrial poles and modify the variations of the compass over every foot of our globe's surface. That the heat of the solar system is not isolated, and that the perpetual compensatory motions of universal matter preserve the total amount of heat eternally the same throughout entire space. This bold creed comes just in time for the consolation of those who have adopted despondent views of the universe through Mr. W. Thompson's mathematical (and by the limited theory irrefutable) proof that it is tending to an eternal azoic period of absolute cold, rest, silence and darkness. It would be a pleasing task, which I wish we had time for, to trace the poetic suggestions arising from this view of Grove's. It means a universal stellar brotherhood, each feeling every beat of the pulse of all—all interacting with each by a stupendous nervous system of allotropic forces. It is the science corresponding to Mrs. Browning's poetry, where she says:

Each creature holds an insular point in space;
 Yet what man stirs a finger, breathes a sound,
 But all the multitudinous beings round
 In all the countless world, with time and place
 For their conditions, down to the central base,
 Thrill, haply, in vibration and rebound,
 Life answering life across the vast profound,
 In full antiphony, by a common grace?
 I think this sudden joyaunce which illumines
 A child's mouth sleeping, unawares may run
 From some soul newly loosened from earth's toms.
 I think this passionate sigh, which half begun,
 I stifle back, may reach and stir the plumes
 Of God's calm angel standing in the sun."

The wonderful woman who wrote this mighty sonnet was one of the greatest among original correlators, though unconscious of the fact. Had she written the lines as a text to "Grove's Treatise," she could have embodied its whole spirit, and the spirit of all correlation, no better than she has done under mere inspiration of her genius.

Mayer's researches upon the subject of heat have been depreciated by some English writers with the mistaken notion of adding importance to those of Dr. Joule. Both these philosophers pursued the same end, and when in certain places we correct Mayer's calculations by substituting for his formula an improved one, not attainable when he wrote, his results and Joule's are found practically identical. Mayer's mathematical perceptions are immensely vivid. They resemble intuitions. It would be interesting to stand inside the man's mind and see how he looks at a formula. It is no skeleton to him. The dry bones of Km , II and x^2 stand up in his valley of vision; the sinews and flesh come upon them; he prophesies and they live. Grim Surds unbosom to him. The sphinx of calculus has whispered in his ear. The furthest fixed star entrusts to him the direction of its orbit, unaware that in that simple statement it is betraying its whole past history and its present climate. He is the loving detective of the heavens—and the skill with which he "works up" a clue has no equal in the police force of the world.

It is impossible to condense Mayer's arguments for the purposes of a magazine article. They are already as compact as could be understood by any scientific amateur. But the results which follow upon his irresistible logic are happily presentable, and some of them we append.

He shows that the heat which the earth receives each hour from the sun would suffice to raise 300 cubic miles of ice-water to the boiling point. That this vast quantity of heat is only *one twenty-three hundred millionth* of the entire solar radiation; whence it follows that the sun hourly gives forth sufficient heat to raise to the boiling point *seven hundred thousand million* cubic miles of ice-water.

As a further aid to the realization of the sun's heat, we may appropriately call in the illustration used by Herschel in the last edition of his astronomy, to the following effect:

If we consider the sun's heat all gathered into a single spot upon its surface, and fire against this spot with the speed of light (200,000 miles per second) an indefinitely long cylinder of ice forty-five miles in diameter, it will be melted as fast as it strikes, yet the sun's temperature will not be lowered a single degree!

Assuming the sun's source of heat altogether internal and its capacity for heat equal to that of a mass of water of equal volume, the sun's temperature must annually decrease $1^{\circ}8$ C., and its loss during the 5,000 historic years of our planet would have amounted to $9,000^{\circ}$ C.

No such secular decrease appears in history. All recorded observation from the earliest times reveals the solar heat received by the earth as a practically constant quantity. The sun's independent store of heat must be constantly reinforced by some force acting *ab extra*. Mayer asks whether the restoring agency be a chemical process, and answers that if, taking the most favorable assumption, the entire solar mass were one lump of coal, its combustion would be able to sustain the present expenditure of light and heat for but forty-six centuries. We have records of such expenditure for a longer period than that, and being neither in darkness nor ice, are ourselves a *reductio ad absurdum* for the chemical hypothesis.

But again: can the re-generation of solar heat be accounted for by the sun's axial rotation? The sun rotates only four times faster than the earth, yet at the least calculation is twenty-three hundred million times hotter; while neither light nor heat is perceptibly generated by the rotation of Jupiter, six times, and of the outer ring of Saturn, ten times faster than a point on the solar equator. Here appears that simple symbol from which Mayer extracts so much. From the relations of *Km* (the unit measure which in Mayer's discussions corresponds to Joule's foot-pound), he deduces the exact heat-effect of the sun's rotation, and finds that it would cover the sun's present expenditure for only 183 years.

Neither affinities nor friction accounting for the persistence of the sun's heat, Mayer proceeds to explain it by the perpetual fall into the sun of comets, asteroids, meteorites, and other wandering masses of cosmical matter. From the secular decrease in the diameter of the orbits described by such bodies, and by a series of simple experiments which a child could understand, he shows that the inevitable fate of these bodies is sepulture in the sun. His calculations on the subject of the quantity of heat produced by this fall into the sun of cosmical masses have an absolute artistic beauty. They delight as a statue delights, or like a noble façade of marble. The steps without the processes of the reasoning are these.

The maximum velocity of bodies falling to the earth from any height within its sphere of attraction is 11,183 metres per second.

But "the solar radius is 112.05 times that of the earth, and the velocity produced by gravity upon the sun's surface is 28.36 times greater than the same velocity on the surface of our globe; the greatest velocity, therefore, which a body could obtain in consequence of the solar attraction . . . is equal to 630,400 metres, or 85 geographical miles, in one second." The minimum he afterward shows to be sixty such miles.

By expanding one of his simple formulas, which expresses in functions of the striking body's velocity the degree of heat generated by its percussion, Mayer next shows that the caloric effect of an asteroid stopped by the sun's surface must amount to between $27\frac{1}{2}$ and 55 millions of centigrade degrees of heat. "An asteroid, therefore, by its fall into the sun develops from 4,600 to 9,200 times as much heat as would be generated by the combustion of an equal mass of coal." Dulong's experiments give $3,850^{\circ}$ C. as the heat produced by the combustion of hydrogen, and "we find the heat developed by the asteroid to be from 7,000 to 15,000 times greater."

Mayer further pursues his idea in the following picturesque deductions: "The surface of the sun measures 115,000 millions of square miles or $6\frac{1}{2}$ trillions of square metres; the mass of matter which, in the shape of asteroids, falls into the sun every minute is from 94,000 to 188,000 billions of kilogrammes; one square metre of solar surface, therefore, receives on an average from 15 to 30 grammes of matter per minute.

"To compare this process with a terrestrial phenomenon, a gentle rain may be considered which sends down in one hour a layer of water one millimetre in thickness; this amounts on a square metre to 17 grammes per minute."

We have now to ask what becomes of all this matter. After compensating for the sun's loss by radiation, is there any surplus of it which goes to increase the sun's weight? Mayer's answer is so compact that we must be excused for quoting him once more:

"The weight of the sun is 2.1 quintillions, and the weight of the cosmical matter annually arriving at the sun stands to the above as 1 to from 21 to 42 millions. Such an augmentation of the weight of the sun ought to shorten the sidereal year from . . . $\frac{3}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ of a second.

"The observations of astronomers do not agree with this conclusion; we must, therefore, fall back on the theory . . . which assumes that the sun, like the ocean, is constantly losing and receiving equal quantities of matter. *This harmonizes with the supposition that the VIS VIVA of the universe is a constant quantity.*"

The italics are our own. This assertion is the height of the great argument. Mayer has climbed to the centre where the correlation of all physical forces may most naturally be looked for. If we arrange all the forces under two categories—one that of *massive*, the other that of *molecular* motion; the one operating at indefinitely great distances between aggregations of matter indefinitely large—the other at indefinitely small distances between particles of matter indefinitely small; the former perceptible as *motion* in the popular sense; the latter never appearing as such, unless it undergoes translation by resistance to its original mode of action, we shall then have within the former list all the forces of mechanical momentum, including what Grove thinks to be the unnecessarily distinguished form of gravitation, while chemical affinity, light, heat, electricity, magnetism and every recondite force likely to be

discovered hereafter (the massive forces being obvious to the rudest tests from the beginning), fall into the second division.

The first division evidently finds its most natural correlation at the centre of our system; the velocity and direction of its forces being constantly expressed in terms of their relation to the sun's weight. This division is correlated with the second in many ways to which we have already referred—but especially by the direct equivalence between mechanical motion and the amount of interstitial expansion appearing as heat in bodies which have extinguished such motion on violent impact.

Thus, there is not a single dynamic mode or agent which we cannot express in solar terms, by availing ourselves of their correlative connections in ways more or less direct, and the sun becomes the grand correlator of our system. Indeed, with our present scientific illumination, we shall be much more correct in calling him that, than if we entitled him the *source* of cosmical energy. In such a series of perpetual exchanges between the centre and the periphery as is going on in the tremendous bombardment which the sun suffers from asteroids and his resulting radiation of heat into space, *source* may be assumed anywhere within the sphere of his attraction. The point between Jupiter and Saturn, where the secular shortening of its orbit's diameter begins to be perceptible in any asteroid on its gradual but accelerating way to sepulture in the sun, may be called the source of our heat as logically as that fiery grave itself.

The function of the sun is, therefore, to equilibrate the cosmical forces. It is, in this view, the fly-wheel which steadies the engine of our system. Or, it is the counter across which all the dynamic agencies effect their exchanges. Or, again, it may be compared to a heart, viewed according to the ingenious hypothesis of Professor Draper, not as a pump (the osmotic action of the tissues in his opinion abundantly accounting for circulation), but an elastic reservoir in which all the propulsions of the blood are modified and equalized.

To Mayer's interesting use of the new views in the discussion of tidal motion—to his almost axiomatic explanation by tidal resistance of the fact that the terrestrial day has not shortened during the historic period, although the *vis viva* of its rotation, independently considered, must be receiving constant increment as its diameter lessens by the devection of the earth's internal heat, and to the treatise upon the mechanical equivalent of heat, we cannot here do justice; and as little to Professor Faraday, who follows Mayer in a tract of twenty-three pages, entitled, with its author's habitual modesty, "Some Thoughts upon the Conservation of Force." To the other treatises in this volume, by Liebig, on the "Connection and Equivalent of Forces," and by Dr. Carpenter, on the "Correlation of the Physical and Vital Forces," we can do no more than allude in connection with this subject. Though the monograph of Liebig is rather a sketch of the field in which general scientific thought is working than a collection of views original with himself, it is to be remembered that he was the earliest in that field to enunciate for *organisms* the doctrine "*ex nihil, nihil fit*," and to show that the loftiest phenonema of the brain no less than the elementary motions of inorganic matter demand a prior force with which they are in relations of equivalence.

We may also include among those whose researches have contributed in America to the study of Correlation, Professor Joseph Le Conte, Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian, and Professor W. A. Norton, of Yale. The paper read by Professor Le Conte before the American Association for the Advance-

ment of Science, at its Springfield meeting, in 1859, may be regarded as the foremost step which has been taken toward a complete understanding of the relations between the organic and inorganic world. The profound researches and reasonings of Professor Henry are known to every expert in the higher mathematics of physical philosophy. Professor Norton has been for some time engaged in a work upon molecular physics, wherein he undertakes the gigantic task of systematizing and formulating all the laws and relations of ultimate particles—equivalent to laying the base for a pyramid of knowledge coextensive with the whole material universe.

Here let us part from our subject as from the newly opened door of some vast temple, conceive that we have only looked, not entered in. Broken by massive mullions and stained by tinted panes, light enough still breaks through to show us that the fabric is continuous, block firmly keyed to block, rafter locking in with rafter. Nothing hangs suspended upon vacancy; every portion passes cleanly into every adjoining portion, and we say of the structure not "this is so many beams of oak; so many pieces of stone; so many pounds of paint; so many days' work of carving; so many leaves of gilding"—but "this is a temple." In the light of the doctrine of the Correlation of Forces, the vast energies and protean forms of the universe for the first time attain intelligible organization, plan and unity.

Thus much we can pronounce, but grander knowledge and delights remain for those of us who may hereafter enter the temple and those who shall enter it after us. Of such it may be the privilege to correlate soul and body; the builder and the built; the creative genius and the matter which it shapes; the mind's world of perception and the physical world of touch. Though the highest mind in vain be sought along the ladder of logic, it may yet be given us to develop some conclusive law which shall explain the relations of all existence, for the thought of the age tends toward a belief in the primal unity of being.

DIES IRÆ.

FIRST a troublous waste of darkly purple water, then a wavy line of land and over that, huge black clouds imprisoning the sun. That was the West; the East was rosy red with a ghost-moon climbing the slope.

"That caught!" said Seyd. "Now look out for the blaze!"

As he spoke a long sunbeam darted out of a sudden rent in the cloud-curtain, and in an instant the black mass glowed purple, with gold fringes; and long streamers of crimson and orange shot up to the zenith. Then another sunbeam, and another, and then the victorious sun himself tore apart the clouds and stood revealed. But only for a moment; the cloud beneath received him in its tender, blushing bosom, and he sank, majestically slow, leaving behind him a strip of pale green sky where little flakes of amber were floating, dissolving into tremulous light. The tossing waves were reddened, as if the whole sea were changed to wine, in honor of the festival time in heaven.

"What ye so quiet about?" said Palinurus, behind us, through his nose. "Came to see if ye was all asleep. Looking at that stuff in the west, eh? That means wind!"

"It can only mean airs from the Fortunate Islands," said Joliette, enthusiastically. "We shall be wafted into dreamland by golden-winged zephyrs to-night!"

But the more earthy of us laughed. There was a ludicrous tinge to the sky after that, and we descended very cheerfully to the ordinary condition of mortals. Except, indeed, Joliette and the Prince, who staid watching till the last glow had faded, and then had cold tea, which they took, I am sorry to say, not at all with the equanimity which one would expect of those who satisfy their romance in preference to their hunger.

"Well, you had your feast, and we had ours," said the Padron. "You mustn't grumble. The clouds were fine—so was the tea. It was the fault of our grosser spirits that we chose the latter, and you have a recompense in your own more exalted minds for the present annoyance."

Upon hearing which, Joliette pouted and fled away to the bows again, where Prince Lutin, of course, also curled himself in due time. There was nothing now but a blackness in the west, but the ocean was flooded by the moonlight, and on the land cheery lights were gleaming. Padroncello and the Fairy Godmother were discussing yacht-keeping in the cabin, and Palinurus was at the helm, singing

O come along, O come along,
O why don't you come?

"What is that you are singing, Palinurus?" said I.

Palinurus looked up with an odd chuckle. "That's a song I learned off whaling," he said, "somehow the stuff to-night put it into my head; we used to sing it a hauling on the halyards, with the sleet rushing in our faces that

hard the blood come, and our fingers froze stiff so we couldn't unbend 'em nor let go the sheet."

"Gracious!" cried I, alarmed by this doleful picture and its connection. "Palinurus! sunsets like to-night's?"

"It must take stout courage and good lungs to sing under those circumstances," said Seyd, appearing suddenly in the companion-way.

"H-a-y?" said Palinurus, taken deaf at once, and rather disconcerted by his masculine auditor.

O come along, O come along,
O why don't you come?

Seyd laughed and looked at me, and sat down beside the offended dignitary.

"What's that light on the lee bow? Can you make it out?"

"H-a-y?" grunted Palinurus, deafer than before, and not to be appeased. In reality, no offence is so awful as to balk an old sailor of a favorite yarn, especially when he has a listener whose imagination can keep up with his own.

"That must be Spars if it flashes; it is the only flashing light along this coast—are you talking of lights?" called out Padroncello from the cabin, interrupting himself. "And does it flash?"

"Yes," said Seyd, after a minute's pause. "One, two—two flashes, and then steadies again."

"Yes," said Padroncello, putting up his head. "How far off do you make it, Palinurus?"

"About ten mile, I sh'd say," said Palinurus. "Run by to-night?"

"No; there's an ugly reef to the no'th'ard that breaks at dead low water; we'll run up into soundings by-and-by and anchor for the night—" and Padroncello was down in the cabin, studying the chart and the "bu'y-book" apace.

I tried, timidly, to invoke Palinurus' muse again, but he was persistently deaf, and at last I settled down with the low railing for a pillow, and watched the long track of glittering moonbeams that led out into the night, and longed to follow it to those lands which only my fancy can picture to me yet. But I slip down that airy path, away to a fairer Europe than ever my mortal eye shall see, and peopled still with a race of giants before whose tombs the traveller of to-day must pause. For, from the Europe of my dreams, no good or wise or beautiful has ever passed away, but the years have only added to their grace. Rafael still paints Heaven-eyed Madonnas—indeed, the peasant-girls in my Italian streets are all Madonnas; and, somewhere in Germany, Beethoven sits and discourses immortal music to an audience wherein are Goethe and Jeremy Taylor, and Shakespeare seated between Jeanne D'Arc and Agnes Sorel. Arthur and his knights still sit at their Round Table, and Lancelot is noble again and Minerva pure. And yet, oddly eno', in this peace and plenty I catch glimpses of a maddening, howling, picturesque Jacquerie, and a royal head which has lost its crown looks piteously out from a carriage window at the mob. Still the Scots rally round their bonnie Prince Charlie, and at last a Stuart is worthy of such devotion, and their song rises from their mountains, and the Lorelei sings in the starlit Rhine—and even here I catch a faint echo of the strain. Or is it that a siren has risen in the trail of our Phene—or, better than all, has Andersen's little sea-maiden gained her sweet voice again? For surely there is music in the air! Are my eyes dazzled with the moonlight? Why do I not see the shoulders rising whiter

than the foam, and the face fair with no mortal beauty? The music is nearer and louder and strangely familiar—and—do sirens have a stubbly beard?

O come along, O come along,
O why don't you come?

sang Palinurus beside me at the tiller. He was bareheaded in the moonlight, and drumming in a sort of melancholy measure with his foot. Something cold and soft was under my head. I drew it out, and behold! Palinurus' old sou'wester had been my pillow! I sat up and rubbed my eyes.

"Been asleep?" said Palinurus, with gentle gruffness. "Did you dream pretty?"

"I dreamed that you were a mermaid, Palinurus!" said I, and we both laughed. "What's the sign for that?"

What marvel I should have heard, I do not know, for Seyd approached us, and in the presence of that scoffer I have noticed that Palinurus' deafness redoubles. And then the great sail fluttered down around the boom, and Miss Duck and I crept into our snug hammock, and the sea rocked us softly to sleep and murmured the gentlest lullaby as we swung.

The dawn came out of the east, a pilgrim in hodden gray, as if the wardrobe of the skies had been exhausted in last night's sunset festa. Prince Lutin's scarlet shirt was the only cheerful thing I saw, as I poked my head out of the sail, in the misty, moisty morning.

"Is it so early, Prince?" I called to him. "Where is the sun?"

"Yes," said the Prince, replying with great ingenuity to my thought, but regardless of grammar. "But it is cloudy, and calm, and you needn't wake yet."

But sleep wooed flies. I sat up again and looked at the iron-bound shore. Stunted pines crept down to the water's edge, and thin blotches of grass, on which cows were grazing. They looked chill and uncomfortable enough, and my mind instantly flew to those Gouda cows who feed in petticoats. But a faint, delicious, piny smell mingled with the fresh salt air, and now and then the tinkle of the bells on the necks of the mooing cows rang merrily across. I began to admire, and quoted to Miss Duck, who was still between sleeping and waking,

"That's what our painters call in harmony:

A common grayness silvers everything."

And then we got up and went to breakfast.

While we sat there, a vague something that had been hovering on the horizon all the morning, rolled nearer and nearer over the placid ocean-floor.

"Where has Spars disappeared?" said Seyd, suddenly pausing in his coffee. "Have we altered the course so much, Padroncello?"

"By Jove!" said the Padron, and put down his cup. Palinurus, at the wheel, gave one of his odd snorts, between disgust and laughter, and we girls looked out in amaze.

"Do islands often skip round in this singular manner?" said Miss Duck, indolently, helping herself to a jacketed potato. "Or is it one of the fairy doings with which you so constantly assail our ears?" This last to me, and delivered with great scorn, for Miss Duck prides herself on her practical good sense, and utterly refuses to believe in little green men to be sought for under mossy stones. A gnarled tree, for Miss Duck, encloses no lovely maiden with oaken bodice; she does not see that the willows sway still with the sorrow

that ten thousand years cannot diminish, and for her the languid pools contain only tadpoles, not enchanted princesses pining for release. I will not tell of the indignities to which I exposed myself by invoking cunners with a tuneful spell as well as a worm, and indeed I have noticed that the cunners on the Eastern shore are a degenerate race who devour bait with strict indifference to invocations, so that, in fact, Miss Duck's fishing was usually the more successful of the two. Besotted creatures! I doubt if Orpheus himself could touch their greedy hearts!

Meanwhile we all saw that the horizon drew nearer and nearer, indeed swept over the water to meet us. In a few moments, then, we should be without the world! There was a thought! I communicated it in an aside to Viator, who is my confidant and fellow-believer, but Viator this time smiled superior.

"Shall we look off into infinite space, do you think?" I queried. "Or will the Phene go plunging down at once among the stars? O Viator! '*Hades* aditure mecum!'"

"Reddas incolumem precor,"

said he, laughing, strolling off to the knot in the stern. And so the fog enfolded us girls first in its white arms. The dear Fairy Godmother's sun-bonnet flapped limply at once, and a drop hung itself on the end of Joliette's pretty nose. It was as when in the pantomime, harlequin laughs at the clown for some misfortune which has reduced himself, unconscious, to the same sorry plight. I laughed at Miss Duck and Joliette, and was indignant to find their fingers pointed at me. As for the Fairy Godmother, methinks nothing could ever alter that kind face whose smile hath ever in it a tenderness born of sorrow. Then we saw Palinurus wipe his face on the cuff of his jacket, and Prince Lutin lost his usual tropical appearance, or rather looked like an uncomfortable, drooping flamingo, while Viator's gray blouse made him look like the spirit of the mist.

"What are we to do?" asked the Fairy Godmother, as Padroncello came back.

"If the fog keeps on we shall run into Lynn Haven, if we can reach it," said the Padron. "Palinurus thinks it won't lift till it blows off."

"And if we can't reach Lynn Haven?" said I, round-eyed.

"Oh, any skulk along the shore, we're only half a dozen miles out," he answered carelessly. "What's a skulk? That's what sailors call the lee side of any little headland that breaks the sea."

Now we were slipping through a soft whiteness, almost palpable. The water slid lazily away from the bows, and the damp sails were hardly swollen by the breeze. It was impossible to resist the dreamy influence. Only Palinurus seemed laboring under some idea which he would not impart, although the worthy creature seemed hardly able to hold it all, so large it was. Finally he beckoned to me.

"What d'ye suppose 'ull come out o' this? Sailin' o' Sunday!"

"But we must sail to get to the harbor, Palinurus," said I. "Surely we can't anchor here. And why shouldn't we sail, besides?"

"'Taint right for good folks to sail o' Sundays," said he, again overtaken by a spasm of chuckles. "Only wicked uns can do it. Like me. I don't care. But he does," with a nod of his head in Padroncello's direction. "And her," indicating the Fairy Godmother in the same way. "It's along o' that the fog come."

When Palinurus gets a joke it does long duty. Seeing no prospect of a change of topic, and knowing the uselessness of an argument in defence, I went back and settled myself on one of the cushions that were strewn along the deck. Prince Lutin and Joliette were not far from me, the Prince reading aloud from a little worn testament, and further on the Fairy Godmother looked out into the filmy air and saw beyond it, I knew from the prayer in her eyes. And my own thoughts; too, strayed heavenward, and so for a while we all sat very silent, and the Phene was a church in full sail. By-and-by the sound of a tolling bell stole into my fancies, and I saw the familiar steeple brown against the hillside, and the saintly face over the old pulpit, and I heard again the words of hope and comfort which that tender heart hath spoken to many a weary soul.

"I believe you are contagious!" said Miss Duck to me. "Ever since I have sat beside you I have imagined that I could hear St. Stephen's bell thro' the miles between."

The Fairy Godmother turned her face.

"And I have remembered, until I seemed to hear, the church-bells that can only ring in my memory now."

"There is a bell!" said Joliette. "We have heard it too. Listen!" And a faint note did really pulse thro' the folding mist, and another, with sad cadence in slow succession.

"Are we so near the shore?" said Prince Lutin. "We have seemed quite apart from the rest of creation till now. What a friendly tone! It makes us feel sociable and companionable at once. Cannot you almost see the little, square, white church, and the rough-bearded fishers with their wives and children entering the porch?"

"Clad in ancestral bonnets," added Joliette. "And woolen shawls in August."

"Can't you almost see," whispered Viator in my ear, "the mermen and mermaidens with their tails freshly decked with oyster-shells, and huge bunches of sea anemones in their hair, wriggling soberly along to chapel? I wonder if the merchildren are allowed to race with the fishes to-day? And do you suppose that Neptune is constant in his attendance on the church whose bell rings out of the waves to us?"

"We are probably running up into Lynn Haven," said the Fairy Godmother. "Padroncello! are we near land? Do you hear the church-bell?"

The Padron was in the cabin, whence he emerged with the inseparable "bu'y-book."

"Look out for a large, red can-bu'y, away to the west'ard," said he. "Near land? We are near Spars, which is eleven or twelve miles from the mainland."

"I didn't think we could hear them so far," said Joliette.

"Hear what so far? Breakers?" said Padroncello, startled for a moment. "We can't see forty rods in this fog!" and the Padron wiped his spectacles and peered out with keen eyes. The bell itself answered him, with a more decided swell than we had yet heard.

"Oh," said the Padron, whose face cleared instantly. "That is the fog-bell on the reef. Now we can know our whereabouts at once." And the bu'y-book and the chart were carried back to the stern for consultation, and Palinurus put a grimy finger on the very spot where the Phene must be.

"They are not a godly race, these mermen," I whispered back disconso-

lately to Viator. "They do not go to church at all, but are lying in wait with cruel eyes, at the foot of the rocks where we shall strike. Imagine the old blind grandmothers whetting their fangs on the sharp edges, to pick our bones!"

"They will have a banquet to-day;" returned Viator, looking at Joliette, who is plump.

"But there are Jack Sprats among them, doubtless," I retorted to Viator, who is lean.

Then a bulky spectre loomed upon us, and behold, a mackerel schooner, driving whitely with sails all set; the first of a fleet that came, one by one, silently up out of the mist, and one by one dropped silently into the mist in our wake again. And then the wind freshened and the Phene sped merrily on, cleaving the heart of the fog at every leap from wave to wave, till at last we saw a bold, jagged outline before us, and, the fog lifting for a moment, we saw a long, sheltering tongue of land running boldly out into the frothing sea. And then we dropped anchor.

"A famous skulk!" said the Padron, rubbing his hands cheerfully. "We couldn't have managed it better if we had seen every step of the way."

"Ef the wind don't shift!" grumbled Palinurus. "But ef it goes a couple of points to the east'ard, where's your skulk? Sailing o' Sunday don't bring no luck!" said this tormenting skipper with a sly wink at me.

But the wind held steadily on, blowing harder and harder from the same quarter, and the Phene rode at her anchor, in water almost smooth. And not alone, for as the day deepened to an early dusk, half a dozen fishing schooners fluttered in and folded their wings beside us.

"Tis going to be rough outside to-night," said Padroncello. "I'm glad we are so snugly tucked away for your sakes, girls. Evidently, this is a resort for the fishing smacks in foul weather. There is another coming in."

"And we are so near the rocks, too," said Joliette. "So if it is disagreeable, we can just land and go up to the house yonder."

"You had better go there now and get some milk for supper, if you can," said the Fairy Godmother, and away we sped on the errand; Prince Lutin, Joliette and I. High up beyond the rocks on the shore a couple of cottages nestled, and all the afternoon we had heard cow-bells ringing faintly.

"Twixt the gloaming and the mirk, when the kye come hame," sang I as I stepped on land. "Go you up for the milk, *vous autres*, and leave me to wander fancy-free till you return."

Prince Lutin and Joliette accordingly vanished, and I clambered to the highest crag I saw, and looked at the little fleet before me. Our Phene was nearest, and even in the fading light I could see the Fairy Godmother's robe of royal purple, and could distinguish Seyd from Viator as they sat together in the stern. Next to the Phene lay a huge, misshapen creature, that seemed as if a remnant of the wrecked Armada, which had been tossing about ever since it lost its companions, the sport of wind and wave, had at last found a moment's quiet here. For the battered and worn appearance and the dull, red color of the hull, the dingy sails, and, more than all, the enormous, pointed stern, rising high out of the water, made the resemblance to one of these fated galleons quite distinct enough to my thought. It was the last vessel which had entered the bay, and it had dropped anchor close to the Phene while we were rowing to the shore.

"I will inspect this venerable craft on my return," I said to myself; "now

for explorations bold!" The point of land was hollowed like a cup, with a rocky rim, so that in a few steps I was plunging through briers and bushes where yet late blackberries hung, and out of sight of the waves which I could still hear beating on the rocks that shut me in. Suddenly, as I neared the other side, all expectant, a little, sluggish pool barred my way. I half uttered a peevish exclamation and stood transfixed like some rash adventurer whose daring hand has torn aside the curtain from a shrine, and who must stand, struck to stone, by the avenging deity of the place. Behind the pool tall pines swayed and moaned, dark against the sombre sky. The rocks rose on the other side black and immovable, and behind them raged the restless sea. A loon winged his rapid way through the grayness over head. Somewhere concealed in the sedgy margin, frogs croaked sullenly at intervals. And in the midst, scattered with reckless profusion over the dull surface, rose myriad water-lilies, gleaming white and gold. Nor were the royal creatures cradled on the water, but stood high above it on their pillar-like stems, their haughty heads motionless, although the tree-tops above them bent and bowed in the wind. They seemed to have absorbed all the light and color of landscape into themselves, their whiteness the concentration of it all. I climbed the rocky ridge that rose between them and the sea, and stood within a stone's throw of each. It was high tide, and the waves, throbbing with the coming storm, were dashing impetuously upon the rocks, in whose clefts long seaweeds floated and swung. Over head the scud was driving fiercely; a curtain of mist still swept the horizon; the only spot of calm in all this scene of wild unrest was where the lilies starred the gloom and held the passion still.

I gathered as many as I dared and hurried back to the beach with my burden, which sent its fragrance far before me through the deepening shades.

"Where have you been?" cried Joliette, sniffing expectantly while I was yet distant. "And what delicious thing is that you have brought with you?"

"Which brings the sweetest offering?" laughed Prince Lutin, holding up an enormous cheese. "We'll have an *æsthetischen Thee* to-night," and he pulled off through the surf, singing, till Viator and Seyd in the Phene joined in chorus.

Very cosy and cheery the cabin looked in contrast to the wild night and hurrying clouds which we saw through the open companion-way. My lilies were throned on the little table, even to the exclusion of the teapot, which had to be thrust beneath it, and by their own grace transformed the pickle-jar into a stately vase. Who cared that the mugs were earthenware and the spoons plated? I declare that we had the real golden touch that night; the dishes became delicate and graceful, the plated spoons turned to massive silver, the lamp burned with unusual splendor, nay, even the squat, black tea-kettle looked like a curious antique, and became aristocratic, as antiques do, through sheer ugliness.

There was not much laughter or talk after the supper was over. Palinurus vanished early, and we heard him forward, placidly snoring, and after a little ineffectual singing, we all went to bed, which is a simple enough operation on a yacht. Again our big cradle rocked us to sleep, and the boom, swinging to and fro over our heads, creaked a sort of melody in our dreams.

"What's that?" said the Fairy Godmother, starting.

There was a crash somewhere, which sounded like thunder in my sleepy ears, and then I heard hasty footsteps on the deck, and men's voices shouting, and a great roar of the angry sea.

"My goodness!" said Miss Duck's voice in the darkness near me, "everything on the table has gone on the floor! The lamp, and Joliette's watch, and that box of collars that Seyd left here. It is perfectly inextricable! Oh, for a match!"

"What is the matter?" I asked, struggling out of my berth, and endeavoring vainly to stand upright on the floor, which was like a grave accent at the beginning of my question, and like an acute one at the end of it.

"The wind has gone round, I suppose," said the Fairy Godmother's quiet voice, tranquillizing the confusion a little. "I think we had best lie as still as we can."

"Dear Fairy Godmother, I am pounded to a jelly against the side of my berth," murmured Joliette, despairingly. "I think I had better go on shore."

"I will ask the Padron," said I, whom another lurch had thrown half way up the companion-way. "It tires one so, this tumbling about."

Prince Lutin was seated in the stern, watching the vessel that lay nearest us, as I scrambled out on deck.

"Be careful," said he, "that you don't lose your hold. I wouldn't come up if I were you."

So I sat down humbly, holding fast to the cabin stairs, and looked out without a word. The fog had long since gone, and I could see quite to the horizon in the gleams of moonlight that the flying clouds permitted. And up out of that far horizon rolled huge waves that, foaming and writhing, hurried madly to break themselves into a thousand foam-flakes on the rocks beside us. It seemed as if the poor little Phene were the centre to which all the rage was converging; from all sides great white shapes rose to overwhelm her, but the Phene rose with them and danced on their crests. Then they retired with a baffled, hungry roar, only to advance again with fresh fury, and to be again defeated. Our little fleet bobbed and bowed to each other like the politest society: only I noticed that one or two of them, with the merest atom of white sail showing, were scudding away out into that wilderness of boiling waters that tossed them from wave to wave like so many corks. Palinurus stood, holding by the shroud, watching as another tacked and turned for a moment, and finally sped straight out to sea.

"Is it best?" said Prince Lutin.

"Ef she drags much more," answered Palinurus, shortly. He was bare-headed, and his grizzled hair streamed in the wind. A certain grandeur invested those rugged features; the storm had lent Palinurus kingliness.

"Where is Padroncello?" said I. "I want to ask him if we're going on shore."

"On shore!" said the Padron's own voice behind me, like a cheery trumpet. "Not this time, little girl. Have you been frightening her, Prince? We have stopped dragging, and are as firm as the rocks yonder, which won't have their prey to-night!"

"But Joliette thought we had better go, sir," said I. "I think she is a little sick. I don't mind for myself."

At which the Padron broke into a great laugh. "Joliette must stay by the ship like a good sailor. How do you do down there?" said he, stooping down to look into the cabin. "All right above!"

A faint moan answered him.

"It is awful!" wailed Miss Duck. "Do send back that heartless child, who hasn't even the grace to be sick!"

But I went over and clung to the helm and watched the big schooner, that looked quaint and more ancient than ever in the fitful moonlight. The position of the two was slightly changed; instead of being alongside, as at first, the Phene had forged ahead a little, and the ugly bows of the stranger were just astern of us. "That's a Pinkiestarn," volunteered Prince Lutin as he plunged forward after Padroncello, who was at the capstan. And so I sat and watched the Pinkiestarn, which lost none of her romance by the christening, and saw, too, how the rest of our comrades were gradually slipping out of the dance-circle, and went curtsying away till they were no longer distinguishable in the white, tossing waste beyond, and whether the moonbeams fell on spray or sail I could not see. I looked over to the little houses on the land; they nestled dark and quiet against a background of scraggy pines; the branches were moving to and fro, like the restless waves and clouds. I wondered if my lilies still stood motionless and upright in their inland pool, and bending down, I fancied that I saw those which I had gathered, illuminating the cabin with their white glory. Then a face rose above the Pinkiestarn's bows; the little face of a child, but browned and scarred already, and sharp and shrewd beyond its years.

"Poor little mannikin!" thought I, and nodded across, smiling, on which a smile also appeared on the little face, and the very grace of childhood lit up the young-old features. We looked at each other for some time, playing seesaw, as it might be, for now he was towering above me on the crest of a wave, and the next moment in the hollow, and it was my turn to look down at him.

By-and-by he shouted something over to me, whose consonants all were blown out on the way, so that only the vowels came, sounding thus:

"Ah—ee—oo—oo—oo!"

But he smiled more than ever, so I piped back some words which reached his ears I suppose, in the same form of gibberish, if, indeed, they ever got across at all. But it was enough to establish a very friendly relation between us, so that when, a few moments after, I saw signs of departure on board our uncouth neighbor, I felt something like a pang at thought of separation. Two grim figures rose behind my little friend, and I saw from their alternate movement that they were raising the anchor.

"Good-by!" I shouted, and waved my hand. "Good-by!"

The figures at the capstan suddenly paused in their work, and one of them, making a trumpet of his hands, roared something which brought Padroncello at a rapid stagger to the stern.

"Ye're foul of our anchor!"

Padroncello looked not a little disconcerted, and a quick whisper passed between Palinurus and himself.

"Can't you hold on till morning?" shouted back the former, gruffer than the wind.

"No, we're dragging," was the prompt answer.

The wind and sea were raging more than ever. All the schooners had gone, only the Phene and the Pinkiestarn were left, and upon them each crested hill of water strove fiercely to descend. There was another low-voiced consultation, during which I looked out to sea, and began composing an epitaph, after the fashion of young John Chivery:

"Who was cut off in the flower of her age——"

"We're short of hands, and have ladies aboard," bawled Padroncello.

Now it was the Pinkiestarn's turn for a consultation. Padroneello looked grave, and Prince Lutin anxious.

"Do you think we shall——?" I whispered to Viator.

"No," returned he, with a short laugh. "But Seyd and the Padron are sick, and Palinurus has jammed his hand badly, and it's a rough night for you, girls."

"I don't want to go far away from land," said I, and looked out again with a shudder.

"Do you prefer a lee shore?" said Viator, with another laugh.

"We'll try it a while longer," pealed across. The little head in the bows nodded once more right merrily, and then disappeared. Now all was quiet, too, on board the Phene; poor Padroncello could give himself up to a kind of Prometheus-peace, and, except an occasional grumble from the cabin, no voice but the sea's was heard. I watched the flying clouds, and the yellow moon, and the whirling waters, and sang very quietly to myself all the doleful songs I knew, and so had nearly lapsed away into sleep, when a long, black object suddenly interposed itself between me and the sky. I looked up, and lo! the jib-boom of the Pinkiestarn, which, the wave receding, came crashing down upon our stern. I gave a little shriek—for it was within a foot of my head—and up popped my little friend behind the hostile bows, and after him, like so many Jacks-in-a-box, all the other *dramatis personæ*. That was confusion! The next ten minutes whirled themselves up together so madly that I thought we should never come to the end of them. Then there stood Palinurus, his brown chest heaving, and his hand bloody.

"Well, we must get out of this," said the Padron. "Can you lend us a hand?"

And accordingly a dory was lowered from the Pinkiestarn, and a rough-haired giant swung into it, and was brought by the swell of the next wave within reach of the Padron's stout arm. And then the anchors were raised, and then the Phene swung slowly round—so close to the rocks that I saw the seaweed, like ghostly arms stretching out to grasp us. A moment of suspense; then with a great leap the Phene sprang away oceanward, chased by the night wind. Close behind followed the Pinkiestarn; close behind, yet often hidden by the green walls that rose between. We bounded along, the salt spray dashing in our faces, the roar of the baffled sea filling our ears. A strange sense of power thrilled thro' me, as if it were I who cleaved the waves and breasted the storm. A gleam of russet that held a vague presentiment of gold in its bosom crept up the east. "Day is coming," I said to myself, and drank in long draughts of the spicy air. Night and darkness were gone; the world lay fair before us; the strength of the storm which had passed away seemed to have passed into our own souls.

Lustig in die Welt hinein,
Gegen Wind und Wetter!
Will kein Gott auf Erden sein,
Sind wir selber Götter!

LILY NELSON.

THE CONFUSION OF TONGUES.

IN the beginning "the whole earth was of one language and of one speech." But men were sufficiently perverse, even after the great judgments of the fall and the flood, to mar one of the last remaining of human perfections by calling down upon themselves and entailing upon posterity the curse of the confusion of tongues. And from that day when the dwellers in the land of Shinar left off building their ridiculous tower, and became scattered abroad upon the face of all the earth, it would seem that mankind have been engaged in extending and increasing rather than in retarding the operation of that curse. The common brotherhood is forgotten; walls and barriers divide peoples and lead to exclusive and selfish policies; "mountains interposed make enemies of nations;" and every territorial division seems to nourish a different tongue or dialect. Even in the United States the spirit of independence was so intense after the Revolution, that we are told it was proposed to adopt a new language which should wholly separate us from the mother country. Some, arguing that the Americans were the chosen people of the New World, desired that we should adopt the Hebrew. The "Quarterly Review" of 1810, in a malignant article on the United States, says that a Scotchman named Thornton had a project

"to rase

Quite out their native language, and instead

To sow a jangling noise of words unknown.

"It consisted in a barbarous murder of English orthography in turning the e topsy-turvy, dotting the i underneath, and adding a few pothooks and ladles which we shall not attempt to imitate. 'Di Ameriken languids will bi az distinct as de gævornment, fri from aul foliz or enfilosofikel fasen.'"

To treat of existing languages, to trace their histories, and to search out the wonderful ramifications of words through the centuries, has been the work of many abstruse writers. The difficulty of intercourse arising from the diverse tongues of the earth is a familiar theme. But the curse of Babel (whence, as some think, "babble") has extended itself not only to the division of the earth into various languages, but to infinite confusion in the languages themselves. Let us consider the confusions of our own tongue.

As we now read English history, it seems to have been a rather uncertain matter for a number of centuries what sort of a language would finally come to be universally spoken in the Island of Great Britain. And even early English literature is not much more intelligible to an ordinary reader of the present day than French or German. Here are a couple of lines, with modern letters substituted for the old ones; quoted by Warton from the manuscripts of Digby in the Bodleian library at Oxford, and supposed to have been written about the time of the Conquest:

Sende god biforen him man the while he may to hevene.

For betere is on elmesse bfore, thanne ben after sevene.

The meaning is: "Let a man send his good works before him to heaven while he can: for one alms-giving before death is better than seven afterward."

The following is the most ancient song which has been discovered in the language with musical notes annexed. It is from the Harleian manuscripts in the British Museum; is supposed to have been written about the year 1200; and the subject is "The Approach of Summer:"

Summer is i-cumen in
 Lhude sing cuccu:
 Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
 And springeth the wde nu,
 Sing cuccu, cuccu.

Awe bleteth after lomb,
 Lhouth after calve cu;
 Bulluc sterteth, bucke verteth:
 Murie sing, cuccu,
 Cuccu, cuccu:
 Wel singes the cuccu;
 Ne swik thou nauer nu.
 Sing cuccu nu,
 Sing cuccu.

That is: "Summer is coming: Loud sing cuckoo! Groweth seed, and bloweth mead, and springeth the wood now. Ewe bleateth after lamb, loweth cow after calf; bullock starteth, buck *verteth* (goes to harbor among the fern); merry sing, cuckoo! Well singest thou, cuckoo, nor cease to sing now." From this by many steps we came down to Chaucer, to Shakespeare, and to the present time.

But even in this age of enlightenment, languages assume notable peculiarities in different places. Chaucer describes his nun as being able to speak one sort of French but not another:

And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly
 After the schole of Stratford atte Bowe,
 For Frenche of Paris was to her unknowe.

The inhabitants of every county in England can be distinguished by their manner of speaking. To show within what narrow boundaries a peculiarity of dialect may be confined and perpetuated, the town of Poole, England, may be mentioned, a small part of which, according to Dr. Salter, "appears to be inhabited by a peculiar race of people, who are, and probably long have been, the fishing population of the neighborhood. Their manner of speaking is totally different from that of the neighboring rustics. They have a great predilection for changing all the vowels into short *u*, using it in the second person and without a pronoun, and suppressing syllables, *e. g.*, "*Cas'n car't!*"—"Can you not carry it?" etc. He adds: "Mr. Vernon, in remarking upon these facts observes, 'The language of our seamen in general is well worth a close investigation, as it certainly contains not a few archaisms; but the subject requires time and patience, for in the mouths of those who call the Bellerophon and the Ville de Milan, the "Billy Ruffian" and the "Wheel-em-along," there is nothing

But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something new and strange.

"Many of the principal English nautical terms have remained unchanged for centuries." Thus, for instance "*stærebord*" for starboard, and with exactly the present meaning, found in the account of Ohthere's voyage to the

North Sea, a work written in the time of King Alfred, and probably by that monarch.

The Scottish dialect, as we have become acquainted with it from song, poetry and narrative, is not only not coarse and ridiculous, but possesses, I think, more beauty than the correctest English. This is not only because of its novelty to us, but because it is softened and toned down so that even in its sound it is pastoral, endearing and homelike. The consonants are left off wherever it is possible, and the soft vowels are left to fill the measure of the word. It is thus rendered peculiarly a language of love and endearment. What may a handsome girl, or a beautiful maiden, or a lovely female (though it must be admitted that this last miserable coinage has no right in the language) be, compared with a "bonnie lassie." There is nothing in any tongue simpler and sweeter than these two words. The termination *ie* has come to be the distinguishing mark of all names of endearment, and the Scottish dialect is full of it. A poet is a "bardie," a clever fellow is a "birkie," a child is a "bairnie," a brother is a "billie," a bird is a "birdie," and a dog is a "collie." "Cannie" is the word for gentle, "gentie" for elegantly formed, "sonsie" for sweet and engaging, "walie" for ample or jolly, and "cantie" for cheerful, as when the song mentions as the dearest objects, for a man's aspirations,

A cozie house and a cantie wife.

Even the terms of reproach are pitiful rather than harsh; for a shrivelled dwarf is a "blastie," a sniveller is a "bluntie," a strapping young fellow or girl is a "swankie," a thoughtless fellow is a "taupie," the mischievous spirits that haunt the fords and ferries are "kelpies," and Old Nick himself is only "Old Clootie." By the softening down of words we have "a'" for all, "ae" for one, "awa'" for away, "airn" for iron, "amaist" for almost, "braw" for fine, "ba'" for ball, "ca'" for call, "e'e" for eye, "fa'" for fall, "fae" for foe, "frae" for from, "fou" for full, or drunk, "mae" for more, "mou'" for mouth, "ourie" for shivering, "eerie" for frightened, "i'" for in, "pou" for pull, "pow" for head, "o'" for of, "wonner" for wonder, etc. The following dialogue, supposed to take place between a customer and a shopman in reference to a plaid hanging at the shop door, will illustrate this abundant use of vowels:

Customer (inquiring the material)—Oo? (Wool?)

Shopman—Ay, oo. (Yes, of wool.)

Customer—A' oo? (All wool?)

Shopman—Ay, a' oo. (Yes, all wool.)

Customer—A' ae oo? (All same wool?)

Shopman—Ay, a' ae oo. (Yes, all same wool.)

As the Scotch deal so largely in those diminutive letters *ie*, so they also know the power of little words.

It is curious how this dialect makes rather gross ideas seem pretty. Young ladies accustomed to singing of "cottages by the sea," and of meeting sweethearts "by moonlight alone," would possibly consider the idea of the song of "Gala Water" rather too pastoral, and would fail to see anything romantic in the bare suggestion of two lovers vowing to follow each other along bank and hillside, and through deep streams and swamps, for the love they bore each other. Yet in these days of tilting hoops there can be nothing indelicate in the proposition of the lady to wade knee-deep through the water in following her lover. **Listen to the song:**

THE CONFUSION OF TONGUES.

Bonnie lass of Gala-water,
 Braw, braw lass of Gala-water!
 I would wade the stream sae deep
 For yon braw lass of Gala-water.

Braw, braw lads of Gala-water,
 Braw, braw lads of Gala-water!
 I'll kilt my coat aboon my knee,
 And follow my love through the water

Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
 Sae bonnie blue her een, my dearie;
 Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
 I often kiss her till I'm wearie.

O'er yon bank and o'er yon brae,
 O'er yon moss among the heather;
 I'll kilt my coat aboon my knee,
 And follow my love through the water.

It is to be doubted whether the singer would have admitted in the third stanza that he was weary of kissing, but for the sake of the rhyme.

The Highlanders, it is said, have an idea that the Gaelic tongue is the oldest in existence. A minister of a rural parish near Perth puts the idea into a poem commencing,

Should Gaelic speech be e'er forgot,
 An' never brocht to min',
 For she'll be spoke in Paradise
 In the days o' auld lang syne.

When Eve, all fresh in beauty's charms,
 First met fond Adam's view,
 The first words that he'll spoke till her
 Was "eumar ashum dhu?"

That is, "How are you to-day?"

It has been, I believe, now and then, the dream of an ardent and patriotic New England youth to become the Burns or the Scott of the Yankee dialect. There were as many pleasant characteristics of rustic life and character there as had been portrayed by the Scottish bard or in the Waverly novels; and the caricatures of the "Blue Nose" author of "Sam Slick" were the grossest libels. Yet none of these youths has yet risen to poetical eminence. The Yankee mode of speaking gives a prominence to the sharp, thin and coarse consonant sounds, which renders it excellent for humorous portraiture and for expressing a quick and fantastic sense of the oddities of things, and whimsical but practical and common-sense views of life; but inappropriate to convey tender and pathetic impressions. Perhaps we have been forced to admit that New England produced Hosea Biglow as naturally as Scotland produced Burns. Yet it has been often proved, even before the time of Dickens, that pathos, at least, if not poetry, may be drawn from the most incongruous materials; and there should yet be a distinctive New England poet. It is not a work to be despised, for Tennyson did not disdain to write "The Northern Farmer." Longfellow has told the wild stories of the Indians, using their names, which were about as much of the language as he could comfortably carry over the laws of versification, even though discarding rhyme. Irving has pictured the Knickerbockers so faithfully that the name brings up a hundred quaint and old-fashioned scenes; and the pathos of plan-

tation songs has drawn tears from many honest eyes. But I do not remember a serious Yankee love song, and the best attempt at a love story which I recall is the one which relates how

Zekel crept up quite unbeknown
And peeked in at the winder;
And there sot Huldy all alone
'Tith no one by to hinder.

Books of poetry have been published in nearly all the provincial dialects of England, and in them may be found very much that is beautiful. Here are four stanzas from a poem full of homely pathos, in the Lancashire dialect, entitled "The New Comer:—"

Thou'rt welcome, little bonny brid,
But shouldn't ha' come just when tha did;
 Toimes are bad.
We're short 'o pobbies for eawr Joe,
But that, of course, tha did'n't know,
 Did ta, lad?

Aw've often yeard mi feyther tell
'At when aw coom i' th' woorld misel
Trade wur slack;
An' neaw it's hard wark pooin' throo—
But aw munna fear thee, iv aw do
Tha'll go back.

We'en nobbut gotten coarsish fare,
But eawt o' this tha'll ha' thi share,
Never fear.
Aw hope tha'll never want a meal,
But allus fill thi bally weel
While tha'rt here.

And tho' we'n childer two or three,
We'll make a bit o' reawm for thee—
Bless thee, lad!
Tha'rt th' prattiest brid we han i' the' nest;
Come, hutch up closer to mi breast—
Aw'm thi dad.

To illustrate English dialects further, as well as because of the merit of what I quote, I give a little story from the Dorset of William Barnes, which will match very well with Dr. Franklin's story of paying too much for the whistle:

FALSE FRIENDS-LIKE.

When I wer' still a bwoy, and mother's pride,
A bigger bwoy spoke up to me so kind-like—
"If you do like, I'll treat ye wi' a ride
In thease wheel-barrow here." Zo I were blind-like
To what 'e had a worken in his mind-like,
An' mounted vor a passenger inside;
An' comen to a puddle perty wide,
He tipp'd me in, a grinnen back behind-like.
Zo when a man do come to me too thiek-like,
An' sheak my hand, where oonce 'e pass'd me by
An' tell me he would do me this or that,
I can't help thinken o' the big bwoy's trick-like,
An' then, for all I can but wag my hat,
An' thank 'en, I do veel a little shy.

Here is a fragment in the Wiltshire dialect which would seem to effectually clear the people of that district from a false imputation of gullibility, even though it does not add to their reputation for honesty :

Piple zay as how they gied th' neam o' moon-rakers to us Wiltshire vauk, bekase a passel o' stupid bodies one night tried to rake the shadow o' th' moon out o' th' bruk, and tuk't it vor a thin cheese. But that's th' wrong end o' th' stwory. The chaps az was a doin' o' this was smugglers, and they was a vishin up som kegs o' sperrits, and only pertended to rake out a cheese! Zo the exciseman az axed 'em the question had his grin at 'em; but they had a good laugh at he when 'em got whoame the stuff.

In the "Cornhill Magazine," a year or two ago, there appeared an article on the poetry of provincialisms. The writer instanced the beauty of the simple term "winnflower" over the scientific anemone; and the appropriateness of the names "nap-at-noon" and "go-to-bed-at-noon" for the common goat's-herd; and the "six-o'clock" flower, for the Star of Bethlehem, from their closing their flowers at those times; of the "shepherd's dial," for the scarlet pimpernel, from its susceptibility to the changes of the weather; and of the "wake-robin" and the "cuckoo-flower," for the arum and the orchis, because they blossom when the song of those birds is first heard. He notices the echo of a past religion in "lady's thistle," "lady's fingers" and "lady-smocks," "all silver white," as Shakespeare sings; and such quaint old names, which the poets loved to use, as "love lies a-bleeding," "three faces under a hood," "dead men's fingers," "sops in wine." All these fanciful titles, so much more beautiful than scientific terms, have come over with emigration; and I call to mind such names as "love in the mist," "widow's tears," "bleeding heart," "lady's eardrops," "lady's slippers," "morning glories," "mourning bride," "evening primrose," "youth and old age." The garden pansy is sometimes called the "kiss me at the garden gate," and the heart's-ease the "johnny-jumper," or the "johnny jump up and kiss me," and, I believe, by the Scotch, the "love in vain." He continues: "The common woodpecker, so noticeable from its loud cry and bright green plumage, and red head, possesses at least half-a-dozen names. Mr. Matthew Arnold has very justly praised Maurice de Guérin for speaking of the woodpecker's laugh. But the West-country peasant ages ago called it the 'yaffingale,' that is, the laugh-singer, and the North-countryman the 'iccol' and the 'haho'—names which give the echo of its cry. In the midland counties it is the peasant's 'rain-bird,' and his 'rain-tabberer,' because its cry generally forbodes rain, like the cry of the raven of old. . . . In the North the wryneck is called the 'cuckoo-maiden,' because its song foretells the cuckoo's approach; while in the South the tit-lark is known as the 'butty-lark,' or companion lark, because the cuckoo so frequently lays its eggs in that bird's nest. Again, Shakespeare has been praised for so accurately painting the martin's 'procreant cradle.' In the same vein, however, does the rustic in different counties call the long-tailed tit the 'oven-bird' and the 'barrel-bird,' from its making a long moss and lichen-woven nest." So it is noticed that in the midland counties a small brown cantharis is known as "the sailor." The poetry of this is best seen in Emerson's description of a bee:

Sailor of the atmosphere,
Swimmer through the waves of air,
Voyager of light and noon.

Autumn, as in this country too, is the "Fall;" the end of life is the "sere of life;" in Yorkshire it is the "chair day" and "the going home;" and in

some counties the latter part of the day as well as the end of life is called the "edge of dark." In the Northwestern counties the peasant talks of a plume of trees, which Marvel used in the lines,

Upon its crest, this mountain grave,
A plume of aged trees does wave.

Yet, though this writer does not mention them, there are certainly some features of the provincial speech of England which contain very little poetry. After reading a number of provincial dialogues, I should imagine a conversation between two excited young ladies to be rather redolent of epithets. For instance, I think one young lady would address her companion as follows:

"Ya prinking, mincing, timersome, chittering, teeheeing (silly laughing), purting (sullen), glumping (glum), tatchy (peevish), glittish (savage), chounting (jeering), racing (rubbing of old sores), toteling (slow and lazy), guttering (greedy), rouze-about (never at home), zower-zapped (ill-natured, crabbish), hewcha-mouth (making no difference whether what she says is decent or not), guzzle-de-mundy (one who grins foolishly on every occasion), ya crowding sokey (timid creature), ya yokey molekit (yellow-looking person), ya soutros ninnyhammer!"

To which the young lady thus addressed would reply: "Ya gart, big-boned, crewnting (grunting like a horse), querking (deep breathing), kickhammer (stammering), hewstring (wheezing), panking (panting), jowering (brawling), chockling (scolding, cackling), rixy (quarrelsome), wash-a-mouth (blabbing out everything), blazing (spreading news abroad), yerring (yelling, noisy), ziddle-mouthed (mouth awry), trash! Ya maundering drab! ya unsoutorly malkin (dirty wretch), ya mulligrub gurgin (a mealgrub that feeds on the gurgins or coarsest kind of meal)! Ya gart swapping (big, unwieldy), roile (an ungainly slammakin, an awkward blowse or hoyden)! Ya baggage (witch-ridden hag)! Ya rousling (big, rousing), haggaging (slatternly, awkward), rubbacrook (filthy), louching (taking long strides), wambling (lolling), plat-vooted (flat-footed), gorbelly (big-bellied), hetchet-faced (hatchet-faced), shewl-a-mouthed (shovel mouthed), wapper eed (squinting, goggle-eyed, starebason (saucer-eyed), what nosed, haggle-toothed, blow-monger (blow-cheeked), bozzum-chucked (with a deep redness in the cheeks), swash-bucket!" (A swashbucket is a wench who swashes like the pigs eating out of a bucket.)

It will be seen that there are a great many expressive terms of abuse of which we know nothing.

The student of dialects, however, will notice that many words which are supposed to be peculiar to America are found to be common English provincial terms. The words "guess," "reckon" and "expect," with the meaning of "suppose," are considered to be the distinguishing feature of New England conversation, yet they are all prominent in the glossaries of English dialects. The cardinal impulse of a Yankee's life is thought to be "swop," from the boys at school who "swop" jack-knives, to the men who "swop" horses; yet Dryden has:

I would have swopped youth for old age,

and in Arthur J. Mundy's poem of "T' Runawaa Lass," in the dialect of North Riding, "I mind," says Phillip to the lass:

Ah mahnd, when Masson toonops was te haw,
Hoo well thruff t'lands thah foot kept up wi' mahn,
Frio end end to end; an' when wa'd dun t'last raw,
Ah said Ah'd swop mah weary airms for tahn.

"Gumption," which the Yankee considers the highest possible mental endowment, and also "cuteness," which is akin to it, are both English words. Many of the common provincial words of England are also common in New England. For instance, an old "fussock" for a fat, idle woman; "dudds" or "rollocks" for old clothes or old rags; a "muss" or "mux," for a muddle; to "clutter" up, or to make a "muss" or "mux;" for making a great deal of dirt and confusion; "hunks," nearly the same word as chunks, for solid broken pieces, as in the nursery rhyme:

Hunks of pudding and pieces of pie
My mamma did give me when I did cry.

So to "chomp" is to chew with a smacking of the jaws like a pig; to "ding" is to repeat and harangue; as when you "ding" a thing into a man's "noddle" with a tedious repetition like the ding-dong of a bell; to give a "hunch" is to give a lift or shove; to "trapes" is to walk at a loafing pace; to "launch along" is to take long strides; to "shomble" is to walk awkwardly, as though the feet were heavy; and a woman who is all the time "on the go" is one who "gads about." Things are spoken of in England as well as in New England as "sartin sure;" certainly is "sarteny;" for what I know is "fortino," and so far as I know is "forzino." The vulgar contractions of pronouns are from the old country, too. A Berkshire ditty even has:

And t'other young maiden looked sly at me,
And from her seat she risen—
Let's you and I go on our way
And we'll let she go shis'n.

The Yankees say "his'n," but they use "her'n" instead of "shis'n." But a Southern manipulation of pronouns is worse than either of these; for it is said that during the civil war a common remonstrance with our soldiers used to be, "What did you-uns come down here to fight we-uns for?" A young lady in Northern Georgia is said to have indited a few verses to some of her admirers in a regiment at the war; which, though I doubt their authenticity, I herewith lay before the reader:

'Tis hard for youans to sleep in camp,
'Tis hard for youans to fight;
'Tis hard for youans through snow to tramp,
In snow to sleep at night;
But hard for weans from youans to part,
Since youans has stolen weans heart.

"Passel" or "parcel" in the sense of a number is used in Wiltshire as well as in New England. When a woman is represented as saying, "I'll take and blow up th' vire a mossel; but what be them bellises at?"—"mossel" and "them bellises" are the words that many of us have heard from the grandmothers in the corners of New England chimneys.

In a city like New York, composed of people from all the nationalities on the globe, all attempting to speak one language; and of people from the different sections of a great country, and of men of all grades of society, and of every species of employment, each with his peculiar mode of expression, there is a vast field for burlesque in the imitation of various styles and dialects. Even literature has taken up these peculiarities, though only able to represent them imperfectly, for its purposes of humor.

The German, in his provincialization of the language, resembles the Welsh-

man as reported by Mr. Tooke. But he differs in this, that though he uses no compression where it should be used, he is certain to use it in all cases where it is not needed. He substitutes *p* for *b*, and also *b* for *p*; *c* hard or *k* for *g*, and *g* for *k*; *t* for *d*, and *d* for *t*; *f* for *v*, and *v* for *f*. Thus when he means poor fellow, he says "boor veller;" when he means by dam, he says "py tam;" when he means very good, he says "ferry coot." He uses *sh* for *j*, and *d* for *th*. For "by jinks!" he says "py shinks!" and when the census-taker asks the age of himself and wife, he says "I am dirty an' mine vrow ish dirty two." Although he is able to pronounce nearly all the letters, he never seems able to get the right letter on the right word according to the English language. But he has other peculiarities. When he is excited, he says "Mein Cott!" When he is indignant, he exclaims "Dunder and blixen!" When he agrees with you, he says "Yaw;" and there is no word in any language that expresses more profound tranquillity and contentment of mind than this "yaw." When he disagrees with you he says—and rather sharply he says it—"Nein." He never can be persuaded that there is such a word as "thaf;" he always uses "as" instead. He uses two *m*'s where one is sufficient; and he persists in spelling beer with an *ie*. When a man has died he says he has "got died." He calls his child a "tamm rascal" by way of endearment. His comparative case for good is "petter ash coot," and the superlative is "so coot ash neffer vash." The dialect of East Anglia, England, surpasses that of the Dutchman in this respect. The comparison of good is: "Good, better, betterer, more better, bettermost, most better." The comparison of bad is: "bad, worser, worserer, worserer and worserer, wust, wustest."

The Dutchman, it will be noticed, merely disturbs the consonants. The Irishman, on the contrary, disturbs the vowels. He changes long *e* into *a*, as in swate, plase, nate, aisy, indade; yet he can pronounce *e* well enough, for he says "be me sowl" for by my soul. He says "flure" for floor, "dure" for door, "boogs" for bugs, "joost" for just, "thin" for then, "whin" for when, "min" for men, "niver" for never, "owld" for old, "cowl" for cold, "av" for of, and "nagur" for negro. These examples will give an idea of the changes of vowels that are always proper to make to produce the Irish brogue. He introduces an *h* now and then, but this is merely a roll of the tongue, between a *t* or *d* and an *r*, as in "afther" for after, "dhrinking" for drinking, "dhream" for dream, "sthrate" for street. When a man dies at his house he says "he died on me;" and he expresses unusual emotions by such exclamations as "Sure!" "Faith, now!" "Och, and be dad!"

The principal peculiarity of the Frenchman is, that he uses *z* for *th*, as in ze, zis, zat, and says "by Gar!" But the style of the French Canadian is somewhat peculiar, as will be seen from the following card in which a man posts his wife: "Ma name dats Pete Rowville—ma wife he leave ma hous and shant ax me—any man dat trus him on ma name, dats loss for you."

It seems to be generally supposed that the negro style of talk is sufficiently represented by changing the *to* *de*, *that* *to* *dat*, and *this* *to* *dis*. To show that this is not so, I quote from a Southern paper a very characteristic passage from a supposed dialogue between two colored people:

Gracie—Yere I is, settin in de mud and de ashes, no dinner, no nuttin. But dis ain't gwine ter do fir dis yere nigger, I is so hongry. Ha! who is dat dried up lookin nigger I sees jist yander? Hit looks a powerful 'semblance like ole Jack, an' bress my heart ef hit aint. How'r ye, Jack? powerful, 'menjus upturnins sence I last seed ye.

Jack—Well, Gracie, I's jist tollable now, an' I'se ben right smart porely. Truth, mum, dey is been monstus upturnins. Many tings happened sence dis nigger's young days dat he nebber spec fur to see. Shore's yer born, 'oman, we's gwin ter pot. But what you doin here in dis rag, tag and bob-tail lookin place? Whar's yere missus?

Gracie—De mity blessed Lord ony knows; shubblin de pots an' de obens, I 'spec.

Jack—Why, Gracie, you fool 'oman, you go leab her; *she* clatterin' de pans an' de kittles, wid dem leetle white hands? I 'tonish at you—you's clean gone crazy; but ebrybody is, dese times. But what de matter wid you, 'oman? 'Pears to me you looks like yer's ben kickin right smart ob a bobbery wid somebody; hope hit aint Mars Yank, kase yer'd bes' let him lone—he too smart for you—whirl yer off to kingdom come 'fore you's know he got yer.

Gracie—Dat aint no news, kase dis nigger knows it 'stremely well! but *you* needn't talk, yer looks like you'd bin through my old chist hole, or de Yanks' fingers one.

Jack—Lord, 'oman, dat's so; dey's got dere claws on dis yere nigger shore nuff. Dis here's a mity flusteration, I's had orful, monstus, powerful hard times a libin on nuttin and sleepin in de dirt.

The Indian grunts and says me for I, as "Ugh! ugh! Me wan' fire-water. Great Spirit make fire-water, Injun love. Ugh!"

The queer people of London, high and low, make much havoc with their native tongue. The difficulties with the letter *h* are insuperable. They say "I walked by a 'edge on the hedge of the stream," and no training under the sun can make them pronounce the sentence differently. A man asks for a letter for George Hogden, and when the clerk looks in the H box, he shouts, "Look a 'ere, you're looking among the haitches, and my name begins with a ho!" Mr. Sam Weller's great trouble was with *v* and *w*. But on the point that his name was spelled with a "we" he had no doubt. Another somewhat notorious instance is that of the cockney gentlemen who was asked if he knew how to spell "saloon." "Ho, yes!" he replied promptly; "there's a hess and a hay and a hell and two hoes and a hen!" Theodore Hook says:

With cockney gourmands great's the difference whether
At home they stay, or forth to Paris go;
For as they linger here or wander hither,
The flesh of calves to them is *weal* or *weau*.

When these two afflictions of pronunciation which have been mentioned come to one person, it is very embarrassing. "Henner, my dear," said a London lady, "hit vill be a purliteness of vich I can happleciate the walue if you vill honly 'and me the vite 'andkerchief with the three hedges; there's 'haitch, haitch' in the corner." Lord Dundreary's principal trouble is with the letter *r*, as in "weal" for real, "vewy" for very, "evewy" for every, "westwained" for restrained. But he likewise stutters, and frequently has difficulty with *s*, as in "tho" for so, "knowth" for knows, "thayth" for says. His oath is "Good gwacious!"

GEORGE WAKEMAN.

ARCHIE LOVELL.

By MRS. EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "MISS FORRESTER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

ARCHIE PAYS HER DEBT.



HE was cold as ice, and received the profound bow under which Gerald sought to cover his confusion as Lucia introduced them with a dignified little bend of the neck that to Miss Durant seemed impertinent. The rector's daughter to assume a manner like this when she was being introduced to the future husband of Miss Durant of Durant!

"We had not expected Mr. Durant until this evening," she explained, as though to let the poor young person know that her being in Mr. Durant's society at all arose solely from mistake. "Would you like to take your hat off, Miss Lovell, or shall we go out a little first? You have not seen the gardens yet, I think."

"I will do whatever you like," answered Miss Lovell, still standing by the window

where she had entered, and still with the self-possession upon her face that in Lucia's sight was so unbecoming. "I shall not be able to stay more than an hour or two, so don't make any difference for me at all, please."

"Oh, but Miss Lovell, mamma invited you to spend the day. I hope—"

"Thanks. I can only stay an hour or two. My father wants me this afternoon." And Archie half turned away from the lovers, and leaning on her arm—more with the gesture of a boy than a young lady, Lucia thought—against the window frame, looked out into the garden.

Miss Durant glanced at Gerald, as though to say "Was I not right? Are we not going to be bored with this awkward, plain young woman I told you of?" and saw that a crimson flush was dyeing Mr. Durant's fair face, and

that his eyes were intently fixed upon a song that, in his first bewilderment, he had caught up and was holding in his hand. Evidently he was annoyed by the girl's curt, indifferent reception of him; evidently, too, he thought her ugly and repulsive, and wanted to be rid of her.

The latter consideration lent a great deal more kindness to Miss Durant's feelings toward her visitor. The poor thing had been invited to spend the day with them; came shyly, no doubt, at paying a first visit alone to the Court—and the Court to Lucia seemed much the same as the Imperial Court of St. Petersburg would seem to the Emperor of all the Russias—and now, finding herself *de trop*, offered humbly to go away again in an hour or two.

"We shall not hear of you leaving us till after luncheon, Miss Lovell, and then, if you really must go, you shall give me a promise to come and spend another day, a real long day, with me soon. Perhaps for the next hour it would be cooler in the garden than here. What do you think, Gerald? If we were to take out a book to the Pleasaunce, and you were to read to us. You are fond of poetry, Miss Lovell?"

Yes, Miss Lovell answered; not without a half smile, for the sense of the ludicrous was never far absent from Archie, and there was something in the idea of Gerald's sitting between them and reading—tender love-scenes perhaps—that, indignant as she was, struck her irresistibly. Then Gerald having stammered out something incoherent about heat and shade, and very pleasant, he was sure, if—if Miss Lovell liked it—Lucia ran away to get her garden hat and parasol, and Miss Lovell and Gerald Durant found themselves alone.

Without hesitating a moment Archie took a purse from her pocket; drew out something neatly wrapped up in paper from among its contents, and walked up to Gerald's side. "Here is what I owe you, Mr. Durant. It is correct, I think—forty-two shillings and sixpence. I had it with me ready, thinking that possibly I might meet you here to-day."

Gerald started back from the little outstretched hand as if he had received a blow. "Miss Wilson! is it possible that you can wish to hurt me so deeply?" he exclaimed.

"I am Miss Wilson no longer, Mr. Durant," she answered, not without a ring of mournfulness in her voice. "I've never been Miss Wilson since the day I went with you to London. Papa's poverty and his debts made us live under a false name abroad, the name you knew me by. All that is over—not to be recalled, please. Papa is rector of Hatton, and I am Miss Lovell—a very different person in everything to Archie Wilson! Forty-two shillings and sixpence—you will find it quite right, I think? My travelling expenses from Morteville-sur-Mer to London and back, you remember."

And as Gerald still did not hold out his hand to receive it, she laid the money down on a little work-table that stood beside her, then walked back composedly to her place beside the window.

Gerald was cut to the very quick; but he was too much a man of the world to allow himself to remain in a ridiculous position. Whatever became of the forty-two shillings and sixpence, Miss Durant's curiosity on the subject must certainly not be awakened by finding them there among her embroidery; and so, with the best grace he could, he forced himself to take the money up and put it in his pocket.

Archie's eyes triumphed as she watched him, and something so like the days of old (of a fortnight ago) was in their expression that Gerald in a mo-

ment found himself at her side, and with her hand, whether she would or no, clasped firmly in his. "Miss Lovell—Archie, forgive me!" he exclaimed in his eager, impulsive way. "You don't know what my life is—you don't know how hardly I am placed—how everything is forced upon me. To have to meet you as a stranger—to be treated as you have treated me now! can any punishment, can the worst punishment I deserve, be more than this?"

His face was flushed with emotion; his lips quivered; his eyes softened and filled with passionate eagerness as he looked at her. "Say one word—tell me you forgive me, and let everything between us be as it once was!" he pleaded, clasping her unwilling hand closer in his.

"Everything as it once was!" and Archie laughed: a hard little laugh that jarred on Gerald's heart. "What do you mean by 'as it once was,' Mr. Durant? Before I went with you to London, or—but that would be going back a very long time indeed—before the time when you were engaged to marry Miss Durant?"

"I am not talking of her at all," he exclaimed. "I am talking only of you—asking only for your forgiveness. Will you give it me?"

"I don't know what you mean by forgiveness," said Archie. "I can never feel to you as I used, if you mean that. You told me when I said good-by to you last I must leave all reckoning up of accounts until we met again, and then, if the balance was in your favor, pay you. I have paid you. Has anything more got to be said between us?"

Gerald dropped her hand in a moment, and stood silent: intently watching her face. "You will never feel for me as you used, Miss Lovell?" he said at last. "I am to take that as your final decision?"

"You may take it as you like," she answered, quickly. "With me it is not a question of will. I could not care for you again if I tried, and I do not try."

"Speak candidly. You detest me."

"No, Mr. Durant, I do not."

"What then?"

"I think you acted badly to me—badly, badly!" she broke forth, her eyes lighting up, as only blue eyes can light, with sudden passion. "When you could have saved me you did not! When a word of advice from you would have made me leave you and go home you did not speak it! If I was placed so now," she went on, bitterly, "I could save myself; I would want advice from no man; but then I was a little girl, a child, and I saw less harm in going on with you to London than in landing alone at Calais. Tell me if what I say is true, Mr. Durant? Had I any save a child's ideas, a child's knowledge of the world, before that day I went with you to London? And now"—her voice changing with one of the sudden pathetic modulations Gerald Durant knew so well—"what am I now?"

"Your position is changed," stammered Gerald, with a rising, a guilty sense of her meaning; for until this instant his own infidelity had been the worst offence with which his conscience, or his vanity, had charged him. "Your father being a clergyman, of course I mean—"

"And I mean nothing of all that!" she interrupted him, the light kindling more and more in the blue eyes that looked so unflinchingly into his. "I mean what am *I*, Archie, to myself, to papa, to every one else who cares for me? An impostor, Mr. Durant—just that. I was lucky enough to keep that journey of mine a secret, or nearly so, and as long as it remains a secret,

every day, every hour of my life, is an acted falsehood. On the day when it becomes known—will you tell me, please, what I shall be then?"

"You will be always fairer and truer in my sight than any other woman living," said Gerald: but he faltered somewhat as he spoke, and his eyes sank. The situation was rapidly assuming dimensions now that placed it beyond the pleasant regions of covert, regretful, inconsequential love-making; and whatever he felt, and however sorry he might be, for the poor little girl, it was simply impossible for him, under the same roof with Lucia, to offer to marry her. "I think, upon my word I do, that you exaggerate the importance of a mere accident, Miss Lovell. No one was to blame—there is nothing that I can see to conceal—"

And Gerald Durant stopped with a start as the drawing-room door opened, and Miss Durant, equipped in a garden hat, a blue veil, and a parasol for her complexion, came up to his side.

"What book shall we take?" she asked, a great deal too taken up with the painful contrast that she felt existed between her own appearance and Miss Lovell's to remark the expression of her lover's face. "Do you like Tennyson, Miss Lovell? Never read any of it? Fancy, Gerald, Miss Lovell has never read any of Tennyson. Then let us have something of his by all means. The 'Idylls of the King' is the most improving metre for reading aloud, Miss Barlow used to say."

And, neither Gerald nor Archie offering any opinion on the subject of metres, Miss Durant took up a book from her mother's writing-table; then, with a condescending, encouraging little smile to the rector's daughter, put her hand on her arm and led her out into the garden; Mr. Durant, who fervently wished himself, or one at least of his companions, at the remotest quarter of the earth just then, meekly following.

"You have not seen the Court before, Miss Lovell, I think?" said Lucia, stopping under the shade of the cedars, and turning Archie round to have the lions pointed out to her. "As you have lived so much abroad, I suppose you have never seen a house like this in your life. It was built in 1570 by one of Queen Elizabeth's courtiers, Hugh Durant. His arms, you see, together with those of his wife, Brune of Plumber, are sculptured in a cartouche shield on the pediment of the eastern front."

"Indeed!" answered Archie, putting on a look of great interest, for the expression of Gerald's face had told her already what it cost him to listen to his poor pedantic little betrothed, and she was not insensible to a certain feeling of satisfaction in his pain. "What an old family the Durants must be, if you count back as far as Queen Elizabeth."

"Queen Elizabeth!" cried Lucia, with immense animation for her. "Do you call that old? Gerald, Miss Lovell says we must be an old family, because we can go back to the days of Queen Elizabeth. Why, an ancestor of ours, Geraldine de Durant, accompanied William the Conqueror to England, and in the reign of Edward I. we find that the family were already settled in this parish."

"Edward I.? But I thought Sir Hugh Durant built the house in 1570?" said Archie, with the air of one humbly seeking for information.

"Certainly," answered Lucia, "certainly. You are quite right as to date. This house was first built in 1570, but we have records to show that our family lived in the parish as early as the reign of Edward I. I must caution you, however, Miss Lovell," she added, "about using the title of 'Sir.' It was

not until the year 1611 that my ancestor, Francis Durant, was made a baronet. He was the seventh gentleman on whom this honor was bestowed. During the civil wars of Charles I., Sir Francis Durant was distinguished by his loyalty, which he showed by giving nearly all his money and also his two sons' lives to the king. After the death of Charles, they say he was so mortified that he clothed himself in sackcloth, and, causing his grave to be dug some time before his death, laid himself there every Friday morning, exercising himself in divine meditation and prayer."

And then Archie took another look at Gerald's face, and her heart softened toward him as it had never done since the moment when she first made the confession of her flight to Bettina. He had behaved cruelly to her: no doubt whatever about that; had all but won her heart—such a heart as she could have given! to pin upon his sleeve for a day; and through him and his selfish weakness the worst folly of her life, a folly whose consequences might darken all her future years, had been brought about. But he was to marry Miss Durant of Durant's Court. He was to spend the remainder of his days with a woman who talked of cartouche shields, and William the Conqueror, and ancestors in sackcloth; a woman who put on a blue vail for her complexion when she walked in her own garden; a woman, ten minutes of whose society seemed to weigh on Archie as no ten hours of her life had ever done before. And her heart softened to him. Bitter, hard, relentless as she had felt when she first heard his voice, first saw his arm around Lucia's waist, she softened to him now that she began to know Lucia herself. Whatever Gerald Durant's sins had been, his punishment, at least, would be an ample one.

"I wish I had your memory, Miss Durant. I never could remember anything, in prose, as long as what you have been telling me."

"It depends upon how one has been brought up," answered Lucia, complacently. "Travelling about, as you have, I dare say your studies have been interrupted; now, I had the same governess—Miss Barlow—for eleven years. From the very first Miss Barlow made me learn the epistle, gospel and collect every week, and as to the kings of England—"

"Oh, Lucia, do let us go on," interrupted Gerald, impatiently, and with a horrible dread that all the kings since the Conqueror, with a dozen or so collects and epistles, would be repeated for Archie's amusement, and his own torture, on the spot. "It's all very well for you with a hat and vail and parasol, to stand in the broiling sun, but as I happen to have nothing on my head, and have no wish to experience a sun-stroke, I must really ask you to hurry—interesting though of course your descriptions are, Lucia, dear," he added, demurely.

And Miss Durant, who took every word in its most direct sense, and who was indeed too encased in the triple armor of self-esteem ever to suspect the existence of irony, smiled placidly at the compliment. Then, still affording historical and antiquarian information as they walked, led the way to the Pleasaunce or heath, an inclosure which lay at the extreme verge of the Court gardens, and to which a vine-covered alley, cool even at noonday, led through the side grounds the entire distance from the house.

The Pleasaunce occupied about an acre of land—not the six acres which Bacon, with his royal disregard of space, directs. Saving in size, however, all the rules that the great philosopher laid down had been adhered to by its original constructor, and strictly followed by all succeeding owners of Durant's Court. There were the thickets of sweetbrier and honeysuckle, and wild vine

amongst; and the ground was set with periwinkles, violets, primroses, and other such plants as prosper in the shade. There was "that good flower to the eye, germander;" and sweetwilliam and red roses, and many other of the like low flowers, "that are, withal, sweet and sightly:" while further away from the garden, where the ground rose and fell with natural undulations, and where the neighboring giants of the Chase gave densest shade, were thickets of holly and larch, of juniper, arbutus and hawthorn.

Miss Durant after a good deal of deliberation—in one place suspecting a sunbeam, in another detecting an ant's nest, in another a draught—succeeded at last in finding a spot sheltered enough for her partially to raise her vail and dispense with the shade of her parasol; and seating herself here beneath a low-spreading, many-branched old hawthorn on the mossy turf, she signified graciously to the rector's daughter that she might take a place at her side.

"You are not as much afraid of the sun as I am, I see, Miss Lovell, but Miss Barlow always insisted on my taking great care of my complexion, and fair people really tan so dreadfully."

"They do," said Archie, taking off her hat and tossing it on the ground beside her, then running her fingers up through her bright, untidy hair in what Miss Durant felt was a most reprehensibly boyish manner. "I was fair myself once. Yes, Miss Durant, nearly as fair as you, and see what I have tanned to! Burnt-sienna; neither more nor less."

"I dare say you are a little sunburnt," remarked Lucia, looking down pityingly at the girl's brown, shapely hands; "but fair? I should hardly have thought, Miss Lovell, that you were ever very fair."

"Look above my wrists," said Archie, pushing back the sleeve of her linen dress so as to show a modelled arm, absurdly white compared to the brown hands and sunburnt face. "Don't you think if I took great care, and wore a vail and gloves for two or three Summers, I might be fair in time, Miss Durant?"

"You might grow fairer," said Lucia, circumspectly. "No doubt you might grow fairer; but I think never fair. Miss Barlow used to say that a skin once thoroughly deteriorated can never be restored to its pristine condition."

"That's bad for me," said Archie, shaking her head. "Mr. Durant," with a mocking look at Gerald, "what do you think? Would anything ever bring my copper-colored hands and face to what they should be?"

Miss Durant actually opened her eyes at the audacity of the question. A young girl at her first introduction to a gentleman to mention such a subject as the skin of her own hands and face! It was indelicate; positively indelicate. "I think we had better get on with the reading, Gerald," she remarked, primly, and while Gerald was looking, not speaking, his answer to Archie. "That is, if Miss Lovell cares to hear it. We shall not have time to get through one of the Idylls before luncheon unless you begin at once."

"As you like," said Gerald, reluctantly; for it seemed to him just now that to sit and watch Archie in this golden shade—yes, even with Lucia there too—was poetry sufficient. "The heat really makes one feel so lazy."

"Oh, please read," cried Miss Lovell, with well acted eagerness; "please do not disappoint us. I am so very anxious to hear the Idylls." And she took the book from Lucia, handed it over to Gerald, then composed herself with folded hands and preternatural gravity of face, to listen.

"The Idylls of the King" were about as unknown to this little utter bar-

barian as the tragedies of Æschylus would have been. An Idyll she imagined was probably a good deal like an elegy; as Miss Durant had selected the book, it was sure at all events to be improving and horribly dull; and, in the pass to which they had all come now, the best amusement going, perhaps, would be slyly to watch Gerald's face as he read, listen to Miss Durant's annotations, and occasionally offer ignorant remarks of her own the better to draw out the superior wisdom of her companions.

"You have no work with you, I see," remarked Lucia, as Gerald turned over the pages of the book, hesitating which of the four Idylls would be best suited to his audience; and as she spoke she drew out a neatly-pinned roll of embroidery from her pocket. "I always think it is such a waste of time to sit out of doors or listen to reading without working."

"But I can't work," said Archie, "except mending, and that I detest; and besides, I'm not clever enough to do so many things at once. To be out of doors in such a place as this, and to listen to poetry at the same time, would be quite enough for me, particularly if the poetry was very well read and the subject very appropriate!"

And she gave a half sigh and a little significant smile toward Gerald.

Both sigh and smile, as it chanced, were intercepted by Lucia; who on the instant scrutinized, with other eyes than she had yet done, her visitor's personal appearance. Fresh, delicate, refined, the girl looked, with some quivering reflected light brightening into gold her waving chestnut hair, and with her blue eyes laughing under their black lashes, and the white teeth gleaming from the sunburnt face. And a prompt decision rose in Miss Durant's mind that Archie Lovell's visits should be very few and stately so long as Gerald was at the Court! Pretty she was not, nor graceful, nor well educated; but she had the sort of brusque manners, the sort of gipsy good looks that might attract, by their mere oddity, a man so prone to be bored with everything to which he was accustomed as Gerald. And Lucia had no wish that he should be so attracted. The days of her generosity toward him were quite over, now that in her heart, and in her chilly little way, she was beginning to love him. The rector's daughter was not in the least prettier than she had thought; nay, there was something almost repellent in the juxtaposition of those blue eyes and that brown face now that you saw them close, only—instinctively, Lucia Durant already was afraid of her. How could she know what sort of ideas a girl brought up among foreigners might not have? how tell that these were not the manners of that horrible outer artist-world which, it is said in novels, young men do in their hearts prefer to all the accomplishments, all the graces, of refined female society?

"Read Elaine, Gerald, if you please. That is the Idyll I know that mamma would approve of most. Miss Lovell, don't you think you would hear better if you were to come and sit on this side of me? You cannot catch the meaning if you are too near to the reader."

"No, thanks, I like to be where I am," answered Archie—Gerald had thrown himself almost at her feet on the turf—"I have just a little view through the trees of the Court, Miss Durant, and if I don't understand the reading I can look at that and think of all the histories you were so good as to tell me. Now, Mr. Durant, please. We are all attention."

Elaine the fair, Elaine the loveable—

Gerald read, as he sang, with taste, with feeling; with an absence of artifice or seeking for effect that gave his reading the simple, happy charm of the

very highest art. After the first six lines, Archie's imagination had taken fire: at the end of two pages she was leaning forward, her eyes fixed on Gerald, her lips parted and tremulous; all the beauty of that marvellous poetry lighting up her childish face with rapt and eager attention.

Are you so wise?—you were not once so wise.

Gerald's voice trembled ever so slightly as he read these first words of Launcelot's to the Queen; and for an instant he raised his eyes to Archie's face.

"I have lost my needle," said Miss Durant, with cold distinctness; "be kind enough, Gerald, to leave off reading till I have found it. Listen without working? No, indeed;" as Gerald, not without temper, suggested the alternative. "I should be very sorry to waste my morning in such a fashion, and as I've heard all the story before, I am really not so interested but that I can bear to leave off for a little. Miss Lovell, may I trouble you to rise?"

And as the searching for a needle among moss is an affair demanding time and patience, it was ten minutes, at least, before the reading proceeded.

"You seem quite excited, Miss Lovell," Lucia remarked, glancing at Archie's animated face as Gerald took up the book again. "You must be a great admirer of poetry, I should say."

"Of *that* poetry, yes," said Archie. "I never heard anything like it before. It touches me like music!"—clapping her hands with the un-English gesture that to her was nature—"I could sit here and listen for hours."

A remark that naturally lent fresh tenderness to Gerald's voice (and filled Miss Durant's mind with renewed and stern determinations respecting the degree of intimacy to be observed with the rector's daughter) throughout all the remainder of the reading of *Elaine*.

When it was over, Lucia wondered what o'clock it was; then, having satisfied her curiosity by looking at her watch, asked Gerald if his throat felt dry; and finally remarked that she had embroidered a spray and a half while he read. These were Miss Durant's commentaries after hearing the noblest poetry, read by the voice she loved, in such a scene as this. But then, as she said, she had heard the story before.

"And you, Miss Lovell?" said Gerald, turning from Lucia to Archie; "what do you think of *Elaine*? She deserved a happier fate, did she not?"

"I don't know," answered Archie, with a sort of shyness on her face that Gerald had not been accustomed to see there. "I think, perhaps, to have loved Launcelot—and to die—was better than any common living for her. Would you mind, please, reading again the description of where she sees him first? I mean, after that line:

Won by the mellow voice before she looked."

"I thought you had a bad memory, Miss Lovell," Lucia interpolated; but Gerald, the blue eyes flattering him so pleasantly, turned back to the page and read the passage through without a word. What feeling but one could have called forth that shy, sweet blush, on the girlish face? For whom, save himself, could that feeling as yet have stirred in Archie Lovell's heart? He read it through to the concluding lines:

However marr'd, of more than twice her years,
Seam'd with an ancient sword-cut on the cheek,
And bruised and bronzed, she lifted up her eyes
And loved him with that love which was her doom.

"Bruised, and bronzed, and seamed," remarked Miss Durant, pinning up

her embroidery, then carefully picking off every tiny morsel of dead moss or leaf from her dress, as she rose from the ground. "Well, I cannot say that Sir Launcelot would have been one of my heroes. It seems to me he only wants a broken front tooth, and a pair of high shoulders, to be exactly like old Major Seton of Ludbrooke."

"And it seems to me," said Gerald, somewhat indignantly, "that the story of that broken front tooth alone ought to make every woman in her heart think Major Seton a hero! A radical defect in your character, Lucia, is your incapacity for hero-worship."

"Oh, so you have told me before," said Miss Durant, placidly; "but really I never have been taught to see anything admirable in the mere bull-dog sort of courage men possess in common with the lower animals. Fancy, Miss Lovell, once when the boys were at Eaton together—Ralph Seton, a near neighbor of yours, and my two cousins—as they were all going through the town they saw some people, dreadful common people, you know, fighting, and Ralph Seton would insist upon taking part, and got a fall that nearly killed him, and one of his front teeth broken. Now, is there anything wonderfully heroic in the story?"

"Not told as you have told it, Lucia, certainly," said Gerald, curiously watching Archie's face meanwhile; "when you consider, however, that the 'dreadful common people' were a huge costermonger very nearly killing a woman, and that Ralph, a little lad of fourteen, rushed in single-handed to the rescue, it rather alters the case. I have often thought," added Gerald, with the easy generosity that sat so gracefully upon him, "that the characters of all three of us were well brought out upon that occasion. I showed an extraordinary amount of indignant emotion—amounting even to tears, I believe—but no more. Robert Dennison remarked, coolly, that every one probably was serving every one else richly right. Ralph, without a word, went straight to the front——"

"And got knocked to pieces for his pains," interrupted Lucia. "Well, I never did, and I never shall, see the beauty of that sort of thing—except, of course, in poetry. If people have to go through the world (where, as Miss Barlow used to say, two-thirds, at least, of success depend on appearance), what object is there in getting yourself disfigured by fighting for dirty, wicked people you don't care about? What do you think, Miss Lovell?"

"I—I?" cried Archie; but with an effort that Gerald noticed keenly; "I think you are quite right, Miss Durant. The description of Sir Launcelot might be Ralph Seton's, word for word, and I know that Ralph always was, and always will be, a hero to me. What you and Mr. Durant have been saying now makes me like him a hundred times better—if that is possible—than I ever did before." And she raised her face bravely, but blushing furiously still, full up to Gerald's.

Their eyes met; and a new light broke suddenly upon the heart of each. On Archie flashed the truth that Ralph Seton ever since that first day in Morteville had been present in her thoughts; that she liked him, not indeed with a love to be her doom—for the passion of love was still a terra incognita to this heart of seventeen—but with a liking second only to the love she bore her father; a liking dimly akin to Elaine's for Launcelot; a liking that put her fancy for Gerald, and for the Russian Prince, and Willy Montacute very much upon the same level. On Mr. Durant was forced the conviction that the heart he had been playing fast and loose with, the only woman in whose

society he had ever thought he would like to spend his life, was lost! His memory went back to every little scene in which Archie had ever seemed the nearest to loving him: the time when they stood upon the moonlit terrace by the sea, the time when she found herself alone with him on London Bridge, and he knew that her face, her voice, had never softened as they did now. Had they softened for the imaginary Launcelot only, or for Ralph Seton? Seton, whom, with all his fine qualities, Gerald had ever looked upon as a man altogether out of the world of love or youth? This was a detail over which, in the first angry flush of disappointment, he did not trouble himself to think. They had not softened for him. He might marry Lucia; listen to her songs; read aloud improving metres to her for the remainder of his days; and Archie—with horrible sharpness the thought stung him—would be entirely unmoved by anything he did, or thought, or suffered. And up to a minute ago those blue eyes, those parted lips, those little, clasped, soft hands had befooled him still! He had seen love hidden under the coldness of her manner—love under the passionate reproaches with which she had met him—had read to her with veiled tenderness in every word, with furtive glances at her face—believing himself Sir Launcelot, and her Elaine, or Guinevere, or both, as regarded the intensity, the hopelessness, of the regard she bore to him.

He very nearly hated Archie on the spot. Vanity was by far the strongest feeling Gerald Durant ever carried into any love affair; and when vanity, as now, received a death-stroke, there needed very little more for his love to give one fierce blaze of disgust, then smoulder (three days generally saw the whole process out) into indifference. I spoke before of French proclivities in his nature; this was one of them. The best friend living to men—the least touchy, the least paltrily vain—it was next to impossible to him to act or feel very generously toward any woman who had omitted to be in love with him. It is not quite pleasant to record in black and white; but Gerald had such a charming way of making you see everything in his light, that you really thought none the worse of him for this or any other weakness when you were with him; and then how much must always be laid to the account of the school in which a man has been brought up! To Gerald, as to his compeers, a woman's heart was a stake to be won; the more up-hill the game, the greater number of odds against him, the more exciting the contest. Lost, his own special amusement in the game over, and the bits of red and white bone with which a successful adversary has scored his tricks at *écarté* were scarcely, according to his creed, more fitting objects for a wise man's regret. You will nearly always observe this kind of optimist philosophy to prevail among the class of men who at once cultivate love as a pastime, and study it as a science.

"Dear old Ralph!" he cried, rising hastily from the ground, and not deigning to give another glance at Archie Lovell's face. "I can imagine any woman thinking him a hero, if he is like what he used to be in the days of old. Still, Lucia," his voice growing soft and tender as he turned to her, "I don't know that I wish to have you changed in anything."

"What! not in my incapacity for hero-worship, Gerald?"

Gerald's answer was a whisper that brought the color to Miss Durant's cheeks; and then, with more little fond murmurs passing between them, he folded her muslin scarf round her shoulders, handed her her parasol, arranged her veil round her face, and offered to carry her work-basket to the house with most lover-like and demonstrative devotion.

"And how is it that you know Major Seton, Miss Lovell?" asked Lucia as they were walking slowly back through the garden, and growing very much pleasanter in her tone now that Gerald's undivided attention had returned to herself. "I should not have thought you had had time yet to get acquainted even with any of your neighbors."

"Oh, we have not seen much of Major Seton here," answered Archie, turning aside her face; "he only returned from Scotland the day before yesterday, and—and—has been round to see us three or four times since—but we knew him, years ago, when I was a child, in Naples. He is more than a brother to me—he is papa's best friend," she added quickly, and with an intuitive feeling that Ralph was one of the people Miss Durant would be likely to disparage.

"Ah! that will be very pleasant for you, then, to live so near him. Major Seton is an excellent sort of person, I dare say, when you know him. We have only seen him once since his return from India, and mamma and I both thought his manners rough, but——"

"You did not understand him, I should think," broke in Archie, bluntly. "Ralph Seton rough! Why, he is the kindest—the gentlest"—but here, chancing to meet Gerald's eyes again, she interrupted herself abruptly, stopped a moment, buried her hot face in a great branch of jessamine that hung down low across the path, and did not open her lips again till they reached the house.

"A strange, unmannered kind of girl, Gerald," said Miss Durant, when some minutes later they had said good-by to Archie at the park gates; for no persuasion could induce her to remain longer with the lovers. "But I don't know that there is anything really to dislike in her. How excited she got about the reading and old Major Seton! There must be something serious there, I should say, shouldn't you?"

"Really, Lucia, I don't know. I cannot say that I feel any special interest in the state of Miss Lovell's feelings."

"Ah! did you think her pretty then, Gerald, or was she like some one you have known, or what? for I am sure you looked at her enough all the time you were in the Pleasaunce."

"She is like some one I have known," answered Gerald, "and I do not think the term 'pretty' is one I should apply to her. Will that do, Lucia?"

"I—I was afraid you did not care about her!" cried Miss Durant, looking radiant. "I mean, I thought most likely you were a little bored by the poor thing—but I'm half afraid mamma will be vexed that we let her go so soon. Don't you think, now, we might ask her and Major Seton to spend the afternoon here to-morrow? If there is an attachment between them we ought to do our best to bring it about, and you know you want to see Major Seton. Croquet and high-tea upon the lawn would be pleasant, Gerald, eh?"

"Remarkably pleasant," answered Gerald, laconically, and watching the last flutter of Archie's Summer dress behind the trees. "You are beginning to understand my tastes beautifully, Lucia."

"And"—after a minute's silence—"is the person Miss Lovell reminds you of some one you care about, Gerald? I won't ask you any more."

"Some one I care about? Well, my dear Lucia, I should think you could answer that question for yourself. Is Miss Lovell in the very slightest degree like you?"

Miss Durant, with pretty consciousness of the absurdity of the question, answered no, and was satisfied.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN THE SECOND COLUMN OF "THE TIMES."

A SOLITARY first-class passenger had alighted from the midday express that stopped by signal at Hatton; and, directed by the one porter the station possessed, was starting across the fields to Durant's Court just as Archie Lovell bade good-by to Gerald and Miss Durant at the park gates.

The sultry morning had softened into one of those silent, mellow days in which English fields and woods and hedge-rows wear a pathos and a beauty all their own. A yellow sunshine, a smalt-blue heaven, seem ever somewhat of an anachronism in England. To-day, mid-August though it was, there was just that foreshadowing of change—that pallor in the sky, that haze across the reddening woods, that fitful freshness on the western wind—which gives our northern Summers their peculiar charm; one which the glaring splendor of the south for ever lacks; the charm of evanescence and of frailty. The coarsest, the least sympathetic man could scarcely have walked untouched among the golden fields to-day; the fields that in another month, the sky paler, the distant woods more hectic, should be shorn and crisped by early frost—brief Summer already in its grave! Even the stranger, ordinarily a much more interested observer of green cloth than of green fields, was moved into something near akin to genuine feeling, tender memories, as he went slowly and lingeringly upon his way.

How familiar and how strange the sights and smells of English fields, the babble even of the little meadow stream beside the path, seemed to him after all these dreary years of disuse! Years in which he had dissipated health, strength, energy—everything save the intolerable weight and tediousness of living; years in which he had played without excitement, drank without solace, roamed over the world without making a friend, and worked harder than many an honest man at his miserable vocation without at any time seeing more than a month's dinners ahead. What a ludicrous lottery it all was!—that ever-present burden to the thoughts of unsuccessful men—manipulating a cigarette absently, then holding it unlit between the fingers of his delicately-gloved hand. His brother, without any capacity whatever for enjoyment, but simply because there chanced to be eighteen months' difference in their ages, the possessor of two or three estates of pleasant English land like this, and he, a man who could have taken intense pleasure in his shooting, and his fishing, and his farming, an adventurer; a frequenter of foreign cafés, a picker-up of napoleons at cards, an intimate acquaintance of the police. Everything for which his nature did not fit him! How easy it was, he thought, for elder sons to keep right! If a nice little allotment—say, even, of eighty or a hundred acres of land like this—with a good house to live in, and an income to keep it up upon, were to be assigned to him now, how honorable and straight-walking a fellow he would be to the end of his days! Failing this—well, failing this, he must just remain what he was: the outcast younger son of an old race, Edward Randall, *alias* Colonel Vavasor, *alias* Captain De Vere, *alias* Jemmy Waters; obliged by the fact of being human to eat—by the fact of being disgraced, to earn his food as he could; and at the present moment employed on the kind of business which men even with no special pretensions to delicacy or honor would shrink from as from the last disgrace. The business of exacting hush-money out of a

girl's fears, or of selling her secret to the highest bidder—her own father, or the Durants; this was simply a matter of detail—that he could find.

Captain Waters lit up his cigarette, and with a slow, slouching step, very different to that airy one which he was wont to wear before watering-place spectators, walked on, miserably meditating, a little perhaps on the ignominy of his own position, but a great deal more upon the injustice of the laws of primogeniture, in the direction of Durant's Court. At a sudden turn in the path, just where the stream to which he was mechanically listening still wound out of sight beneath a clump of alder bushes on the bank, he suddenly perceived a girl's figure approaching through a field of standing corn, not twenty yards ahead of him to the right. He stopped instantly, drew himself behind the shelter of the bushes, and watched her. It was Archie Lovell; dressed in a fresh linen suit, just as she used to be upon the Morteville sands, a bright flush upon her face, a great heap of wild flowers—field poppies, clematis, briony, dog roses—in her arms. Prettier and more like a child than ever she looked, and altogether a picture, Captain Waters thought admiringly as she approached, breast-high among the waves of barley, and with the misty woods for background, and the pallid, golden-gray sky above her head!

He waited until she was within five or six yards from the trees under whose shade he stood, then stepped quietly into the path, taking off his hat as he pretended, with a start of surprise, first to recognize her. The blood rushed in a moment over the girl's face and neck. She gave a hurried look on all sides, as if for escape or help—a look whose significance was by no means lost upon Captain Waters.

"You are surprised to see me, Miss Lovell," he remarked, as in her very, terror she stopped and offered him her hand; "and the surprise is mutual." He had had a letter three or four days before telling him of Mr. Lovell's departure from Morteville. "I had no idea that you were coming to England yet."

"We have been in England a week," stammered Archie, mortally terrified, yet with a half hope now that Captain Waters' appearance here might be unconnected with herself. "We had not meant to come so soon, but as the rectory was standing empty, and there was nothing to keep us in Morteville——"

"Ah yes, very wise, I am sure," interrupted Waters, jauntily. "Very wise in any one not to stay a day longer than there was necessity for in that *gottverlassen* place. I got away earlier myself than I expected, and have been spending the last few days very pleasantly, very pleasantly indeed, with some of my people in town. I suppose you don't know if Gerald Durant is at the Court still, Miss Lovell? I could not find him in London, so came down here on the chance of seeing him."

"Yes, he is here," answered Archie, taking renewed heart of grace at the thorough unconcern of Captain Waters' tone. "I have been spending the morning with Miss Durant," she added, "and am on my way home from the Court now."

"The rectory is some distance off, is it not?" asked Waters, rather to gain time than because he had any interest in the parish topography. "About two miles from the Court—just a good walk—and you like Miss Durant? That is pleasant for you both; you will be nice neighbors for each other. No talk still of her being engaged to her cousin Gerald, I suppose?"

"Every talk of it, I should think," said Archie, stooping down and examining the petals of one of her wild roses. "It is all quite settled; indeed, Lady Durant has already invited us to the wedding in the Autumn."

"And you believe that wedding will take place, Miss Lovell?"

"I—I—of course I believe it will," blushing hotly, at she scarcely knew what meaning in Waters' voice. "Why should it be broken off?" she asked, trying very unsuccessfully to smile and look unconcerned.

"Because—Miss Lovell, have you ever heard of Margaret Hall?"

She raised her eyes up with a sense of intense relief to Captain Waters' face. It was not to herself, then, not to her miserable secret—the secret that night and day never ceased to haunt her—that he was alluding. "I have heard the name, Captain Waters, and something of the story since we came here. But every one looks upon it as a thing of the past now. You know, of course, that Margaret Hall is dead?"

"Yes, Miss Lovell, I do. I know a good deal more than I care to know in the matter; indeed, it is on business directly connected with it that I have come down to see Gerald Durant to-day. He is——well, I don't know that I need hesitate about telling you! If you had remained abroad I had hoped, sincerely hoped," said Waters, compassionately, "that nothing of all this would have reached your ears; but as you are here, so close to Gerald and to his people, you *must* hear of it before very long, and by warning you now, it seems to me that I shall be acting fairest by you both. Gerald Durant (unknown, I verily believe, to himself) is at present in a position of the most extreme danger with regard to this girl Margaret Hall's death, and perhaps—mind, I only say perhaps—it may be in your power to be his salvation."

The flowers fell in a heap at Archie's feet; she clasped her hands together eagerly. "Mr. Durant in danger, Captain Waters, and I be of service to him? I save him?"

"Well, I believe so, Miss Lovell. I may be wrong, of course, but I believe so!" He rested his forehead an instant on his hand, and an admirably well acted expression, half of pain, half bewilderment, came over his face. "The question is," he went on, after a minute, but looking away from her as he spoke, "would you do it?"

"Would I? Why, of course, I would!" she cried, with a hearty readiness that, had Captain Waters been learned in any subject so delicate as the intricacies of a girl's heart, might have told him what kind of regard she really bore toward Gerald. "Tell me what I can do to help him and I will do it in a moment, gladly."

"Well, that is generous of you, Miss Lovell, very; but women are, I believe, extraordinarily generous always in these matters. Gerald Durant—really it's not an easy thing to speak about—is supposed, for reasons which you may perhaps guess, to have had an interest in the death of Margaret Hall. It took place on the night of the second, you know, and unless he can prove with extreme minuteness what he was doing at that time, I fancy things are likely to go pretty hard with him. Now, of course, any one who happened to be in his company on that night, might, if they chose, come forward and be of service to him. Do you understand me?"

"No, I do not," she answered, hoarsely, leaning her arm heavily against a stem of the overhanging alder, and with every tinge of color dying on her face and lips. "I do not understand you. What do I know of this Margaret Hall, or of her death?"

"Nothing whatever, Miss Lovell. The question rather is, do you know anything of Mr. Durant and his actions on the night when her death took place?"

"Of course I do not. What right have you to question me? You are trying to frighten me still as you did in Morteville, and you will not succeed, sir! I will tell papa and—and another friend I have, the whole truth, and they will protect me from you. I think you should be ashamed to persecute me so. What have I ever done to harm you?"

Captain Waters shrugged his shoulders, then calmly took out a folded newspaper from his pocket. "You spoke to me in this—well, I won't use harsh words—in this very impetuous spirit once before, Miss Lovell, and I bore you no ill will for it. I shall bear you none now. The whole affair, as I am going to show you, is already in stronger hands than mine, and if you will take my advice you will keep your nerve, and above all your temper cool. As to consulting your friends," he added, "I should think it would be about the very best thing you could do. Read this, please." And he opened the paper, a copy of the "Times," and pointing out an advertisement in the second column of the first sheet, put it pleasantly into her hands.

INFORMATION WANTED.—The lady who lent a scarlet travelling cloak to another lady on board the excursion steamer Lord of the Isles, somewhere between Morteville-sur-Mer and London, on the second instant, is earnestly requested to send her name and address immediately to the undersigned.—S. Wickham, Lilac Court, Inspector of the City district of Police.

As Archie Lovell read the advertisement—painfully, slowly read it, with burning eyes, with a brain that seemed incapable of taking in its meaning—Waters stood silent and scanned her face narrowly. His knowledge of the case, and of Archie Lovell's possible implication in it, was necessarily confined as yet to the most meagre outlines, Mr. Wickham being far too astute a general to betray the plan of his attack to an auxiliary save on that particular point at which his assistance was required. But long experience in the lower grades of human nature, long experience in the lower walks of intrigue—if only the intrigue brought into action in hunting down victims for the faro or billiard table—had developed not a little quasi-professional acuteness in Captain Waters himself. During his first interview with Wickham, in spite of all his friend's flowery circumlocution, he had felt certain that legal evidence of some kind was wanted respecting Gerald Durant's actions on that second day of August when he spoke to him from the Calais pier; certain, also, that the cause for which Mr. Wickham gave him a dinner and (for Oxford Street) excellent champagne, must be an urgent one. His story, such as it was, told, and Wickham had affected to treat the whole affair as a joke, dexterously changing the conversation to completely foreign subjects before they parted. But Captain Waters perfectly well knew that the eyes of Mr. Wickham and of his satellites had watched his comings and his goings ever since; and by dint of all kind of underhand research, joined to the vague hints thrown out by the newspapers, had succeeded in constructing a theory tolerably near the truth, as to the perilous position in which Gerald Durant stood; the kind of price that his own evidence, or opportune disappearance out of England, might hereafter command. Theories unfortunately, however, not possessing any particular market value, the only course open to Captain Waters had, till yesterday, been to hold himself in readiness and play a waiting game. Then, suddenly the advertisement that he had read in the "Times"

had given form and coherence to the whole shadowy chain of suspicion, which up to that moment his own brain alone had put together; had supplied him, too, with light as to the precise link in the evidence of which Wickham was at present in search. And on the instant Captain Waters decided to risk a first-class return-ticket to Staffordshire without delay. Into what market the knowledge of which he had to dispose should be brought: whether his price should be paid by Mr. Durant, in some Quixotic desire to save Miss Lovell, or by Miss Lovell, in some praiseworthy desire to save herself, Captain Waters, as I have said, cared little. Only, as selfishness was, he held, a sounder general basis to proceed upon than generosity, and as experience had shown him that women are more amenable to reason than men, in all cases of converting fear into money, it was as well, perhaps—this he thought now, as he stood watching the girl's terror-stricken face—that chance had thrown her, not Gerald Durant, first across his path.

"You look pale, Miss Lovell—take courage. The word 'police' is a formidable one, no doubt, to a young lady, but take courage. Everything may be hushed up yet."

"Do they know?" asked Archie, looking at him with frightened, dilated eyes, "do these people—does the man who wrote this—know where I am now?"

The simplicity of the question made a half smile stir under Captain Waters' little blonde moustache. "Know where you are! certainly not, my dear Miss Lovell. Do you think I should be talking to you in this informal way if anything was definitely known? I see that you are bewildered and shocked—now sit down on the bank—here in the shade"—she obeyed him mechanically—"and I will put it all before you as plainly and as briefly as I can: Mr. Gerald Durant some months ago was accused—wrongly, we will assume—of being Margaret Hall's lover, some have said her husband, and is now supposed to be implicated in some mysterious way in her death. Very well. A reward having been offered which has stimulated to the utmost the zeal of the police, inquiries have already gone so far that the whole matter is, I fear, certain to become public." She gave a start of terror at the word. "Mr. Gerald Durant will, in fact, be brought before a magistrate to give some account of himself and of his actions on the night of the second. And now you will understand what I meant by saying that any one who was with him at that time might possibly come forward and save him. If it could be proved that he was in another place and in other society at ten o'clock"—he paused a moment and looked steadily in her face—"the time when this young person (so unhappily for every one connected with her) ended her life, what, in law, is called an alibi would be established, and Mr. Durant would be free."

"And what have I to do with it?" she cried, passionately. "Why must I suffer? Why must I—"

"Miss Lovell," interrupted Waters, gravely, "these are not words that I ought to allow you to speak; these are not considerations for you to discuss with me. How you will act will be for your own future consideration. The duty which, meeting you suddenly now, it has seemed thrust upon me to fulfil is simply to warn you of the position in which you are likely to be placed, and I have done it! I have done more, Miss Lovell. My evidence has already been sought—well—by a detective officer; it would be false kindness to make too light of anything now—respecting the way in which Mr. Durant left Morteville, the companion with whom I saw him at the Calais pier; and

remembering the promise that I made to you in Morteville, I have managed so far to screen you. When I saw this advertisement in last night's paper, I certainly thought it right to come down here, see Gerald, poor fellow! and offer such help as I could give him at once. But meeting *you*, Miss Lovell, has given another direction to my thoughts. Unless you bid me speak, I will remain silent still; and then, as far as I can at present see, only your own free will—or—Mr. Durant's—can bring you into the trial or before the public at all."

Into the trial—before the public! She, Archie Lovell, who yesterday it seemed, took her doll to her pillow with her, brought forward to tell her own shameful story before men in a public court (she had been in the courts of law in Italy, and she remembered how the lawyers jibed and how the crowd hooted the witnesses); her father disgraced; Ralph Seton's love forfeited; every happiness of her life over—and for what? Because she must save Gerald, Miss Durant's promised husband, the man whose selfish weakness had alone led her into all this labyrinth of falsehood and of wrong.

The poor little girl was far at this moment from grasping anything like the true proportions of the danger that menaced her. Vaguely she remembered how, standing by Gerald's side, she had put her cloak around the miserable woman upon the bridge; vaguely realized that to save Gerald Durant from some mistaken suspicions that rested upon him, she would be brought forward and have to tell the story of her journey with him to London, and disgrace her father and estrange Ralph, and all good men and women from her forever.

"I thank you for what you have done, Captain Waters. Try to screen me still. Don't go to the Court—don't tell the Durants of this. Mr. Durant would not injure me, I think, even to help himself; but Lucia—Lady Durant—what would they care if he could be saved by our disgrace? Help me still. I have no one to help me but you." And the childish white face that looked up to him imploringly touched even Captain Waters' heart with a sensation of pity.

"I will stand by you to the last, Miss Lovell. As far as a man of honor can"—the word came trippingly from his lips—"I will stand by you even when I am upon my oath. If you still wish to tell your father, I will come with you to him at once and——"

"No, no!" she interrupted, "not to him. He shall know nothing of all this as long as I am able to bear it alone." And then the thought of him, happy with his pictures and his poems at the rectory, looking forward to fair years of peace and honor in his new home, overcame her, and with a convulsive sob she buried her face down between her hands.

Waters watched this outburst of emotion narrowly. Was she foolish, and vacillating, and a coward, like other women? he wondered, just as he had wondered that day upon the Morteville sands. A weak girl who would say one thing to him and another to the next person who addressed her, and incapable alike of coming boldly forward to Gerald's rescue, or of dogged resolve in standing staunch to herself and leaving him to his fate. If she were made of materials like this, Waters thought, the sooner he gave her up and saw what was to be made out of Gerald Durant himself the better.

He was quickly reassured of the kind of character this girl of seventeen possessed. That one convulsive sob was the first and the last sign of her weakness. She kept her tears back bravely; steadied her brain resolutely to

think; went through a moment's fierce combat with every impulse of her nobler nature; then succumbed and spoke. "I don't, of course, understand all this yet"—looking up to Waters with a face of marble, with tearless eyes, and hard-set lips—"but, whatever happens, I am determined in one thing. I will *not* hurt my father. I will *not* tell that story of my going to London to save any one. Mr. Durant must help himself, as I should have to do if I was in danger. Now you understand me. What return do you expect for befriending me, Captain Waters? Money? I can get it—tell me how much—and I can get it."

He shifted about somewhat uneasily, then, "it pained him inexpressibly, he said, to accept any assistance whatever from her, but he was horribly hard up just now; all this business might put him to a great deal of expense—travelling expenses, interviews, if requisite, with lawyers, and so on—and if, say, fifty pounds or so, could be forthcoming——?"

"You shall have what I can get," she interrupted him, sullenly. "I will beg from a friend I have, and what he gives me I shall send: no more. What is your address?"

He took out a card and gave it to her; remarking, delicately, that the sooner any little assistance she could render him was sent the better; then asked if he might attend her part of the way back to her father's house. "For," he added, taking out his watch, "I have quite decided now not to see Gerald Durant. My allegiance is to you, and to you alone, and if I return at once to the station I shall be just in time to catch the next fast train to London."

"Go, then," said Archie, without offering to leave her place, "I shall not return yet. I want to be alone."

"And you will have no ill-feeling toward me, Miss Lovell, because chance has made me the bearer of this disagreeable news?"

"Why should I? You are doing what you think best for yourself, I suppose, as I do—as all the world does!" And, just touching his out-stretched hand with her death-cold fingers, she burst into a laugh: a hollow, old-sounding laugh that even Captain Waters did not find it pleasant to listen to.

When he had walked away about half the length of the field, he turned and saw her sitting still—the pale face blankly upturned, the motionless hands lying on her lap, just as he had left her. Captain Waters never more heartily wished that he was an elder son and free from the necessity of bread-winning than at this moment. Only, as money was to be made, and as he was obliged to make it, he was glad that he was able to do the girl a benefit, not an injury, by his work. She was a woman worth working for and with, he thought; for—so unconquerably averse to the sense of our moral degradation are we—even this man strove to whiten himself by saying that his victim's motives were very little higher than his own! Let her good name, her worldly reputation, be at stake, and, with all her soft girlishness of manner, she would save herself—even if the ruin of the man she loved yesterday were to be the price.

"And quite right, too," Captain Waters decided, as he turned and went away. "What has this fellow, Gerald Durant, done to merit her generosity?"

Little did he think where, and under what circumstances, he would see the face of Archie Lovell next!

THE ÆSTHETICS OF SUICIDE.

BUCKLE tells us that in London the annual number of suicides exhibits the most striking regularity; the average of 240 having never risen, since the keeping of accurate statistics, higher than 266, or fallen lower than 213. In New York City in 1864, the deaths by suicide were only thirty-six, which with a population of about one third that of London, leaves the percentage of those who perish by their own act less than one half as great as in the English metropolis. The reason of this undoubtedly is, that abject poverty and the utter inability of so many to provide for themselves or those dependent upon them, do not drive people to despair so often in the younger city as in the old. Reverses in business, financial disaster and the disappointments of speculation are motives which operate with more force in New York than in London; so that a comparison of these figures furnishes an argument in favor of republican institutions. The plausible French argument that the English commit suicide to get away from England; we do not discuss at present, although there may be something in it. Our institutions produce fewer suicides, and are, therefore, more benign and hopeful in their effect on our mental moods. But this offence, even in our own country, prevails to an extent and with a uniformity which seem to make its existence a fixed fact, to some extent at least, for the future. Within the past few months all editors who are in the habit of looking over their daily exchanges have observed that suicide has prevailed as a sort of epidemic, and it is a remarkable fact that within that time two men whose names had been long identified with the political history of their country and who had been the recipients of high official honors, voluntarily put a period to their own lives. The terrible fascination which sometimes lurks in this mode of death has been alike alluring to the rich and poor, the young and old, the learned and unlettered.

The great problem for the philanthropist, who is interested in mitigating all human ills, is, how to attack this subtle species of crime. All attempts to prevent it have hitherto entirely failed. Laws enacting that the victim should be buried at the cross-roads with a stake driven through his body, that his estate should be confiscated and his kindred disgraced, were of no avail. Even the Irish member of Parliament who proposed to make self-destruction a capital offence, was thought unpractical, and his plan was never tested by experiment. The surgeon at a military post in France hit upon a temporary expedient for preventing the contagious form of this offence, as follows: A soldier having been found hanging from a post, which was a somewhat prominent object in the barrack, he was taken down and buried without exciting much thought or comment among the officers in command. But the next morning the lifeless body of another soldier was found suspended in the same place; and so the third morning, the fourth, the fifth, and the sixth, and so on. The commandant became alarmed, and it was feared the whole regiment would

hang themselves consecutively, including the commissioned officers, for the contagion had already reached a corporal. Various measures were resorted to, and failed. At last the surgeon ordered the fatal post cut down, and that was the end of suicide in the garrison. The focal point of the death-charm was removed, and its whole power was dissipated. But it is evident that this remedy must be very exceptional in its application. What we want is some plan of prevention which will apply to a large class of cases. To discover this, it is necessary to know what thoughts and sentiments are uppermost in the mind of the *felo de se* when he is about to rush unbidden into eternity. Strange as it may appear, their reflections at this moment are frequently characterized by a petty and morbid vanity. M. Guerry, a noted French writer on crime, furnishes some curious data on this subject. From a long table, kept for a series of years, of the sentiments expressed by persons having committed suicide, and ascertained by writings found in their possession, or left for inspection, we select the following: "Wish to have their letters published in the newspapers. Instructions for their funerals. Desire to be buried with a ring or other token of remembrance. Request as to the manner in which they would be buried. Reflections on what will become of the body."

We might suggest here the propriety of a statute making it a penal offence to publish the letters of suicides, but this would be a great cruelty upon a large class of readers, and the necessity will be obviated by the method we are about to propose. It is this: As in all cases free from absolute madness the suicide has the public prominently in mind, just as the poor actor has the audience in uttering his soliloquies, therefore let the public taste be educated up to the highest standard as to the æsthetic surroundings and capabilities of this crime. In other words, it should rigidly insist on certain ideas of decency, fitness and beauty which must always attend its commission. Let the rash *felo de se* be held amenable to an exacting criticism in the manner of shuffling off his mortal coil. Have him realize that the public will not permit him to add to the presumptuous sin of rushing uncalled into his Maker's presence, any violation of the rules of good taste, of the æsthetic proprieties, in this matter. He should be impressed with the idea that he owes something to a civilized society, and to the sensibilities of a coroner's jury. Every man or woman—especially the latter—should have a tender anxiety about the appearance of the mortal remains when the world-wearied souls shall have fled. This posthumous vanity is really a rational and healthy feeling, and may sometimes serve one better than "the dread of something after death," which stayed the hand of the hesitating Hamlet. Hawthorne appreciated this point, when he makes Miles Coverdale say in effect, after seeing the lifeless body of the once beautiful woman lying cramped and bloated on the bank of the dark river from which it had just been rescued, that if Zenobia had paused to think how unseemly and repulsive her form would look in this condition she never would have committed the rash deed.

Thus, as the reader will be quick to infer, if the public inflexibly demand of all future suicides the highest degree of æsthetic excellence in the method of their earthly exit, the number will be materially diminished. There are very few who have the taste, the sentiment and genius to secure any measure of admiration in the manner of their taking off. And, moreover, this method accords with the American principle of reforms, which is, to accomplish the reform by raising the tone of public sentiment on the question involved.

Possibly there might be a series of lessons or a course of lectures on the subject, as, they say, the Japanese take lessons in their official suicide, or *hari-kari*. A place could very appropriately be made for the suicide department, in our schools for idiots—though the association might be found discreditable and demoralizing to this well-meaning portion of the community. In modern times, it is a most difficult part to perform in a truly acceptable style. No person of ordinary mental powers or culture should ever attempt it. The classic models sometimes presented a dramatic and spectacular effect, which cannot be imitated now for want of an audience. The spirit of a Christian age does not countenance the public exhibition of this crime. The story of Diocles, who stabbed himself before an admiring multitude to demonstrate his reverence for a law which he had accidentally broken, is a fine example of the theatrical style of suicide which has now become obsolete. The old Roman generals also did up the thing very cleverly, when, beaten in battle, they drove their swords into their own breasts rather than surrender them to the foe. They did not go off alone to stab themselves, but often asked a servant or companion in arms to assist them in the operation, and always had an eye on the way in which they were likely to tumble over, the dramatic effect of the act, and the figure it would be likely to make in their biographies. To kill one's self handsomely, when the exigency came, was evidently, in that age, an ambition of the most exalted minds. This feeling, of course, seized upon the feminine fancy, and Lucretia gets up a very striking scene, when, in the presence of her father, her injured husband and Junius Brutus, attired in a mourning robe prepared for the occasion, she rehearses the story of her wrong, and, climaxing her speech with the flourish of a gleaming dagger, plunges it into her snowy bosom. She properly realized the dramatic and artistic capabilities of the situation, and used them admirably.

Shakespeare fully appreciated the æsthetic value of a well-managed suicide, and makes it the culminating point of interest in several of his plays. Othello, for instance, disposes of himself gracefully, when, after discovering the fatal consequences of his unfounded jealousy, he restrains for a moment his bitter and remorseful grief, commends himself to the charitable consideration of the public, and putting himself on the same level with one of his base, smitten foes, exclaims,

I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus!

Whereupon the Moor stabs himself, *à la militaire*, and, falling upon the lifeless Desdemona, concludes "to die of a kiss."

But in "Romeo and Juliet" we have the perfection of what may be called the sentimental suicide. The luckless lover never discourses more eloquently or with a tenderer pathos than just before he drinks the potion of the "true apothecary," and lies down, as he supposes, beside the inanimate form of his mistress. He presses her unresponsive lips in his expiring moments, while his last amorous breath goes out in this apt expression of his love:

Thus with a kiss I die!

It is worthy of remark that Shakespeare thought so much of this conceit of dying of a kiss, that he puts it into the mouth of Romeo as well as of Othello, and comes very near employing it a third time.

When Juliet wakes up from her drugged sleep and sees her lover just dead of the subtle poison, she too is suddenly seized with this suicidal desire of

kissing herself out of the world by tasting the deadly drops yet trembling on his lips, but the consummate artist sees that he ought to change his method for variety, and so causes the daughter of the Capulets to do up the job with a dagger, in a fine, passionate style, unexcelled in the stabbing line. We always admired the feminine nerve of that line,

There rust and let me die !

It sounds like the snapping of a bow-string.

But the great dramatist outdoes himself in the scene where Cleopatra makes ready for her regal exit to the realm in which, even with her heathen faith, she hoped to "meet the curled Antony."

The pride, the sense of fitness, the delicate perception of the beautiful, which characterize a brilliant woman, flashed out with a dazzling lustre in the manner of her self-inflicted death. She calls her maids about her and says :

Give me my robe, put on my crown ; I have
Immortal longings in me.

She lays the greedy asp upon her swelling breast, her dark, passionate eyes glowing with a light less earthly than when they pierced the Roman general's heart, and thus commands the venomous worm of Nilus :

With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsic
Of life, at once untie ! "

Any one who appreciates the queenly style of doing things, must acknowledge that this strangely fascinating woman in the manner of her death, if Shakespeare conceived it truly, showed a dignity, a consciousness of her regal character and an intuitive sense of the æsthetic quality which should characterize the deed, that, at least, commends her more to our admiration than many of the episodes in her eventful life.

With these classic models of the sentiment, grace, and dramatic power usually displayed in the ancient suicide, what shall we say of the miserable, loathsome exhibitions of people who in our day make such horribly awkward work of getting out of the world? Nothing but downright insanity can afford them the slightest apology. What a supplemental crime do those *compos mentis* bores commit, who perpetrate these vile atrocities upon themselves, and upon the sensibilities of the public ! They are devoid of any sense of beauty, decency or wit—they seem to think that the public has no critical judgment in this matter. If so, this is one cause of the evil, and a more discriminating taste must be cultivated. Recall the disgusting record in the daily papers. Estimate the number who annually haggle their throats with dull knives, or disfigure them with clothes-lines and halters, and leave their bodies suspended with tongues lolled out after the manner of Bluebeard's wives hanging in a row in the forbidden closet. Others thoughtlessly destroy the whole contour of their heads by blowing them to pieces with a revolver, while others still take a hydropathic turn and soak themselves for a season in a dirty river, and leave their deformed carcasses to float, slimy buoys on the waters of death.

If these rash fools had any regard for their *post mortem* appearance, or knew that cultivated people look upon suicides with a critical eye and demand a first-class performance, they would not venture so precipitately on this difficult ground. In our free and enlightened country public opinion is the one grand corrector of every fault. They would not proceed in this headlong

way, if they understood that something more was required of them than hacking, strangling, shooting or sousing.

Even the most polished and erudite persons should hesitate long before reversing the conclusion of the Prince of Denmark, that it is wiser to "bear those ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of." It is next to impossible to secure the conditions necessary to an artistic suicide. The ambitious aspirant cannot, as in many cases among the Romans, have an audience before whom he can utter some heroic sentiment, stab himself gracefully and, wrapping his toga about him with a lofty air, lay himself out in state. He must go off alone with no admiring eyes to observe him; instead of the group of sympathizing friends, he must sneak alone into a dark corner like a sick dog; in place of a speech, he can only write a letter; instead of spreading out grandly, he must dispose of himself quietly, like a bachelor going to bed, without the least chance for pleasing effects. There is no opportunity for the display of taste, except in keeping his body in a presentable shape for the coronor's jury. In our country there are no societies such as have existed in Paris, the rules of which required some member to commit suicide at regular intervals; and therefore no spirit of emulation is excited; there is no fashionable method, as in Japan, where they perform the *hari-kari* according to time-honored precedents. Therefore much reflection and originality are necessary to acquit one's self even passably. Indeed, the whole subject is surrounded with a multitude of embarrassments.

If a sharp, slender piece of steel is used about the torso, with a firm hand and some knowledge of anatomy, disfigurement of the person may be almost entirely avoided. But one disagreeable thought about this method is that swine and sheep are butchered in this way, and it is not beyond the reach of the most vulgar practitioner. It must be allowed that stabbing is already too common to be encouraged. If the vapors of chloroform or charcoal are employed, absolute certainty of result is not secured, but there is no fear of cramping or the stomach-pump, two most detestable contingencies. To one with a scientific turn of mind, the choice of subtle poisons which will do their work surely, but with the least tendency to discolor, cramp or in any way distort the body, opens up a wide field of interesting study which may divert his mind entirely from the deed. If the operator be a man of strong medical prejudices, this mode has the additional advantage of allowing him to be consistent in his death, by preferring a *mineral* or a *vegetable* potion, as the case may be. Homœopathically, however, it will be noticed, suicide is impossible. Hanging, or any meddling with the throat, is in shocking taste; bursting your skull with a pistol is still worse; drowning often occasions great trouble to friends in finding the body, and if in too long, you may turn up a "damp disagreeable body," hardly suggestive of your former self. M. Guerry informs us that the age of the victim usually determines his style of killing himself. His statistical tables show that the young hang themselves; arrived at a maturer age they commonly blow out their brains; as they get old they recur again to the juvenile practice of suspension. This predisposition, which depends on years, ought to be overcome by a higher æsthetic culture on this subject, and a knowledge of what a critical public expects of the *felo de se*. He should not only be careful not to make his tenement of clay appear too much out of repair, but should have a tender regard for the feelings of his surviving friends.

To conceal the crime altogether, would be a high æsthetic attainment. For

a good instance in this style, see the case of Mr. Oily Gammon, in "Ten Thousand a Year." An English gentleman once attempted this, by giving his gardener strict orders to shoot any man who should enter his garden in the night as if to steal. He went in himself and was shot. The strategy was too thin to deceive any one. To enlist in time of war, and in the conflict rush into the very jaws of death, is a heroic method of suicide, and worthy of earnest attention. If the circumstances are not convenient for the military style, the burning of an inhabited house might furnish an opportunity, by rushing into the flames under pretense of rescuing a young lady in the fourth story. Should you have an ambition to be a martyr, you might feel or feign great zeal for the conversion of the heathen, and go to Central Africa and die of a fever, or to the Fans or Feejees and be turned into "cold boiled missionary," without occasioning suspicion of your real purpose. During the prevalence of the cholera, one might read all that is written on the prevention of this fell pestilence, and go out of the world of mingled fear and perplexity. The time has been when the same end could be accomplished by travelling for a season on Hudson River steamboats and certain lines of railroad; if more certainty is required, we should propose taking lodgings in one of the crowded tenement-houses of New York.

Pope mentions people who could "die of a rose in aromatic pain," and there are some who could kill themselves by keeping company with their most repugnant aversions. For instance, many could commit suicide by resolutely reading Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy" at one sitting. This latter mode, however, would greatly discompose the features of the victim by the traces of intense agonies of disgust—as if one had ipecac'd himself to death.

We shall offer no further suggestions on the æsthetic surroundings of the crime, which, even when perpetrated in the highest style of art, is a "custom more honored in the breach than in the observance." One hint to those who will nurse the conceit that they can win posthumous fame by an artistic self-murder, and we are done: Don't write anything to be published in the papers, unless you can produce better poetry than Tennyson and finer prose than Addison. If you do less than this, the critics on the *Æsthetics of Suicide*, with which every metropolitan journal will be provided, when our plan is adopted, will hold your last effusion up to public ridicule and contempt.

L. J. BIGELOW.

NEBULÆ.

—A GOOD picture* is but a good poem in another form. It has the disadvantage of being single in its expression, of presenting a fixed representation of only one moment, and being able only to imply what has preceded and what may follow that moment. A picture cannot move; but a poem can. On the other hand, the picture in its singleness of expression yet tells its all at once. To describe what the painter transmits instantaneously to the brain, the poet must present ideas or images in succession which are actually, even in his imagination, coexistent. Therefore it is that when a skilful painter of poetic temperament handles the pencil, he may in a happy mood and at a propitious moment fix upon his canvas the evanescent sentiment which pervades a scene and binds together the soul of man and material nature with bonds sweet, invisible. This Mr. Hennessy did when he painted the little landscape which he called "Drifting," and which was exhibited at the Academy of Design last Spring. How many people paused and mused before that charming picture! Few could have been so superfluous as to say much while they looked at it. If their hearts were not fleshly or world-hardened, they fell into a pensive mood which as they gazed passed into a sweet sadness. Like a great many great things, it was not much—a boat drifting along the edges of a quiet stream; twilight; the moon timidly rising to begin the minor day; birds flocking to their nightly roosting place; a sober shadow, that would be gloomy were it not so tender, brooding in the bare boughs of early Autumn; a little smoke slowly rising which distance and the scene made seem like evening incense; and in the boat three figures, two women and a man, abandoned to all the sweet influences of soul and sense by which they were surrounded. The picture was steeped in sentiment—sentiment pure, sweet, healthy; it was not depraved by a touch of sentimentalism. The relations of the drifters were wisely left indefinite. Of which of those women is that man thinking? Of both? Which of them is thinking of him? Both? Would he in his present mood drift so with one of them forever?—or with both? Who can tell? Mayhap neither thinks of the other save as a part of that delicious moment. But the timid moon must rise and fill earth and sky with tender glory; and they may drift on and on, lapped in that sweet forgetfulness, until she rides above them in silver splendor; and as they drift she will become pale and sick, and soon they will shiver as sober dawn with cool finger warns them that another day is coming, with day's needs and duties. We think of this; they feel it, although they do not think of it; for the consciousness that such must be its end gives edge to the otherwise too placid enjoyment of their drifting.

— "Boy," said a severe-looking policeman to a ragged vender of photographs, "get out of here. I shall have to send you up. What sort of a pic-

* See Frontispiece to the present number of THE GALAXY.

ture do you call that to be selling here in the street?" A small crowd instantly assembled. "That?" said the imperturbable young merchant, looking saucily in the face of the guardian of public propriety, "that's a derogatory-type of a fash'nable lady a-promunadin' in the Fifth Avenoo on a windy day." The crowd separated on the broad grin; *Solvuntur tabulæ risu*; and the policeman probably let that boy alone for the future. Fact: our story, we mean, not the boy's.

— GERALD MASSEY, who came before the world a few years ago as a poet, and made a far deeper and more favorable impression than Alfred Pennyson did with his first book, and even with his second, has, it is said, become a confirmed "spiritualist," and even a *meejum*. He has published no poetry for a long time; but he has recently published an enormous octavo volume of 600 pages, in which he pretends to have solved the hitherto sealed mystery of Shakespeare's sonnets. He declares, and even perhaps believes, that every notion in this ponderous and wearisome volume was directly revealed to him by the spirit of Shakespeare! All those who have read it, including the Shakespearian scholars, seem to think that it must have had some such origin; for it leaves the question just where Shakespeare left it when he was upon the earth. Gerald Massey devoted his pen to the joys of wedded love. He wrote with charming freshness and genuine feeling—with real, although not high, inspiration. His origin was very humble, and his success seems to have turned his head. 'Tis a sad pity. We could have better spared a better man.

— "ROBINSON CRUSOE" has recently been issued in a very beautiful form, by Messrs. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, in conjunction with Messrs. Macmillan & Co., of Cambridge, England. The beauty of this edition is not, however, its most striking peculiarity. It gives, for the first time, we believe, in more than a century, the authentic original text—the whole of it in the very words of the author. Immediately after its first publication abridged and garbled editions of it were published, and the "Robinson Crusoe" which has been the delight of boys for generations is very far from being the "Robinson Crusoe" of Defoe. The writer himself alludes to this in his preface to the second part. His work as he wrote it is filled with moralization—"application," as it was called a century and a half ago. Falling into a fond error, not uncommon with authors, he declares (in his assumed character of editor) that the second part is every way as entertaining as the first, and that the incidents are as strange and surprising; "nor," he says, "is the application less serious or suitable;" adding shortly afterward this protest: "and this makes the abridging this work as scandalous as it is knarish and ridiculous, seeing, while to shorten the book that they may seem to reduce the value, they strip it of all those reflections, as well religious as moral, which are not only the greatest beauties of the work, but are calculated for the infinite advantage of the reader." Plainly, in Defoe's eyes, the worth of his book lay chiefly in his attempts at preaching and teaching. But the world, after its fashion, has set little by his sermonizing, and much by his vivid picture of the daily life of the poor shipwrecked mariner. So it is with "The Pilgrim's Progress." As a religious work, infusing doctrine by the means of allegory, which was its only worth in Bunyan's eyes, the world has long since ceased to value it much, and will value it less year by year. Of its multitudes of readers few now-a-days trouble themselves at all about the

allegory. They read it as a story simply, a sort of religious novel; and as such it will surely be read with increasing admiration as long as our literature endures. It stands high up in the second rank among works of imagination; and for its noble English ranks almost with Shakespeare and the Bible. We do not mean to compare "Robinson Crusoe" with such a book. The only likeness we suggested was in the purpose of the two authors, and the similar fate of the two books in regard to that purpose. Indeed, "Robinson Crusoe," long left to boys of that age which delights in visions of a life upon a solitary island, is passing out of favor even with them. Though they read it purged of its moral purpose and pruned of its many repetitions and great superfluity, even they begin to find it tedious. The chief merit of its very best part consists in a minuteness of natural detail which gives it an air of literal truth, as if it must have been the daily record that it pretends to be. It is a good specimen of the realistic style in writing, an exhibition of the pre-raphaelistic spirit in literature. But a little of that will go a great way, whether on canvas or paper. The imagination is very vivid, the painting very exact to the minutest detail, and for a while the world wonders and even admires. But ere long the question comes, Why should such things be imagined? What is there really admirable in such detail? The history of "Robinson Crusoe" ought to settle one question as to book-making which of late has been much mooted among authors and publishers—whether the sale of a book is injured or not by its being first published serially in a magazine. It is not generally known—the very editor of the present edition does not mention—that this world-renowned book was first published as a serial story, and appeared in "The Original London Post," its publication having extended through one hundred and sixty-six numbers and having been finished in 1719. It immediately acquired the popularity which it so long preserved, and its sale in book form from 1719 to the present day has been equalled by that of few books in our literature.

—THE changes which are constantly taking place on the earth's surface, and which, when they can be traced through the lapse of ages, are the records by which geologists read the physical history of the past, are not, even when gradual, so imperceptible as they are generally supposed to be. Even Shakespeare, who, although his mind was nature's mirror, had little time in his busy life to investigate natural phenomena, says, in one of his sonnets:

When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
 Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
 And the firm soil win of the watery main,
 Increasing store with loss and loss with store, etc.

The process thus referred to is still going on in England, where towns which were seaports in the reign of Elizabeth are now a mile or so inland; and they are going on visibly here within two hours by steamboat and railway of New York. The eastern shore of New Jersey is perceptibly receding before the advance of those long ocean lines of battle that move so ceaselessly and resistlessly to its attack. It is said that the beach retires at the rate of about eight feet in twenty years. The way in which the sea operates was shown very plainly at Long Branch during a three days' continuance of a very high surf, the consequence of a storm at sea which was not felt on the land. Visitors to the beach one morning found that during the night the sea had reached the bathing-houses just under the bluff, and that about thirty feet from them the sand had been carried away as if by shovel and cart. The

wet sand was broken away there so as to make a miniature bluff about two and a half or three feet high, and from that the beach sloped smoothly away to the water as before. Thousands of tons of sand had thus vanished in a single night just at that place. On the second morning all marks of the violence had disappeared; the sea had risen over its first night's work and beaten the beach all smooth again. A person who had not been down to the sea the first day, would not have suspected on the second that anything had happened: yet the area of Monmouth County had been measurably diminished. What is thus lost on our eastern shore is said to be gained upon our western: we are compensated in California for what we lose in New Jersey. It is not, however, only under the violent action of such a vast and tremendous force as that of the Atlantic Ocean that the changes in question are plainly perceptible, even during a single generation. A few weeks ago the attention of a gentleman walking near Deal, in this same Monmouth County, was attracted by an old maple tree near a brook. It was gnarled and distorted in a manner very unusual for a maple, and in fact looked more like a strong but stunted oak. Not only so, however; it grew from the ground in a very singular form, which yet was dual. It seemed, in fact, to have two trunks, which bowed over and united about a yard above the ground into one, so that its form was that of a huge spur with the bow down and the rowel in the air. Upon examination it proved, as might have been expected, that the single part only was the trunk, and that the two bows were the upper parts of two roots, which, having been long exposed to the air, had taken on the appearance of trunks. Upon inquiry about the tree, the pedestrian was informed that fifty years ago the brook flowed between these roots, or, as the people said, "between the tree." Old people now living in the neighborhood remember having seen it flowing thus; and one of them, whom the observer had known from his childhood as an eminently trustworthy person, told him that she had often seen the brook thus spanned by the tree in her childhood. The tree is now about fifteen feet from the course of the brook. But this change is clearly the second which has been made in the bed of the stream since the growth of the tree, which cannot be more than one hundred years old. For the tree could not have originally grown across the brook, sending one of its roots down on one side and one upon the other. Plainly then, its roots having assumed this form by caprice of nature, it grew to a considerable size, when, by some agency now unknown, the course of the stream was changed, and the water, being turned upon it, washed away the earth about the bowed roots and then flowed under the natural arch. This course was preserved for many years, and then, probably by reason of the making of a dam higher up the course of the stream, it was again turned away from the tree, leaving it a mute but unmistakable witness to the changes wrought by the constantly acting forces of nature.

— MR. CHARLES READE, the novelist, has addressed a letter to the American public on the subject of the wrongs which he feels that he has suffered from "The Round Table" in its strictures upon "Griffith Gaunt." Mr. Reade's letter is very interesting, and generally just; although it is far from being altogether admirable. We all owed much to the author of "Christie Johnstone," and "Peg Woffington," and "The Cloister and the Hearth;" and now we owe him a very good name—"the prurient prude"—which he well applies to people who are on a fidgety lookout lest they should be shocked by too truthful a revelation of unmitigated human nature. We

do not care to go into the merits of the general question which Mr. Reade's letter raises. That has been settled long ere this. It is manner and purpose that makes the difference between purity and impurity in all art. We have seen two pictures within a few feet of each other; one a figure perfectly naked, the other completely clothed; and the first was perfectly pure, while the other was just the contrary. And, by the way, Mr. Reade must be thanked for publicly rebuking people for the ridiculous use of the word filth when they only mean crime. As to the question between him and those whom he regards as his slanderers, we have nothing to add to what we have already said. Before Mr. Reade we had exposed the folly of calling "Griffith Gaunt" an indecent publication. There was never a novel written with a purer motive apparent in every page; and dealing with a subject that might have been presented in an objectionable way, it is something plain-spoken but never coarse or prurient. And it is only justice to Mr. Reade to say that a pure and healthy tone is no less conspicuous a merit of his novels than their vivacity and their dramatic power. But his letter strangely and strikingly illustrates the view we presented of his style in our first comment upon "Griffith Gaunt," and which our readers may remember. Mr. Reade, of whom, personally, we know absolutely nothing, may be, and we are quite willing to believe that he is, a complete gentleman; but at times he does not write like one in his novels; and now he has not written like one in his letter. We make full allowance for the irritation of a man who finds himself publicly denounced as an indecent writer who is deliberately attempting to debauch public morals, and who also is a party to an imposition upon a publisher and the public; but in all that there is no excuse for such a letter as Mr. Reade's, which, in its conceit, arrogance and abusiveness, is a model of such a letter as a gentleman and a scholar should not write. For a man to publicly call even those who have injured him "mere literary vermin," to exclaim "what does the beast mean!" to say of men whose very names he confesses he does not know, that their "lives are loose and their conversation obscene," is more than mere vituperation; it is pure billingsgate. Christie Johnstone, fish-wife although she was, Mr. Reade, would not have talked in that style. And on the other hand, when Mr. Reade tells us himself, writes it and sends it across the ocean to be printed in many papers, that his story has for a year "floated the Argosy," that he is "not paid the price of pap," that his assailants "could not write his smallest chapter to save their carcasses from the gallows and their souls from premature damnation;" when he speaks of "our inferiors in the great, profound and difficult art of writing," and says "nothing is ever discussed between a trader and me, except the bulk and the price," we can only smile ruefully at the lamentable exhibition, and regret that Mr. Reade's self-appreciation is so much larger and his good taste so much less than those of much greater men than he. Mr. Reade, if he commences the suits in England and in this country which he threatens, will probably discover that, annoying as it may be, he must submit to having anything that he prints denounced as indecent and immoral if any critic thinks it is so and chooses to print what he thinks. That is matter of opinion, justifiable literary criticism, however wide it may be from the mark. But he will probably be also able, he certainly should be able, to convince any person who has misstated or perverted facts to the injury of his literary or personal reputation, that that is a very dangerous and expensive amusement.

— THE origin of a stanza of "Yankee Doodle" was the subject of remark in one of our recent *Nebulæ*: the French people have been giving us occasion to say something about another celebrated national song, "God Save the King." The story now going about Paris is that both words and music of the British "national anthem," as it is absurdly called, are French. It is said that the words were written in honor of Louis XIV. by Madame de Brignon, first superior of the house of St. Cyr, which was established for the education of young ladies of rank, under the superintendence of Madame de Maintenon. The original words, according to the story, are as follows:

Grand Dieu, sauvez le roi !
 Grand Dieu, vengez le roi !
 Vive le roi !
 Que toujours glorieux,
 Louis victorieux,
 Voie ses ennemis
 Toujours soumis !
 Grand Dieu, sauvez le roi !
 Grand Dieu, vengez le roi !
 Vive le roi !

These words, which certainly contain the idea, and are in the rhythmical form of "God Save the King," were, it is said, set to music by Lully, a celebrated French musician, to the great admiration of all who heard it sung by the ladies of St. Cyr. Among these hearers, the story goes, was Handel, who obtained permission from Madame de Maintenon to copy words and music, and afterward sold the composition to George I. as his own! The music, it is said, is note for note from the manuscript of Lully, which is in existence. This story, which seems to be exciting some attention in Paris, is a very pretty one as it stands; but it cannot stand so long, for several very good reasons. First, it was not until 1686 that St. Cyr was established, and Lully died early in 1687 from an injury received in the previous year. Next, Handel was never in France; and no one has ever dreamed of attributing "God Save the King" to him. Finally, George I. died in 1727, three quarters of a century before the composition in question became the British national anthem. The truth about the origin of "God Save the King" is that it was written (probably about 1715) by Henry Carey, the composer of "Sally in our Alley." He owned it as his, and John Christopher Smith, Handel's well-known amanuensis, said that Carey was its composer. Testimony and internal evidence both show that it was originally a Jacobite song; that it first began "God save great *James*, our king;" that as it became a favorite, this line was, upon the firm establishment of the House of Hanover on the British throne, made to read, "God save great *George*, our king," which continued to be the opening line until the presence of a King William upon the throne compelled another change to "God save *our gracious* king." The words of the song had previously undergone some other slight alterations. It did not even come much into public notice until about 1745, when Dr. Arne wrote the bass to it, and it was brought out at one of the London theatres and published as "a song for two voices." From that time it grew in public favor until, about the end of the century, it may be said to have been adopted by the British nation. So far is the music from being taken "note for note" from Lully, that not only is the harmony Dr. Arne's, but the first strain of the melody has been changed since 1745.

— HERALDRY is thought by most persons to be out of place in a republican commonwealth; but our Puritan forefathers in Old England and in New England did not think so, even under the Commonwealth—witness their seals and their gravestones on both sides of the water. Nor do many of our modern democrats think so, to judge by the panels of the carriages that appear in our parks, and the crests graven upon the very goblets and wine-glasses in many houses; the substance on which they are engraved being, perhaps, typical of the fragility of the pretensions upon which they are assumed. And was it not announced that at the races at the Jerome Race Course carriages with servants in livery would be entitled to certain privileges? Go to; our liveries are fresh and our arms have been hunted up for us by the seal engraver or the carriage painter; and what is the use of having them unless they can be worn with some éclat? But here comes a Yankee skilled in heraldry, to wit: Mr. William H. Whitmore, who has written an elementary work upon the gentle science, which Messrs. John Wilson & Son have printed beautifully, as becomes such a book,* and what can we do but rush and get the book, in hopes that we shall find such a pretty coat-of-arms all ready to our name, with apt instructions to use it withal! But, alas! Mr. Whitmore tells us that there is no such thing as a coat-of-arms for a name; and that we must not assume one unless we can show our direct descent from the person to whom arms were granted. Most exacting and most superfluous Mr. Whitmore! Descents are very troublesome to prove, and such rules were made by the minions of a bloated aristocracy; and to them, therefore, the free and enlightened citizens of this great republic owe no obedience. We take our arms according to our own views of propriety. Are we Browne, with an *e*, and shall we not wear the paternal coat of the Marquis of Sligo? or Moore, and shall we be denied that of him of Drogheda? When we marry a Miss Russel, shall we not assume the arms of the Duke of Bedford? Of what avail is it, then, that we have done such a handsome thing in shoddy? or that we ruined our friends and enriched ourselves by that little manœuvre in Erie? But whether we take this view of the subject or not, Mr. Whitmore's book will be a useful, as it is a most attractive one, if we care to know all that one not a professed herald and genealogist need know of the science of coat-armor and the blazoning of arms. The illustrations are numerous and very clear, and the text appears to us, upon a somewhat careful examination, to be remarkably correct. We have noticed only one or two errors. A shield given (p. 22) as an example of "fountain" we should read "three roundlets barry wavy of six argent and azure." Governor Jonathan Belcher's coat (p. 70) is blazoned as "paly of six gold and gules, a chief vairé;" whereas the bearings in the engraving are "or (i. e. gold) three palets gules, a chief vairé." Mr. Whitmore's example of paly (p. 17) is paly of six. He himself will at once notice the essential difference. He errs on the right side in being a little over-precise. He says that no lady should use a crest, and that a motto should never be carried upon a garter or a circle; in which, according to ancient and strict usage, he is quite right. But convenience has so long set aside these rules, that custom may be regarded as having sanctioned the contrary practice, as it has many others in heraldry. A lady does not wish to be condemned to

* The Elements of Heraldry, containing an explanation of the principles of the science, and a glossary of the technical terms employed, with an essay upon the use of coat-armor in the United States. By William H. Whitmore. With numerous illustrations. New York: W. G. Widdleton. Boston: Lee & Sheppard.

use her family bearings in full upon all occasions; and the garter or circle round a cypher, or even a shield, is so compact, convenient and pretty that, tempted by the *Honi soit*, etc., upon the garter of the knights of that order, countless *armigers* have so used it for a long time. Mr. Whitmore is of course correct as to "arms descending in the male line of the posterity of the original recipient;" but so well-read a student of heraldry as he must be aware that a great many exceptions to this rule have been sanctioned by the best authorities. Indeed, upon this point the earliest authority in our language, the good Prioress of St. Albans, Dame Juliana Berners, in her treatise of coat armor, written about 1450 and printed by Caxton in 1490, says, as she somewhat fancifully, yet with a grave and judicial air, introduces her subject, that the Virgin Mary was an armiger, "of whom that gentyl Jhesus was born very God and man, after his manhede kynge of the londe of Jude and of the Jewes, gentylman by his moder Mary prynce of cote armure." The prioress, who shows a gentle heart as well as gentle breeding all through her book, which is known as the "Book of St. Albans," has an interesting passage or two beside in this introduction. She says for instance, "There was never gentylman nor churle ordeyned bi kinde but he had fader and moder." (A rash assertion; but we must remember that the good dame was a spinster.) "Adam and Eve," she continues, "had nother fader nor moder. And in the sones of Adam and Eve were found both gentylman and churle. . . . A brother to slei his brother contrary to the lawe, where might be more ungentylnesse? By that dyde Cayn become a churle." Hence we see that, however clearly we may establish our descent from gentlemen by coat armor, an ungente act, as for instance, the slaying of a brother "contrary to the law," may send us back among the churls. A perilous decision to some families; for instance the Plantagenets. She tells us also of two sorts of gentlemen known in her day and not unheard of since, which she calls "gentlemen untryall" and "gentlemen apocryfate" (apochryphal). Thus: "There ben two dyvers gentylmen made of gromes that ben not gentylmen of cote armure nother of blood. One is called in armys a gentylman untryall; that is to saye, made up among relygious men, as pryours, abbots or bisshops. That other is called in armys a gentylman apocryfate, y^t is to say, made up and gyven to him the name and the lyverey of a gentylman." All this sounds like excellent fooling to us now-a-days; but when it was written it was not so, because then it had real significance. The reason is simply that "gentleman" has now a very different meaning from that which it had when Dame Juliana Berners wrote, and even from that which it had when our Puritan forefathers came to New England. The science to which Mr. Whitmore has given us such an excellent and beautiful hand-book, filled with warning as well as with instruction, has no longer any value in this country, except as it relates to family history; and those to whom it is of the greatest interest are they who generally make the least parade of their heraldic inheritance.



J. P. Davis & Speer, Engravers and Printers.

“LADY ONGAR, ARE YOU NOT RATHER NEAR THE EDGE?”

THE GALAXY.

NOVEMBER 15, 1866.

ARCHIE LOVELL.

BY MRS. EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "MISS FORRESTER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE LULL BEFORE THE STORM.

L UDBROOKE, Major Seton's place, was about three-quarters of a mile distant from the Lovells' cottage, and before Ralph had been twenty-four hours at home it seemed just as much a matter of course that his time should be passed with them as in the happy days of seven years ago at the Villa Andree in Genoa. The days when every morning Archie used to wait for him, a flower ready in her hand, all a child's delicious prodigality of love upon her lips, at the broken door-way of the old Italian garden: days when his only rival was Tino! when, looking forward to the years to come, he was wont to feel the impossibility of Archie Lovell, among all the children of the world, ever deteriorating to the common standard of commonplace humanity as she grew up. She might not bloom for his wearing, of course: what was there in him to deserve a different fate to other men's? But, whether for him or for another, the frank nature *must* keep its frankness; the sweet lips their candor; the honest eyes their truth. All were foresworn now—and he was haunting her steps still: thrilling if only a fold of the girl's dress touched him as he passed; his pulse beating like a boy's whenever the blue eyes stole up to his; a spasm of hot jealousy contracting his heart every time that Gerald Durant's name passed her lips. And still steadfastly saying to himself that the passionate folly of his life was cured; that, following the voice of honor and of prudence alike, he had put Archie Lovell away out of his heart!

He came to the rectory soon after noon on the day succeeding Archie's visit to the Court, and found her alone in the garden that lay in front of the cottage, working with her own hands, and with a feverish sort of energy, at cutting up the turf of the little grass-plot for future flower-beds. She threw down her spade the moment she saw Major Seton, and running up to his side, said that she was tired and sick of work; then stole her hand under his arm and led him in, almost, he thought, with the unconscious warmth of old Italian days, to the house. The rectory was a low-roofed, irregular cottage, all on the ground floor; one of those often-added-to country parsonages wherein

more space is occupied by useless closets and passages leading nowhere than by actual living rooms; but which, standing in its own upland garden and orchard, exposed to every wind that blew, seemed to Archie's gipsy instincts a far more congenial place to live in than Durant's Court—sequestered shade, stately cedars, and cartouche shields included. At the present moment every room, every passage of the cottage was strewn with Mr. Lovell's newly unpacked *bric-à-brac*—the thousand pounds' worth of toys that Ralph Seton's money had saved from the hammer. Dresden and Sevres marqueterie and buhl met you whichever way you turned; and it was only by dint of much careful steerage that Archie brought Major Seton safely through to the little parlor, where the table was already spread for the Lovells' early dinner—luncheon, as Bettina, on the strength of new ecclesiastical dignities, insisted it should now be called.

"I have an invitation for this evening for you, Miss Lovell," said Ralph, taking a tiny note from his pocket, after he had stood and watched the girl for three or four minutes, as his custom was, in silence. "It came inclosed in one to me, and I thought I might as well walk over at once and see what your answer would be. I called late last night to see you—to smoke a pipe, I mean, with your father—and Mrs. Lovell told me that she had sent you to your room, ill."

"Ill!" cried Archie, throwing off her hat with a laugh, and displaying cheeks like damask roses, eyes that an unwonted light made brilliant. "I came back from my walk flushed, as I am now, and nothing would do for Bettina, but I must go off to my bed at once. If I look a shade more sunburnt than usual, papa or Bettina, or both, are sure to think I am dying. What is this invitation about? I didn't think that any one in Staffordshire, but you, knew our name as yet."

And she took the note from Major Seton's hand, and standing close enough for him to look over with her if he chose, broke the seal, and read it through.

It was a prettily worded invitation from Lucia Durant; every line mathematically equidistant, and with neat little commas and semicolons exactly where they ought to be, expressing Lady Durant's sorrow that Miss Lovell had not stayed to luncheon yesterday, and asking her to come over to croquet and high tea that evening. If Mr. and Mrs. Lovell would accompany her, Lady Durant would be charmed; if not, perhaps Major Seton would be Miss Lovell's escort, as they had written and asked him to join the party.

"Well," said Ralph, who had been reading—not the note, but Archie's face; "do you care to go, or would the long walk be too much for you?"

"The long walk would not, for certain," she answered, "but—well, Major Seton, honestly, I don't think I am very fond of Durant's Court. Something seems to stifle me there, and then you know lovers are *not* amusing, are they? Gerald Durant was very well by himself, as a partner at a Morteville ball; with Miss Durant alone I could find something to say, perhaps about her trousseau or the bridesmaids' dresses, but together—no! How can they want me? How can Mr. Durant want any other society than his cousin's?"

"Because he does not happen to care about her, I suppose," said Ralph, dryly. "Theirs is an engagement without any pretence of sentiment, as I dare say you had occasion to guess, Archie, even during your short experience of Gerald Durant in Morteville. Miss Durant likes her cousin because she has never seen any one else in her life; Gerald marries her—"

"Because she is rich," interrupted Archie, quickly. "I know, and I re-

peat, I don't see why they ask me to be with them so much. If they are in love with each other they cannot want strangers. If they are not—"

"If they are not, Archie?"

"Well, they certainly won't become so through having me in their company—besides, it's much pleasanter at home, and there is plenty to be done in the garden, if you'll help me? I don't at all see why you and I should trouble ourselves to make society for the Durants when we have the choice of remaining here alone by ourselves!"

But Bettina, who entered the room just then on poor Mr. Lovell's arm, stately as if she had been a bishop's wife, for the one o'clock dinner, saw the matter in a very different light. An invitation, a first invitation, to Durant's Court to be refused! The best neighbors they had: and showing such a friendly spirit—asking them already to the wedding—and everything! Some member of the family at all events should accept; and she had a very great mind to put on her mauve moiré and start, herself, as soon as dinner was over: a threat that brought Archie, who shrank with nervous terror from the thought of Bettina and Gerald meeting, to instant, almost eager, submission. She would go; she would be agreeable to Lucia; would try, if she could, to behave like a young lady, not a boy; would accept any invitations they gave her; everything that Bettina wished, only let her and Major Seton go alone. And then Mrs. Lovell happily remembering that the doctor's wife had promised to call and talk over parish business that afternoon, the matter was settled; and at three o'clock Archie stood ready by Major Seton's side at the rectory gate, with Bettina still calling out to her through the parlor window to be pleasant to everybody, and to accept all overtures of intimacy that Lady Durant and her daughter might be good enough to make.

The coolest Summer path from the rectory to Durant's Court was a foot-way that led through a corner of the Ludbrooke woods; then, after half a mile or so of steep and sheltered lane, fell into one of the side alleys of the old chase: and this was the path Major Seton chose for Archie now. She was in a tumult of wild spirits as soon as she got away out of Bettina's sight, and made the woods echo with her jokes and bursts of laughter as they walked along. But Ralph knew her well enough to detect a false ring in her voice, a bitterness very unlike her old self, under all her little jests, and his heart was pained for her exceedingly. More than ever the girl's beauty and grace and fitful winning ways had touched his fancy to-day: more than ever his reason bade him note how thorough, how consistent was her capacity for dissimulation: and more than ever he loved her! Loved her—so he strove to believe—with a love from which every selfish hope, every smaller jealousy was absent. Whatever the nature of her feelings toward Gerald Durant; whether the last act in this part that she was playing should be comedy or tragedy; he, at least, would hold by her—blindly, unquestioningly! Not, perhaps, as a man would hold by the woman into whose hands he meant to entrust his own honor, but rather as a father would hold faithful to an erring child, a child whom no fault, no guilt, could ever estrange from his affections.

"You laugh too much, Archie—it pains me to hear it. I don't think there is quite a true sound in your voice or in your laugh to-day."

They had just reached the point where Durant's Court was first visible among the distant trees, and Archie, in the middle of some wild, childish jest or other, was laughing, a stranger would have said, with her whole heart, when Ralph spoke. She turned to him, and the laugh died in a moment, and her lips began to quiver.

"I—I don't know what you mean, Major Seton. I never used to fire you by my nonsense once, I think!"

"It was all real then, Archie. If your voice had got its old sound I could listen to your laugh forever."

"The old sound! How can one's voice remain the same always? Doesn't life change? isn't one changed oneself? I shall be eighteen in October. How can you expect me to be a child in anything?"

Saying all this quickly, passionately; and with the same quiver yet about her lips.

"Well, you are not quite a child, of course, Archie," said Ralph, kindly, "but you are of an age to have a child's spirits—certainly not to need to force them as you do to-day."

"You think so? Major Seton, what do you know of my life and of my troubles—the things I have to make my heart heavy? Is our age measured by years? Bettina and papa are ten times lighter-hearted, both of them, than I."

"Poor little Archie! If I could help you I would, child—help you with my life. But you won't let me, you know—I am nothing to you now. Do you remember the old motto that I taught you and made you hold by when you were little? the motto that you acted upon when you saved Tino from being punished for your sins. Of course you don't, though. How should you remember any thing that happened all those years ago?"

"I remember it distinctly," said Archie. "A very nice motto it was—for me and Tino! but it would never fit into the lives of grown-up men and women—women especially—'*Fais ce que dois: advienne que pourra!*' A beautiful maxim! '*Fais ce que dois.*' Easy to follow if other people did the same—but they don't; and one's life is mixed up with other lives, and what we do comes from other people, not from ourselves. If each of us lived in a desert, your motto would be an admirable one. But we don't live in deserts, I don't, at least, and I can't do what is right, and I care a great deal (sometimes I am told my first duty is to care) for what follows. *Allez!*"

She snatched off a great head of fox-glove from the hedge, and began plucking it to pieces as she walked; throwing away flower after flower with a certain restless gesture of the hand, that Ralph remembered was always the sign of some unusual emotion in her when she was a child.

"And I can't even advise you, Archie, then?" Never had he admired her more than at this moment; her fresh lips playing at scepticism and sophistry; the scoffing, defiant look upon her soft child's face. Never had she more recalled to him the days when he believed that the germ of everything fair and noble was latent in Archie Lovell's heart. "There is nothing you will let me do for you?"

"In the way of advice, nothing. Advice never did me any good: it never will. Now, if—if—" she hesitated an instant, then shot a quick glance up into Ralph's face—"I hate to say this, Major Seton, when I think of all you have done for us, but I have no one to go to but you. I asked Bettina in a roundabout way this morning, and she told me we had not five pounds in the house. If you could lend me some money, fifty pounds, say, you would help me infinitely! help me, ah! so that I could never repay you while I live!" And she came close to him, and suddenly put up her hand, all in a tremble, on his arm.

The touch thrilled through every fibre of Ralph Seton's heart. "I wish

you had asked me for anything else, Archie, by God I do! What do you want money for? Tell me everything you desire in the world, and let me, oh, child! let me have the foolish pleasure of giving it you—but money! You, at your age, to want money!” And for an instant the sickening suspicion that her father must have tutored her into asking this overcame him.

“Well, you have only to refuse me,” said Archie, quietly; but her face blanched at the thought of his refusal. “It is not to spend upon myself; it is not for anything I can tell papa about. I am in a great trouble, a trouble where only money can help me, and I thought perhaps you would have lent me some. I will speak of it no more. Ralph, dear Ralph!” half repentant, half cajoling, and looking up at him with eyes unused to denial; “you have done enough for us already, I am sure!”

And upon this Major Seton did straightway what many another stern, high-principled man would have done perhaps, with a soft hand weighting his arm; blue eyes imploring to him through unshed tears; succumbed utterly, promised to write out a check for fifty pounds—a hundred pounds whenever Archie wished; to ask her no question, direct or indirect, about the way in which it pleased her to spend it; but to stand—for this she pleaded to him wistfully—to stand by her and aid her in every difficulty of her life, now and always. Then he took her hand, and, raising it reverently, held it long—poor little trembling hand that it was—to his lips. This was part of his system, doubtless, for his folly’s cure: part of his system for putting the girl away out of his heart.

They found Lucia and Gerald already out on the lawn, pretending, in a lover-like fashion, to play croquet, when they arrived. Miss Durant, in her little affable way, assigned Archie and Major Seton to be partners at once; and the match was soon going on as gayly as though no heart out of the four were burdened by fear or jealousy, as calmly as though no storm which might for ever wreck the lives of all were already dark upon the horizon. Won by the irresistible frankness of Gerald’s manner, the hearty grasp of his hand when they met, Ralph Seton found it impossible after the first five minutes were over, to treat him either with coldness or distrust. Indeed, as the day wore on and as he marked Gerald’s thoroughly unconcerned manner toward Archie, his devotion to Lucia; marked too—could he fail to mark?—the conscious blush that ever and anon rose upon Archie Lovell’s face when by chance her eyes met his own; it began to dawn upon the mind of the old moustache, that a good many of his severest foregone resolutions were somewhat transcendental ones. Through folly or through accident this girl and this man had once spent eight or ten hours of a Summer’s day—scarcely more than indifferent acquaintance spend at a picnic or a yachting party—together; and neither caring for the other, and the world happily knowing nothing of that foolish chance, each with honor would marry and be happy apart; some day look back and speak with calmness of that accidental half-liking of the past. Archie had spoken falsely to him in Morteville, certainly; aye—but how fair she looked, bare headed beneath the cedar shade, the cool light playing on her white dress, her bright hair clustering round her neck, her slender figure girlishly, innocently free in every new attitude as she flitted across the grass. She had been false; was false still. But something must ever be forgiven in what we love; and marvellously easy it would be, he thought, to forgive her anything! And with an instinctive, a growing consciousness of why Major Seton watched her so steadfastly, Archie, all her

forced spirits gone, was soft, quiet, womanly as she had never been till to-day. Soft and womanly to an extent that occasionally gave Gerald's heart a very sore pang yet; and that made even Lucia confess to him, aside, that, with training and attention and care of her complexion, the rector's daughter might possibly yet become "nice looking rather than otherwise."

When their match was over, Major Seton and Archie shamefully defeated, high tea—as dinner if eaten cold, or an earlier than usual, must now be called—was served to them upon the lawn. Archie sat by Sir John Durant, charming him, as that sunny face and laugh of hers always charmed old people, and long before the meal was over had begun to confess to herself that the air of Durant's Court, the presence even of the lovers themselves, no longer stifled her. A welcome sense of peace and protection came over her as she looked at Sir John and Lady Durant; at the stately house; the hemmed-in gardens; the grave old butler standing erect and impassive behind his master's chair. Impossible, she thought, that vulgar, noisy trouble, the scandal of a public exposure, could be coming near a place so sheltered, near people so separated from the outer world as these. What was there to prove that Captain Waters' story had a word of truth in it? Might he not himself have put that notice in the paper? Would such a man hesitate as to means where money was to be extorted? And she had been weak, cowardly enough to take all his threats at their full worth! Lucky that it had been out of her power to send him off the money at once. She would make fullest confession, she thought, as she walked home with Ralph to-night; would throw herself upon his pity; ask him to save her from the possibility of Captain Waters' further persecution; and then—then, bright vistas of a peaceful future floated, rose colored, before Archie's mind! Her father happy with his pictures, Bettina with the parish, and she and Ralph fast friends; not a shadow of distrust between them, and in time, perhaps, long after Gerald and Lucia were married——

At this point of her meditation—Ralph was watching her downcast face just then, thinking how pure, how childlike, how untainted by a touch of falsehood that face was—one of the under servants of the Court came across the lawn from the house, and, beckoning the butler mysteriously aside, said a few words in his ear. The old man at first shook his head as though protesting against the indecorum of the message, whatever it was, that had been delivered to him; then, after a minute's consultation, returned behind his master's chair, and, bending low, told him in a whisper that a person from London desired to see him without delay. A person on most important business, of the name of Wickham.

The word, whispered though it was, fell full on Archie Lovell's ear. Another instant, and her face—that innocent face that Ralph was watching so tenderly—had grown white as ashes.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FAREWELLS TO LUCIA.

MR. WICKHAM stood quietly waiting for the servant's return in the great hall of the Court; and as he waited he took a brief mental inventory of all the different objects by which he was surrounded. The dark, groined roof—not used to shelter men of Mr. Wickham's class—the armor in which the Durants of old had tilted and sometimes bled to death for honor; the coats

of arms upon the painted windows; the glimpse through the open door of the garden, lying peaceful in the rosy evening flush, and of the little party beneath the cedars—Mr. Wickham took note of all, professionally, mechanically, with a view to possible contingencies, without any sense of triumph or of pity; just as he would have taken note of the furniture in that water-side *savon* to which he conducted Mrs. Sherborne on the day succeeding Margaret Hall's death.

Sir John Durant would see him in a few minutes, the servant brought in word; Sir John was at present finishing dinner with some friends on the lawn—if the gentleman would walk into the library? So into the library, with his peculiar, stealthy, noiseless tread, the gentleman walked (taking more notes on his way), and there, upright, unmoved, just, as it chanced, under the mournful-eyed portrait of Sir Francis Durant—the cavalier who was wont to lay himself in his coffin in memory of the martyred king—stood and waited for the present master of the Court; the old man whose pride, whose name, whose glory it was his mission now to bring lower than the pride, the name, the glory of a Durant had ever yet been brought.

Sir John came in with his accustomed courteous, blandly-condescending air; seated himself by the open window, from whence he could still see Gerald at Lucia's side, and signed graciously to Mr. Wickham that he might take a chair. "You have come to see me on business, Mr.——?"

"Wickham, Sir John Durant. Inspector Wickham," put in the visitor deferentially, and remaining standing still.

"Mr. Wickham—ah, yes, I did not quite catch the name. Some communication from Conyers Brothers, of Lincoln's Inn, I suppose?"

Mr. Wickham gave an apologetic half cough and raised the back of his hand to his mouth. "Mr. Conyers was the party, I understood, Sir John Durant, who first opened your offer to our people, but my business is not connected with that in any way—payment of course, never being made in these cases until the information sought for has been brought to proof. I have come down to-day, on a mission of a remarkably grave nature; and—the circumstances being unusually delicate ones—it seems to me a duty"—on the strength of addressing a baronet, Mr. Wickham made his sentences as long and as inverted as he could—"a painful duty, Sir John, to put you in possession of some of the leading facts my enquiries have brought to light before proceeding to execute it."

"Ah yes, I'm much obliged to you for your attention, I am sure." And Sir John, always sleepy after dinner, gave a half yawn as he spoke. "If you really *don't* think Conyers would have done as well? I have a great dislike to business and—and all painful subjects, and I'm sure I shall gladly pay the hundred pounds (something has been discovered, you say?), to know that the thing is set at rest. It has been a very harassing occurrence to me, Mr. Wickham, very." And Sir John drew out his spectacles, wiped them, adjusted them on his nose and looked imploringly at his visitor, as much as to say, "pray be brief, my good Mr. Wickham! you are an excellent person, no doubt, and have done everything that excellent persons of your class are usually paid to do in these matters, and I'm ready to glance at any distressing documents you may have with you or sign you a check: anything to get rid of you—and of all other unpleasant subjects—as briefly as possible!" And Mr. Wickham, no bad interpreter of expression, saw at a glance with what kind of human creature he had to deal. Durant's Court was not the

only old house with an unsullied name and an ancestry dating back to the Conquest, into which his professional duties had been the means of bringing him.

"I am sorry, Sir John Durant. Ahem, very sorry, to say that my communication cannot be told in six words. This is a matter of no common importance, Sir, and I think perhaps it would be as well to have a third party present during our conversation."

Sir John bowed resignedly. "Whatever you think necessary—only, really, if Conyers *could* have done it all—and another person present, you say! How is that necessary, Mr. Wickham? It was my duty of course to see that those enquiries were made—a very good girl, poor thing! the Sherbornes most respected tenants of ours for generations past—and it has been your duty to make them—but why should we pain another person by compelling him to listen to any of the harrowing details you have collected? why should we, Mr. Wickham?"

"Well, Sir John Durant," answered Mr. Wickham, with a little abrupt shift from his upright posture, "you, being, as I hear, a magistrate, don't need to be told that there's a form in all these things—a form, that it's just as well to attend to. I'm placed by my duty in a position where it's best for all parties to be plain spoken, and I hope you'll say hereafter I conducted everything honorable and aboveboard. Mr. Gerald Durant is, I believe staying in this house? Well, I understood so—I understood so—and if I may make so free as to offer an opinion, I should say Mr. Gerald Durant is the gentleman who ought to be present at our conversation."

"Dear me—well, now, I cannot see that!" cried Sir John. "What earthly difference can it make whether two people or one has to bore himself—I beg your pardon, to go through all this very distressing business? however, of course, you know best. May I ask you to have the goodness to touch that bell—thank you. I have been rather helpless, Mr. Wickham, since my last attack of gout, and I feel every change in the weather. We are going to have rain now, I am afraid. The harvest has been getting on very well hitherto." Making these little remarks in the affably familiar tone he always employed toward his inferiors. "A great deal is in round us already, and we are not generally an early county."

Mr. Wickham was deferentially interested. Being a Londoner himself, he was not much of a hand at such things, but seemed to think the crops looked forward certainly, as he came down by the train. And then, a servant having meanwhile entered and been told to request Mr. Gerald Durant's presence in the library, there was a pause. Sir John helped himself to a pinch of snuff from his gold snuff-box, and turned his face again toward the window (very handsome the kindly, weak old face looked in the sinking light), Mr. Wickham stood respectfully in the background still—the hard features immovable, expressionless as ever—the keen eyes adding more and more items to that professional inventory which his unresting brain was never wearied of drawing out. In five or six minutes' time Gerald Durant entered the room.

"Here is my nephew, Mr. Gerald Durant," said Sir John. "Gerald, this is Mr. Wickham—Inspector Wickham, you know, whom Conyers got to enquire about poor Maggie Hall—and we thought you might as well be present to hear how it is all settled. I wrote to Conyers a week or two back—didn't I tell you?—offering a reward if anything could be discovered about the way she came by her death, poor soul, and——"

But the old man's hazy talk was brought to a sudden stop before the look of Gerald's face. He had, I have said before, a complexion which flushed or faded like a girl's under any strong emotion. At this moment the blood rushed violently to his temples, then ebbed away and left him, a pale, ashen hue, very painful to witness. "You—you offered a reward, Sir!" he exclaimed, his voice shaken with agitation; for now that the police had been at work could he doubt *what* story he had been summoned here to listen to? could he doubt that the shame of Robert Dennison's marriage—the treble shame of his having deserted his wife was to become public? "No, you did not tell me of this before, I wish to heaven you had!" he added bitterly.

Up to this moment he had scarcely noticed Wickham, who was still keeping respectfully aloof in the background; but as he turned impatiently from his uncle now his eyes fell full upon the detective's face, and then Mr. Wickham came half a step forward, and after giving another of his small coughs of apology, spoke:

"My duty is a painful one, Mr. Gerald Durant, but I wish to discharge it as delicately and as fairly as possible, and I warn you, Sir, that anything you say now may hereafter be brought up to your detriment. I have no wish—there is no necessity," he added with emphasis, "for me to employ subterfuge of any kind. I am an officer of detective police—I have been employed by the authorities to investigate the circumstances connected with Margaret Hall's death on the second instant, and I warn you again, Mr. Durant, that anything you now say may hereafter be made use of to your disadvantage."

"And why the deuce, Sir, should we require this or any other warning of yours?" cried Gerald, hotly. "Sir John Durant has offered a sum of money for the discovery of certain circumstances. You, it appears, have discovered them, and have come to claim your reward. What can we possibly have to say at all in such a matter? You have to speak, and we to listen, I think, Sir." And drawing up a chair, Gerald took his place at Sir John Durant's side. Only too clearly foresaw the cruel blow the chivalrous old man was about to receive; and his blood rose at the thought that already a man like this was treating them half with pity; warning them to say nothing that could hereafter be used against themselves! They, the Durants of Durant, warned not to betray their complicity with the guilty husband and betrayer—their own flesh and blood—of Margaret Hall the dairy maid!

"I made use of a form only," said Wickham suavely—accurately calculating meanwhile, the precise angle which Gerald occupied between the window and the spot where he himself stood. "There is, as Mr. Gerald Durant says, no necessity for the warning, in this particular instance, but there are formulas that we are instructed to follow in every case of ar—— of criminal procedure, and I adhered to duty in giving it. I have now, Sir John Durant, to lay before you briefly the results of my search in this matter. If they lead to a most unlooked-for conclusion, if they fix the guilt upon parties the least suspected by yourself, you will, I hope, be in some measure prepared for the shock. I have been placed in positions of this kind before—often before," said Mr. Wickham, with honorable pride; "and I have always found, if I may be excused the remark, that the higher born a gentleman is, the better he bears any painful or unexpected disclosure, even a disclosure"—lowering and concentrating his voice, and moving a stealthy step or two in advance; "that darkly affects his honor and the honor of his family."

Gerald passed his hand with irrepressible impatience across his face; old Sir John gave a puzzled, benign look of inquiry at Wickham.

"This extreme delicacy does you credit, Mr. Wickham, still I cannot but think you rather over-estimate our interest in the case. The girl was a good girl, poor thing! the servant of one of my tenant farmers, you understand—nothing more."

Mr. Wickham bowed; and looking down, traced out for a second or two, one of the patterns on the carpet with his foot. He felt as assured now of the old man's utter ignorance as of Gerald's guilt, and it seemed to him that the shortest way of finishing what he had come to accomplish would be the most merciful—he also wanted to return by the 7:40 train to London.

"On the night of the second instant, Sir John Durant," taking a note-book from his pocket and occasionally glancing at it, but more for form's sake than because his memory required artificial aid, as he spoke, "the body of a woman was, as you know, found in the Thames a little below London Bridge. From the first, and although nothing material was brought to light at the inquest, some suspicions of foul play were entertained among our people, and I was entrusted with the further management of the case. It has proved as difficult a one, Sir, as was ever worked, but no stone has been left unturned—although I say so—in working it, and bit by bit, as I am about to show, every portion of the requisite evidence has come into my hands. The story shortly put, comes to this: Margaret Hall, some seven months ago, eloped from her employer's house here in Staffordshire with a gentleman (whom at present I need not name), and to the best of my belief, though of this I have no absolute proof, became his wife." Gerald gave a sigh of relief. Discovery had not after all gone as far, perhaps, as he had dreaded. "On the second of August, Sir John Durant, this gentleman returned from France accompanied by a lady—we may say for shortness, by his wife—and arrived with her in town, as I have evidence to show, at about eight o'clock in the evening. They came direct from Morteville-sur-Mer to London, and the name of the excursion steamer that brought them was the Lord of the Isles. A man called Randall, better known among our people by the name of Waters, saw them on board together from the Calais pier; the gentleman's own servant, reluctantly, as is natural, is witness to the same; and lastly, a lady who was one of their fellow-passengers, swears to a travelling cloak she lent the young woman in the course of the voyage, and which, in the hurry of landing, or from some other cause, was not returned to its owner. Well, Sir, the gentleman (whom at present I need not call by name), was next seen with his companion by one of our officers on London Bridge, between twenty minutes and a quarter to ten o'clock; and here, as throughout, not a shadow of doubt rests upon the accuracy of the evidence, the officer under my directions having watched the gentleman at his town lodgings, not three days ago, and sworn positively to his identity. The girl was at this time dressed, it is remembered, in a scarlet travelling cloak; the gentleman was standing, no hat on and his coat torn, by her side. Whether a quarrel had taken place between them already is a matter of surmise. There had been a disturbance shortly before on the bridge which, it is suggested, may account for the state of the gentleman's dress. Something unusual, at all events, about their appearance and manner made the officer watch them narrowly before proceeding on his beat. This, you will remark, was between twenty minutes and a quarter to ten o'clock, a few minutes only before the time when a woman's shriek was heard, and a

body seen to fall from the bridge. An hour or so later, the gentleman went alone to the house of a relation, excited in manner and disordered in his dress, and when joked with about his appearance, volunteers the singular statement that he has seen the ghost of an old friend's face—"the ghost of a Staffordshire face," on London Bridge that night. Some hours afterward, the body of a female was found drowned in the river, dressed in the scarlet cloak, since identified, and with a handkerchief marked with initials corresponding to the name of the suspected party in her breast. The body was recognized and sworn to by Martha Sherborne on the afternoon of the inquest, as that of her late dairy servant, Margaret Hall." Mr. Wickham paused.

"And—and what does all this prove?" cried Sir John, a nervous tremor in his voice. "I am a magistrate, Mr. Wickham, I understand law myself, and I don't see that these facts, supposing them all to be established, go to prove that the girl came by her death unfairly. If they point to anything it is to what we have suspected from the first—suicide."

"That is a question for the lawyers," answered Wickham, with excessive gravity. "I make no accusation. I seek to establish nothing. My duty has been to search for facts alone. These facts having been considered conclusive, a warrant has been granted for the apprehension of the person who was Margaret Hall's companion on the night of her death, and my duty here is to carry that warrant into effect!"

"Here!" exclaimed old Sir John, a deep red flushing over his face as he got up slowly from his chair. "You are misinformed, Mr. Wickham, or you are carrying some mistaken sense of duty too far. What apprehension can you possibly have to execute in my house?"

"I have to arrest the person of Margaret Hall's companion," said Wickham, with increasing firmness, and producing a paper from his pocket. "You are a magistrate, Sir John Durant, and I look to you to help rather than hinder me in my duty—painful though it may be."

"And that person?" faltered Sir John, with whitening lips, as a new and awful suspicion overcame him.

"That person," answered Wickham, "is now, I regret to say, before you. Mr. Durant," coming across the room in a second, and laying a heavy hand on Gerald's shoulder, "I arrest you on the charge of having caused, or been party to, the death of Margaret Hall, on the night of August the second. You must consider yourself my prisoner, sir, and you will be pleased to accompany me back to London by the 7:40 train to-night."

Gerald had been sitting till this minute with his hands tightly pressed across his eyes. He rose to his feet in a second at Wickham's touch, and as his hands dropped from his face, both of the men who were watching him felt literally startled by the calmness of its expression. I imagine most innocent men or women would look to the full as guilty as really criminal ones in the first stunned moment of an unjust accusation; guilty or innocent, the majority of human cheeks would certainly blanch, the majority of human nerves falter, at such a moment as this! But Gerald Durant's face kept just as calm as it had been half an hour before when he was whispering soft nothings to Lucia under the cedar trees on the lawn. "Blood tells," thought Wickham, proud of the verification of his theory. "Evidence enough against him to hang a bishop, and he ups after his arrest, as cool as a cucumber, and with a face like this. Fine family—fine spirit. Pleasure to a man to have his duty lie with real gentlemen who can act as such!" And possibly Mr.

Wickham was right. Possibly it *was* his blood, the inherited instincts of a gentle race that upheld Gerald in this moment. Robert Dennison, the manufacturer's son, could confront mere personal danger with the strength, the sheer animal courage, of a lion—Gerald could do more; he could confront disgrace sooner than betray a trust; could confront it with the carelessness of a cavalier dying for his worthless king; the grace of a French marquis arranging his neck-tie and smiling adieux to his friends, upon his way to the tumbril! As Wickham told his story; from the moment when the word Morteville first turned suspicion aside from Robert to the last; Gerald had followed him calmly and minutely, his quick imagination supplying a hundred links that in Wickham's purposely short account were wanting; and long before the heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder had realized the position in which he stood, the very plain and straightforward duty that lay before him. To whatever pass this extraordinary chain of accidents might bring him, a double trust must, he felt, seal his lips from speaking one solitary word of self-defence. By disclosing what he knew of Robert's marriage he might possibly clear himself—and present to the world the chivalrous spectacle of a Durant striving to shift danger from his own shoulders to that of another member of his family. By bringing forward Archie Lovell he could, for very certain, reduce the whole accusation to an absurdity; save his own at the price of a woman's reputation. And the temptation, the conflict that might have assailed many a man, equally honest, but of different race, never really for a moment came near Gerald Durant. He was placed awkwardly—simply that; and before his uncle and before this man whose heavy hand was on his shoulder alike, must give not a sigh, say not a word, that could by possibility criminate the two persons his honor bade him shield. How things would probably end as regarded himself, was a speculation he did not enter upon. To be the hero of a melo-drama might yield him, if the play did not last too long, a new emotion or two, at all events; and as to coming to definite grief—well, as he had told Robert, no one ever finally does that in these days off the boards of the Adelphi.

"Seven-forty," taking out his watch quietly. "I think it would be rather a mistake to go by that, Mr. Wickham. The 7:40 is a slow train. If we go by the mail, which leaves Hatton at eight, we shall get to town an hour earlier, and I shall be able to have a cup of coffee and a cigar—you want something too, perhaps, after your journey?—before we start."

For about the first time in his long official experience, Mr. Wickham felt actually taken aback by his prisoner's unconcern and courteous manner. He required no refreshment for himself, but Mr. Durant was doubtless right; the mail would be the best train for them to go by, and he wished to make everything comfortable and let Mr. Durant take leave of his friends—though generally best avoided—before they left.

Then Gerald turned to his uncle who was standing by, too stunned as yet to speak, and with his fine old face white to the very lips with agitation. "A ridiculous mistake, sir, is it not? but four-and-twenty hours will set it all to rights. You can come up to-morrow and we'll see Conyers together, and for to-night I think it would be wise to keep silence about it in the house. Say I have had to go up to town on business—nothing more."

"But the thing is monstrous!" exclaimed Sir John, recovering his breath at last. "You—Gerald—accused of—why, good God!" he broke out passionately, "the very suspicion is a disgrace! Explain it away at

once—explain at once to this officer how he is mistaken—say what you were doing at the time when the woman met her death. The thing is a joke, of course, it will prove to be a joke—you take it in the right way, Gerald—but don't let it be carried any further. If this officer's duty is to take you to London, you must go, of course, but show at once before him, and before me, the ludicrous impossibility of your even being mixed up in such a charge." And with very poor success the old man tried to laugh, then turned abruptly aside and hid away his face between his hands.

"If I was to give an opinion," put in Mr. Wickham, with extreme politeness, "I should say that the less Mr. Gerald Durant states about himself before me just now the better. If a gentleman, circumstanced as Mr. Durant is, was as innocent as the babe unborn, and as able to prove an *alibi* as I am to prove I'm standing here, Sir John Durant, I should observe to a gentleman so circumstanced, 'the less you say before me, except in the ways of general conversation, the better.' These things are forms certainly," added Mr. Wickham, "but forms are forms—and justice is justice—and what I say to Mr. Gerald Durant is, that every word he makes use of now it will be my duty to bring up against him in the course of examination hereafter."

"And you are quite right, Mr. Wickham," said Gerald, quickly. "I see now why you warned me before not to speak. The arrest itself is palpably absurd, but you have performed your part in it with honesty. You will have no objection, I suppose, to my speaking a few words in private to my uncle?"

"None in life, Mr. Durant, none in life. I wish to put you and all of the family to no more ill-convenience than necessary." Then, having previously satisfied himself as to the height of the window from the ground, Mr. Wickham retired to the door, turned aside, and took out his note-book; and Gerald was left to whisper whatever counsel or consolation he could find to give to his uncle.

He said very few words, and all with a smile upon his face, with a manner of calm, of thorough assurance as to the whole thing being an absurd and insignificant kind of practical joke. "You will come up to-morrow morning, Sir. Bring Seton with you, if he will come, and see Conyers at once—although I hardly think it likely we shall want a lawyer's help at all. For the present, the best way is for you to return quietly to the party in the garden, and let nothing whatever be known in the house about my arrest. If Lucia and her mother insist upon having suspicions, let them think I am in one of my usual difficulties about money. Women are not generally very difficult to blind in such matters. I won't even see Lucia before I go, Sir. I couldn't, poor child! I'll see that little friend of hers, Miss Lovell—girls are the best ambassadors in each other's affairs—and entrust her with my farewells, if you can contrive to let me speak to her here alone? Lucky I left that rascal, Bennett, in town. He can bring my things from my lodgings to-morrow, supposing, which is very unlikely, that I am to be kept in durance over another day."

"And you won't see Lucia before you go, Gerald? Isn't this an over-delicacy of feeling? Won't the child herself think it hard?"

"I *could* not see her," said Gerald, hastily, and turning his face away from his uncle's eyes. "Can't you understand, Sir, that I would not have her, or all others, look upon me in such company as this?" glancing for a second toward Mr. Wickham's immovable figure. "When everything is over, Lucia

and I will laugh at it all together; but now—no, I could not see my poor little cousin now! I'll send my farewells to her, as I said, by the parson's daughter, if you can manage for me to speak to her here alone; afterward, when I have had a cup of coffee, I can just get quietly away with my friend here, and later in the evening you will tell them all that I am gone."

He stretched out his hand, and poor Sir John—too stupefied by the suddenness of all that had happened to do more than obey—took and held it silently within his own; then, with a heavy heart (Mr. Wickham opening the door for him as he passed), the old man stole out into the garden, and after parrying the questions of Lady Durant and Lucia as to the cause of Gerald's absence, made some excuse for asking the rector's daughter to walk with him toward the house. Five minutes later, with sinking limbs, with her breath coming awfully, guiltily fast, Archie Lovell entered the library, where Gerald, a cup of coffee in his hand, stood waiting for her in the embrasure of the furthest window; Mr. Wickham upright and motionless, but keeping stealthy watch over every movement his prisoner made, at his post still beside the door.

The poor little girl began to cross the room with faltering, uncertain steps, and Gerald, seeing her hesitation, came forward, kindly took her hand in his, and led her to the window where he had been standing. All coldness, all small animosity toward Archie had died in his heart during the moment when he first realized the new position in which they stood to each other, the danger into which, through his agency, she was about to be brought. Miss Lovell, the coquette whose blue eyes, whose clasped hands, had cost his vanity so dear, was gone; and in her place stood Archie Wilson—the child who had chattered to him in the moonlight, the bright-haired little queen of the Morteville ball, the girl whose fair fame—unless he stood staunch to her now—might, through his fault, and forever, be forfeited. For the first time in his life he felt as simply, frankly generous toward a woman as he would have felt had she been a man. Neither a prey to be run down, nor a toy to be forgotten (Gerald's broad classification, generally), did Archie seem to him now; but a friend, a comrade, the *bon garçon* participator in a mad-cap freak of which he, as the guiltier of the two, must bear the punishment.

"Archie, how kind of you! but I thought you would come. You were always kind to me—kinder far than I deserved!"

He spoke to her just in the tone of their happy Morteville intimacy; as though their last cold meeting, as though his engagement to Lucia, had never been; and every pulse of Archie's heart vibrated at his voice. "I don't know what great kindness there is in walking a hundred yards, Mr. Durant. Your uncle told me you were called away on business, and wanted to speak to me about Lucia, and I came."

"Well, it is not of Lucia that I want to speak, but of myself. Would you have come to me as quickly, I wonder, if you had known that?"

"Of course I would. I am more interested, a hundred times, in you than I am, or ever shall be, in Lucia. You ought to know that, I think. What—what is this that you are going to say to me, Mr. Durant?"

Dim though the light was, Gerald could note the ebbing color on Archie Lovell's face; could note the quick-drawn breath, the quiver of that sensitive, fine-cut mouth; and, as if by inspiration, there flashed a suspicion, singularly near the truth, across his mind. "You have no idea already of what I am going to say, Archie? The time has come, you know, when you and I must keep no more secrets from each other."

"I? how should I? I don't understand you!" But the words came indistinct and broken from her lips. "How is it possible that I can tell what you are going to say?"

"Archie," said Gerald, earnestly, "take my advice, and speak to me more openly. We shall not have ten minutes' conversation together, at most, and on these ten minutes a great deal of my life, and of yours, may hang, I fancy. Look upon me as a friend—a brother, if you like the word better, and be frank! In short, be Archie Wilson again—Archie Wilson in the days before she had learnt to be wise!"

She stood for a minute or more speechless, motionless; and the little hand that Gerald, till now, had forgotten to relinquish, seemed to turn to ice within his own; then with a sort of sob—a sob that made Mr. Wickham in his distant corner look up one instant from his note-book—the truth came out. "I know everything, Mr. Durant," she whispered. "I was too great a coward to speak when I might have warned you, but I know everything! Captain Waters told me, and I have promised to pay him to be silent. I am an impostor, everything that is vilest; but it was for papa's sake, and—ah, Mr. Durant, I think the shame would kill me if I had to come forward, as Captain Waters said, and tell before a judge and a court full of men how I went with you to London!" And then, in broken whispers, the sweet face wet with tears not six inches from Gerald's, she made fullest confession of all that Waters had told her, and of her own vileness—so she called it—in determining to keep her own counsel at whatever cost.

Gerald's lips had grown set and stern long before she finished. "The scoundrel!" he muttered between his set teeth; "the double-dyed, infernal scoundrel! Archie, my poor little friend, how glad I am that you have had courage to tell me all this. You shall never be troubled with Captain Waters any more. He frightened you for nothing, Archie, believe me. I am in a difficult position, the victim rather of a most ridiculous mistake, but there is no more chance of your name being brought forward in any way than of Lucia's. Keep perfectly quiet—it was this I sent for you to say; keep quiet whatever you are told or may fear, and no harm can possibly come near you, I swear it."

"And if—if my evidence is all that can prove you to be innocent!" she faltered, looking at him with dilated, frightened eyes as Captain Waters' words came back to her recollection.

"Your evidence!" Gerald laughed, lightly. "Why, one would think you were a lord chancellor at least to hear all the fine legal words you use! It will not be a question of giving evidence at all. I have to go up to London to-night with the gentleman you see standing there, and by to-morrow or next day the whole mistake will be cleared up."

"And if it is not? if nothing can clear you unless I do come forward and speak? I am not a child, Mr. Durant. I have grown old and wise during the last few weeks," she added, with unconscious sadness, "and if they accuse you of having been present when this woman died, of course I *could* help you by telling how we gave her the cloak—for I am beginning to connect all these things clearly now—and how Captain Waters saw us together at Calais on board the steamer, and—"

"Archie," interrupted Gerald gravely, "if the mistake is harder to prove than I think now, if I am brought into a position of absolute danger—the most improbable occurrence in the world—and want you to speak, I will send

word to you to come. Seton will be with me in town most likely, and I will send him down to you—nay, don't misunderstand me," for at the mention of Ralph she had turned from him with a start; "neither Seton nor any other human being shall ever know what at present is a secret between ourselves. If I want you, Seton will bring you this simple message, 'Come.' If I do not, you will have no message from me at all. Now, I think we understand each other."

"And Captain Waters?" she asked. "I must keep my word, and send him the money—"

"You must do nothing of the kind," interrupted Gerald, promptly. "You must hold no written communication whatever with Captain Waters. I will arrange with the gentleman—pay him the price he asks, and undertake that you, at least, shall never be troubled with him again. You have not forgotten his address, I hope?"

No, she had not forgotten it. Forgotten! had one word he told her been ever really absent from her thoughts since yesterday? "Captain Waters, 50 Cranbourne Street, Leicester Square." Gerald took out a card and wrote this address down, leaning forward through the open window to catch whatever light still lingered as he did so, and Mr. Wickham, looking round quickly, remarked in a voice which seemed, although he stood twenty feet, at least, away, to whisper awfully mysteriously close to Archie's ear, that he believed the time was getting on.

"I am ready for you," said Gerald, cheerily; then in a lower tone, "Good-by, Archie," turning so that he sheltered the girl's shrinking figure from Wickham's sight. "Let me have your hand—so!" and he carried it to his lips, for the second, the last time in his life. "If things had gone differently I think you might have grown to like me in time, and I—well, I could have loved you better than I have ever loved or shall love any woman while I live. The injury I did you was unintentional—you believe that, Archie? and the temptation great! Don't you remember how blue the sea was that day, and how one accident after another seemed fated to fall upon us, and how pleasant it was to be together? You forgive me!"

She could only clasp his hand closely for an answer.

"Very well, then. We shall be fast friends still, whatever happens. Recollect all I have told you about keeping quiet and not troubling yourself in any way on my account, and—let me see, is there anything more for us to say? Well, I've got your glove and, don't be angry, but I shall kiss it sometimes still, Archie, and think of the night I stole it from you—do you remember our quarrel and how bright the moon shone in as we danced that last waltz and made friends again? You mustn't quite forget the Morteville days, you know, and however things turn out, Archie, you must try to think of me kindly! And now," with one long, last look into her face, "God bless you, dear!"

This was how Mr. Durant sent his farewells to Lucia.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"FAIS CE QUE DOIS!"

IN painful, visible constraint, not trusting herself to speak of Gerald or of the interview that she had had with him, Archie Lovell walked home that night by Ralph's side. Early next morning Major Seton, without calling at the rectory, left home for London; and by evening of the same day Bettina had already obtained information, from the most authentic village sources, as to the cause of Mr. Durant's departure; the profession of the mysterious man in plain clothes who had been seen to accompany him into a first-class railway carriage at the Hatton station.

These rumors, whispered at first and contradicted as soon as whispered, were spoken next day above the breath and allowed to pass. On the following morning a short paragraph in the London papers told the Staffordshire world how Mr. Durant had already appeared before the magistrate on the charge of being accessory to the death of Margaret Hall; and then every one rushed away to leave cards and inquiries for poor, dear Lady Durant—and remembered how they always thought Gerald had a vile trick of contracting his eyebrows, and a most sinister expression at times about the corners of his mouth!

And up to the evening of the fourth day from that of his arrest, Archie Lovell heard no more than the vague contradictory reports of the village gossips as to how the case was going on. She called with her stepmother at the Court, ostensibly to inquire for Sir John, who had been seized with an attack of gout on the morning he was to have accompanied Seton to London, and had not left his room since. She listened while Bettina talked by the hour together of Gerald; the likelihood—considering his character—of his guilt; the disgrace to the Durants that must ensue; and the number of fine old families that she, Bettina, had seen Providence—wisely, perhaps! consign to ruin during her life. She helped her father to arrange his cabinets and hang his pictures; went on working at her garden; ate her meals; rose in the morning and went to bed as usual. Did she suffer? She hardly knew herself. The time went awfully, deathfully slow; her heart beat thick and fast at every chance sound, every strange voice she heard; a dull, heavy weight was never absent from her brain. This was as much as Archie could have told of her own condition. Poor Mr. Lovell, observing her heavy eyes and pallid cheeks, hoped, measles being about in the village, that the child was not going to take that disorder a second time; and Bettina—well, Bettina, knowing all she did about the past, suspecting, too, that Archie had half a liking for Gerald still, was not excessively grieved in her inmost heart over the young man's misfortunes. It was a terrible blow for the Durants, of course, but very lucky it all came out before the marriage instead of after; and really if he *had* had anything to do with the young woman's death, it would be impious to wish him to escape altogether from justice. The Durants of Durant would be just as much their neighbors without him as with him, and Archie's secret of a vast deal less consequence. Not, poor young man, that she wished the very worst to come to him: but an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth were the words of Scripture; and Bettina had never seen any particular good come of your Colansos and other softeners-away of Holy Writ as yet.

On the evening of August the twentieth, four days after that of Gerald's arrest, Major Seton suddenly made his appearance at the rectory. The Lovells were just at tea in the pleasant myrtle-scented little parlor, the amber sunset streaming in cheerfully through the open casement, when he was ushered in; Mr. Lovell, with a manuscript book beside him on the table; Bettina chattering in high spirits as she poured out the tea; Archie in a pale muslin dress, her hair shining, a flower in her waist-belt, a goodly pile of seed-cake and fruit upon her plate. Ralph Seton's heart swelled with a feeling that was almost disgust as he looked at her. Her tear-stained cheeks, her silence, her constraint upon the night of Gerald's arrest had made him feel, all too keenly then, that a matter of no common interest had been discussed between them during their parting interview. The fact of her never reminding him again of the money she had wished to borrow showed, he thought, some serious preoccupation of mind, some remorse, some sympathy, at least, with Gerald in his danger; and during his journey down, Ralph had pictured to himself continually the sorrowful face, the eyes haunted by self-reproach that would greet him when he reached the rectory. He saw instead, a peaceful family group; a girl even in such a pass as this, too frivolous (and frivolity in a woman was to Ralph the one unpardonable sin) to forget even the flower at her own dainty waist! Her blue eyes as untroubled, her facile smile as sweet as on that day when—Gerald out of sight and out of mind—she waved her adieu to himself at the Morteville pier: the day when he had the excessive wisdom first to resolve upon putting her away out of his heart!

Very grim and stern, the old moustache took a chair on the side of the table next to Mr. Lovell, and away from Archie, and curtly declining Bettina's offer of tea, brought the conversation round, without an attempt at softening or preamble, to Gerald Durant. "You have all of you heard the truth by this time," he said, addressing himself ostensibly to Mrs. Lovell, "and nothing can be gained by treating the thing as a secret any longer. Gerald Durant comes up for his final examination to-morrow. They have brought the poor fellow twice before the magistrate already, and each time he has been remanded. To-morrow will settle it."

"And you think he will be found guilty?" cried Bettina, opening her eyes wide. "Dear, dear, now Major Seton, *do* you think he will be really condemned?"

"Condemned to as much as a magistrate can condemn, most certainly," was Ralph's answer. "Condemned to an imprisonment which, however it may hereafter end, will effectually blacken his hopes, his prospects, his whole future life. By this time to-morrow Gerald Durant will, in all human probability, be committed to take his trial for the wilful murder of Margaret Hall. He has the best lawyers in London to help him, and as far as the preliminary examination goes they all confess that the evidence against him is simply overwhelming. It is circumstantial all of it," he went on, turning to Mr. Lovell; "but none the less crushing for that. Nothing but the unexpected proving of an *alibi* at the eleventh hour can save Gerald Durant now."

"And how does he take it?" asked Mr. Lovell, whose calm interest in other persons' concerns always savored rather of æsthetic than of commonplace human curiosity. "The situation of an innocent man awaiting an unjust doom is one of the deepest dramatic interest, yet I suspect most writers in treating it take their stand on a somewhat too transcendental ground. Now this Mr. Durant—to be sure, the same name as the people at the Court—

is, I dare say, not at all in the inflamed heroic state of mind that the majority of dramatists and poets would, under such circumstances, paint?"

"He is," answered Ralph, purposely speaking slow and distinct so as to give his words a chance of sinking even on the "frivolous" heart of Archie Lovell, "more frankly, unaffectedly cheerful than I ever thought to see any man in such a position. Not indifferent to what to-morrow may bring—poor lad! for he thinks of those who will suffer by his disgrace—but as calmly ready to meet it as the men of his race have always been to meet danger. Until I looked at Gerald Durant's face in prison, I don't think I ever rightly understood the meaning of the word 'loyalty.'"

Bettina sighed heavily as she raised her teacup to her lips. "Let us hope all things," she murmured, "even while we fear the worst. Let us hope that—as in the case of Jeroboam—hardened impenitence is not being added to the weight of the young man's sins."

"I think not, Mrs. Lovell," said Ralph, with cold emphasis; "Gerald Durant is, I *know*, as innocent of the monstrous charge brought against him as I am. He had not seen Margaret Hall for months, he had no interest in her death, he was not on London Bridge at the moment her death took place. A chain of unhappy accidents has, I believe so woven itself around him that he is not able to bring forward evidence in his own favor without betraying the confidence of another person; and this poor Gerald would no more do than one of his Jacobite ancestors would have saved himself by wishing life to King George upon the scaffold."

"Well, then, he is a fine fellow!" exclaimed Mr. Lovell, with animation, "and I should like to shake his hand. It is not often now that one comes across a trait of the Bayard-like chivalrous feeling of old days. What manner of man can he be though, who will accept his safety at such a price! Archie, are you listening? This friend of Seton's is ready, like one of the knights of old, to brave his own disgrace sooner than betray a trust reposed in him. Nay, but the story is too much for you, little one. Look at her face, Ralph—she is always so—any story of high resolve or carriage is always too much for Archie's heart."

She was of an awful, grayish pallor, a pallor that extended to her lips and throat, and her eyes were fixed with a yearning, eager, expression on her father's face. "It is not too much for me at all, papa," bringing out each syllable with painful, visible effort. "I know I am pale—I can't help it—I turn so always when I hear of things that move me. Papa, you would like to shake Gerald Durant's hand, you say? Would you like to shake the hand of the person he is seeking to screen? I mean if—if that person voluntarily accepts his safety."

"No, Archie," said Mr. Lovell, half smiling at her eagerness. "I would no more care to shake his hand or to hold fellowship with him than you would. Cowardice is the one thing (strange that it should be so, Seton! 'tis the most natural of our vices) that puts a man—or woman, either, for the matter of that—out of the reach of my sympathy."

Then, after an aside from Bettina, as to "cowardice being one thing, my poor Frederick, and common worldly prudence another," Major Seton suffered the conversation to go into a fresh channel; and in a few minutes Archie rose and stole out alone, her father stopping her to kiss her cheek and her hand as she passed to the garden.

Cool, sweet, silent almost to mournfulness, was the August evening at that

half hour after sunset ; the sky of opal paleness, save where one mighty rose-flush stained the west ; a solitary planet shining faint above the pure horizon ; the light on russet woods and yellow corn fields slowly dying, through a thousand gradations of fleeting color, into the exquisite sombre purple of the night. With a feeling almost of loathing at the sight of all that smiling, golden calm, Archie walked away to the part of the garden furthest from the house ; then seating herself wearily upon the low stone wall that formed the boundary of the little orchard, strove to steady the beatings of her feverish heart—to collect her thoughts ; to reason ; to resolve.

Earnestly, with her very might, she strove ; and instead of obeying her, her heart throbbed on more hotly, her thoughts refused to concentrate themselves, her senses took note, with intense, with sickening acuteness, of every outward object by which she was surrounded ; the sweet smell of a neighboring bed of kitchen herbs, the ridiculous tumult the grasshoppers were making in the orchard, the redness of the apples on one particular bough that overhung the wall. When she had remained thus—five minutes, or an hour, she knew not which—there are conditions of the body under which all these arbitrary divisions of time exist for us no more than time itself exists for a man who dreams—a measured step she knew came along the gravel path. She started up nervously, and turning round found Ralph Seton standing close beside her. (Oldened and worn her face seemed to him, now that he saw it in the broad evening light ! The fair young forehead lined and heavy ; the cheeks sunken ; a deep shade round the eyes, giving their blue an almost unnatural brilliant lustre.) “Major Seton,” she exclaimed abruptly, “explain the meaning of the word *alibi* to me ; I have been told once, but I forgot.”

“An *alibi* consists in proving the presence of an accused man in some other place than that where his supposed crime was committed at the time of its commission, Archie. An *alibi*, as I told your father, is all we can look to now for saving Gerald Durant to-morrow.”

“Have you seen him to day ?”

“I have. I saw him not an hour before I left London this afternoon.”

“And he told you that there was some person whose evidence could yet save him ? He told you there was some person whose secret he was determined never to betray ?”

“No, Archie, he did not. I believe, nay, I know, that this is the case, and I urged upon him—I speak to you frankly—I urged upon him that it was his duty to neglect no means of proving his own innocence.”

“Go on !” she exclaimed, breathlessly. “Why do you hesitate ? He answered——”

“By laughing at the very idea of the generosity I imputed to him,” replied Ralph. “Said that I might be quite sure he would take better care of himself than of anybody else ; that—while he trusted implicitly in his innocence making itself felt in the end—an *alibi* was the one thing it was not in his power to prove. At the very time when it was necessary to account for himself, he was driving about London in a hansom, the number of which he had not even looked at, and——”

“And at what hour does his trial take place ?” interrupted Archie, shortly, and in a hard, unmodulated voice ; “the trial to-morrow, I mean.”

“The examination—it is not a trial yet—is to begin at ten o’clock,” answered Major Seton. “It will last over a good many hours ; possibly will not be finished in one day. Sir John Durant is coming up, if he is well

enough, by the first express, and will be in time, poor old man! to hear all that concerns him most—the evidence, such as it is, that will be brought forward in Gerald's defence."

"And you—when do you return?"

"By the mail-train to-night. I came down for a few hours only, principally, Archie, to see you."

"Did Mr. Durant send me any message?"

"He bade me tell you that everything was right, and he hoped you would go over often and see his cousin Lucia."

"And what does a return ticket cost from Hatton to London?"

"A return ticket costs exactly two sovereigns, Archie. Do you want to go to London?"

"I wish you would lend me two sovereigns, Major Seton. I asked you for money before, and did not want it after all; most likely I shan't want this; still I wish that you would lend it to me."

He took out his purse, and, without speaking a word, put two sovereigns into Archie's hand; burning with fever he felt her hand was as it came into contact with his own. "You have nothing else to say to me, Archie, before I go? for my time is up; I must say good-by to you directly. There is no other way in which I can be of use to you?"

"I—I don't know that there is," she faltered. "Tell Mr. Durant you saw me, and gave me his message, and—oh, Ralph," with a sudden impulse, and moving a step nearer to his side, "how I wish I dared ask you one question before you go?"

"Ask it, Archie," said Ralph. "I will give you a very truthful answer if I can."

"Well, if—mind this is all that I mean to tell you—if any one—a girl of my age—was placed—placed—how shall I say it? so that to save another person she must run the risk of forfeiting her own good name, the good name of all the people she cared for most, what ought she to do? If I asked Bettina, she would talk about pride, and self-respect, and family honor! and papa I cannot—I will not ask. Now, what do you say?"

"*Fais ce que dois*," answered Major Seton, instantly. "Truth, uncompromising, unwavering, is the only rule of life that I have ever known to answer either for man or for woman. If pride, and self-respect, and family honor, have to be maintained by sacrificing it, they will not, I should imagine, be worth the holding—any of them."

"And—and—the good opinion of the people who love one?" faltered the girl, with pitiful earnestness. "Ralph, dear Ralph! is that to be sacrificed as nothing, too?"

"Most unquestionably," said Ralph, without a softening inflection in his staid Scotch voice. "Love that had to be bought by falsehood would be a dear bargain in the end, depend upon it, Archie."

"Ah, I am glad I had the courage to ask you this. There is only one more thing I have to trouble you about now. If, Ralph, at any time, it should happen that you grow to despise or hate me, don't let it make any difference between you and papa. Everything bad that I have done has been by my own free will; no one ought to suffer for it but me. And papa—poor papa! would want your friendship all the more if anything happened to turn him a little from me. Will you promise me this?"

"I don't think it requires a promise, Archie," he answered. "I endeavor

when I can to be just. My regard for your father would be strengthened rather than lessened by any ill-doing of yours."

"Thank you, Ralph," her heart dying within her at his coldness; "you have been very good to me, and I—have been false to you from the first hour I saw you in Morteville till now! It's all past, and I don't know if I had to go through it again that I should act differently—however, it's no use talking about that now. You'll remember your word, I think? you'll be good always to papa, whatever happens."

Then she turned; walked away abruptly from his side, and Ralph Seton saw her face no more.

Despise, hate! Never had he so passionately loved her as in this moment of her humiliation, this crowning hour of sorrow of her child's life. The truth was told; the "frivolous" heart of Archie Lovell laid bare before him at last.

BY-GONES.

"**F**ORGIVE you?" from my heart I do,
And did long ago,
As my life must show:
"Forgive you?" yes; and thank you, too.

"For what?" why, that you showed your hand
In the early game:
And I do but blame
Myself, that built on shifting sand.

My life's not all a blank; although
I have drawn no prize;
Tears have cleared mine eyes,
And all that is, is best, I know.

E. A. M.

IL EDITORIO.

AN OPERA.

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

IL EDITORIO (*Barytone*), *Managing Editor of the "Morning Star."*

DON JONESIO (*Tenore*).

DON MAGNIFICO SMITHERINI (*Basso profondo*), } *peace and quiet of the*
Editorio.

DON WHISKERANDO (*Basso secundo*), mortal enemy of *Il Editorio*.

DON POETORIO (*Tenore secundo*), also hostile to *Il Editorio*.

DON MUSTYCUS, *pretended friend of Il Editorio.*

DONNA BOLOGNA FATTINI (*Soprano*), *Prima Donna at the Grand Opera, and secretly an enemy of Il Editorio.*

DON KNIBBS, *Agent and puff-writer of Donna Bologna.*

A corps of Editors.

A corps of Reporters.

Office-Boys.

Scribblers, Idlers, Politicians and Idiots, conspiring against Il Editorio.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A badly furnished inner room in the office of the "Daily Star." A desk, a large inkstand, and a great litter of papers.*

IL EDITORIO and his corps of writers are discovered. *He has dishevelled hair and inky fingers. They have the same—only more so.*

IL EDITORIO advances to the footlights, his corps following, and sings.

Il Editorio. Now then,

My men !

Haste with the nimble pen !

Write me leaders strong and pointed,

Logical, picturesque, not disjointed.

Algebra, chemistry, poetry, history,

Sarcasm, playfulness, irony, mystery ;

Call all the sciences quick to your aid !

Use every metaphor, new or decayed !

Stir up each brain and drag out what is in it—

Mark out your argument, straightway begin it—

Pepper your paragraphs ; don't spare your spice—

Scratch away rapidly; end in a trice.

Then, merrily, merrily, let the quills drive!

Cheerily! cheerily! Thus we will thrive.

No drones! No drones, we'll have in this our busy hive!

Chorus. Merrily, merrily, let the quills drive !
 Cheerily ! cheerily ! Thus we will thrive.
 No drones we'll have in this our busy hive.
 In this, in this our busy hive.

Il Ed. You Penniman, take the Atlantic cable ;
 Rate their rates soundly. To pay them we're not able.
 You'll find in this a Field for your endeavor.
 Tear *Cyrus* into bits ! His rope yarns spin forever.

Chorus. Merrily, merrily, etc.

Il Ed. Louis Napoleon turns 'gainst Maximilian ;
 Max is in debt for near upon a billion.
 Inkhorn, my boy, we leave this task to you.
 We'll show them for this Louis we do not care a *sous*.

Chorus. Merrily, merrily, etc.

Il Ed. Three articles on politics are *quantum suff*.
 To let the opposition see we're up to snuff.
 You Reddink, take the fashions. You Johnquil, take the *races*.
 Pater, write a short piece on how the ladies paint their faces.

Chorus. Merrily, merrily, etc.

Il Ed. Now, then, be off, and scratch away like mad !
 Time's short. 'Tis money, Franklin said. That's why it's "short," egad !
 But above all, I charge you, don't be prosy.
 E'en now they say the "Daily Star" is getting dozy.

Chorus. Merrily, merrily, etc. [*The writers have a short dance and go out.*]

IL EDITORIO.

Il Ed. Now then, our letters, let us not waste this 'our.
 We'll bolt our correspondence, while our luncheon we devour.
 [*He takes from a pigeon-hole two hard crackers and a bit of cheese, and nibbles while opening a large pile of letters.*]

IL EDITORIO, DON JONESIO.

Don Jon. Do I behold Il Editorio ?

Il Ed. You do, indeed, sir.

Don Jon. Can I be spared a moment of his valuable time ?

Il Ed. Pray, be seated.

[*Don Jonesio sits and draws mysteriously from his waistcoat pocket a soiled bit of paper.*]

Don Jon. I have here a notice of a death, sir, which I wish inserted in your valuable columns.

Il Ed. Do you take me for an advertising clerk ?

Don Jon. Ten thousand pardons ! [*They rise and come forward.*]

Il Ed. Go below, sir !

You must know, sir,
 Deaths we do not take up here.
 Why this bother ?
 Cease this pother !
 Your mistake is really queer.
 In the office, sir,
 You'll find an officer
 Who takes all notices with such a head.
 That's his task, sir,

And all he'll ask, sir,
Is, if your friend is really dead.
Don Jon. As a door nail, sir,
I'll go bail, sir.
I've here a writing from the coroner.
I know the law, sir,
So hold your jaw, sir!
Pray, do you take me for a foreigner?

Il Ed. Oh! go below, sir, etc.

[*Drives him out.*]

IL EDITORIO.

Il Ed. He's gone! I breathe once more! He has enraged me quite.
The negroes take up time enough, without this wretched wight.

IL EDITORIO, DON MAGNIFICO SMITHERINI.

Don Mag. (with empressment). My dear friend, Il Editorio!
Il Ed. My noble friend! Don Magnifico, your most obedient.
Don Mag. An article, quite pungent, I have written.
Il Ed. Ah!
Don Mag. 'Tis short, and is, I think, a crusher.
Il Ed. Oh!
Don Mag. 'Tis on taxes.
Il Ed. Ah!
Don Mag. Pray, let me read it.

[*He draws a prodigious MS. from his pocket.*]

Il Ed. Sir, I beg—
Don Mag. Thus it begins: "Beef, sugar, bread"—
Il Ed. Sir, my time is precious—
Don Mag. "Beef, sugar, bread"—pray do not interrupt me.
Il Ed. Pray, leave with me the manuscript, and I—
Don Mag. "Beef, sugar, bread"—
Il Ed. Sir, such an extended article for our short columns—
Don Mag. Then you decline it? I prithee, hear me!
Il Ed. Nay, I assure you, 'tis of no avail.
Don Mag. (rising). Since, then, you spurn this great effusion,
It shall work to your confusion.
Straight to the "Daily Constitution!"
They will thank me with profusion.
They will print it; they shall print it, if I pay them line for line.
Il Ed. Sir, I gave no provocation
For this violent affirmation;
But if the Chief of this great nation
Brought me a communication
And should ask that he might read it, straight the honor I'd decline.
Don Mag. To your rivals I will give it.
Mark my words; they now shall have it.
Il Ed. Sir, your words are quite uncivil.
You may take it to the d—l!

[*Kicks him out.*]

IL EDITORIO.

Il Ed. He's gone! Pray heaven the "Constitution" takes it.
My constitution's pretty strong, but this old bore quite shakes it.

[*He again turns to his letters.*]

IL EDITORIO, DON WHISKERANDO.

Don Whis. (with drawn sword). Il Editorio?*Il Ed.* Sir, to you!*Don Whis.* Revenge I seek. Abuse from your vile sheet I now will bear no longer.*Il Ed.* 'Tis well, I will not baulk you.*[He touches a bell on his right hand.*

ENTER THE FIGHTING EDITOR.

Il Ed. Slay me that caitiff!*[He returns to his letters. Terrific combat with rapiers, bowie knives, pistols and epigrams, between the F. E. and Don W. The latter is cut down and the F. E. kneels on his stomach.]**Fighting Ed.* My liege, the deed is did. Our foe I have my knee on. Say, shall I dance the Indian's jig of war, or sing a European pæan?*Il Ed.* Slay him! But still there's nothing mean in us; our heart is large.

We'll print this man's obituary without the usual charge.

[The Fighting Editor cuts Don Whiskerando in pieces. Enter office boys, who gather up the pieces in baskets. The Fighting Editor goes out, wiping his ensanguined weapons.]

IL EDITORIO.

Il Ed. A moment's quiet now for us. Don Whiskerando is no more. Our bruiser's metal's very good. The fight is also o'er.

IL EDITORIO, DON POETORIO.

Don Po. Sir, a poem!*Il Ed.* Sir, we cannot print it.*Don Po.* Adieu, great Editorio.

IL EDITORIO, DON MUSTYCUS.

Don Mus. Sir, a trifling squib!*Il Ed.* Sir, we'll read it.*Don Mus.* Adieu, great Editorio.

IL EDITORIO, DONNA BOLOGNA FATTINI, DON KNIBBS.

Donna B. My dear, beloved Editorio!*Il Ed.* My dearest warbler!*Donna B.* The critic of your journal has most mercilessly abused me.*Il Ed.* My sweetest chanter!*Donna B.* I seek redress.*Il Ed.* Most charming songstress, our critic has full powers—*Donna B.* He said my sharps were flat. Yet hear me!*"Robert, Robert, toi que j'aime," etc.**Il Ed.* Refrain from that refrain! Strain not to sing that strain. There is no music in our soul; our sole defect is plain.*Don Knibbs.* Sir, her organ is in tune.*Il Ed.*

Can you buy this paper for a song?

Don Knibbs. Give us redress!*Donna B.*

Still stubborn? Then I'll sing here all night long.

[*Donna B. F. sings, "I dreamt that I dwelt," and other unpleasant things, for a considerable period of time. Then enter various conspirators, of different nations and colors, desiring to see Il Editorio. Some have manuscripts which they unroll.*]

IL EDITORIO, DONNA BOLOGNA, DON KNIBBS, THE CONSPIRATORS.

Conspirators. Sir, we are here;

We seek your ear.

We do not mean to go away.

To bore's no crime.

We bide our time.

At your desk we mean to stay.

[*Donna Bologna sings "The Soldiers' Chorus" from "Faust," arranged as a solo.*]

Il Ed. (in despair.) What ho! My trusty corps! Gli Editorii and I Reporterii!

IL EDITORIO, DONNA BOLOGNA, DON KNIBBS, CONSPIRATORS, EDITORS, REPORTERS.

Il Ed. I am distracted. Drive me hence this noisy crowd.

Eds. and Reps. Wretched rabble!

Cease this babble!

From this chamber you shall go.

Would you bore us?

Fly before us,

Or the cause we soon will know.

Conspirators. We a rabble?

Cease this babble!

Here we stick and here we stay.

You must fear us,

You must hear us,

Or we go not hence to-day.

Donna B. (sings in imitation of Madam Parepa.) "'Till five o'clock in the morning."

Omnes.	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{We} \\ \text{She} \\ \text{It} \\ \text{You} \\ \text{They} \\ \text{Them} \end{array} \right\}$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{will ne'er} \\ \text{shall now} \end{array} \right\}$	go hence!
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[*A fearful struggle takes place. Much ink is slung, and the editors finally clear the room. Il Editorio waves a proof sheet triumphantly over his head.*]
TABLEAU !]

CURTAIN.

NOVELISTS' POETRY.

IT is almost impossible, I think, to glance over any collection of late English poems, without being impressed with the large number which might be classified under this head, in contradistinction to poets' poetry. Not only those actually written by novelists (which serve to mark the type), but a host of others, so identical with these in spirit and execution, that they ought logically to be the productions of effective prose writers, the by-play and pastime of those whose real work has been performed in another department of literature. Reading them, you are sufficiently interested and excited to demand the novels the first have written, and those the second should have written. Of these latter you feel that they either lack the industry and strength required for sustained prose labor, or have not awakened to a consciousness of their best power and the fittest field for its exercise. Here are men and women from whom the world might hope for first-class work in their own department, but for their fatal facility in rhyme; had they only been born with a blessed blindness to any connection between "heart" and "dart." The excellence of what they have done only proves how much better they might have done. That subtle critic, Edgar A. Poe, has said, that "an author who doubts of his thesis may always resolve his doubt by a single question, 'might not this matter be as well or better handled in prose?'" This rule applied, not only to their natural subject matter but to their whole mental structure, would decide their true vocation. A tendency and ability simply to treat of those themes where artificial adjuncts are dominant, where some passionate sentiment only requires fiery expression, must convince any one that a title different, not only in infinite degree but in essential quality, belongs to him, from that which is bestowed upon the genius who established this test for others and whose own works will most truly bear it.

To realize how searching a solvent, how legitimate a trial it is, you have only to take up one of the poems in question and see with what ease you can mentally divest it of its loosely-fitting garment of rhyme and rhythm. For instance, take Owen Meredith's "*Madame la Marquise*," or his "*Aux Italiens*." Here you have just that perceptive faculty, half artistic, half theatric, that ability to convey color and scenic effect through the medium of a printed page, that capacity for painting word-pictures, which are the distinguishing marks of the natural storyteller, and from which so many novelists derive their entire power. But, I am tempted to say with Poe's "*Raven*," "Only this, and nothing more."

You can easily imagine Mr. Lawrence putting both scenes into an equally effective and even more appropriate form. Indeed, many of this class of poems, especially when written by men, seem but so many chapters of "*Guy Livingston*" done into rhyme; though if Mr. Lawrence had served us up

"Aux Italiens," he would scarcely have given us anything by way of moral so simply true, as,

The world is full of folly and sin,
And love must cling where it can, I say;
For beauty is easy enough to win,
But one isn't loved every day.

In both these poems you have the shine of silk and the glitter of jewels, the mellow light of the boudoir or the shaded brightness of the stage and opera house—but where is

—— the light
That never was on sea or land !

These things are very brilliant, are marvellously well done in their own way; but think of the "Ode to Immortality," the "Skylark," or "Tears, idle tears," before you call them the work of a poet. Better still, think of the sound of the waves, or of the wind making fitful music in the treetops, and try to harmonize their cadence with the measure of these verses; or turn your eyes to the infinite depths of the blue heavens above you, and learn that, however prismatic this word-coloring may be, it is not nature's wondrous tinting, which only the heaven-born poet has eyes to see truly or voice to sing. It would be long before you would instinctively read these lines at such a time, nestling thus close to nature's heart, and dreaming not only of her interpreters, but of humanity's also.

The distinction, however, is not so much one of condemnation as of essential difference. It is scarcely the old division into verse-makers and poets—in the generally accepted sense of those terms—for a majority of these productions would stand securely many of the tests by which mere verses are swiftly ruled out of the high court of poesy. They have nothing to fear from (in fact, they rest their chief claim upon) the celebrated Mr. Sparrowgrass' definition of poetry.

"Mrs. Sparrowgrass," said I, "what do you think of that as poetry?"

Mrs. Sparrowgrass said that what I had been reading her had not struck her in that light.

"Then, Mrs. Sparrowgrass," said I solemnly, "it is not poetry; for to be poetry, it *must strike*."

If these do nothing else they certainly fulfil this requirement. They not only strike, but they stir—the blood, the heart, the fancy and the passions, everything but the soul, the pure imagination and ideality. Being, except in form, small sections of novel, they are written, like most works of the description, quite as much from the blood as from the brains. There is the same prominence given to externals, the same intuitive seizing upon effective contrasts both material and spiritual, the same toning out of the broader, more easily-defined emotions and passions—in fact, a use of just those tools and materials with which a novelist works legitimately and well. Their invariable tendency to the first person, and instant definition of, and emphasis upon the sex of the speaker, are identical.

That in "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," "Browning's Dramatic Lyrics," and "Locksley Hall," great poets have voluntarily assumed these conditions, worked marvels by these means, only proves the power and truth of that genius whose radiance clothes all that it touches with its own divinity. Their genius has no surer ratification than their ability to transport it into another sphere than that most natural to it.

This last test (though used from the exactly opposite starting point), if applied to the dead leader of English novelists, would produce only increased testimony to the greatness of that man whose shoe-latchet the best of us was not mentally worthy to unloose. When he "deviates" into rhyme, he invariably remains faithful to the natural structure of his mind—but he never leaves his genius behind him. In his choice of subjects though, he is always loyal to his legitimate calling. He gives you a "Chronicle of the Drum," with its immortal summing up of the military history of the world,

Cheer up, 'tis no use to be glum, boys ;
For 'tis written since fighting begun,
That sometimes we fight and we conquer,
And sometimes we fight and we run.

And as you see and hear the old French drummer, sitting by the barrier and babbling of past days and deeds, you recognize the familiar master-touch, and thank heaven for its work in any form. Or, it is the old bachelor "dipping his nose in Gascon wine;" but though "the hands are the hands of Esau, the voice is the voice of Jacob," for it speaks a translation of what many of his characters have said without the poetic guise. Or, again, it is "At the Church Porch," and the watching lover is so tender, and pure, and loving, that you almost fancy you have been shown Colonel Newcome himself, in those simple, happy, boyish days when he loved the pretty, timid French girl; and, perhaps, thus waited for her coming, before some Catholic Church he dared not enter. It is always the great story-teller of whom you are conscious, even when he wears this slight, fanciful mask.

Of course genius is "a law unto itself," and needs no excuse for any form it chooses to assume; but for ordinary novelists to "fall into poetry," as our friend Mr. Wegg would express it, can only be regarded, I think, as a weakness—though a very explicable one. The results strike me as resembling Dick Steele's "bottle and six," the last five of which Mr. Thackeray called "works of somewhat questionable supererogation."

And yet, consider how great are the temptations.

In the first place, they feel that "with a price," great or otherwise, "they have bought their freedom;" that, having worked, they have acquired the right to occasionally play. Then there is the universal beguilement of human laziness, the inclination to buy fame with the smallest personal exertion. Third, the extreme relief afforded by a difference of work, by a mental change of position. No one can realize, except by experience, the strain of long-continued prose effort, the wear and tear of writing a lengthy novel. The burden of the whole story seems upon you during the entire time. Not only does the part upon which you are at work demand all your powers, but it involves such a dreadful responsibility to all other parts, to the complete past and future of your characters. But in writing a set of verses from an almost momentary impulse, you rid yourself of all this. The sentiment or speaker is on your hands only while you choose to use it or him; and you can dissolve all connection and accountability at the end of the evening. As it were, they are "after the order of Melchizedek, without beginning or end of days." This comparatively gives you the liberty which Lamb, I think, said Coleridge required in his conversation—"fine talker, very; if you let him start from no premises, and go to no conclusions." Then, as I said before, novel writing certainly partakes of the nature of art in one particular—it is "long." I have never seen a bricklayer laboring without a sensation of sym-

pathy and fellow feeling. Just so, layer by layer, brick by brick, is a story built up; and it requires patience, faith and courage to go steadily on with a work whose end, after weeks of toil, is scarcely perceptibly nearer. Under these circumstances, think of the fascination of mounting your Pegasus, even though he be but feeble in the wings and incline in general structure to the Rosinante pattern, and taking a swift little flight to a goal actually visible from your starting point. I can only say in the words of the poet,

None but he that feels it knows.

There is one place which the higher order of "novelist's poetry" fills, and fills well—the pages of our magazines. Their editors receive scarcely any better, and certainly no more popular material. The choicer specimens have force and peculiarity enough to rouse the attention, without being too original; they express sentiments and emotions which all recognize that they have felt or may feel; they please the best class of readers to a certain degree, and yet are beyond nobody's comprehension. They are invariably welcome to women, especially young ones; and it is to these that our novels and periodicals owe their largest success and sale.

That the poorer, weaker class of these poems is sometimes allowed to appear, is only the result of sad necessity. A magazine has to be conducted rather on the principle of a dairy. If cream will only rise, who so glad as the milkman to serve it out to his importunate customers; thereby remunerating himself and establishing his reputation. But if no cream appear, what can he do but give, upon the same urgent demand, the top layer of the milk? In the case of the mental commodity, that this should be as much as possible of the cream, creamy, the editor is certainly more deeply interested than any one else, and deserves more sympathy, under the circumstances, than reprobation.

Of one thing we may be sure. So long as indolent or mediocre talent is at work, or genuine, vigorous talent at play, "novelist's poetry" will not cease from the land. And, indeed, I see no reason why it should, if it is content to occupy its own place. Those who have the gift of speech will always utter their thought in the way in which it demands to be spoken; but at no time can it do harm to make an effort to call things by their own names.

ANNE M. CRANE.

D'OUTRE MORT.

A MOUNTAIN intervale all velveteed in green, and half the verdure over-laid with gold by broad rays of sunset falling level through the pass—the hills, behind, a gray and gloomy encampment softened with wreaths of vapor and dim recesses of deepest purple, and here and there above the gaps a pale star trembling on the paler blue. In spite of the approaching night, there was a gay glad strength about the scene, so that all who saw it might have felt light at heart, as if the rocky rampart shut out the sorrows of the world and made the charmed valley an enchanted place.

They had been mowing in the intervale; half-formed haycocks, picturesquely piled along the meadows, loaded the air with heavy sweetness; in one, partly overthrown, a lounge lolled luxuriously, singing idly to himself that little Venetian song of Browning's, to some tune delightful as the words:

Oh, which were best, to roam or rest?
The land's lap or the water's breast?
To sleep on yellow millet-sheaves,
Or swim in lucid shallows, just
Eluding water-lily leaves,
An inch from Death's black fingers, thrust
To lock you, whom release he must;
Which life were best on Summer eves?

The perfumed wind blew softly over the singer, like a placid breath; the sense of gathering evening hung above him; he lay upon the billowy hay as if it were a cloud; he was a voluptuary in his pleasures; well for him if they were always as innocent.

A young girl approached the singer, swinging her hat as she came, and radiant in the low sunshine.

She was named Orient—either because she seemed, with her golden locks, her fresh fair tints, like an impersonation of morning and the East, or because when she was born hope's day-star rose again in her mother's forlorn heart. Such a lovely yet half-fantastic creature was she, that you hardly believed in her existence when away from her.

“What are you looking for, Orient?” said the lounge.

“The fountain of youth,” answered her silvery tones. “It should be somewhere in this happy valley.”

“You do not need it,” he replied, after a lingering glance.

She stooped and extricated a long sweet-briar bough from the hay with which it had been bent but not cut down, and twisted it, still blossoming, round and round her head till it made a fragrant diadem of rosy stars.

“Do not,” said Reymund. “Take it off; or I shall have to do as Voltaire did: erect my long, thin body and stand before you like a point of admiration!”

Orient did not reply, and, fulfilling his threat, he went on by her side to the old farm-house that had been turned into a Summer hostelry for guests.

More stars were beginning to steal forth in the tender firmament; the breeze blew down more freshly from the hills and brought the big dews and scattered starbeams with it; music was hushed, and all the world was still. It was Summer evening, yet an unreal kind of Summer, as Summer might be in a distant dream, blown over by cool, awakening winds. Now and then Orient stopped to pick up a great butterfly that had fallen benumbed from its perch and lay it gently to rest among the leaves, without brushing a speck of dust from its freckled wings; after that her fingers worked in a vine by the way, and she pulled aside a tendril that kept a sleepy flower from shutting up its petals. As she did so, a little mother-bird upon her eggs stirred and briefly twittered out her secret to Orient's ear. Reymund, who loitered in waiting for her, thought she seemed, as much as any of them, like a flower, a moth, a bird herself, a beautiful and almost dumb existence of nature.

He was not a man easily intimidated, or of unvaried experience; but the thin atmosphere of awe about this girl was something he had never penetrated; the ease with which he met another, toward her became impertinence; gay and careless with many, he felt that she was something apart, sacred as a passion-flower; he scarcely dared approach her lightly; when he spoke to her he crossed himself in his heart.

They had never met until a month ago, yet their address had been familiar almost from the first; on her side, through a large-eyed, childlike fearlessness, on his—he could not have answered why. He watched her as one watches a clear planet glow steadily from the soft, golden sky, but he seemed nevertheless to know all her characteristics without studying them—he imagined that to one weary of trifle and artifice and the hollow way of the world, here was the rest divine. Yet beyond a point, he found this cool, remote being inaccessible—as though there had been a gulf between them. He knew not how to call the blush to her cheek, the sparkle to her eye; if she had been some alien creature she might have been nearer—to enrich her with human love was as fruitless effort as scattering the pollen of a rose into the heart of a cold white lily. And yet, Reymund knew—as if through the same natural operations as those by which his pulse was made to beat, his breath to draw—that Orient's soul needed his for its entirety; that his soul required hers, all as much as a star needed its atmosphere, a flower its fragrance, the earth itself its spherical roundness. It was not so much that he already loved her passionately, as that he felt himself lost without her; he had been in Orient's presence, it seemed, all the time that he had ever lived; how could he then depart from it? If that which was a clod suddenly found itself a bed of blossom, how could it ever return again to dreary earthiness?

He watched her now approaching. Had any one said that she trailed lustre behind her as she walked, he would have answered that he had seen it. But to speak to her of any grace or charm or perfection that she possessed—why, these things were herself, her identity, sacred and secret; as easily to some skiey messenger of solemn heaven commend his airy flight!

"In what wonderful ways these mountains change their expression," said Reymund, as she joined him again at last.

"Yes," she replied, "they are different beings every hour."

"A little while ago," he continued, "they seemed like an army of giants sitting down to besiege the valley; now they are a wall between us and mankind, death cannot break through it, sickness cannot cross it."

"They are more alive than that," said Orient. "This old sombre one moved

aside just now to make room for the little alp laughing over his shoulder, with the rosy vapor streaming high on her face."

"Perhaps you hear what they are saying to one another, then?" he asked, half jestingly.

"I often do."

"And you will translate?"

"No. In the first place you would laugh; in the last place, disbelieve."

"On my soul—no!"

"I am not certain that you have a soul!"

"Indeed? Is it so?" half sadly.

"They say what the torrents rushing down by Chamouni say!"

"Ah! And at other times?"

"They talk of the beginning of the earth, and conjecture concerning the end of things."

"And do they take any notice of you? Nature always seems to me careless and indifferent."

"They invite me to come up and lie down on their great sides where the sun has lain all day before me. Yes, they always smile upon me."

"Do not go—at least until the mamma and I go with you."

"I should not be afraid alone."

No—fear had never found the depths of those liquid, lucent eyes, he thought. "The mountains might be civil enough," he rejoined, "and give you their purple berries to eat, their wild white brooks to drink—but I could not answer for the black bears and snakes."

"I think I could."

"And this, of course is only what you interpret the hills to mean, sitting there in their grim conclave and affording us such a narrow coronal of sky?" asked Reymund, smiling.

"I do not know," she answered, doubtfully. "I said things were real to me."

"There must have been those like you, who first saw and believed in fairies and all the goblin people," he said, still smiling.

"My father died before I was born," said Orient. "Perhaps that gave me some lien upon the spiritual world."

"Then you see bogles as well as other things—as well as the personalities of bud and bird and granite pile? Uncanny creature! What pleasure shall I take in meeting your glance when it rests also on a dead man behind me, and on the fetch of one about to join the innumerable caravan beside me? I must take my revenge normally and in kind—if I die before you, you shall surely have a visitation from me. How should you like that?"

"You would be just as welcome then as now," she answered gravely.

"An equivocal compliment. Nevertheless, I accept it as a challenge. Will you promise its counterpart?"

"When I die," said Orient, "I shall have other things to do."

"But I would like to see a ghost, just to be assured that there are such things."

"As if there could be any doubt!"

"You understand, then," he said, as she went in under the low woodbine-curtained door, "that at some time—when time shall be no more—I will cast my shadow at your feet!"

It was an hour later that, while he still strolled in the short, wet grass and enjoyed the rich, half dusky atmosphere, he heard Orient singing gently from

her window, as she leaned out upon the cool, star-sown air, and the song seemed to belong to her, like a natural expression, as to the night the night-wind, or to the dark the dew:

In the evening over me leaning,
Often I fancy a waving wing,
And with the warning of blushing morning
Softly glimmers the same fair thing.

O bright being, beyond the seeing
Of aught but the spirit that feels you near,
Your white star leaving, and earthward cleaving,
You break the murk of this mortal sphere.

Still, sweet stranger, in peace or danger,
Out of the air above me bloom,
And heaven's own sweetness in such completeness
Drop on my head from your shining plume!

Even while he heard her singing, the sense of her remoteness gave Reymund a slight shudder. If she had been one shade more human; if he had ever seen her moved by any sparkle of wit, any drollery of humor, into a frolicking outburst of laughter, by any mischievous vexation into a flash of anger, a season of pettishness—but no, such little incidents affected her no more than thistle-down affects the wind; and recognizing it, Reymund knew that he loved her, yet felt somehow as he felt who had pledged a bridal ring upon the finger of a ghost; as that youth felt, perchance, whose beautiful mistress was after all a ghoul. He need not have concerned himself; Orient had no especial care for him; he passed before her, busy in her world of dreams, like a shadow; if she smiled upon him, it was as she smiled on everything else about her, as she smiled on the pink-wreathed peach bough, on the urchin tumbling in grass, on the sunbeam overlaying both, on blue sky or on rainy weather; though, indeed, for the latter, Orient had superfluous smiles; she was always sunny herself upon a stormy day; she used to say that it seemed as if nature had grown so familiar with her that she could afford to receive her and show herself to her in undress. Perhaps, had Reymund been more free himself from the soil and stain of earth, Orient would not have been so intangible.

They were going one day up the mountain, Orient, her mother, the guide and Reymund, the first two riding, Reymund and the guide on foot. The air was so clear that it seemed like living in the inside of a crystal; everything stood with sharp outlines, as if drawn with a burin upon the deep substance of the blue: far away tender gauzes took up the distance, but that was merely on the outside edges of the world. After they had exhausted the view from the wide-reaching summit, where the eye seemed to wrest from the Creator more than had ever been given to it, they went below into the shelter of the great rocks and lunched. It was late in the afternoon ere they remounted and sought their way down the long descent. The path which had been slight with difficulties in climbing was now full of downward terrors. Orient bent far back in her seat, unable to see where her horse would plant his feet. It seemed to her that he was stepping over sheer abysses, and just as she herself went sliding and slipping forward over his head and down, a strong arm from an unseen form behind the cliff, round which she had just wound, would grasp her, and Reymund would hold her firm till the beast stood foursquare again. It was to her a thing like the arm of Providence made visible

to faith. Suddenly the girth broke, and but for that strong arm on the instant outstretched, Providence itself alone knows what would have become of her. Reymund caught her then as she reeled from the saddle, and placed her on the ground. The horse, startled by the unexpectedness of the affair, fled forward; the guide left the bridle he had held behind and pursued him. Catching the rein with a jerk and oath, he dealt such a blow with his boot that the animal lost his balance and fell, and would have rolled over the precipice but for a prostrate tree. In a moment what Reymund had wanted to see was granted him. Orient sprang forward, her face aflame, her eyes like balefires. The guide, amazed, as one might be at the sight of an avenger in his path, obeyed her single word, her vehement gesture, and plunged down the way and left them.

"Orient! what have you done?" cried her mother.

"Well, well, mamma," answered the suddenly convicted and penitent one, "we can follow his red cap."

But the guide, twice too cunning, hid himself in underhung paths that he knew, and they had not a sign or signal for aid.

Nevertheless, Reymund gladly accepted this fate because of the thing that brought it, and at which another man would have looked askance. This thing, this little temper, had proved to him that Orient was human—and therefore, to be won. He raised the pony, remounted Orient, and did his best in place of their faithless leader, trusting more to the instincts of the animals themselves than to any mountaineer's craft of his own.

The sharp outlines of distant peaks began to burn and blacken, those of the nearer rock and stunted shrub to grow diffuse; the air was keen and chill, a reddening sunset smouldered in clouds below them and shut out the world, a cold, wet mist below threatened to come creeping up around them. The horses neighed to each other, grew jaded and uncertain, stopped. Masses of impassable rock closed them in on every side, save the narrow defile through which they came and the precipice below; the atmosphere was purple with shade and clung to them in dew; already one star hung out its blue lamp.

"We can go no further," said Reymund. "This spot is more sheltered than any we are likely to find. Let us do what we can for comfort, and wait for the morning."

The mother bewailed herself; but Orient made cheer, and while Reymund corralled the horses, she was busy collecting twigs and splinters and bits of wood and dry moss in a pile. "Light them with your matches, Reymund," she said. "A cigar will keep you warm, but we need a bit of blaze, perhaps."

"When it is darker," he replied; "you will need it more a little nearer to the witching time."

"Do you imagine we shall see witches?"

"Take care, or you will see stars."

He rode alone through the silent night,
She swam like a star to his left and right,

sang Orient. "After all, it is not the Walpurgis Night."

"If we could only have a cup of tea!" sighed the mamma, at a loss for her luxuries in the wilderness.

"It will be so much more refreshing to-morrow," said Orient. "And seasoned with romance—a dash of danger—your first adventure, little mother!"

But the little mother had no fancy for adventures; and while her daughter lost all her serenity and was crazy with delight at the wild beauty of the

thing, she grew more and more lachrymose, and afforded at last a good background of shower for all Orient's rainbows. Thereon Orient, sitting down, put her arms round her and comforted her, till the mother became herself somewhat alive to the circumstance that one seldom saw such a scene twice in a lifetime.

They had remained on the rocky platform where they paused, a shelf that after a few yards ended in an abrupt fall that led away by a course of stark precipices into the great valley beneath. This valley, filled with rolling vapor, whose volumes, smitten by sunset, were fused in splendid color, made a pavilion of cloud beneath them where billows of fleecy crimson and shining scarlet curdled together into creamy crests, here seeming to lash in feather-white foam against the base of some crag, and there letting a late sunbeam plough through spaces of a violet-dark drift till they were all inwrought with gold. Above them the cold and mighty heaven was already faintly but thickly strewn with stars.

"Into what awful and glorious region are we translated!" cried Orient. "We are above the world and the people of the world. Are we flesh and blood?"

"The free spirits of the air 'have no such liberty' as this of ours," said Reymund.

"It is just as if we were dead!" shivered the mamma. "And I'm sure it's cold enough for that!"

Orient wrapped the shawls about the doleful little woman, while Reymund opened his knapsack for any remnants of lunch that might afford them consolation. He kindled the fire, too, for the colors were fading away beneath, and the sky was getting gloomy overhead; and warmed and enlivened in the genial light of the briefly crackling blaze, they forgot that they were lost upon the mountain, and all the possible horrors of their fate. But to Reymund there were few horrors in it, for if he died of exposure and starvation there on the bald, pitiless mountain, it would be with Orient in his arms at last.

While the fire crackled, Reymund found in his breast-pocket a tiny flask of cordial which he divided into three portions. "Drink it," he said to them, "and make it take the place of the tea. It is Chartreuse—oily sunshine—distilled from the cones of some old fir-tree. First cousin to the cedars of Lebanon, for all I know. Mark how you taste hemlock in it. Socrates poisoned with hemlock? No, no; he drank himself to death on Chartreuse."

Orient heard him indignantly. "I do not like it," said she, when her turn came, and left hers in the horn. Reymund laughed; he hesitated a moment, then tossed it off himself.

The fire did not last them long, for all the twigs they could collect were scanty; the blaze had heated the rock a little, they drew closer to it, and the mother, curling up against it in her shawls, composed herself as she could for slumber—the voices of Orient and Reymund, from where they still sat and talked together, lulled her as the murmur of the waterfall lulled sleep himself. Orient was repeating Jean Ingelow's dream of her lover fallen and dead among the hills, with its vague and awesome imagery. "I do not understand," she said, as she ceased, "this solicitude that my mother and so many others feel concerning their burial-place. I love life, delicious life—but if we die and lie unburied here forever among the lonely precipices, it will not matter any more to us than it did to the youth." And she repeated again:

The first hath no advantage—it shall not soothe his slumber
 That a lock of his brown hair his father ay shall keep ;
 For the last, he nothing grudgeth, it shall naught his quiet cumber
 That in a golden mesh of his, callow eaglets sleep.

Reymund quaked at the moment, as he thought of any lustrous lock of Orient's curling out of the fierce beak that should tear it away from the white brow. Then he said : "Too philosophic by half. As for me, with the first peep of day in this high meridian, I shall be up and doing, and find a way to our level again or—perish in the attempt."

"Resolved to perish any way. Give you liberty or give you death. I do not feel in such a hurry to be gone. How silent and solemn it is—what a clear darkness—listen a moment and catch the sough of that pine forest far beneath, like the wings of some great spirit sifting the air. I have never been so near heaven. I understand now why in the Bible they so often withdrew into a high mountain."

Reymund did not answer her. "Say your prayers, innocent one," was what he thought. "Wherever you are, there heaven is near."

By-and-by Orient crept closer to her mother for mutual comfort, wound her own cloak round her like a chrysalis, and drowsed and dreamed.

Reymund sat beside her, his knees drawn up, his hands clasped round them. It was very cool ; the air was so still that he wondered at the absence of a stinging frost, and he hugged himself thus for warmth. Orient stirred in her half-recumbent sleep, and her head fell on his shoulder. After that, the solid mountain was less immovable than he. He let the beautiful head remain, watching it with downcast, sidelong gaze ; if he had longed with all his heart to smooth one tress, to put his arm over her in a sheltering embrace, he dared not touch her. Something said to him that she was of a grade above, as the disembodied is beyond the clay ; said, too, that whatever lovely or fine there might be in himself, the thickness of the outer wrapping rendered it invisible to her ; that for Orient to read him right he must wait for another life. In spite of all that, he hoped—hoped madly and wildly, there in the chill night, with the beautiful head fallen on his shoulder and the sweet, warm breath stealing gently across his bending brow. He had a strange fancy now and then that out of the encircling shadow a great face came and looked—whether that of some uncreated thing, some phantasm of his brain, or that of some celestial being, some resident of vast spaces, or only a wild beast, a big, brown bear, roving on their tracks and coming to peer about their unprotected bivouac. Whatever it was, it retired as often as it came, awed in its turn, he thought, by the sweet innocence of that golden head. A late moon rose down over the low side of the earth as he still sat there ; he knew it by the strange coppery light that began to glow through the vapors that yet filled the gulfs beneath, and boil them to a scum of dark, dun gold ; then at last a broad beam parted the tumbling and sulphurous fogs, and the bright, thin crescent of the waning moon cut itself out on a clear air behind the horn of the hill, and, as if swinging from its sharp cusp, hung the watery diamond of the morning star. Still Reymund did not lift the head from his shoulder ; he chose rather that the fair apparition of daybreak at this height above the earth might happen to him, as if through the imposition of that dear and tender touch. By-and-by she stirred restlessly—the spell of her slumber was breaking ; he moved away gently and left her the rock for a pillow. When the heavens were paling and retreating in a mist of star-breath, and when all

the world was whitening about her and the great floor of cloud beneath was inwrought by dawn with sparks of fire, so that they seemed wrapped in an atmosphere of flame and snow, Orient awoke.

No hero in his self-restraint, in one wild, forgetful moment of that morning, Reymund told Orient that he loved her.

She repulsed him so gently that it gave him reason to hope: yet so firmly that he could do nothing but despair.

He urged that she was unconscious of herself, that she did not know her own heart, nor what it wanted, that he had approached her inner life more nearly than another might ever do; that give him time and chance and he could not fail to win her.

She only answered that she was not won.

Before, in their windings and wanderings, they had reached the foot of the mountain that day, they met their reculant and repentant guide coming up with others in search of them, and all their toil and trouble were over.

Reymund's holiday was over, too. He was to return next day to his home, to engagements previously formed and not to be disregarded.

"At least," he said to Orient, not sadly, but with a certain vigor of intention in his tone, "you will allow me to visit you at your mother's house?"

"You could not do a kinder thing," answered Orient, feeling now the gap that he would leave, and which nothing could quite fill, and willing to grant him any thing but what he most desired.

"Then you will see me on Saturdays."

"Every Saturday!" she exclaimed, with a bright face that made his heart bound. "That is too much to ask."

"Of you, perhaps; not of me. Sunday is a spare day; if I use it for God's worship, it shall be at what shrine I please—St. Orient's or another's."

"And it is such a long ride," demurred she, remembering the miles on miles of low seacoast country threaded with rivers and inlaid with marshes, that he must cross, all day flying along through their damp breath and salt winds. "Nine hours; I am afraid I ought not to allow it. And yet—and yet, nine or nineteen, it shall make no difference."

Orient had hesitated in her last sentence, wondering how she could deny herself the sympathy in her little pursuits that through this time she had received from Reymund. She had not encountered it before; it was delightful to her; perhaps it only had not taught her love because she did not know what love was. She had but little knowledge of human nature, almost none at all of her own nature: she preferred natural religion before theology, natural history with its grandiose revolutions, before the petty struggles of warriors and diplomatists which her view was not broad enough to throw into epochs and revolutions more grandiose yet: it was Reymund who had taught her to look with kindly curiosity upon the lives of those about her, in hopes, it may be, of teaching her at last to look in upon her own. Of that she was unaware; but the interest in the flower never found before to-day, the discovery of the bird whose note had ravished the ear last sunset, the hunt up brook-side and hill for a fragment of quartz that should have a mountain range and outlying spurs of amethyst crystals, or one full of imbedded beryls, the shining hexagons like drops of light filtered through sea water, or any heap of blooded garnets, a blaze of concrete color; the search into the age of the old pine tree on the precipice; into the mountain strata, and the wonderment concerning that day of the earth's date on which they were upheaved;

the tracing out the path of some glacier with all its ancient and icy terrors overgrown by the verdant moss and turf of the moraine; the perpetual looking for the Maker's fingers in his work—all this, and such as this, she would miss and must resign if she forbade those recurring Saturdays. And then on the other hand, a friend to meet with the results of work, the choice book, the week's research, its thought, its fancy: she who had had no intimates, few friends——

Reymund did not wait for her to balance her ideas.

"The train arrives," said he, "by five o'clock—a little before. Every Saturday, therefore, at five o'clock, I shall be in your drawing-room."

The thing was settled, then, without her. She began all at once to fear that, after all, it would not happen so; he would let other things creep between; when he was fairly at a distance from her he would be angry with her for having quite failed to feel that entire satisfaction in him, to give him that love which, in a high ideal, she believed to be due from every woman to her husband; a thousand things would hinder.

"I can hardly believe it," she said.

"I am too happy when you doubt it," he replied, half reading her thoughts. "It gives me hope; for we can easily believe that to which we are indifferent. How can I be hindered when I will it—and when you wish it?" The blush that streamed up her temples doubly pleased him. "Do not doubt it!" he exclaimed, with more vivacity than so small a thing appeared to demand. "For, see, I swear it! I will be with you on each Saturday at five o'clock, with your permission, until the day I die!"

So, dropping her hand, he went down the lane to the coach. But, looking back, he saw her still standing in the doorway, hung with such drooping drapery of woodbine round her head, the sunlight lying in a glory on her golden hair, the downy bloom upon her cheek as though it were a peach, a smile upon her lip, and heaven's own blue within her eye—she seemed the incarnation of a Summer sunrise. He saw the riotous wind lift one curl and twine it with the next, drop the petal of a rose upon her mouth, kiss and kiss again her ivory forehead, free and welcome where he dared not venture—and the love in his heart made the blood boil hotly up his veins to cheek and brow—and for all testimony to his thrilling passion, he only cried, "Every Saturday, at five o'clock!" and was away.

But before Reymund plunged afresh into the exterior world, which, for these weeks, had been shut from his sight, he turned aside for one last outlook upon pleasure. Thus it happened that he left the train at an earlier station than the one near Orient's home, partly to avoid recognition in the future, partly for the sake of mounting and subduing a spirited horse which had been brought up to tear himself into a foam at sight of the engine. Reymund meant to gratify himself that day with a stroll through Orient's garden and among the haunts of her bright youth. No one would have taken him for anything but an apparition, who saw him galloping down the long country roads in a cloud of dust. When he had conquered the angry temper of the beast he abated his gait and paced slowly along the margin of the twice-mown meadows, splendid in noon sunshine, over the shaven surfaces of rusty reds and browns, into which they shaded all their gilded verdure. Now and then a bittern cried from the bank of a tiny thread of the tide, other notes were hushed, there was only to be heard through the wide midday air the unbroken treble of the crickets, across which the rich horns of

the locusts shrilled like the elfin trumpets of a Summer's state. Reymund hitched his horse, found a penetrable portion of the garden paling, and entered.

It was a large, old garden, laid out, fifty years ago, perhaps, in a kind of pleasaunce; for in one place a slight hill rose above the rest, while paths wandered round it into new and unsuspected regions; in another a brook meandered and sang silverly over shining pebbles, and among arrow-heads and lily-pods, and, dallying, went its way at last to empty into some tide-streak and find the sounding sea that called to it all night. Weeds, of course, had overgrown the beds, the untrained grapes hung heavily from wall and trellis, wasps and blackbirds made merry together with the nectar of ripening pears, plum and peach dropped ungathered from the bough; vine and tendril, leaf, and spray, and branch, and blossom, all wrought themselves to a delicious tangle of perfume, and rustle, and color. Here, through the beautiful and envious weeds, a gladiolus reared his flames, a larkspur absorbed the very blue, a carnation scattered spice, here honeysuckles still blew out a perfect fragrance, while mourning-bridés, and gillyflowers, and spiked lavender, and pansies sowed the air with their old-fashioned sweetness. The soft, lonely sky stretched away over the garden and the meadows to haze itself round low and distant woods, and all the empty air seemed sad and desolate between—the fullness and richness of life at its high noon touching close upon the anti-climax of desert solitude. Through the place a light east wind was blowing that had in it a tonic for the lungs like the sparkle of champagne. And, somehow, through all the spaces of the neglected garden the spell of Orient seemed complete. There Orient must have stood to twine that white rose upon the porch: there her fingers must have twinkled among the young vine-leaves; there, on that bank of turf, she must many an afternoon have sate at work; there, in the shallow crystal of the brook, she had waded with white feet to set the water plants. These lichen-covered apple trees had shed, how many a Spring time, the rosy snow of their petals around her head; these gnarled old bergamots had dropped their pulpy globes into her hands; this nut tree put out its leaves on the day when she was born; her little feet had worn these paths. The garden was the shadow of Orient herself, reduced to dumb and to material things. He wondered what it would be by the magic of moonlight—the whole place silvered over with tranquil sheen, and raised from every day's dull sight into the dreamy and ideal—full of cool dew, and silence, and holy hush, as if it waited on her white sleep. Just under his feet, where the seed had been thrown in handfuls, he traced, written out with blue forget-me-nots, the name of Orient.

It would not do for him to stay much longer here; he should grow wild with hopes and fancies, for all he knew, tread out that lovely name with his heel. She must, she should be won! He clutched a cluster of the forget-me-nots, quickly escaped the labyrinth, galloped back to the station at a rate that streaked his chafing steed—and so away from dreams to life and real work.

Thus Reymund returned to his routine; bills, and lawsuits, and politics, routes and rides; they were not calculated to lift him to any higher level than the old one.

And Orient and her mother came home; the mother having made quite as close acquaintance with the mountains as she cared to do.

Saturdays, now, surely as they came, brought Reymund under the same roof with Orient. Perhaps in their brief indulgence he found pardon for all the sins of the week—for the week had its sins, its little trivial condoning of mis-

demeanors as unimportant, matters which lowers one as steadily and certainly over the great pit, as block and tackle might do over another. On Sunday nights, when he glided away in the outward train, he felt as if it were an easy thing to maintain the height to which, by Orient's side, he gained; but after a Monday morning on the exchange, after a Tuesday night in the salon, after his evening gallop on the horse possessed with the spirit of Satan, he said to himself, "It is of no use. Nature is too crude in me, too gross a strain, too deep a dye. I should be like Shelley's rock in the black abyss, that

Has from unimaginable years
Sustained itself with terror and with toil
Over a gulf, and, with the agony
With which it clings, seems slowly coming down.

The thing is to abandon." Yet Saturday's sunset shone for him again always over Orient's garden.

He had come one evening and found Orient among the grape-vines, playing with a parcel of little children, as pretty, bright and fresh as a bunch of flowers. After the hubbub of business, the dust of travel, this garden, in a far outlying city suburb stretching toward the sea, seemed as pure and innocent as Eden. On Sunday morning, when the air soared illumined with a stiller lustre, when the azure deepened as if fresh-washed by sacred rains and dews, when the winds bore no murmur but that of ripening leaf and floating petal, when the birds themselves seemed to sing in the Sabbath, and all the wide world to be gladly and tranquilly conscious of the day—they went to church together. If Orient was rapt in the worship, Reymund was at an exaltation as high for him—rapt in his worship of her. By times this very thing lifted him into the upper region, his soul rose buoyant on the prayer and praise, and floated forward like a waif on the full tide of the organ's music. When, afterward, he found himself and his sentience again, he said the thing was in him—could he but keep the pitch—were Orient forever by him to give him that key-note. But alone we come into this world, alone we go out of it. Neither Orient nor another could, for all eternity, give the tone to any soul; that discord or that harmony which one shall make must be the result of one's own being.

He sate with Orient, in the afternoon, on the bank of turf that sloped down to the clear, brown brook, in whose bed many a diving and dipping sunbeam wrought mosaics of light and shade with the shining pebbles. The brook rustled and lilted on its way, a bird above it turned its burden into melody, now and then a waft of wind rippled all its course till the lily leaves shivered and turned up their crimson linings, soft clouds chased one another across the sky—everything around wore the bloom of peace and pleasure.

"I often fear," said Reymund, "that I must come here no more. The place grows too dear for one that must some day leave it."

Orient turned and looked at him. He saw her tremble. "Not come here any more!" she said.

"Ah, Orient!" he cried, "once I declared to you the purpose of my life. Sometimes—now—sometimes—it seems to me as if you were almost won."

He bent above her, glowing, and passionate, and daring. She trembled again, neither drew away, nor surrendered herself to the waiting grasp.

"I do not know," she answered him, the globy tears suffusing her eyes till each one shone like the great star that hung its blue lamp in the zenith that night when they were lost upon the mountain. "Perhaps I cannot read my

heart ; but does a woman really love that which is less strong than herself ? I must lean upon my husband, not he on me."

"Am I so weak ?" asked Reymund, with some bitterness, and a quiver on his lip. "Consider. If your own nature had been invested with a coarser flesh, left out thereby to coarser temptations—since passions are things of the flesh—what would have come of it ? Then, if thrown in the midst of the revel, loving the flash of merriment, the excitement of chance, and wine and dice were going round— But, no ! such speech is profanity. Yet, Orient, under all habit, under all action, I think there is that in my soul akin to yours, made to rule it and absorb it, hidden by the body ; but there—made to be loved by you, as you, all of you, flaws and beauties, are loved by me !"

"If I could only *see* your soul," said Orient, half yielding, contrite, yet uncertain.

"One day perhaps you will," answered Reymund, his repeater giving the hour to his finger-pressure. "Now I must go."

He rose, stooped again and touched her smooth, cold forehead with his mouth. The touch sent the blood back to his heart. "With time," he murmured. "Oh, with time ! she shall yet—she shall ! Good-by—till Saturday again at five o'clock !" and then was gone.

All that week Reymund walked through his work with an absent mind, as if his spirit had half left his body, disengaging itself from the automaton of bone and muscle, as one might say ; abstracted and lost in his thoughts, his wishes, his absolute resolutions. Old haunts had no attraction for him, old faces brought him no satisfaction, he sought no pleasure but such as was to be found on the back of that horse possessed by the spirit of Satan. And so he existed till the sunrise of Saturday, when, before it should be quite time for the train, he had the horse brought round for a gallop, as if he would ride the wind and tame the whirlwind.

In the mean time, Orient pursued her way in what, for her, was perturbation. There seemed to be a riddle in these days beyond her reading. Penitent over her pride in presuming herself to be stronger than her lover, conscious that she could not dispense with him, yet full as sure that she felt no perfect passion for him, there was nothing to do but marvel what it meant. "I am drawn to him," she said to herself. "Ah, I know that well enough ! But have I any right to be ? If there were something to confirm me ! If I thought the good and beautiful part were any abiding principle, were anything but love of me ! If I could only see his soul !"

She was walking that Saturday afternoon in the woods that could be seen from her garden across the meadows. It was a clear October afternoon, the red leaves were dropping round her and leaving the bright blue sky more bare with every gentle gust that brought them to her feet ; a bracing day of early Autumn, when the wind fainted with the sweet freight of balsam from the pines, and all things only prophesied hope and lightness. In spite of this, Orient could not tell why she had a constant sensation of gray and misty horizons, of marshy air and cold sea-wind all day ; as she walked now, the fitful breeze in the treetops seemed the muffled murmur of waves on the distant beach, and once in a while she shivered as if a cold foam-wreath were flying by her face. She thought at first that all this damp and drear sensation was some sympathy with Reymund, now travelling along the seacoast on his way to her. "But what absurdity !" she said. "Where the track lies, the sky 's as blue as this one ; the wind is scarcely more chilly there than here.

Reymund is rolling along, comfortable among his cushions and books; and not a naked spirit all abroad in the sea-scented air!"

She went home on the causeway that was laid along the meadows—hurrying a little, for she judged by the sinking sun that it must be nearly time for the arrival of the train. As she went, she heard her name called.

She turned, for the voice seemed to come from the woods. But seeing no one, she fancied the note of some bird had followed her.

Again the sound. Her name; and Reymund's voice. "He has come," thought Orient, with a thrill of unsuspected pleasure. "And he is calling me from the garden." And she made all haste to answer the summons in person. Going along, then, with her boughs of bright leaves, she wished she had not delayed so long in the woods—her dress so soiled, and her hands, her hair so disordered: she resolved to steal in at the side door and freshen her toilet before greeting him. As the door was opened to her, "Mr. Reymund has come," said the maid, gleefully. "I have just let him in. He is waiting in the drawing-room."

"Very well," answered Orient. "Tell him I will be there directly."

She hastened toward the staircase, boughs in hand.

"You haven't seen your friend?" asked her aunt, passing her on the landing as she sped up.

"No," replied Orient again; "have you?"

"I just met him in the hall as he was entering the drawing-room," said the good woman, calling over the balusters and going her way.

Orient hurried at her bath, clad herself with all dispatch, and put on a garment whose airy frills and ruffles made her look like a white rose. As she went by her mother's room, the mother looked out and said, lightly, "Reymund has come. Did you know it?"

"Yes, mamma," she answered. "Why didn't you go and make him welcome?"

"Oh, my hair was all down!" said the other. "I just caught a glimpse of him, passing the foot of the stairs as he went into the drawing-room."

So Orient stepped slowly down, adjusting her bracelets as she went. She saw Reymund a second, as the winding way of the stairs for that space allowed her, standing in the bay window and looking out. She did not know what made her so hesitate to enter. She paused a moment longer in the doorway, gazing in.

The room was very gay with bunches of deep-blue and scarlet salvia, and drooping clusters of barberry boughs stringing their splendid pendants all along most graceful curves; but there was another brightness than that in the room. It was where Reymund stood in the embrasure of the window, with the late sunlight falling all over him. She wondered that he did not advance to meet her; but, as she wondered, went up the room toward him.

"Something must have happened to make him very happy," thought Orient. "I never saw such a smile!"

Perhaps it was this smile that so transfigured him; a plain man commonly, the sunshine now seemed to bring out rich, dark tints on the countenance, the eyes overflowed with light, and whether it were grace of posture, overlying sunshine, or beaming smile, features and face and figure expressed a subtle harmony, and the man was beautiful. Beautiful as a strong angel pictured in some instant of stooping flight.

"He does not mean to speak till I do," thought Orient again.

But as she drew near, the smile changed to a look of utter melancholy, as a shining cloud melts into rain, a melancholy gaze that pierced her through and through. She put out her hand, nevertheless, to take his extended grasp.

And there was nothing there!

In the same instant, with a loud and terrible voice, crying, "Orient!"—a voice as if it were the voice of death, the tomb, and all corruption—the thing had vanished; the place was empty!

That cry rang through the house, that loud and terrible voice. Maid and mother rushed into the room; and they found no one there but Orient, fallen unconscious to the floor.

It did not take long to revive the child. "Something has happened to Reymund," she said, upon lifting her head. "We must go to him at once!"

"My love!" cried her mother. "The idea of the thing. The——"

But expostulations were wasted breath; while they were being made, Orient was calmly getting on her travelling gown, and, seeing herself powerless, the mother—with her heart palpitating in the ends of her fingers through awe and through alarm, and interweaving with the ejaculations that escaped her chattering teeth, a thousand instructions to her quaking maid and sister—hastened to do likewise and be off with her.

Thus it happened that the telegram from Reymund's brother crossed the travellers on their way; and they reached his brother's house in the gray of the shivering morning.

It was just as Orient's heart had told her. Reymund had been thrown from his horse on the previous morning, striking his head on a curbstone's edge—he had been taken up senseless, and had lain since then in a stupor only broken by his twice calling her name in the afternoon. At a little after five o'clock he had risen on the pillow, and in a loud and terrible voice had called Orient again, and then had fallen back—and whether he were dead or alive there was no one able to say.

Orient threw off her hat and shawl and stole into the apartment where Reymund had been placed. The white face that fastened her eye was still as a mask of clay, and there was stamped upon it that look of unutterable melancholy into which she had seen the smile fade yesterday—the linen where it lay was less white, a marble image had been less still. As Orient bent there her breath stirred the dark lock of hair on the brow, and the slight and airy motion of itself brought into forceful being all the awful immobility and silence of death.

"He does not breathe! His heart does not beat! Will he never open his eyes again?" she said. "Oh, Reymund, Reymund, I love you!"

She bent nearer as she sighed the words, and her lips were sealed to his.

A quiver ran through all the frozen frame reposing there beside her, a pulse of warmth, perhaps, played in the hand hers clasped—the eyelids shook and lifted and unveiled the dark and woful eyes.

"You have seen my soul, Orient," said Reymund. "Good-by."

The dark and woful eyes were veiled again. And this time Reymund's soul was gone beyond recall.

HARRIET E. PRESCOTT.

A VERY OLD PLAY.

PROBABLY but few of our readers have ever wandered into the by-paths of old English literature. It is, of course, conventionally considered, the "correct thing" to possess, or profess, some desultory acquaintance with Chaucer, and a later smattering of Spenser. Shakespeare enters with "speaking days" at school, and is partially perpetuated by Bowery tragedians; and a very small minority of "cultivated" people have, during their sentimental moments, indulged to a limited extent in Sir John Suckling or Sir Thomas Wyatt; but with the predecessors and contemporaries of all these writers not one person in a thousand is at all familiar.

As a good deal of time must be spent, and a great deal of trash perused ere an appreciation of the real beauties of the dusty old tomes on our shelves can be attained, we propose to save our reader the trouble of fishing in such turbid waters, by spreading before him a part of the draught of our seine.

The first in date of our antique prompters is the "*Ludus Coventriæ*," better known, where known at all, as the "*Coventry Mysteries*," a dramatic version of the chief episodes of Holy Writ, composed and performed by the monks early in the twelfth century. A drearily long performance must it have been, occupying several days if played continuously, and one which to our modern ideas would seem somewhat irreverent. The Persons of the Trinity are introduced upon the stage, and hold quaint colloquies with Sathanas and the human characters. Unfortunately, the coarseness of the phraseology, and the decided tendency to "call a spade a spade" manifested throughout this curious old work, force us to abstain from quoting many passages of rare interest to the connoisseur. Still, we hope, without offence, to reproduce enough to please the fancy of such as like to trace the germs of modern literature in ancient exemplars.

The first subdivision—or, as we moderns would call it, the first act—of this monkish tragedy is entitled "*The Creation*," and opens with a soliloquy by the Deity, whose impersonation was entrusted to the Superior of the order. In the extract which we subjoin, the triunity of the Godhead is as well described as by later polemics, and the attributes of the Persons, we think, much better:

I am oo¹ God in personys thre,
 Knyt² in oo substawns. . . .
 I am the trewe trenyté
 Here walkyng in this wone;
 Thre personys myself I se,
 Lokyn³ in me God alone.
 I am the fadyr of powsté⁴,
 My Sone with me gynnyth gon⁵,
 My Gost is grace in majesté,
 Weldyth welthe⁶ up in hevyn tron.
 Oo God thre I calle
 I a fadyr of myth
 My Sone kepyth ryth
 My gost hath lyth
 And grace with alle.

¹ One. ² Knit. ³ Locked, united. ⁴ Power. ⁵ Begins at first. ⁶ Wields power.

"Might, Right and Light" form as perfect and as poetic a definition of the Divine essentials as can be conceived by the human mind—far superior, we think, to Swedenborg's "Love, Wisdom and their Proceeding Operation." Power in the Creator, Justice in the Redeemer and Illumination through the Spirit convey, as completely as language may, all that we ascribe to God.

"Ears polite" in this our nineteenth century, would be terribly shocked were we to quote many passages from the next stadium of this monastic epic, which is headed "The fall of man." Our first parents and Sathanas are the actors, His Satanic Majesty being the low comedian. Imagine "the fairest of her daughters, Eve," personated by a long-bearded, shaven-crowned friar in a rope-girdled serge gown! Adam's sudden discovery of his want of a wardrobe abounds in unintentional drolleries, too broad, however, to be transferred to these pages. Sathanas delivers himself of the following satire on the fashionable "swells" of the twelfth century, which, however ludicrously inappropriate as addressed to Adam in the pre-sartorial period, is sufficiently applicable in some respects to our modern dandies to justify its transcription:

Of fine cordewan a goodly peyre of long pekyd schon;
Hosyn enclosyd of the most costyous cloth of cremseyn;
Thus a bey to a jentylman to make compercyon
With two doseyen pointys of cheverelle, the aglottes of silver feyn.

A shert of feyn Holond, but care not for the payment;
A stomachere of clere reynes the best may be bowth;
Thow poverté be chef, lete pride ther be present,
And alle tho that repreff pride, thou sette hem at nowth.

Cadace wolle or flokkys, where it may be sowth,
To stuffe withal thi dobbelet, and make the of proporeyon!
Two smalle legges and a gret body, thow it rhyme nowth,
Zet loke that thou desyre to an the newe facion.

The last verse seems almost prophetic of the decadence of "peg-tops" now imminent, and the illusory expansion of shoulder conferred upon adolescent humanity by modish tailors. As to the preceding sarcasm concerning the indefinite credit system in connection with costume, we sadly fear that it has been, and will be, merited by every generation from the invention of clothing to the end of time.

Pass we on to "Noah's flood," and to (oh, shade of Samuel Johnson!) the first English pun on record. The ark being ready to launch, we are informed that,

Of alle fflowlys and bestys thei take a peyre
In shypp to save, bothe foule and fayers.

Lives there the man so lost to sense of shame as to disturb hereafter the ashes of this time-worn witticism?

A noticeable feature of the earlier portions of the "*Ludus Coventriæ*" is the frequent allusion to the tripersonality of the Deity by characters, such as Joachim, Issachar and others, who lived long before the birth of Christ. "*Pater, et Filius, et Spiritus Sanctus*" recur constantly during scenes laid prior to the advent of the Savior. Possibly this anachronism may have been intended to convey a foresight of the atonement; but, in view of some other similar perversions of period, we incline to believe that the "unities of the drama" were quite overlooked by our reverend playwrights. What, for instance, can be more oddly antedated than a panegyric on the Roman Catholic church from Moses? And, yet as a commentary on the "*Quantum Mandatum: Honora patrem tuum et matrem tuam*," the Jews are told by "Moyses:"

In this commandmente includyd is
 Thy bodyli fadyr and modyr also,
 Includyd also I find in this
 Thi gostly fadyr and modyr thereto.
 To thi gostly ffadyr evyr reverens do
 Thi gostly modyr is holy cherche,
 These tweyn save thi sowle fro woo
 Ever them to wurchep loke that thou werche.

Quaintly pleasant reading is much that follows, though bewilderingly variable as to its orthography; but we must pass over unnoticed the minor merits of the antechristian periods, in order to give a few gems in the later scenes.

The paraphrase of the New Testament opens with "Mary's betrothment" in pursuance of the following injunction:

The lawe of God byddyth this sawe
 That at xiiij. yere of age
 Every damesel, what so sche be
 To the encrese of more plenté
 Xulde be browght in good degré
 Onto her spowsage.

Following this, is "the salutation and conception," wherein a beautiful idea is conveyed by a verbal transposition. Gabriel thus renders the "Ave Maria:":

Heyl, ful of grace! God is with the,
 Amonge alle women blyssyd art thu;
 Here this name *Eva* is turnyd *Ave*,
 That is to say withowte sorwe ar ze now.

Although trenching closely upon punning, the metaphor contained in the anagram above saves it from censure, even in its sacred connection.

When the wicked Herod hears of the birth of Christ, he bursts forth with the subjoined extraordinary specimen of alliterative eloquence. We append a translation of some of his Majesty's obsolete expressions, but confess our utter inability to render into current English the meaning of the second line:

In kyrtyl of cammaka kynge am I cladde,
 Cruel and curryd¹ in myn crowne knowe;
 I sytt here ondyr Sesar in my sette sadde,
 Sorwyn to sottys suche sede wytt I sowe².
 Boys now blaberyn³ bostynge of a baron⁴ bad⁵,
 In Bedlem is born be bestys, suche bost is blowe;
 I xall prune that paddok⁶ and prevyn⁷ him as a pad⁸,
 Scheldys and sperys⁹ shalle I there sowe.

¹Arrayed. ²i. e., "sorrowing that to sots I sow such wise seed." ³Talk. ⁴Male child. **Bold.** ⁵A large toad. ⁶Prove. ⁷A small toad. ⁸Shields and spears.

It is strange to find Herod talking "slang," and yet the phrase, "such bost is blowe," if heard from the lips of our modern street-boys (as it may be, slightly altered, almost any day), would be stigmatized (especially by our lady readers) as a decided vulgarism.

To make amends for this, however, we meet, a little further on, with an admirably-expressed apopthegm, with which we will take our leave of the "*Ludus Coventriæ*." John the Baptist, in a discourse concerning Faith, indicates the composite nature of that virtue, and thus conjoins the hopes and fears which, unless evenly balanced, alternately sway the human mind:

Betwix these tweyn may be no dysseverawns
 Ffor hope withowtyn drede is maner of presumpeicon,
 And drede withowtyn hope is maner of dysperacion,
 So these tweyn must be knyt be one acorde.

ALFRED LUDLOW CARROLL.

EUGÈNE FROMENTIN.

IT is so seldom that books of travel have any distinguished literary charm, so rare that they are more than interesting or instructive narratives, that Eugène Fromentin's works, by the distinction of their style, and the dignity and serious traits of the personality which they reveal, fix the attention, and take the rank of a work of art in literature.

We have not the wish or the confidence to speak of Fromentin's relation to the masters of style in French letters. None but a child of France, endowed with the most delicate and discriminating literary sense, would have the right to criticise and the taste to appreciate Fromentin's force, vividness and grace in the use of language.

Fortunately, we are not without the generous recognition of writers of the first rank in French letters to help us taste the flavor of his style, and increase our appreciation of the qualities that belong to him.

George Sand has devoted some of her most delightful pages to Fromentin's first book in "Autour de Ma Table." She writes: "I know not what his palette has lent him, but what our language has furnished him of color and form is infinitely remarkable, and places him at one stroke in the very first rank of writers. His style has all the qualities that constitute a talent of the first rank. Grandeur and abundance in exquisite sobriety, the ardor of the artist and the spiritual and playful *bonhomie* of the young Frenchman, with the seriousness of a rare conscience; a touch energetic and delicate; what is just and true wedded to what is great and strong. These letters are destined to an immense success among artists, and as France is artistic, the success will be a popular one."

The first thing we remark in Fromentin is what we may call his uncommon and distinguished relation to nature; and it is this relation, so to speak, which determines the principal traits of this book. Whether he describes the banks of the Seine or of the Nile, a French hamlet or an Arab encampment, the charm of his work remains the same; for his powerful and serious individuality permeates everything, and always strikes the tone of thought and the chord of feeling which arrests us and moves us. He is not a traveller who writes, but an artist who travels and writes. His point of view is that of an artist—that is, a being of sensation, passionately seeking for the beautiful, quick to observe the picturesque, ready in his recognition of the human and natural. Where many writers describe, Eugène Fromentin may be said to depict; where others narrate, he expresses; where most moralize he simply contemplates. His conscience for the true may be compared to that of Thoreau; he is as accurate, he is as full, as vivid, and he has a grace derived from his sense of the beautiful, unknown to the sturdy soul of Thoreau. He is not aggressive like Thoreau, but he is as independent; he is less provincial and more artist.

Yet, artist as he is in his style, in his nature, and by his profession, I can-

not forget that his literary form is not so ample and generous as that of George Sand ; it is much more studied, much more minute, much more suited to the reserve and quiet of English taste than the ardent and ample utterances of the great master of French prose. His work is composed of a series of studies rather than what we would call pictures ; it has the vividness, the truth, the local color, the interest of a study ; for Fromentin has not roughly sketched life and nature in the East, he has *studied* it. But being an artist, that is, always appreciating the beautiful, and justly estimating the picturesque, he has avoided pedantry and formalism in making known to us the life and habits of a people strange to us, the aspects of a country fascinating to us, all that is remote and peculiar in the customs and appearance of tribes over which has brooded the silence of centuries ; of a people that have dignity of character but no vivacity ; that seem to mean the same mystery and silent profoundness that are in their grand and blank skies, their vast deserts, their vivid and simple colors.

The art to make visible or even known so much that is foreign to us is uncommon. The instinct to take hold of leading traits, the skill to arrange, the talent to make us see new horizons and the medium of a race totally unlike the great historic races which have left us so many proofs of their nature and force, is sufficiently illustrated by Fromentin's letters from the East, to make a dull mind brighten with the pleasure of novel and harmonious sensations.

There are pages in his two books of travel so sharp and clear in their delineations of the aspects of nature that I shall have to call them literary etchings to express their crispness and delicate force. United with this rare talent of realization with words, is the charm of an elevated, dignified yet sympathetic spirit, and a mind always penetrated by the dominant sentiment of the time and place which it contemplates. You wish an example of the delightful talent and the melancholy charm of the sentiment of this writer who is so much to me ? Take the following, quite perfect in itself and needing no introduction :

The next day, after a march of five or six hours, we were camping at mid-day near Aïn-Ousera ; sad bivouac, the saddest of the whole route, on the bank of a swamp—muddy, sinister, among whitish sands, ruffled with green rushes ; at the lowest point of the plain, with a horizon fifteen leagues long north, nine leagues south ; in the east and west a reach without limit. A numerous company of gray vultures and monstrous ravens occupied the spring at our arrival ; motionless, with their backs vaulted, ranged in two rows close to the water. I took them at a distance for people like us, in a hurry to drink ; it required a gun-shot to disperse those black and tawny pilgrims.

The birds gone, we remained alone. There was nothing to see in the immense plain ; our bivouac itself disappeared in one of the folds of the ground. Toward evening, however, a little convoy of five camels, led by three camel drivers, came near us right on the very brink of the spring. When unloaded, the camels began to browse ; the three travellers made one heap of their bags and laid down by them. They lighted no fire, having nothing to cook, and I did not see them move again till night. The next morning at dawn we perceived them already one league from us going southeast.

Was it fatigue ? Was it the influence of the spot ? I know not, but that day was long, serious, and we spent it sleeping under the tent. That first aspect of a deserted country had plunged me into a singular depression. It was not the impression of a beautiful country struck with death and condemned by the sun to remain barren ; it was no more the bony skeleton of Boghari, frightful, bizarre, but well constructed ; it was a great thing without form, almost without color, the nothing, the empty, and as a forgetfulness of God ; fleeting lines, undecided undulations ; behind, beyond, everywhere, the same covering of pale green spread over the ground ; here and there stains either more gray,

more green, or more yellow; on one side the Seba 'Rous, barely lighted by a pale setting sun; on the other, the lofty mountains of Tell, still more effaced under colorless vapors, and above that, a sky swept, muddled, care-worn, full of meaningless paleness, from which the sun withdrew itself without pomp, and as with cold smiles. Alone, in the midst of the profound silence, a soft wind blowing from the northwest and slowly bringing a storm, made light murmurings around the rushes of the swamp.

I spent a whole hour lying near the spring, looking at that pale country, that pale sun, listening to that wind so soft and so sad. Night falling, increased neither the solitude, nor the abandonment, nor the inexpressible desolation of that place.—*Un Été dans le Sahara*, p. 48.

I know of no more perfect piece of word-painting than the foregoing. Without the least pretension, perfectly simple, admirable! What graces of diction! what felicities of phrase! what happy selection of traits!—"the pale country," "the pale sun," "the swept, muddled, care-worn sky, full of meaningless paleness, from which the sun withdrew itself without pomp and as with cold smiles." Then the silence, and the soft wind from the north, the murmuring rushes, the desert, that "great thing without form, almost without color, the nothing, the empty [then the dramatic force of the following expression!] and as a forgetfulness of God."

To one in the least trained in the observation of nature from the artistic point of view, and wearied with the threadbare phrases and trite generalities of common seeing and common writing, Fromentin's *written* studies are delightfully fresh and win the compliment of repeated readings. We return to them again and again because of the poetic charm; the irresistibility of the sentiment, which haunts us like music, and we remember it as some vague and dreamy revery of the mind's twilight. For instance, one day traversing the desert he meets a little boy leading thin camels. The next day, nothing. Then he recollects himself and says: "Yes, by the way, red-breasts and larks" (now remark the tenderness and sweetness of his thought), "sweet birds that make me see again all that I love in my country. What can they do in the Sahara, and for whom do they sing in the neighborhood of ostriches, in the mournful country of scorpions and horned vipers? Who knows? Without them there would be no bird to hail the rising sun."

When you make the acquaintance of Fromentin you will be struck with the fact that, unlike most travellers, and unlike most descriptive writers, he never seems to talk to advance himself; he has, as was well said, the art of existing fully in his work without dreaming to speak of himself. It would be difficult to match the following remarkable description of the Arab dancing girl and the dusky and fire-illuminated interior of an Arab tent at midnight:

You will know that Boghari, which serves as a dépôt to nomadic tribes, is peopled with pretty women who come, for the most part, from the Saharian tribes, whose habits are facile, and whose girls are in the habit of seeking their fortunes among the surrounding tribes. The Orientals have charming names to disguise the real occupation of this *genre* of women; for want of a better one, I shall call them dancing girls. . . .

Five or six musicians, armed with tambourines and flutes, as many veiled women accompanied with a large number of Arabs, appeared in the midst of our fires, formed a wide circle, and the ball began. This was not Delacroix. All color had disappeared, to let see only an outline now stamped with confused shadows, now ribbed with large traits of light. With a fantasy, an audacity, a fury of effect without equal. It was something like the night dance of Rembrandt. Heads dressed in white, arms without bodies, mobile hands of which you could not see the arms, glittering eyes and white teeth in the midst of faces almost invisible, the half of a vesture attacked all of a sudden in light, and of which the remainder did not exist, emerged by chance, and with

frightful caprices of shadow, opaque and black like ink. The deafening sound of flutes came from whence nobody saw; and four tambourines seen at the spot most lighted of the circle, like large golden disks, seemed to move themselves and be self-resounding.

Our fires, fed with dry twigs, crackled and were enveloped in full whirlwinds of smoke mingled with fire-spangles. Outside of that strange scene, you saw neither bivouac, nor sky, nor earth; above, around, everywhere, there was nothing but black—that absolute black which can exist only in the dead eye of the blind. [Now, remark the following:] Therefore, the dancing girl, standing in the midst of that assembly, moving with rhythm, and long undulations of the body, or little, convulsive pawings, now the head half thrown back in a mysterious swoon, then her beautiful hands (hands in general very beautiful), elongated and open, the dancing girl at first, and, in spite of the very evident meaning of her dance, seemed as much to play a scene in “Macbeth,” as to represent anything else. That other thing is at bottom the eternal amorous theme upon which each people has embroidered its own fantasies, and of which each people—except us—have known how to make a national dance.

You know the dance of the Mauresque. It has its interest which proceeds from the richness still more than the good taste of the costume. But, on the whole, it is meaningless, or very coarse. It is a match to the licentious parades of Garagenz, and in any case cannot help smelling a little of a spot of ill-fame. The Arab dance, on the contrary—the dance of the South—expresses, with a grace far more real, far more chaste, and, in a mimical language infinitely more literary, the whole of an impassioned little drama, full of tender incidents; it avoids, above all, the too free provocations which are a great nonsense on the part of the Arab women.

The dancing girl shows at first, and with regret only, her pale face, surrounded with thick braids of hair twisted with threads of wool; she hides it half in her veil; she turns away, hesitates, as she feels that she is under the glance of men; all that with sweet smiles and make-believes of exquisite bashfulness. Then, obeying the cadence which becomes more lively, she becomes more moved, her step is animated, her gesticulation emboldened. Then begins between her and the invisible lover who speaks to her in the voice of flutes, an action most pathetic; the woman flies, she eludes, but one word more sweet wounds her heart; she carries to it her hand, less to complain than to show that she is reached; and with the other, with the gesticulation of an enchantress, she dismisses with regret her sweet foe. Then there are no more but movements mingled with resistances; you feel that she attracts, wishing to defend herself; that long, supple body twists itself with extreme emotions, and those two arms, thrown forward for the last refusal, are going to faint. All this pantomime is very long, and lasts till the music ends.

Our dancing girl, who was not pretty, had that *genre* of beauty proper to the dance. She wore marvellously her long, white veil, and her red *kaik*, upon which dazzled a profusion of gems; and when she spread her nude arms, ornamented with bracelets to the elbows, and let move her long hands, rather thin, with an air of voluptuous dread, she was decidedly superb. It is doubtful that I took in it as great a pleasure as our Arabs; but I had there a vision which will remain in my *souvenirs* next to that of the spinning girl of whom I have spoken so often.—*Un Été dans le Sahara*, p. 33.

Women go out veiled. Their most habitual rendezvous is a place inviolable—that is, the bath. Curtains of light muslin lifted by the winds of the street, flowers cared for in a china pot—this is about all that is perceived of the houses for women. You hear coming from these retreats noises which are no more noises, or whisperings which could be taken for sighs. Now 'tis a voice which speaks through a hidden aperture, or which, descending from the terrace, seems flying above the street like the voice of an invisible bird; now the moan of a child lamenting in a language already strange, and whose stammering, mingled with tears, ceases to have significance to a foreign ear. Or else it is the sound of an instrument, the muffled noise of the *darboukas*, which marks slowly the cadence of a chant you hear not, and whose unique note, like a low rhyme, seems to accompany the melody of a dream. Captivity consoles itself thus. Dreaming a liberty which it has never enjoyed and which it can never understand. Far more tolerant than the Arabs, the Jews and the negroes allow their women to go out unveiled.

Jewesses are beautiful; contrary to the Mauresques you see them everywhere, at the fountains, on the threshold of doors, before the shops, or gathered around bakeries, at the hour when the cakes are taken from the oven. Then they go with their pots filled, or with their bread, dragging their nude feet in sandals without heels, their long bodies tied in sacks of sombre colored silk, and all of them wearing, like widows, a black band around their matted hair. They walk with the face to the wind, and these women in close fitting robes, with uncovered cheeks, with fine, fixed eyes, accustomed to the boldness of the glance, seem very singular in that world universally veiled. Tall and well made, they have a languid carriage, regular features, perhaps a little tame, the arms large and red, but with their heels dirty; their admirers, who are numerous, must forgive something to that infirmity of the lower class of the Jews, happy when their uncleanness appears but at the heel, like the humanity of Achilles. Little girls, badly dressed in clothes more sumptuous than tasteful, accompany these matrons with their slender bodies, who might be taken for their elder sisters. The rose-skin of these children does not blemish under the action of the heat, like that of the little Mauresque; their cheeks easily empurple, and as a forest of russet hair ordinarily accompanies the complexion of these faces where blood blossoms, these heads, illuminated and dressed with a sort of verdant brush, are of an effect not easily imagined, particularly when the sun inflames them. As to the negresses, they are like negroes, beings by themselves. They walk the streets lustily, with a virile step, never faltering under their burden, and walking with the steadiness of a people whose *allure* is easy, manner free, and the heart sheltered from sadness. They have a great deal of bosom, the bust long, enormous loins; nature destined them to their double function of nurses and beasts of burden. . . . Their carriage, composed of motions difficult to describe, puts in relief the robust opulence of their forms, and their *kaïks*, checked with white, float like nuptial vails around those large, immodest bodies.—*Une Année dans le Sahel*.

It requires no study to appreciate the foregoing. As you read you are impressed with the firm and large manner of Fromentin's delineation of the negresses. I should express the excellence of this by borrowing a few phrases from the art critic, and say, it is boldly and largely drawn and defined with a true and sure hand in all its parts.

These fragments, cited from the very beautiful series of souvenirs of travel in the Sahara and the Sahel, cannot be taken as adequate expressions of his very rare literary talent. To make known the tranquil beauty, the harmonious movement of his style at times, I should have to quote the story of the tranquil love and tragical death of the beautiful Haowa; a story without its equal for novelty and the sentiment of the beautiful, told with the melody and sweetness of a language which is irresistible.

Fromentin was born in La Rochelle, in 1819; studied landscape painting under Louis Cabet; then made, between 1842 and 1846, a visit to the East, and travelled chiefly in Algeria, where he made sketches and notes of travel. After his return he devoted his brush to aspects of nature in the East and episodes of Arab life. One of his works, "A Gazelle Hunt," was bought by the French Government, and in 1849 he obtained a medal of the second class. Many of the incidents and observations of his travels were published in the *feuilleton* of "Le Pays." He also made, for the Committee of Historical Monuments, archæological excursions, the results of which were published in pamphlets under the modest title of "Artistic Visits or Simple Pilgrimages." These writings I have not read: the two books which have introduced Eugène Fromentin to me are his latest works. They are sufficient to make me cherish his influence and honor him as a serious, delicate and reserved man, a writer conscientious like Thoreau, easily capable of revery like Hawthorne, and always dominated by the artistic spirit.

Eugène Fromentin has made a reputation as a painter of life and nature in

the East ; his pictures have graced several French exhibitions, and they have been honored by critics. We know but two of his pictures ; they show a thoroughly trained hand, a delicacy and swiftness of touch delightful and uncommon, and an appreciation of gray tones. His pictures are full of movement, beautifully drawn, and he seems to excel in painting Arab horses. He is also the author of a story called "Dominique," *apropos* of which Edmond About writes : "If you have eyes to weep the softest, the most intelligent tears, you know Fromentin, the romancer." About calls him "a writer of high flight, an artist of the most generous blood."

My work would be but half done were I to close my article without an allusion to his remarkable discussion of the divergence of modern from Italian art, and the varied aims and results of the work of painters of to-day, even when they face the same facts.

It is a well-bred, searching, comprehensive examination of all those facts of modern art which have created rival cliques and schools, and confirmed narrow minds in the fanaticism of an exclusive study. It is a piece of pure art-criticism without pedantry, intelligible, lucid, and a model such as you shall not find in Ruskin or Hamerton ; in my judgment it is a master-piece, and in form it is perfectly simple, like the conversation of a serious and amiable mind, perfectly sure of itself and its subject. You will find it in "Une Année dans le Sahel."

I must bring to a close this effort to introduce a writer whose works have so much beauty and novelty. I could wish that abler pens had been devoted to this work, minds consecrated by more knowledge than mine. I have but the excuse of the lover, I have felt and I have enjoyed, and since none here have offered to celebrate the traits which have won so much admiration, I have to anticipate a later recognition of Fromentin's worth. Fortunately, the translation of his works is in competent hands, and all that knowledge of the language, or rare literary sense, and an artistic spirit can do to render his works into English is sure to be done for the many debarred from an intimate acquaintance with the original.

We have yet to speak of the origin of Fromentin's "Un Été dans le Sahara."

For three months Fromentin was subjected to an almost uninterrupted succession of rain-storms. Wearied by drenched skies, and a drenched earth, and, as he said, longing passionately for the blue, and a sky without clouds, he determined to go to the country of perpetual Summer. He thought of the desert ; and he fled from the rain to find the sun without mist.

Remember that I love the blue passionately, and that there are two things I burn to see again : a cloudless sky stretching above the desert without shadow.

It is to this that we owe his *souvenirs* of a country, not very interesting to the industrial spirit, but in which everything is primitive and poetic ; the country of the sun, of the desert, and of a people close to nature and passively possessing her—a country in which the petty affectations of society and of literature and of art are unknown, and where man is majestic, austere, picturesque, and as yet untouched by the mechanical spirit alike monotonous and cruel.

EUGENE BENSON.

FRINGED GENTIAN.

WHERE hast thou spent thy Summer,
And what hast thou done, my poet?
Was the muse a frequent comer?
Does the written record show it?

Oh, I went to the woods in the Springtime,
And, finding them so fair,
Stayed on from the month of April,
Till Autumn found me there.

But as for the work that I went for,
Thou stab'st me speaking of work,
For I studied few plants but *Nicotia*,
And spent whole days *à la Turque*.

Well then, when October came, surely
Thy thought had a harvest then;
I know all that Summer of dreaming
Brought something to thy pen.

Oh, no, I was gathering gentians,
For Virgil saith, you know,
We cannot do all things, all of us,
So I let the Pierides go.

For soon as the blossom was budding
That Bryant gave to fame,
Our meadows were sprinkled with maidens
That looking for gentians came.

There was Grace and Mary and twenty,
Twenty—and Carrie, too;
But the gentians were not so plenty
As girls; for I found but two,
And only one was fair enough
To give, my sweet, to you.

Oh, then, thou still art a lover.
Methought that time was past.
Dearest, those gray hairs cover
Like ashes, one spark to the last.

Go, gentian! lift thy fringed lids
And in my lady's hand,
Say what to say my heart forbids,
But hers will understand.

Tell her—tell her, if telling
Be not a thing profane,
That her blue eye still is dwelling,
Like an old dream on my brain!

And still that dream shall linger
Till the brain, like a mid-summer brook
That the drought has touched with his finger,
Become a leafless book;

And the fairest eye look faded
To an eye whose light shall be fled,
And all living loves be shaded
By remembrance of the dead.

T. W. PARSONS.

WHY WE HAVE NO SATURDAY REVIEWS.

THE London "Saturday Review" is in fact, as well as in name, a type of a class of publications which until quite recently has been to all intents and purposes unknown in America. Its name is generically used in the title of this article.

Several attempts have been made in New York to establish weekly papers for the discussion of the general topics of the day, and also of subjects which command the attention of people only of a certain degree of culture, with more thought and consideration than can reasonably be looked for in the columns of a daily newspaper. The object is laudable. Such papers would seem to be needed in a country in which there is so much reading and thinking and such a wide diffusion of a certain degree of culture as there is in ours. The proprietors of such papers, if they were conducted with ability, might reasonably expect the favor and support of so large and so influential a body of readers that their publications would become valuable property, and also a power in the community. But thus far none of these papers have been successful. Those that were set up before the war, which appears to be the great event from which hereafter we are to date, when they had been published for a few months or perhaps had lingered through a very few years, were abandoned with no small loss to all concerned in them pecuniarily, and after an existence which was not satisfactory in any way, either to their contributors or to their readers. Yet the demand in all the intellectual centres of the country for the first-rate weekly papers of London—"The Saturday Review," "The Spectator," "Athenæum," etc.—is so large that one firm lives chiefly by importing these papers to supply that demand; and they may be found on the counters of almost all the principal newsmen in our chief cities. Even the insolent tone of "The Saturday Review" during the war did not much diminish its large circulation in the United States. This failure of the native production and the large and increasing demand for the imported "article" taken together mean something. They are not mere accidents. The latter, nay, the former too, shows that the failure is not on account of a low standard of taste in that particular part of the public whose demands these papers undertake to supply; for, among persons qualified to judge, there can be no two opinions as to the very great superiority, until recently at least, if not now, of the London papers in every respect. The failure, hitherto, on the part of the conductors of the weekly publications in question, to produce papers of sufficient merit to interest permanently the public to which they were obliged to look for support is, doubtless, the chief reason of their want of success; but there is another of almost equal importance, which is paramount in its operation, and the effect of which will, for a long time, be greater year by year. This is the diffusion in our country of cultivated readers over such a vast extent of territory. The States north of the Potomac and the Ohio con-

tain about twenty millions of inhabitants ; Great Britain contains about the same number ; but, whereas the latter are nearly all within about twelve hours of London, or a little more, so that the London weekly paper, printed on Friday night, is distributed all over the kingdom by Saturday evening, a weekly paper published in New York, Boston or Philadelphia, and printed on Friday night, is not distributed in Cincinnati or south of Baltimore until the beginning of the following week. Then it is not only "last week's paper," but it makes its appearance at the wrong time. Weekly papers are mostly read on Saturday afternoon and evening, and on Sunday. That is our great time for relaxation and desultory reading. With Monday comes in the rush of the working week's affairs ; and so in many cases, probably the majority, the high-class weekly lies over, day after day, unread or half read until it loses its interest. From the lack of any real capital for our whole country—a real capital being a city which is a political, commercial, social and literary centre—we have no authoritative circle of metropolitan society, no one public whose decision settles the fate of a book, a singer, an orator, or a work of art. Consequently, there is no city from which our people think that every thing excellent must come, and none, therefore, to which all who wish to be pronounced excellent think that they must go. The society of our wealthiest and gayest city, one of our oldest, too, New York, contains many admirable elements ; but in its structure it is as loose and flimsy as that of any raw, half-baked town beyond the prairies. And those towns, some of them, amid all their ruder social material, contain not a little of our best culture—educated people, whom failing fortunes or other urgent motives have sent westward to grow with the West into wealth and strength ; and in the cities and villages that lie west of Pittsburg but this side of the prairies, are, as might be expected, the homes of a still greater proportion of people whose mental culture has made their taste exacting. The number of well-selected private libraries of from 1,000 to 3,000 volumes within the latter area is very much larger than is generally supposed. If a first-rate weekly paper published at New York, Boston or Philadelphia could be distributed to these people within twenty four hours of the time of its publication, a great number of them would doubtless be glad to get it. This, however, at present cannot be, or at least is not, done. Moreover, if a paper as good, or about as good, were published at Cincinnati or St. Louis, or at any other neighboring city, they would take that in preference. The lack of freshness does not operate against the London papers ; because they are looked upon as foreign luxuries which must pass a certain number of days upon the seas ; and what Dominie Sampson would call their timeous articles, those upon the public affairs of the day, are those for which they are least prized in this country. The articles upon social and literary subjects, upon science and art, and those upon general politics, are those for which the London papers are bought by American readers ; and upon all those subjects their articles are so perfectly well adapted to our public—how, indeed, could it be otherwise?—and are so incomparably superior to those which heretofore have been published in the United States, that people who felt the craving for any such literary pabulum wisely paid for the best double the price at which they were offered what it must be confessed was, in comparison, a very poor thing, although it was our own. Inferiority of home production, wide diffusion of population, and the excellence and suitability of that which is provided by the press of the city which must be, as it has been, for centuries the literary metropolis of the

English race, have therefore coöperated against the success in America of those very important literary enterprises, weekly reviews of politics, society, literature and art. Until these causes cease to coöperate, the assured success of such publications here is not to be looked for, even if it is to be desired. But it is much to be desired that the failure of the first cause should put an end to their coöperation.

The recent establishment in New York—if that may be spoken of as established which cannot yet be regarded as stable—of two weekly reviews of high aims, is a subject of interest to all people who can rightly appreciate the influence which such papers, when they are ably and worthily conducted, can exert upon the community in which they are designed to become a constantly acting power. Of these two papers, one seemed, in the beginning, most inclined to look for its themes in literature, art, and society; the other gave at first grounds for the opinion that it was about to devote itself chiefly to the effort to remove all political and social demarcation between the white and negro races in this country, its treatment of other subjects, in which from the beginning it has shown both good sense and good taste, being accepted, if indeed not offered, as condiment and garnish to the main topic and chief nourisher at its feast. But, if this were the intention of its conductors, wiser counsels seem to have prevailed with them, and for some time past, at least, while it has not renounced its stout championship of the freedmen, and what in its judgment are "equal rights for all," it has entered with boldness and ability upon the widest field of discussion in a generous and liberal spirit. It has its own peculiar views, and a tone also of its own, as every paper and every man of inherent life and strength must have; but it is no mere organ of an ism or a faction. In particular it has deserved well of all decent people by its efforts to elevate and mollify the style of political discussion in our daily press. In the other, the elder of the two, some pleasing essays have appeared, with a few which would do credit to any similar paper in the world; and to writing of this kind it adds desirable information, agreeably given, upon literature and art and kindred subjects. But this paper, although it has recently taken a higher tone and discussed its themes with a wider scope, has thus far chiefly distinguished itself from other papers of its kind, past and present, by a prolonged outcry, which may in fact be called a shriek, for an American literature, by fitful wails over the neglect of American writers of reputation and ability to contribute to its columns, and by assaults equally venomous, unwarranted and ill-judged upon society in New York.

Now, as to the first of these subjects—the attempt, nay the desire, to create a distinctive American literature is in itself indicative of very imperfect knowledge of the sources and the development of all literature. It is simply absurd. An American literature cannot be made, even if it were desirable; and it is not desirable, even if it could be made. But, passing by this topic as one demanding more extended consideration than it can receive under the heading of these remarks, we may find one cognate and not less interesting in the complaints of the paper in question that it cannot obtain the services of authors of acknowledged ability. Twice within a short time it has wrung its editorial hands and wept through double-ledged columns because the men who it thinks ought to write for it continuously neglect to do so. They write polite answers to notes, but they don't send in the manuscript. To the mind accustomed to look at things in the light in which they appear to the public—that is, as a competent editor looks at them—the question

will present itself, Is it wise editing, this announcing again and again to the world that your writers are not persons of acknowledged ability, not the men whom you wish to write, and who, you think, ought to write for you? And again, Is it just to your unknown contributors, does it give them a fair chance with your readers, thus to cry down their work before folks, and tell the public that you can bid it only to an entertainment of novices? Would it not be fairer to them, and much better policy, as far as you yourself are concerned, to let their writing be judged upon its own merits? Then if it be good enough to be attributed to men of standing in the literary world, why, so much the better for both of you; but if not, neither suffers unjustly.

The confession has been made, however; the milk has been spilled; and this weekly defies the old proverb, mingling with its crying expressions of its inability to conjecture why men of ability will not write for it and for other papers of its kind. The subject is one of no little interest, not only to literary and bookish people, but to the whole reading public; and therefore it may be worth while to point out that there are two very good reasons, if not more, why writers of reputation are not ready to fill the columns of such weekly papers as we have had hitherto, and why, if they do work for them, they write hastily and not thoughtfully, giving themselves up to what, to borrow a phrase from our military men, is mere literary bushwhacking on a large scale. The first and in itself the all-sufficient reason for this is that these papers do not offer payment that will command the best literary service. Perhaps the proprietors of these publications cannot afford to pay more than they do pay. It is not necessary to charge them with narrow views or penuriousness; but, however this may be, the reason remains—the payment offered is inadequate to the service asked. Other things being reasonably unobjectionable, first-rate pay will command first-rate work. Pay men of letters at the same rate at which you would be obliged to pay men of corresponding reputation in law, in medicine, or engineering, and you can have almost anything you would like. That this is true certain publishers have, at least, discovered. For the general assertion that men of acknowledged literary standing will not write for our weekly and monthly publications is far too sweeping, and is at variance with well-known facts in regard to Messrs. Harper & Brothers' "Magazine" and "Weekly" and the "Atlantic Monthly." The conductors of any weekly paper or magazine who will pay as well as the Messrs. Harper or Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have paid for the best work on their serial publications can have very soon, if not immediately, writing as good as that, for instance, which Dr. Holmes has often sent to the "Atlantic," or which Mr. Curtis put, during the war, into "Harper's Weekly." But, on the other hand, it is undeniable that most literary labor in this country is wretchedly under-paid. A man of letters, worthy of the name, and especially one who has the quickness of perception, the readiness of hand, and the knowledge of the world requisite for first-rate work upon a weekly paper, is generally a man of some social as well as some intellectual culture, and unless he is a mere Bohemian, he must gain enough to live upon with comfort and self-respect. But at the usual rate of payment for casual contributions to weekly papers and magazines (book authorship being, for obvious reasons, left out of the question), this cannot be done. A man may live upon a moderate salary as one of an editorial staff—although the salary be, as it surely will be, not half what a corresponding ability and exertion would command in another occupation—adding something to his regular pay by outside

work; but a man who undertakes to live by occasional contributions to weekly or daily papers for which he receives from five to fifteen dollars, or to magazines, for which he gets five dollars a page, unless he secures a steady demand for all that he will furnish, can write by steam, and has no pride or conscience about the quality of his work, will soon find himself a fit subject for the poor-house if he is married, and shut out from all hope of social advancement if he is a bachelor. The injustice done to literary men among us in this respect is very great; the inferiority of their compensation to that of men in other walks of life is degrading and unaccountable. As a general thing this disparity is as ten to one. The lawyer of a certain reputation receives for his services \$30,000 a year where the man of letters of corresponding ability and reputation does well if he gets by his pen \$3,000, or at the most \$4,000. There are hundreds, almost thousands, of bookkeepers and salesmen in the city of New York whose salaries are three or four times as large as the incomes of hard working men of letters, whose reputations extend the country over and to Europe. Therefore it is that gifted writers are not ready to do the work which the shrieks that go up from deserted editors call upon them to do, and that young men of ability do not press forward to seize and wield the pens which the men of reputation decline using. Unless a man of letters can write what will bring him in considerably more than he receives for it as a contribution to a paper or a magazine, he has, in most cases, little temptation to write; or if he should write, to give time and thought and labor to his work and do his best. If entirely without property, he seeks a salaried position of some kind, or makes books of one sort or another, or if possible, does both. Few persons of much acquaintance with men of letters can have failed to know more than one of them whose services to literature were acknowledged without dissent, and who, after contributing for years to papers and magazines, working hard and living frugally, could not earn enough to have a dollar in hand at the year's end, even if they made both ends meet. These men break down utterly if they do not secure a mercantile interest in some successful paper or magazine; they get a professorship or some other staff to lean upon, and then either write a little in a make-shift way for the lucre's sake, or lay themselves out upon a work that brings them much reputation but little money; * or they disappear, absorbed into trade, manufactures or politics.

Our outcrying editors thus proclaim: "A good writer can make a handsome competence in this country. There is a constant demand for articles for every kind of publication, and at prices equal to those paid in London or Paris. In fact there is no class of work that is better paid for than that of good writing." Not one of these assertions is true. Very eminent ability in any particular department of letters will, it is true, command a competence—a bare competence; but the man who uses scissors and paste pot to meet the popular demand of the hour, and not the good writer, is the man who generally gains competence, and who is, by some people, himself included, mistaken for a man of letters, and even for a successful author. As to the price paid

* Such, for instance, as George P. Marsh's "Lectures on the English Language" and "The Origin and History of the English Language," the merit of which, superior to that of any books of the kind in English literature, the London Athenæum not being able to deny, it patronized the author after its fashion, in its "pretty good for an American" vein. Before two years were past the Lectures were in use as text books in schools and colleges all over England. In how many schools and colleges in the United States are they so used?

for good writing, I have known the conductor of a periodical publication send an author of established repute ten dollars for a piece of work corresponding in the time and thought expended upon it to work for which any one of five hundred lawyers of respectable ability and corresponding reputation in New York would have refused to accept less than fifty dollars, as a mere retainer.*

Of the constant demand for articles of every kind at London or Paris prices, with some knowledge of both the demand here and the prices there, I am entirely ignorant. Do the wailing editors, who alternately scold and wheedle as if they were installed as dry nurses of our literature, really know the rewards of successful periodical writing in Europe? Brougham, when he was only Henry Brougham, a rising writer, wrote to the publisher of the "Edinburgh Review" for an advance of a thousand pounds, saying that he would soon pay it by writing. He received a check for the money. This was fifty years ago; and a thousand pounds then, in London or Edinburgh, would be very inadequately represented by ten thousand dollars now, in New York. What would be the answer of *any* publisher in this country to *any* writer for an advance of ten thousand dollars? The "London Times," as I am informed, beside paying one of its special correspondents a salary equal to that of one of our Cabinet Ministers, with his travelling expenses, and honoring drafts in addition for supplementary purposes, twice sent him checks which paid debts not inconsiderable, and allows him when not engaged a pension of \$1,500 a year as a mere retainer. This may be considered a singular case; but I know of another, in which the writer, being a young man of no reputation out of London, and not a high one there, was paid at the rate of six thousand dollars a year in gold, with travelling expenses, and "a margin for extras" beside. Do our newspaper conductors deal with "good writers" in this style? It may be said, this is the "London Times," an exceptional paper. But I have learned that other London papers, daily and weekly, do almost as well with the writers whose services they do engage—the number of these being, of course, smaller in the latter case than in the former. Papers like the "Saturday Review," and the "Pall Mall Gazette" don't stick at *adding*—within certain limits, of course—a guinea an article to the price paid to a contributor whose services they care about retaining; whereas, it appears to be the chief object of our publishers of

*As this article bears the author's name, it is proper to say here that I am not recording my own woes, and am complaining vicariously and not for myself. It so happens that I never sent a manuscript of my own either to paper or magazine for acceptance, and that I have received the price I myself set upon everything that the conductors of papers or magazines have asked me to write for them. And here I will say that almost all the talk about prejudice, indifference to merit, vulgar grasping and purse pride on the part of publishers is without foundation. Publishers do their business like other men, for profit; but it is to their interest to bring out what is good, and, above all, what is new and good; and their interest is on the side of the young writer of talent. As for a genius, they would welcome him as Mr. Barnum would welcome an unheard of monster. And, according to my observation, as well as my experience, they generally pay as well as they can afford to pay. I am sure that all fair and reasonable men of letters who have had dealings with Messrs. Harper & Brothers, or Messrs. Scribner & Company, or Mr. Putnam, or Messrs. Little, Brown & Company, Ticknor & Fields or the late Phillips & Sampson, will say that they have been dealt with not only justly, but handsomely, by these gentlemen. If they will not, their experience has been very different from mine. Indeed, I have met with but one publishing house, or rather one publisher, whose conduct is of another character. And if that one will be recognized quite as well unmentioned as if its name were given, it is not my fault.

newspapers, daily and weekly, to see how nearly they can bring the entire price of an article down to a corresponding sum. I am not finding fault with these publishers for a seeming parsimony which may be but the inevitable part of a prudent economy. But, however this may be, it does not touch the point of the inadequacy of the payment as far as the writers are concerned. In Europe, a writer of ability receives much higher pay than he can hope for here, where expenses of all kinds are much greater. Then, too, when the conductors of European papers and magazines of standing wish a man to write for them, they say, frankly, "We should like to have you do such and such articles for us, and we are ready to pay so much for the service." The arrangement is made for this sum, or a larger one, and the check is sent, or is ready regularly without another word. How many contributors to newspapers and magazines in this country can say that such has been their experience?

A discussion of this subject would be unfair as well as incorrect which left out of view the fact that expenses, other than those for literary matter, are proportionately much smaller, and receipts proportionately much larger, upon British than upon American periodicals. American publishers, if they would do a large business and reach the whole reading public, are obliged to publish cheap, while for paper, printing, pay of clerks, and all other business services, they must pay dear. The sufferer by this is the writer. For, strangely enough, payment of the paper-maker and the printer is regarded as the first necessity, because dealing with them is "business," and they furnish the essentials. Most absurd plea, and really preposterous! for it puts that first which is really last. To any man who does not look upon a promissory note as the highest style of literature, and its punctual payment as the supreme test of honor, the person who furnishes the material without which there would be no need for printers, and makers of printing paper, and binders, would seem to be the distinctively essential person in this matter, and his just payment the first necessity. There might, perhaps, a greater calamity befall the world than that writing should cease; but should it happen, where would printers and paper-makers be? But, hitherto, at least, the writer has been the sufferer from the periodical publisher's necessity of selling cheap and paying dear. If anything could be squeezed out after paying business expenses, including, of course, payment for the publisher's services, it was given to the writer—if it did not happen to be too much. If matters did not turn out well, he without whom there would have been no matter at all got nothing. As to cheapness, the advantage is all on the side of the British publishers. We talk not a little, perhaps we boast, of our cheap literature. But even before the war a London publisher, who made it a point to publish cheap books for a small profit on a large circulation, could manufacture a book better, in every respect, than the best of our cheap publications, and sell it for less money. Since the war, the advantage of the British publisher in this respect has become much greater. But in Great Britain the publisher's calculation generally is to make a large profit on a small sale, or, at least, to publish at such a price that even the sale of an edition of five hundred in case of a book, or two thousand in that of a periodical, will pay a profit. Should the sale prove very large, so much the better. But here it would be impossible to publish on such a calculation and pay expenses. The price of "Blackwood's Magazine" is 2s. 6d. sterling: so is that of "Fraser." This is equal to sixty cents in gold. The price of the

"Cornhill," of "Macmillan," of the "Temple Bar" and "London Society" is 1s. sterling, about twenty-five cents in coin, which was the price of "Harper" and the "Atlantic" before the war. But not only is there much more matter in "Harper" and in the "Atlantic" than in either of the magazines just named, so that the printer's work is very much the more on the American magazines, but the printer and the paper-maker and the binder get so much less in London than in New York that a shilling sterling represents very much more to the British than twenty-five cents in coin does to the American publisher. The price of the "Saturday Review," the "Spectator" and other like papers is 6d. sterling, just twice the price that any of our publishers of weekly papers ventured to ask before the war, although their expenses were nearly twice as great as those of their British rivals. But beside this, there enters another element into the calculation of receipts and consequent ability to pay writers. This is advertising. Take up either one of the magazines just named and look at it fore and aft, and you will find that nearly one-third its bulk is made up of advertisements put in by the page. Look at the "Atlantic" and see perhaps a page or two beside those of its own publishers. Examine in like manner the original editions of the British quarterlies—any of them, and see that their advertisements are bulky enough to make a volume of respectable size. Compare with this the "North American Review," which has been established for more than fifty years, and find its advertising almost nothing. The same difference exists in this respect between the London and New York weekly papers. And not only are the advertisements in the former so much more numerous; they are paid for at a much higher rate. The rate, too, seems to depend upon the character of the circulation, not its extent. The "Saturday Review" at one time, when its advertising was very profitable, all at once doubled its price for advertisements. This made no difference at all in the amount of advertising, which rather increased. Not long after another London weekly paper, which hardly circulates one copy to the "Saturday Review's" five, but which only goes among the cultivated classes, also doubled its price for advertising with a like result. But here people in the very same way of business which those are in who advertise so freely and at such high prices in the London weekly papers, seem to regard advertising in such papers as a favor—their contribution to the making of "an American literature." Which, indeed, is about as likely to be made in that way as in any other.

These are some of the disadvantages under which the proprietors and conductors of Saturday Reviews and of periodical literature generally labor in America. As to writers, their troubles are not of this time and this land only. The complaint of the precariousness of a living gained by the profession of letters is no new one. The further we go back the more common do we find it. One of the most successful authors that ever lived, Sir Walter Scott, said that "literature is a good staff but a sorry crutch." But since Sir Walter's time there has been a great change in the position and the payment of the literary class in Europe. The periodical press there, of the vastness of which those of us who have not looked into the subject have no notion, provides a large proportion of that class with constant and remunerative employment. In Europe "a good writer *can* make a handsome competence;" but here that desideratum is only to be obtained by those who unite conspicuous ability and great perseverance to capacity for labor and good management in such a degree as would ensure a large fortune in any other occupation, or by

the paste-pot and scissor man, or the clever charlatan, who almost always is successful in all times and all countries. A good writer who is not yet quite up to making first-rate books, but who yet loves his work and has a conscience about the doing it, if he depends for his living upon papers and magazines, will probably just not starve. A merchant, a manufacturer, a lawyer or a physician of only corresponding ability and opportunity has, accidents excepted, a certainty of a competence and a fair chance for a comfortable fortune.

Be-side all this, or it would be better to say, in great measure the reason of all this is, the commercial, the physical, and the political work before us makes such exacting demands upon the thought and energy of the country, that to turn from these to literature a man must either be a mere literary dawdler, or be so possessed of the literary spirit that what is in him must have utterance. The latter, happily for the world, although not always so for themselves, can not be deterred by difficulty. In Europe the presence of large and well-established classes of people who have money, culture, and leisure provides both a constant demand for periodical literature of the highest class, and a corresponding supply of writers who are able to furnish it. This consideration applies, in a great measure, to all literature. Younger brothers who have allowances, young barristers, fellows of colleges, clergymen who have a moderate but sure stipend, annuitants, pensioners, private tutors, and governesses, all highly educated, and many of them educated with a view to those positions, constantly recruit the ranks of authorship in all departments. To the existence of a recognized governess class in England is to be attributed the fact that there are so many more female authors than there are in this country. A large proportion of the female authors of England are, have been, or were educated to be, governesses in wealthy families. In that position they acquire a social culture and a knowledge of life which, combined with their early education, and the facility which women have for telling stories, fit them peculiarly to be tale writers and novelists. Of the numbers of tales and novels produced yearly by this class of writers in Great Britain our public has no notion. Only the successful names are heard in this country; and in literature, even more than in other walks of life, one success implies many failures. We have no such reservoirs on which to draw; happily, now at least, for us as a people. For a long time we must expect to see our share in literature a very small one compared with that of nations much our inferiors in intellectual activity and diffused culture. But it need not therefore be unimportant to the world or without influence upon ourselves.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

THE CLAVERINGS.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

WHAT WOULD MEN SAY OF YOU?



ARRY, tell me the truth—tell me all the truth.” Harry Clavering was thus greeted when, in obedience to the summons from Lady Ongar, he went to her almost immediately on his return to London.

It will be remembered that he had remained at Clavering some days after the departure of Hugh and Archie, lacking the courage to face his misfortunes boldly. But though his delay had been cowardly, it had not been easy to him to be a coward. He despised himself for not having written with warm, full-expressed affection to Florence and with honest, clear truth to Julia. Half his misery rose from this feeling of self-abasement, and from the consciousness that he was weak, piteously weak, ex-

actly in that in which he had often boasted to himself that he was strong. But such inward boastings are not altogether bad. They preserve men from succumbing, and make at any rate some attempt to realize themselves. The man who tells himself that he is brave, will struggle much before he flies; but the man who never does so tell himself, will find flying easy unless his heart be of nature very high. Now had come the moment either for flying or not flying; and Harry, swearing that he would stand his ground, resolutely took his hat and gloves, and made his way to Bolton Street with a sore heart.

But as he went he could not keep himself from arguing the matter within his own breast. He knew what was his duty. It was his duty to stick to Florence, not only with his word and his hand, but with his heart. It was

his duty to tell Lady Ongar that not only his word was at Stratton, but his heart also, and to ask her pardon for the wrong that he had done her by that caress. For some ten minutes as he walked through the streets his resolve was strong to do this manifest duty; but, gradually, as he thought of that caress, as he thought of the difficulties of the coming interview, as he thought of Julia's high-toned beauty—perhaps something also of her wealth and birth—and more strongly still as he thought of her love for him, false, treacherous, selfish arguments offered themselves to his mind—arguments which he knew to be false and selfish. Which of them did he love? Could it be right for him to give his hand without his heart? Could it really be good for Florence—poor injured Florence, that she should be taken by a man who had ceased to regard her more than all other women? Were he to marry her now, would not that deceit be worse than the other deceit? Or, rather, would not that be deceitful, whereas the other course would simply be **unfortunate**—**unfortunate** through circumstances for which he was blameless? **Damnable arguments!** False, cowardly logic, by which all male jilts seek to excuse their own treachery to themselves and, to others!

Thus during the second ten minutes of his walk, his line of conduct became less plain to him, and as he entered Piccadilly he was racked with doubts. But instead of settling them in his mind he unconsciously allowed himself to dwell upon the words with which he would seek to excuse his treachery to Florence. He thought how he would tell her—not to her face with spoken words, for that he could not do—but with written skill, that he was unworthy of her goodness, that his love for her had fallen off through his own unworthiness, and had returned to one who was in all respects less perfect than she, but who in old days, as she well knew, had been his first love. Yes! he would say all this, and Julia, let her anger be what it might, should know that he had said it. As he planned this, there came to him a little comfort, for he thought there was something grand in such a resolution. Yes; he would do that, even though he should lose Julia also.

Miserable clap-trap! He knew in his heart that all his logic was false, and his arguments baseless. Cease to love Florence Burton! He had not ceased to love her, nor is the heart of any man made so like a weathercock that it needs must turn itself hither and thither, as the wind directs, and be altogether beyond the man's control. For Harry, with all his faults, and in spite of his present falseness, was a man. No man ceases to love without a cause. No man need cease to love without a cause. A man may maintain his love, and nourish it, and keep it warm by honest, manly effort, as he may his probity, his courage, or his honor. It was not that he had ceased to love Florence; but that the glare of the candle had been too bright for him and he had scorched his wings. After all, as to that embrace of which he had thought so much, and the memory of which was so sweet to him and so bitter—it had simply been an accident. Thus, writing in his mind that letter to Florence which he knew, if he were an honest man, he would never allow himself to write, he reached Lady Ongar's door without having arranged for himself any special line of conduct.

We must return for a moment to the fact that Hugh and Archie had returned to town before Harry Clavering. How Archie had been engaged on great doings, the reader, I hope, will remember; and he may as well be informed here that the fifty pounds was duly taken to Mount Street, and were extracted from him by the spy without much difficulty. I do not know that

Archie in return obtained any immediate aid or valuable information from Sophie Gordeloup; but Sophie did obtain some information from him which she found herself able to use for her own purposes. As his position with reference to love and marriage was being discussed, and the position also of the divine Julia, Sophie hinted her fear of another Clavering lover. What did Archie think of his cousin Harry? "Why; he's engaged to another girl," said Archie, opening wide his eyes and his mouth, and becoming very free with his information. This was a matter to which Sophie found it worth her while to attend, and she soon learned from Archie all that Archie knew about Florence Burton. And this was all that could be known. No secret had been made in the family of Harry's engagement. Archie told his fair assistant that Miss Burton had been received at Clavering Park openly as Harry's future wife, and, "by Jove, you know, he can't be coming it with Julia after that, you know." Sophie made a little grimace, but did not say much. She, remembering that she had caught Lady Ongar in Harry's arms, thought that, "by Jove," he might be coming it with Julia, even after Miss Burton's reception at Clavering Park. Then, too, she remembered some few words that had passed between her and her dear Julia after Harry's departure on the evening of the embrace, and perceived that Julia was in ignorance of the very existence of Florence Burton, even though Florence had been received at the Park. This was information worth having—information to be used! Her respect for Harry rose immeasurably. She had not given him credit for so much audacity, so much gallantry, and so much skill. She had thought him to be a pigheaded Clavering, like the rest of them. He was not pigheaded; he was a promising young man; she could have liked him and perhaps aided him—only that he had shown so strong a determination to have nothing to do with her. Therefore the information should be used—and it was used.

The reader will now understand what was the truth which Lady Ongar demanded from Harry Clavering. "Harry, tell me the truth; tell me all the truth." She had come forward to meet him in the middle of the room when she spoke these words, and stood looking him in the face, not having given him her hand.

"What truth?" said Harry. "Have I ever told you a lie?" But he knew well what was the truth required of him.

"Lies can be acted as well as told. Harry, tell me all at once. Who is Florence Burton; who and what?" She knew it all, then, and things had settled themselves for him without the necessity of any action on his part. It was odd enough that she should not have learned it before, but at any rate she knew it now. And it was well that she should have been told—only how was he to excuse himself for that embrace? "At any rate speak to me," she said, standing quite erect, and looking as a Juno might have looked. "You will acknowledge at least that I have a right to ask the question. Who is this Florence Burton?"

"She is the daughter of Mr. Burton of Stratton."

"And is that all that you can tell me? Come, Harry, be braver than that. I was not such a coward once with you. Are you engaged to marry her?"

"Yes, Lady Ongar, I am."

"Then you have had your revenge on me, and now we are quits." So saying, she stepped back from the middle of the room, and sat herself down on her accustomed seat. He was left there standing, and it seemed as though she

intended to take no further notice of him. He might go if he pleased, and there would be an end of it all. The difficulty would be over, and he might at once write to Florence in what language he liked. It would simply be a little episode in his life, and his escape would not have been arduous.

But he could not go from her in that way. He could not bring himself to leave the room without some further word. She had spoken of revenge. Was it not incumbent on him to explain to her that there had been no revenge; that he had loved, and suffered, and forgiven without one thought of anger—and that then he had unfortunately loved again? Must he not find some words in which to tell her that she had been the light, and he simply the poor moth that had burned his wings.

"No, Lady Ongar," said he, "there has been no revenge."

"We will call it justice, if you please. At any rate I do not mean to complain."

"If you ever injured me——" he began.

"I did injure you," said she, sharply.

"If you ever injured me, I forgave you freely."

"I did injure you——" As she spoke she rose again from her seat, showing how impossible to her was that tranquillity which she had attempted to maintain. "I did injure you, but the injury came to you early in life, and sat lightly on you. Within a few months you had learned to love this young lady at the place you went to—the first young lady you saw! I had not done you much harm, Harry. But that which you have done me cannot be undone."

"Julia," he said, coming up to her.

"No; not Julia. When you were here before I asked you to call me so, hoping, longing, believing—doing more, so much more than I could have done, but that I thought my love might now be of service to you. You do not think that I had heard of this then."

"Oh, no."

"No. It is odd that I should not have known it, as I now hear that she was at my sister's house; but all others have not been as silent as you have been. We are quits, Harry; that is all that I have to say. We are quits now."

"I have intended to be true to you—to you and to her."

"Were you true when you acted as you did the other night?" He could not explain to her how greatly he had been tempted. "Were you true when you held me in your arms as that woman came in? Had you not made me think that I might glory in loving you, and that I might show her that I scorned her when she thought to promise me her secrecy—her secrecy, as though I were ashamed of what she had seen. I was not ashamed—not then. Had all the world known it, I should not have been ashamed. 'I have loved him long,' I should have said, 'and him only. He is to be my husband, and now at last I need not be ashamed.'" So much she spoke, standing up, looking at him with firm face, and uttering her syllables with a quick clear voice; but at the last word there came a quiver in her tone, and the strength of her countenance quailed, and there was a tear which made dim her eye, and she knew that she could no longer stand before him. She endeavored to seat herself with composure; but the attempt failed, and as she fell back upon the sofa he just heard the sob which had cost her so great and vain an effort to restrain. In an instant he was kneeling at her feet, and grasping at the

hand with which she was hiding her face. "Julia," he said, "look at me; let us at any rate understand each other at last."

"No, Harry; there must be no more such knowledge—no more such understanding. You must go from me, and come here no more. Had it not been for that other night, I would still have endeavored to regard you as a friend. But I have no right to such friendship. I have sinned and gone astray, and am a thing vile and polluted. I sold myself, as a beast is sold, and men have treated me as I treated myself."

"Have I treated you so?"

"Yes, Harry; you, you. How did you treat me when you took me in your arms and kissed me—knowing, knowing that I was not to be your wife? O God, I have sinned. I have sinned, and I am punished."

"No, no," said he, rising from his knees, "it was not as you say."

"Then how was it, sir? Is it thus that you treat other women—your friends, those to whom you declare friendship? What did you mean me to think?"

"That I loved you."

"Yes; with a love that should complete my disgrace—that should finish my degradation. But I had not heard of this Florence Burton; and, Harry, that night I was happy in my bed. And in that next week when you were down there for that sad ceremony, I was happy here, happy and proud. Yes, Harry, I was so proud when I thought you still loved me—loved me in spite of my past sin, that I almost forgot that I was polluted. You have made me remember it, and I shall not forget it again."

It would have been better for him had he gone away at once. Now he was sitting in a chair, sobbing violently, and pressing away the tears from his cheeks with his hands. How could he make her understand that he had intended no insult when he embraced her? Was it not incumbent on him to tell her that the wrong he then did was done to Florence Burton, and not to her? But his agony was too much for him at present, and he could find no words in which to speak to her.

"I said to myself that you would come when the funeral was over, and I wept for poor Hermy as I thought that my lot was so much happier than hers. But people have what they deserve, and Hermy, who has done no such wrong as I have done, is not crushed as I am crushed. It was just, Harry, that the punishment should come from you, but it has come very heavily."

"Julia, it was not meant to be so."

"Well; we will let that pass. I cannot unsay, Harry, all that I have said—all that I did not say, but which you must have thought and known when you were here last. I cannot bid you believe that I do not—love you."

"Not more tenderly or truly than I love you."

"Nay, Harry, your love to me can be neither true nor tender—nor will I permit it to be offered to me. You do not think that I would rob that girl of what is hers. Mine for you may be both tender and true; but, alas, truth has come to me when it can avail me no longer."

"Julia, if you will say that you love me, it shall avail you."

"In saying that, you are continuing to ill-treat me. Listen to me now. I hardly know when it began, for, at first, I did not expect that you would forgive me and let me be dear to you as I used to be; but as you sat here, looking up into my face in the old way, it came on me gradually—the feeling that

it might be so ; and I told myself that if you would take me I might be of service to you, and I thought that I might forgive myself at last for possessing this money if I could throw it into your lap, so that you might thrive with it in the world ; and I said to myself that it might be well to wait awhile, till I should see whether you really loved me ; but then came that burst of passion, and though I knew that you were wrong, I was proud to feel that I was still so dear to you. It is all over. We understand each other at last, and you may go. There is nothing to be forgiven between us."

He had now resolved that Florence must go by the board. If Julia would still take him she should be his wife, and he would face Florence and all the Burtons, and his own family, and all the world in the matter of his treachery. What would he care what the world might say ? His treachery to Florence was a thing completed. Now, at this moment, he felt himself to be so devoted to Julia as to make him regard his engagement to Florence as one which must, at all hazards, be renounced. He thought of his mother's sorrow, of his father's scorn—of the dismay with which Fanny would hear concerning him a tale which she would believe to be so impossible ; he thought of Theodore Burton, and the deep, unquenchable anger of which that brother was capable, and of Cecilia and her outraged kindness ; he thought of the infamy which would be attached to him, and resolved that he must bear it all. Even if his own heart did not move him so to act, how could he hinder himself from giving comfort and happiness to this woman who was before him ? Injury, wrong, and broken-hearted wretchedness, he could not prevent ; but, therefore, this part was as open to him as the other. Men would say that he had done this for Lady Ongar's money ; and the indignation with which he was able to regard this false accusation—for his mind declared such accusation to be damnably false—gave him some comfort. People might say of him what they pleased. He was about to do the best within his power. Bad, alas, was the best, but it was of no avail now to think of that.

"Julia," he said, "between us at least there shall be nothing to be forgiven."

"There is nothing," said she.

"And there shall be no broken love. I am true to you now—as ever."

"And, what, then, of your truth to Miss Florence Burton ?"

"It will not be for you to rebuke me with that. We have, both of us, played our game badly, but not for that reason need we both be ruined and broken-hearted. In your folly you thought that wealth was better than love ; and I, in my folly—I thought that one love blighted might be mended by another. When I asked Miss Burton to be my wife you were the wife of another man. Now that you are free again I cannot marry Miss Burton."

"You must marry her, Harry."

"There shall be no must in such a case. You do not know her, and cannot understand how good, how perfect she is. She is too good to take a hand without a heart."

"And what would men say of you ?"

"I must bear what men say. I do not suppose that I shall be all happy—not even with your love. When things have once gone wrong they cannot be mended without showing the patches. But yet men stay the hand of ruin for a while, tinkering here and putting in a nail there, stitching and cobbling ; and so things are kept together. It must be so for you and me. Give me your hand, Julia, for I have never deceived you, and you need not fear that I shall do so now. Give me your hand, and say that you will be my wife."

"No, Harry; not your wife. I do not, as you say, know that perfect girl, but I will not rob one that is so good."

"You are bound to me, Julia. You must do as I bid you. You have told me that you love me; and I have told you—and I tell you now, that I love none other as I love you—have never loved any other as I loved you. Give me your hand." Then, coming to her, he took her hand, while she sat with her face averted from him. "Tell me that you will be my wife." But she would not say the words. She was less selfish than he, and was thinking—was trying to think what might be best for them all, but, above all, what might be best for him. "Speak to me," he said, "and acknowledge that you wronged me when you thought that the expression of my love was an insult to you."

"It is easy to say, speak. What shall I say?"

"Say that you will be my wife."

"No—I will not say it." She rose again from her chair, and took her hand away from him. "I will not say it. Go now and think over all that you have done; and I also will think of it. God help me. What evil comes when evil has been done. But, Harry, I understand you now, and I at least will blame you no more. Go and see Florence Burton; and if, when you see her, you find that you can love her, take her to your heart, and be true to her. You shall never hear another reproach from me. Go now, go; there is nothing more to be said."

He paused a moment as though he were going to speak, but he left the room without another word. As he went along the passage and turned on the stairs he saw her standing at the door of the room, looking at him, and it seemed that her eyes were imploring him to be true to her in spite of the words that she had spoken. "And I will be true to her," he said to himself. "She was the first that I ever loved, and I will be true to her."

He went out, and for an hour or two wandered about the town, hardly knowing whither his steps were taking him. There had been a tragic seriousness in what had occurred to him this evening, which seemed to cover him with care, and make him feel that his youth was gone from him. At any former period of his life his ears would have tingled with pride to hear such a woman as Lady Ongar speak of her love for him in such terms as she had used; but there was no room now for pride in his bosom. Now at least he thought nothing of her wealth or rank. He thought of her as a woman between whom and himself there existed so strong a passion as to make it impossible that he should marry another, even though his duty plainly required it. The grace and graciousness of his life were over; but love still remained to him, and of that he must make the most. All others whom he regarded would revile him, and now he must live for this woman alone. She had said that she had injured him. Yes, indeed, she had injured him! She had robbed him of his high character, of his unclouded brow, of that self-pride which had so often told him that he was living a life without reproach among men. She had brought him to a state in which misery must be his bedfellow, and disgrace his companion; but still she loved him, and to that love he would be true.

And as to Florence Burton—how was he to settle matters with her? That letter for which he had been preparing the words as he went to Bolton Street, before the necessity for it had become irrevocable, did not now appear to him to be very easy. At any rate he did not attempt it on that night.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE MAN WHO DUSTED HIS BOOTS WITH HIS HANDKERCHIEF.

WHEN Florence Burton had written three letters to Harry without receiving a word in reply to either of them, she began to be seriously unhappy. The last of these letters, received by him after the scene described in the last chapter, he had been afraid to read. It still remained unopened in his pocket. But Florence, though she was unhappy, was not even yet jealous. Her fears did not lie in that direction, nor had she naturally any tendency to such uneasiness. He was ill, she thought; or if not ill in health, then ill at ease. Some trouble afflicted him of which he could not bring himself to tell her the facts, and as she thought of this she remembered her own stubbornness on the subject of their marriage, and blamed herself in that she was not now with him, to comfort him. If such comfort would avail him anything now, she would be stubborn no longer. When the third letter brought no reply she wrote to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Burton, confessing her uneasiness, and begging for comfort. Surely Cecilia could not but see him occasionally—or at any rate have the power of seeing him. Or Theodore might do so—as, of course, he would be at the office. If anything ailed him would Cecilia tell her all the truth? But Cecilia, when she began to fear that something did ail him, did not find it very easy to tell Florence all the truth.

But there was jealousy at Stratton, though Florence was not jealous. Old Mrs. Burton had become alarmed, and was ready to tear the eyes out of Harry Clavering's head if Harry should be false to her daughter. This was a misfortune of which, with all her brood, Mrs. Burton had as yet known nothing. No daughter of hers had been misused by any man, and no son of hers had ever misused any one's daughter. Her children had gone out into the world steadily, prudently, making no brilliant marriages, but never falling into any mistakes. She heard of such misfortunes around her—that a young lady here had loved in vain, and that a young lady there had been left to wear the willow; but such sorrows had never visited her roof, and she was disposed to think—and perhaps to say—that the fault lay chiefly in the imprudence of mothers. What if at last, when her work in this line had been so nearly brought to a successful close, misery and disappointment should come also upon her lamb! In such case Mrs. Burton, we may say, was a ewe who would not see her lamb suffer without many bleatings and considerable exercise of her maternal energies.

And tidings had come to Mrs. Burton which had not as yet been allowed to reach Florence's ears. In the office at the Adelphi was one Mr. Walliker, who had a younger brother now occupying that desk in Mr. Burton's office which had belonged to Harry Clavering. Through Bob Walliker Mrs. Burton learned that Harry did not come to the office even when it was known that he had returned to London from Clavering—and she also learned at last that the young men in the office were connecting Harry Clavering's name with that of a rich and noble widow, Lady Ongar. Then Mrs. Burton wrote to her son Theodore, as Florence had written to Theodore's wife.

Mrs. Burton, though she had loved Harry dearly, and had, perhaps, in many respects liked him better than any of her sons-in-law, had, nevertheless, felt some misgivings from the first. Florence was brighter, better educated and cleverer than her elder sisters, and therefore when it had come to pass

that she was asked in marriage by a man somewhat higher in rank and softer in manners than they who had married her sisters, there had seemed to be some reason for the change—but Mrs. Burton had felt that it was a ground for apprehension. High rank and soft manners may not always belong to a true heart. At first she was unwilling to hint this caution even to herself; but at last, as her suspicions grew, she spoke the words very frequently, not only to herself, but also to her husband. Why, oh why, had she let into her house any man differing in mode of life from those whom she had known to be honest and good? How would her gray hairs be made to go in sorrow to the grave, if, after all her old prudence and all her old success, her last pet lamb should be returned to the mother's side, ill-used, maimed, and blighted!

Theodore Burton, when he received his mother's letter, had not seen Harry since his return from Clavering. He had been inclined to be very angry with him for his long and unannounced absence from the office. "He will do no good," he had said to his wife. "He does not know what real work means." But his anger turned to disgust as regarded Harry, and almost to despair as regarded his sister, when Harry had been a week in town and yet had not shown himself at the Adelphi. But at this time Theodore Burton had heard no word of Lady Ongar, though the clerks in the office had that name daily in their mouths. "Cannot you go to him, Theodore?" said his wife. "It is very easy to say go to him," he replied. "If I made it my business I could, of course, go to him, and no doubt find him if I was determined to do so—but what more could I do? I can lead a horse to the water, but I cannot make him drink." "You could speak to him of Florence," "That is such a woman's idea," said the husband. "When every proper incentive to duty and ambition has failed him, he is to be brought into the right way by the mention of a girl's name!" "May I see him?" Cecilia urged. "Yes—if you can catch him; but I do not advise you to try."

After that came the two letters for the husband and wife, each of which was shown to the other; and then for the first time did either of them receive the idea that Lady Ongar with her fortune might be a cause of misery to their sister. "I don't believe a word of it," said Cecilia, whose cheeks were burning, half with shame and half with anger. Harry had been such a pet with her—had already been taken so closely to her heart as a brother! "I should not have suspected him of that kind of baseness," said Theodore, very slowly. "He is not base," said Cecilia. "He may be idle and foolish, but he is not base."

"I must at any rate go after him now," said Theodore. "I don't believe this—I won't believe it. I do not believe it. But if it should be true——!"

"Oh, Theodore."

"I do not think it is true. It is not the kind of weakness I have seen in him. He is weak and vain, but I should have said that he was true"

"I am sure he is true."

"I think so. I cannot say more than that I think so."

"You will write to your mother?"

"Yes."

"And may I ask Florence to come up? Is it not always better that people should be near to each other when they are engaged?"

"You can ask her, if you like. I doubt whether she will come."

"She will come if she thinks that anything is amiss with him."

Cecilia wrote immediately to Florence, pressing her invitation in the strongest terms that she could use. "I tell you the whole truth," she said. "We have not seen him, and this of course, has troubled us very greatly. I feel quite sure he would come to us if you were here; and this, I think, should bring you, if no other consideration does so. Theodore imagines that he has become simply idle, and that he is ashamed to show himself here because of that. It may be that he has some trouble with reference to his own home, of which we know nothing. But if he has any such trouble you ought to be made aware of it, and I feel sure that he would tell you if you were here." Much more she said, arguing in the same way, and pressing Florence to come to London.

Mr. Burton did not at once send a reply to his mother, but he wrote the following note to Harry:

ADELPHI —, May, 186—

MY DEAR CLAVERING:—I have been sorry to notice your continued absence from the office, and both Cecilia and I have been very sorry that you have discontinued coming to us. But I should not have written to you on this matter, not wishing to interfere in your own concerns, had I not desired to see you specially with reference to my sister. As I have that to say to you concerning her which I can hardly write, will you make an appointment with me here, or at my house? Or, if you cannot do that, will you say when I shall find you at home? If you will come and dine with us we shall like that best, and leave you to name an early day; to-morrow, or the next day, or the day after.

"Very truly yours,

"THEODORE BURTON."

When Cecilia's letter reached Stratton, and another post came without any letter from Harry, poor Florence's heart sank low in her bosom. "Well, my dear," said Mrs. Burton, who watched her daughter anxiously while she was reading the letter. Mrs. Burton had not told Florence of her own letter to her son; and now, having herself received no answer, looked to obtain some reply from that which her daughter-in-law had sent.

"Cecilia wants me to go to London," said Florence.

"Is there anything the matter that you should go just now?"

"Not exactly the matter, mamma; but you can see the letter."

Mrs. Burton read it slowly, and felt sure that much was the matter. She knew that Cecilia would have written in that strain only under the influence of some great alarm. At first she was disposed to think that she herself would go to London. She was eager to know the truth—eager to utter her loud maternal bleatings if any wrong were threatened to her lamb. Florence might go with her, but she longed herself to be on the field of action. She felt that she could almost annihilate any man by her words and looks who would dare to ill-treat a girl of hers.

"Well, mamma—what do you think?"

"I don't know yet, my dear. I will speak to your papa before dinner." But as Mrs. Burton had been usually autocratic in the management of her own daughters, Florence was aware that her mother simply required a little time before she made up her mind. "It is not that I want to go London—for the pleasure of it, mamma."

"I know that, my dear."

"Nor yet merely to see him!—though, of course, I do long to see him!"

"Of course you do—why shouldn't you?"

"But Cecilia is so very prudent, and she thinks that it will be better. And she would not have pressed it, unless Theodore had thought so too!"

"I thought Theodore would have written to me!"

"But he writes so seldom."

"I expected a letter from him now, as I had written to him."

"About Harry, do you mean?"

"Well; yes. I did not mention it, as I was aware I might make you uneasy. But I saw that you were unhappy at not hearing from him."

"Oh, mamma, do let me go."

"Of course you shall go if you wish it; but let me speak to papa before anything is quite decided."

Mrs. Burton did speak to her husband, and it was arranged that Florence should go up to Onslow Crescent. But Mrs. Burton, though she had been always autocratic about her unmarried daughters, had never been autocratic about herself. When she hinted that she also might go, she saw that the scheme was not approved, and she at once abandoned it.

"It would look as if we were all afraid," said Mr. Burton; "and, after all, what does it come to? A young gentleman does not write to his sweetheart for two or three weeks. I used to think myself the best lover in the world if I wrote once a month."

"There was no penny post then, Mr. Burton."

"And I often wish there was none now," said Mr. Burton. That matter was therefore decided, and Florence wrote back to her sister-in-law, saying that she would go up to London on the third day from that. In the meantime, Harry Clavering and Theodore Burton had met.

Has it ever been the lot of any unmarried male reader of these pages to pass three or four days in London, without anything to do—to have to get through them by himself—and to have that burden on his shoulder, with the additional burden of some terrible, wearing misery, away from which there seems to be no road, and out of which there is apparently no escape? That was Harry Clavering's condition for some few days after the evening which he last passed in the company of Lady Ongar; and I will ask any such unmarried man whether, in such a plight, there was for him any other alternative but to wish himself dead? In such a condition, a man can simply walk the streets by himself, and declare to himself that everything is bad, and rotten, and vile, and worthless. He wishes himself dead, and calculates the different advantages of prussic acid and pistols. He may the while take his meals very punctually at his club, may smoke his cigars, and drink his bitter beer, or brandy-and-water; but he is all the time wishing himself dead, and making that calculation as to the best way of achieving that desirable result. Such was Harry Clavering's condition now. As for his office, the doors of that place were absolutely closed against him, by the presence of Theodore Burton. When he attempted to read, he could not understand a word, or sit for ten minutes with a book in his hand. No occupation was possible to him. He longed to go again to Bolton Street, but he did not even do that. If there, he could act only as though Florence had been deserted for ever; and if he so acted, he would be infamous for life. And yet he had sworn to Julia that such was his intention. He hardly dared to ask himself which of the two he loved. The misery of it all had become so heavy upon him, that he could take no pleasure in the thought of his love. It must always be all regret, all sorrow, and all remorse. Then there came upon him the letter from Theodore Burton, and he knew that it was necessary that he should see the writer.

Nothing could be more disagreeable than such an interview, but he could not allow himself to be guilty of the cowardice of declining it. Of a personal quarrel with Burton he was not afraid. He felt, indeed, that he might almost find relief in the capability of being himself angry with any one. But he must positively make up his mind before such an interview. He must devote himself either to Florence or to Julia; and he did not know how to abandon the one or the other. He had allowed himself to be so governed by impulse that he had pledged himself to Lady Ongar, and had sworn to her that he would be entirely hers. She, it is true, had not taken him altogether at his word, but not the less did he know—did he think that he knew—that she looked for the performance of his promise. And she had been the first that he had sworn to love!

In his dilemma he did at last go to Bolton Street, and there found that Lady Ongar had left town for three or four days. The servant said that she had gone, he believed, to the Isle of Wight; and that Madam Gordeloup had gone with her. She was to be back in town early in the following week. This was on a Thursday, and he was aware that he could not postpone his interview with Burton till after Julia's return. So he went to his club, and nailing himself as it were to the writing-table, made an appointment for the following morning. He would be with Burton at the Adelphi at twelve o'clock. He had been in trouble, he said, and that trouble had kept him from the office and from Onslow Crescent. Having written this, he sent it off, and then played billiards, and smoked, and dined, played more billiards, and smoked and drank till the usual hours of the night had come. He was not a man who liked such things. He had not become what he was by passing his earlier years after this fashion. But his misery required excitement, and, billiards, with tobacco, were better than the desolation of solitude.

On the following morning he did not breakfast till near eleven. Why should he get up as long as it was possible to obtain the relief which was to be had from dozing? As far as possible he would not think of the matter till he had put his hat upon his head to go to the Adelphi. But the time for taking his hat soon came, and he started on his short journey. But even as he walked, he could not think of it. He was purposeless, as a ship without a rudder, telling himself that he could only go as the winds might direct him. How he did hate himself for his one weakness! And yet he hardly made an effort to overcome it. On one point only did he seem to have a resolve. If Burton attempted to use with him anything like a threat, he would instantly resent it.

Punctually at twelve he walked into the outer office, and was told that Mr. Burton was in his room.

"Halloa, Clavering," said Walliker, who was standing with his back to the fire, "I thought we had lost you for good and all. And here you are come back again!"

Harry had always disliked this man, and now hated him worse than ever. "Yes; I am here," said he, "for a few minutes; but I believe I need not trouble you."

"All right, old fellow," said Walliker; and then Harry passed through into the inner room.

"I am very glad to see you, Harry," said Burton, rising, and giving his hand cordially to Clavering. "And I am sorry to hear that you have been in trouble. Is it anything in which we can help you?"

"I hope—Mrs. Burton is well," said Harry, hesitating.

"Pretty well."

"And the children?"

"Quite well. They say you are a very bad fellow not to go and see them."

"I believe I am a bad fellow," said Harry.

"Sit down, Harry. It will be best to come at the point at once; will it not? Is there anything wrong between you and Florence?"

"What do you mean by wrong?"

"I should call it very wrong—hideously wrong—if, after all that has passed between you, there should now be any doubt as to your affection for each other. If such doubt were now to arise with her, I should almost disown my sister."

"You will never have to blush for her."

"I think not. I thank God that hitherto there have been no such blushes among us. And I hope, Harry, that my heart may never have to bleed for her. Come, Harry, let me tell you all at once like an honest man. I hate subterfuges and secrets. A report has reached the old people at home—not Florence, mind—that you are untrue to Florence, and are passing your time with that lady who is the sister of your cousin's wife."

"What right have they to ask how I pass my time?"

"Do not be unjust, Harry. If you simply tell me that your visits to that lady imply no evil to my sister, I, knowing you to be a gentleman, will take your word for all that it can mean." He paused, and Harry hesitated, and could not answer. "Nay, dear friend—brother as we both of us have thought you—come once more to Onslow Crescent and kiss the bairns, and kiss Cecilia, too, and sit with us at our table, and talk as you used to do, and I will ask no further question; nor will she. Then you will come back here to your work, and your trouble will be gone, and your mind will be at ease; and, Harry, one of the best girls that ever gave her heart into a man's keeping will be there to worship you, and to swear when your back is turned that any one who says a word against you shall be no brother, and no sister, and no friend of hers."

And this was the man who had dusted his boots with his pocket-handkerchief, and whom Harry had regarded as being, on that account, hardly fit to be his friend! He knew that the man was noble, and good, and generous, and true; and knew also that in all that Burton said he simply did his duty as a brother. But not on that account was it the easier for him to reply.

"Say that you will come to us this evening," said Burton. "Even if you have an engagement, put it off."

"I have none," said Harry.

"Then say that you will come to us, and all will be well."

Harry understood of course that his compliance with this invitation would be taken as implying that all was right. It would be so easy to accept the invitation, and any other answer was so difficult! But yet he would not bring himself to tell the lie.

"Burton," he said, "I am in trouble."

"What is the trouble?" The man's voice was now changed, and so was the glance of his eye. There was no expression of anger—none as yet; but the sweetness of his countenance was gone—a sweetness that was unusual to him, but which still was at his command when he needed it.

"I cannot tell you all here. If you will let me come to you this evening I

will tell you everything—to you and to Cecilia too. Will you let me come?"

"Certainly. Will you dine with us?"

"No; after dinner; when the children are in bed." Then he went, leaving on the mind of Theodore Burton an impression that though something was much amiss, his mother had been wrong in her fears respecting Lady Ongar.

CHAPTER XXXI.

FRESHWATER GATE.

COUNT PATEROFF, Sophie's brother, was a man who, when he had taken a thing in hand, generally liked to carry it through. It may perhaps be said that most men are of this turn of mind; but the count was, I think, especially eager in this respect. And as he was not one who had many irons in the fire, who made either many little efforts, or any great efforts after things altogether beyond his reach, he was justified in expecting success. As to Archie's courtship, any one who really knew the man and the woman, and who knew anything of the nature of women in general, would have predicted failure for him. Even with Doodle's aid he could not have a chance in the race. But when Count Pateroff entered himself for the same prize, those who knew him would not speak of his failure as a thing certain.

The prize was too great not to be attempted by so very prudent a gentleman. He was less impulsive in his nature than his sister, and did not open his eyes and talk with watering mouth of the seven thousands of pounds a year; but in his quiet way he had weighed and calculated all the advantages to be gained, had even ascertained at what rate he could insure the lady's life, and had made himself certain that nothing in the deed of Lord Ongar's marriage-settlement entailed any pecuniary penalty on his widow's second marriage. Then he had gone down, as we know, to Ongar Park, and as he had walked from the lodge to the house and back again, he had looked around him complacently, and told himself that the place would do very well. For the English character, in spite of the pigheadedness of many Englishmen, he had—as he would have said himself—much admiration, and he thought that the life of a country gentleman, with a nice place of his own—with such a very nice place of his own as was Ongar Park—and so very nice an income, would suit him well in his declining years.

And he had certain advantages, certain aids toward his object, which had come to him from circumstances; as, indeed, he had also certain disadvantages. He knew the lady, which was in itself much. He knew much of the lady's history, and had that cognizance of the saddest circumstances of her life, which in itself creates an intimacy. It is not necessary now to go back to those scenes which had disfigured the last months of Lord Ongar's life, but the reader will understand that what had then occurred gave the count a possible footing as a suitor. And the reader will also understand the disadvantages which had at this time already shown themselves in the lady's refusal to see the count.

It may be thought that Sophie's standing with Lady Ongar would be a great advantage to her brother; but I doubt whether the brother trusted either the honesty or the discretion of his sister. He would have been willing to purchase such assistance as she might give—not in Archie's pleasant

way, with bank-notes hidden under his glove—but by acknowledgments for services to be turned into solid remuneration when the marriage should have taken place, had he not feared that Sophie might communicate the fact of such acknowledgments to the other lady—making her own bargain in doing so. He had calculated all this, and had come to the conclusion that he had better make no direct proposal to Sophie; and when Sophie made a direct proposal to him, pointing out to him in glowing language all the fine things which such a marriage would give him, he had hardly vouchsafed to her a word of answer. “Very well,” said Sophie to herself; “very well. Then we both know what we are about.”

Sophie herself would have kept Lady Ongar from marrying any one had she been able. Not even a brother's gratitude would be so serviceable to her as the generous kindness of a devoted friend. That she might be able both to sell her services to a lover, and also to keep Julie from marrying, was a lucky combination of circumstances which did not occur to her till Archie came to her with the money in his glove. That complicated game she was now playing, and was aware that Harry Clavering was the great stumbling-block in her way. A woman even less clever than Sophie would have perceived that Lady Ongar was violently attached to Harry; and Sophie, when she did see it, thought that there was nothing left for her but to make her hay while the sun was yet shining. Then she heard the story of Florence Burton; and again she thought that Fortune was on her side. She told the story of Florence Burton—with what result we know; and was quite sharp enough to perceive afterward that the tale had had its intended effect—even though her Julie had resolutely declined to speak either of Harry Clavering or of Florence Burton.

Count Pateroff had again called in Bolton Street, and had again been refused admittance. It was plain to him to see by the servant's manner that it was intended that he should understand that he was not to be admitted. Under such circumstances, it was necessary that he must either abandon his pursuit, or that he must operate upon Lady Ongar through some other feeling than her personal regard for himself. He might, perhaps, have trusted much to his own eloquence if he could have seen her; but how is a man to be eloquent in his wooing if he cannot see the lady whom he covets? There is, indeed, the penny post, but in these days of legal restraints, there is no other method of approaching an unwilling beauty. forcible abduction is put an end to as regards Great Britain and Ireland. So the count had resort to the post.

His letter was very long, and shall not, therefore, be given to the reader. He began by telling Lady Ongar that she owed it to him for the good services he had done her, to read what he might say, and to answer him. He then gave her various reasons why she should see him, pleading, among other things, in language which she could understand, though the words were purposely as ambiguous as they could be made, that he had possessed and did possess the power of doing her a grievous injury, and that he had abstained, and—hoped that he might be able to abstain for the future. She knew that the words contained no threat—that taken literally they were the reverse of a threat, and amounted to a promise—but she understood also that he had intended to imply. Long as his own letter was, he said nothing in it as to his suit, confining himself to a request that she should see him. But with his letter he sent her an enclosure longer than the letter itself, in which his wishes were clearly explained.

This enclosure purported to be an expression of Lord Ongar's wishes on many subjects, as they had been communicated to Count Pateroff in the latter days of the lord's life; but as the manuscript was altogether in the count's writing, and did not even pretend to have been subjected to Lord Ongar's eye, it simply amounted to the count's own story of their alleged conversations. There might have been no such conversations, or their tenor might have been very different from that which the count represented, or the statements and opinions, if expressed at all by Lord Ongar, might have been expressed at times when no statements or opinions coming from him could be of any value. But as to these conversations, if they could have been verified as having come from Lord Ongar's mouth when he was in full possession of such faculties as he possessed—all that would have amounted to nothing with Lady Ongar. To Lord Ongar alive she had owed obedience, and had been obedient. To Lord Ongar dead she owed no obedience, and would not be obedient.

Such would have been her feelings as to any document which could have reached her, purporting to contain Lord Ongar's wishes; but this document was of a nature which made her specially antagonistic to the exercise of any such marital authority from the grave. It was very long, and went into small details—details which were very small; but the upshot of it all was a tendering of great thanks to Count Pateroff, and the expression of a strong wish that the count should marry his widow. "O. said that this would be the only thing for J.'s name." "O. said that this would be the safest course for his own honor." "O. said, as he took my hand, that in promising to take this step I gave him great comfort." "O. commissioned me to speak to J. in his name to this effect." The O. was, of course, Lord Ongar, and the J. was, of course, Julia. It was all in French, and went on in the same strain for many pages. Lady Ongar answered the letter as follows:

Lady Ongar presents her compliments to Count Pateroff, and begs to return the enclosed manuscript, which is, to her, perfectly valueless. Lady Ongar must still decline, and now more strongly than before, to receive Count Pateroff.

BOLTON STREET, May, 186—

She was quite firm as she did this. She had no doubt at all on the matter. She did not feel that she wanted to ask for any advice. But she did feel that this count might still work her additional woe, that her cup of sorrow might not even yet be full, and that she was sadly—sadly in want of love and protection. For aught she knew, the count might publish the whole statement, and people might believe that those words came from her husband, and that her husband had understood what would be best for her fame and for his honor. The whole thing was a threat, and not to save herself from any misery, would she have succumbed to a menace; but still it was possible that the threat might be carried out.

She was sorely in want of love and protection. At this time, when the count's letter reached her, Harry had been with her; and we know what had passed between them. She had bid him go to Florence, and love Florence, and marry Florence, and leave her in her desolation. That had been her last command to him. But we all know what such commands mean. She had not been false in giving him these orders. She had intended it at the moment. The glow of self-sacrifice had been warm in her bosom, and she had resolved to do without that which she wanted, in order that another might have it. But when she thought of it afterward in her loneliness, she told herself that

Florence Burton could not want Harry's love as she wanted it. There could not be such need to this girl, who possessed father and mother, and brothers, and youth, as there was to her, who had no other arm on which she could lean, beside that of the one man for whom she had acknowledged her love, and who had also declared his passion for her. She made no scheme to deprive Florence of her lover. In the long hours of her own solitude she never revoked, even within her own bosom, the last words she had said to Harry Clavering. But not the less did she hope that he might come to her again, and that she might learn from him that he had freed himself from that unfortunate engagement into which her falseness to him had driven him.

It was after she had answered Count Pateroff's letter that she resolved to go out of town for three or four days. For some short time she had been minded to go away altogether, and not to return till after the Autumn; but this scheme gradually diminished itself and fell away, till she determined that she would come back after three or four days. Then came to her Sophie—her devoted Sophie—Sophie whom she despised and hated; Sophie of whom she was so anxious to rid herself that in all her plans there was some little under-plot to that effect; Sophie whom she knew to be dishonest to her in any way that might make dishonesty profitable; and before Sophie had left her, Sophie had engaged herself to go with her dear friend to the Isle of Wight! As a matter of course, Sophie was to be franked on this expedition. On such expeditions Sophies are always franked, as a matter of course. And Sophie would travel with all imaginable luxury—a matter to which Sophie was by no means indifferent, though her own private life was conducted with an economy that was not luxurious. But, although all these good things came in Sophie's way, she contrived to make it appear that she was devoting herself in a manner that was almost sacrificial to the friend of her bosom. At the same time Lady Ongar sent a few words, as a message, to the count by his sister. Lady Ongar, having told to Madam Gordeloup the story of the document which had reached her, and having described her own answer, was much commended by her friend.

"You are quite right, dear, quite. Of course I am fond of my brother. Edouard and I have always been the best of friends. But that does not make me think you ought to give yourself to him. Bah! Why should a woman give away everything? Edouard is a fine fellow. But what is that? Fine fellows like to have all the money themselves."

"Will you tell him—from me," said Lady Ongar, "that I will take it as a kindness on his part if he will abstain from coming to my house. I certainly shall not see him with my own consent."

Sophie promised, and probably gave the message; but when she also informed Edouard of Lady Ongar's intended visit to the Isle of Wight, telling him the day on which they were going and the precise spot, with the name of the hotel at which they were to stay, she went a little beyond the commission which her dearest friend had given her.

At the western end of the Isle of Wight, and on the further shore, about three miles from the point of the island which we call the Needles, there is a little break in the cliff, known to all the stay-at-home English travellers as Freshwater Gate. Here there is a cluster of cottages and two inns, and a few bathing-boxes, and ready access by easy ascents to the breezy downs on either side, over which the sea air blows with all its salt and wholesome sweetness. At one of these two inns Lady Ongar located herself and Sophie; and all

Freshwater, and all Yarmouth, and all that end of the Island were alive to the fact that the rich widowed countess respecting whom such strange tales were told, had come on a visit to these parts. Innkeepers like such visitors. The more venomous are the stories told against them, the more money are they apt to spend, and the less likely are they to examine their bills. A rich woman altogether without a character is a mine of wealth to an innkeeper. In the present case no such godsend had come in the way—but there was supposed to be a something a little odd, and the visitor was on that account the more welcome.

Sophie was not the most delightful companion in the world for such a place. London was her sphere, as she herself had understood when declaiming against those husbands who keep their wives in the country. And she had no love for the sea specially, regarding all winds as nuisances excepting such as had been raised by her own efforts, and thinking that salt from a saltcellar was more convenient than that brought to her on the breezes. It was now near the end of May, but she had not been half an hour at the inn before she was loud in demanding a fire—and when the fire came she was unwilling to leave it. Her gesture was magnificent when Lady Ongar proposed to her that she should bathe. What—put her own dear little dry body, by her own will, into the cold sea! She shrugged herself, and shook herself, and without speaking a word declined with so much eloquence that it was impossible not to admire her. Nor would she walk. On the first day, during the warmest part of the day, she allowed herself to be taken out in a carriage belonging to the inn; but after her drive she clung to the fire, and consumed her time with a French novel.

Nor was Lady Ongar much more comfortable in the Isle of Wight than she had been in London. The old poet told us how Black Care sits behind the horseman, and some modern poet will some day describe to us that terrible goddess as she takes her place with the stoker close to the fire of the locomotive engine. Sitting with Sophie opposite to her, Lady Ongar was not happy, even though her eye rested on the lines of that magnificent coast. Once indeed, on the evening of their first day, Sophie left her, and she was alone for nearly an hour. Ah, how happy could she have been if Harry Clavering might have been there with her. Perhaps a day might come in which Harry might bring her there. In such a case *Atra Cura* would be left behind, and then she might be altogether happy. She sat dreaming of this for above an hour, and Sophie was still away. When Sophie returned, which she did all too soon, she explained that she had been in her bedroom. She had been very busy, and now had come down to make herself comfortable.

On the next evening Lady Ongar declared her intention of going up on the downs by herself. They had dined at five, so that she might have a long evening, and soon after six she started. "If I do not break down I will get as far as the Needles," she said. Sophie, who had heard that the distance was three miles, lifted up her hands in despair. "If you are not back before nine I shall send the people after you." Consenting to this with a laugh, Lady Ongar made her way up to the downs, and walked steadily on toward the extreme point of the island. To the Needles themselves she did not make her way. These rocks are now approached, as all the stay-at-home travellers know, through a fort, and down to the fort she did not go. But turning a little from the highest point of the hill toward the cliffs on her left hand, she descended till she reached a spot from which she could look down on the peb-

bly beach lying some three hundred feet below her, and on the soft shining ripple of the quiet waters as they moved themselves with a pleasant sound on the long strand which lay stretched in a line from the spot beneath her out to the point of the island. The evening was warm, and almost transparent in its clearness, and very quiet. There was no sound even of a breeze. When she seated herself close upon the margin of the cliff, she heard the small waves moving the stones which they washed, and the sound was as the sound of little children's voices, very distant. Looking down, she could see through the wonderful transparency of the water, and the pebbles below it were bright as diamonds, and the sands were burnished like gold. And each tiny silent wavelet as it moved up toward the shore and lost itself at last in its own effort, stretched itself the whole length of the strand. Such brightness on the sea-shore she had never seen before, nor had she ever listened as now she listened to that infantine babble of the baby waves. She sat there close upon the margin, on a seat of chalk which the winds had made, looking, listening, and forgetting for a while that she was Lady Ongar whom people did not know, who lived alone in the world with Sophie Gordeloup for her friend—and whose lover was betrothed to another woman. She had been there perhaps half an hour, and had learned to be at home on her perch, sitting there in comfort, with no desire to move, when a voice which she well knew at the first sound startled her, and she rose quickly to her feet. "Lady Ongar," said the voice, "are you not rather near the edge?" As she turned round there was Count Pateroff with his hand already upon her dress, so that no danger might be produced by the suddenness of his speech.

"There is nothing to fear," she said, stepping back from her seat. As she did so, he dropped his hand from her dress, and, raising it to his head, lifted his hat from his forehead. "You will excuse me, I hope, Lady Ongar," he said, "for having taken this mode of speaking to you."

"I certainly shall not excuse you; nor, further than I can help it, shall I listen to you."

"There are a few words which I must say."

"Count Pateroff, I beg that you will leave me. This is treacherous and unmanly—and can do you no good. By what right do you follow me here?"

"I follow you for your own good, Lady Ongar; I do it that you may hear me say a few words that are necessary for you to hear."

"I will hear no words from you—that is, none willingly. By this time you ought to know me and to understand me." She had begun to walk up the hill very rapidly, and for a moment or two he had thought that she would escape him; but her breath had soon failed her, and she found herself compelled to stand while he regained his place beside her. This he had not done without an effort, and for some minutes they were both silent. "It is very beautiful," at last he said, pointing away over the sea.

"Yes; it is very beautiful," she answered. "Why did you disturb me when I was so happy?" But the count was still recovering his breath and made no answer to this question. When, however, she attempted to move on again, still breasting the hill, he put his hand upon her arm very gently.

"Lady Ongar," he said, "you must listen to me for a moment. Why not do it without a quarrel?"

"If you mean that I cannot escape from you, it is true enough."

"Why should you want to escape? Did I ever hurt you? Before this have I not protected you from injury?"

"No—never. You protect me!"

"Yes—I; from your husband, from yourself, and from the world. You do not know—not yet, all that I have done for you. Did you read what Lord Ongar had said?"

"I read what it pleased you to write."

"What it pleased me! Do you pretend to think that Lord Ongar did not speak as he speaks there? Do you not know that those were his own words? Do you not recognize them? Ah, yes, Lady Ongar; you know them to be true."

"Their truth or falsehood is nothing to me. They are altogether indifferent to me either way."

"That would be very well if it were possible; but it is not. There; now we are at the top, and it will be easier. Will you let me have the honor to offer you my arm? No! Be it so; but I think you would walk the easier. It would not be for the first time."

"That is a falsehood." As she spoke she stepped before him, and looked into his face with eyes full of passion. "That is a positive falsehood. I never walked with a hand resting on your arm."

There came over his face the pleasantest smile as he answered her. "You forget everything," he said—"everything. But it does not matter. Other people will not forget. Julie, you had better take me for your husband. You will be better as my wife, and happier, than you can be otherwise."

"Look down there, Count Pateroff—down to the edge. If my misery is too great to be borne, I can escape from it there on better terms than you propose to me."

"Ah! That is what we call poetry. Poetry is very pretty, and in saying this as you do, you make yourself divine. But to be dashed over the cliffs and broken on the rocks—in prose is not so well."

"Sir, will you allow me to pass on while you remain; or will you let me rest here, while you return alone?"

"No, Julie; not so. I have found you with too much difficulty. In London, you see, I could not find you. Here, for a minute, you must listen to me. Do you not know, Julie, that your character is in my hands?"

"In your hands? No—never; thank God, never. But what if it were?"

"Only this—that I am forced to play the only game that you leave open to me. Chance brought you and me together in such a way that nothing but marriage can be beneficial to either of us—and I swore to Lord Ongar that it should be so. I mean that it shall be so—or that you shall be punished for your misconduct to him and to me."

"You are both insolent and false. But listen to me, since you are here and I cannot avoid you. I know what your threats mean."

"I have never threatened you. I have promised you my aid, but have used no threats."

"Not when you tell me that I shall be punished? But to avoid no punishment, if any be in your power, will I ever willingly place myself in your company. You may write of me what papers you please, and repeat of me whatever stories you may choose to fabricate, but you will not frighten me into compliance by doing so. I have, at any rate, spirit enough to resist such attempts as that."

"As you are living at present, you are alone in the world!"

"And I am content to remain alone."

General Banks in denying it uttered "a deliberate falsehood." This is all bad; as bad as can be; disgraceful to the caucus in which it took place, and as far as the members of the caucus were representative men, to the community in which it occurred. Here was a man who had served the country with ability and distinction for many years. He had risen by the mere force of his talents and the influence of his character, and had won the very highest positions which the commonwealth of Massachusetts had to bestow. He had been her Governor; he had represented her in the Senate of the United States. As one of her citizens he had held a major-general's commission in the great war through which we have just passed. Of the wisdom of his political action and of his military ability there may well be two opinions; and either of those opinions may be expressed earnestly and without reserve by any man with perfect propriety. But here is an ex-senator, an ex-governor, a man who has won his position by long and arduous labors in the public service and in the public eye, attacked by the representative of a political opponent before a shouting, jeering political caucus. Attacked about a personal matter; his conduct as an individual, upon a point which has nothing whatever to do with his political qualifications. We do not propose to defend or to palliate the offences of the drunkard; and we do deplore the excessive use of alcoholic drinks, which unhappily is too common among our public men. But in this case a drunkard's life was not the charge, so vehemently brought on one side and so distinctly denied on the other. That charge was a single instance of drunkenness. Grant that it was true; grant that on the occasion in question the individual in question did drink more wine or spirits than his head could bear; is a man who has won the position to which General Banks has risen to have his private life watched and to have his occasional lapses from decorum dragged into public view, made part of the ammunition of his political opponents? Is hard-won eminence to be no protection against this kind of personal assault? Must a senator of the United States, a governor, or a bishop, or a general hold himself ready to meet and refute any accusation that may be brought by any person? Is a leading man holding high official position to be put upon his personal defence in regard to personal matters by any one of his thousand followers or constituents? Suppose the grave breach of decorum charged in this case had been committed, in which was there the greater violation of decency, the more tendency to degrade the tone of public morals, that breach of decorum, or the manner in which, for political ends, it was brought against a man of General Banks' position? And yet further, is the extent of a man's convivial habits to be taken so largely into the account in the consideration of his qualifications for office that they are to be discussed in public like his "platform" or his "record?" They are important to the man himself, and may indirectly by their effect upon his health, or his mind, or even his morals, become of importance to his constituents. But until they do become so, is he to be put to the rack of a public inquisition with regard to them? Daniel Webster is known to have been very far from reproach in this respect, while John C. Calhoun's habits were proof against the eyes of the most prying. Both were men of great ability. Which do Massachusetts men think served the country best, the Defender of the Constitution or the Great Nullifier? We by no means wish to deny the evil influence of habitual intoxication upon the intellect and even sometimes upon the character of those who are slaves to it. Nor would we be regarded even as saying that this side of

character should not be scrutinized by the public in the selection of its representatives. But if it is to be understood that inquiries of this kind are to be made, let them be made in private, and brought home to the erring man in private, and not in a manner which violates the decency and decorum of which they profess to seek the preservation.

—A STORY is told of Miss Braddon, the novelist, which is akin to one which years ago was told in "the trade" of an American novelist, a master in the sensation school of which Miss Braddon is at present schoolma'am. The story about Miss Braddon is that "Lady Audley's Secret," the book which made her known, was accepted and advertised as a novel in three volumes, which is the regulation size in London. But when the book was put in type, it was found to be only two volumes and ten pages long. What was to be done? The most natural course, the one which would have been adopted by any Yankee publisher, would have been to take the superfluous ten pages into the second volume, and publish the book as a novel in two volumes. But no; this is not John Bull's way. The book had been advertised as in three volumes; three volumes are the correct thing; moreover, for three volumes the publisher can ask half a guinea, a large percentage of which is profit; and consequently there was trouble in the wigwam. Miss Braddon was informed of the matter, and to the publisher's delight, although not a little to his surprise, she undertook to supply the deficiency within eight days, which was the utmost time that could be allowed. She sent the required manuscript in four days; and it is said that instead of scattering her additions through her work, which, it will be remembered, was complete, climax and all, and thus materially disturbing her original design, she began at the end of the last chapter and added the required matter, which was, of course, nearly half as much as she had previously written. This story is not very credible. According to all accounts, Miss Braddon is not a great writer, even in the sensation school; but she could hardly have attained her present popularity as a story-teller if her stories are made up in such an inartistic way that it is possible to add one-half more to them after they are finished. We have not read "Lady Audley's Secret"—God forbid, as the clergyman said when he was asked if he had read a certain work which he was denouncing as impious; but if such a trick were played with it as is told, the traces of the operation must be very visible to the critical eye. The corresponding story about Cooper is one as much to his credit as this is to Miss Braddon's discredit; and in his case the tale is certainly true. One of his novels, we forget which one, was passing through the press, and he was writing it as it was printed. The publisher expressed to him no little concern lest, unlike Miss Braddon's, it would be too long, and therefore, considering the price at which it was thought necessary to place it, unprofitable. Whereupon Cooper, having written about one-third of the book, wrote the two or three concluding chapters, numbered them, sent the manuscript to the printer, and told him, after putting it in type, to make up the chapters backwards, from "finis," and to number the pages. This was done, and the publisher was satisfied, at least with the projected size of the book. Cooper then went back to where he was before and wrote up to his conclusion, bringing out the number of his chapters and pages correctly. Cooper was not a great writer, but this was a great literary feat, showing how clearly he had projected his work in his mind before he began it, and how completely he had all his faculties under his control. What Miss Braddon is said to have done showed, on the contrary, the

very lowest literary capacity from the very beginning. We are much inclined to disbelieve the story.

—EARLY in the existence of *THE GALAXY* we had occasion to refer to the question put in the farce "High Life Below Stairs" to the literary lady's maid, who was asked "Who wrote Shikspur?" and answered, "Why, Ben Jonson, to be sure." Our quotation was then apropos to the assertion of a Provost of Glasgow that Tasso was "the author of Dante." But it now has even greater pertinence to another assertion which, although quite as wise, has not the merit of that novelty which gives what the writers for the literary lady's maids of to-day call freshness to the assertion of the learned LL.D. and Provost of Glasgow. Had Townley's farce been written now-a-days, the author, instead of making the fictitious Lady Bab reply, "Ben Jonson," when asked who was the author of Shikspur, would have made her say, "Lord Bacon," and thus have given the actress of the part a point sure to bring down the house with laughter. A New England woman, Miss Delia Bacon, was the first to broach this preposterous notion some years ago in "Putnam's Magazine." It would be cruel as well as unreasonable to attribute the speedy demise of that excellent periodical and the subsequent sad fate of the lady to the depressing effect of the utter failure of the first of a series of articles which were expected to make such a stir in the literary world, and to take the greatest reputation in literature from one man and give it to another; but the events were strikingly associated. The article failed even to provoke a reply, and was not followed up by its intended successors. Miss Bacon went to England and there elaborated her whole theory, publishing it in a ponderous octavo volume which, in the words of her best if not her only apologist, Mr. Hawthorne, "fell with a dead thump at the feet of the public, and has never been picked up." Mr. Hawthorne wrote this in January of 1863. The present writer is probably one of the exceedingly few people in the world who have read every word of this tremendous tome. He can advise no other ever to attempt the task. Tougher intellectual work can hardly be imagined. It left a sensation as of beating one's head for a corresponding time against a wall. Yet it was filled with traces of an erratic mind of unusual subtlety and grasp. Briefly, it was the work of a gifted monomaniac. But the book was picked up by a few others; and now comes one of them, Mr. Justice Holmes, of the Supreme Court of Missouri, and with another big book, also learned, also able, we are willing to believe, he tries to convince himself and the rest of the world that Mr. William Shakespeare's comedies, histories and tragedies, published by the said Shakespeare's fellow-actors and business partners, were written by—somebody else, it makes no matter whom. We are willing to believe, as we have said, that Judge Holmes has shown ability and learning in this effort; but we take them on trust; for life is too short to be spent in reading such a book. There is no sadder intellectual spectacle than the one not unfrequently seen—the skilful, earnest and even honest attempt to prove that that cannot be which is. The starting point of this controversy—if that can be called controversy which provokes no reply—is that William Shakespeare, Stratford yeoman's son and player, could not have had the knowledge and the wisdom necessary to the writing of the plays which bear his name. And to take that as a starting point is at once to beg the whole essential part of the question. Briefly, the evidence—evidence that will stand the most stringent tests—that Shakespeare wrote the plays in question, is better than any that could be produced fifty years hence that

Horace Greeley wrote any "Tribune" leading articles which might be published in a volume after his death by his fellow-editors. The question is not one to be entertained, much less refuted. Shakespeare's plays written by Bacon! Better leave out the smoke; and say at once that they were written by Hogg.

—Two years ago if Mr. Seward had said in a dispatch to Mr. Adams or Mr. Bigelow, or in an after-dinner speech, that in two years Great Britain would be seeking the United States as an ally, the Emperor of the French would be modifying his foreign policy to meet our views, and that the peoples in the East, in the old classic ground around the fur her end of the Mediterranean, would be calling out to us for help, he would have been sneered at even more than he was sneered at for his constant prediction that the Government would triumph over secession in the course of three or four months. Even he, perhaps, far-seeing as he is, would have thought that rather extravagant prophesying. Yet it has come to pass. The Candians are in revolt against the failing power of European Turkey, and they cry out to the United States for help. They have commenced a rebellion which looks like madness; for "sick man" as the European Turk is, his army is nearly eight times as numerous as the whole adult male population of Candia. Help must come from outside to these rebels, or they must fail miserably. It is strange that they should send their cry the whole length of the Mediterranean and across the Atlantic Ocean; as strange as that some fifteen years ago there should have been, as there was, a "movement" in the Sandwich Islands to come into the Union. The Candians will have no better success than the Sandwich Islanders. We cannot enter into foreign alliances. Washington's wise advice on this head is almost superfluous. The great oceans which wash our vast domain on the east and west shut us off from intimate relations with other nations, as they also protect us from attempts upon our own country so long as we preserve its integrity and our own Union. We cannot fight battles in Europe or in Asia; nor can European powers think of fighting battles here with us. Whatever conflicts we have with foreign powers must be, from the very nature of the case, naval battles, and naval battles unsupported by military successes cannot make changes in governments. The Candians will not improbably receive aid; for it is now announced by the London "Times" that the Eastern question has again become one of European moment, and cannot be settled without a general war. It may not quite come to that. But however extended the conflict, it will be one in which we will not take a part even by bombarding sea-ports with our monitors. In the coming "free fight" which is announced, Uncle Sam will be "counted out."

THE GALAXY.

DECEMBER 1, 1866.

ARCHIE LOVELL.

BY MRS. EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "MISS FORRESTER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

AWAKENING CONSCIENCE.

THE evening that had closed in with such fair promise for the morrow was already changing by the time that the moon rose, pale and watery, above the distant woods. As night wore on the wind swept up in fitful gusts from the south-west, bearing before it thick wreaths of serried, lead-white clouds, and when the morning dawned it was in rain: fine, driving rain, that fell with a sullen, wintry sound against the exposed windows of Hatton rectory, and laid low whatever Summer flowers still lingered in the borders of its little upland garden.

And throughout all the dreary hours, from that chill moonrise to the chiller morning, Archie Lovell never slept. Men and women meet their troubles more sharply face to face upon their pillows than at any other time; a child sobs his to rest there in five minutes; and Archie till to-night had been a child, even in her fashion of suffering. This was past. The first real conflict of reason and passion which her life had known was stirring in her now; and sleep, the blessed immunity of unawakened conscience, was over. For a short space after her head was laid upon its pillow the girl was her old self—the old childish mixture of frivolity and earnestness—still; speculating, through her tears, as to what Ralph had thought of her after her half confession; wondering (if she went) what frock and ribbons she would look well in to-morrow; and if the magistrate would speak to her "out aloud" before all the lawyers and people in the court; and if her name, Archie Lovell, would really be put in print in the papers next day, and if, supposing she stayed away, some other witness would not be sure to come forward and save poor Mr. Durant at the last! Then, when her faculties were more than half way along the accustomed quick, sweet road to sleep, every detail of her position and of her duty seemed suddenly to start up before her in a new light—a harsh, pitiless, concentrated light; such as she had never seen any position or any duty in before. It was not a question, a voice beside her pillow seemed to say, of whether her father might or might not suffer by her ex-

posure; not a question of whether Gerald Durant had or had not deserved her gratitude, of whether she might or might not forfeit Ralph Seton's love. It was a question of abstract right or wrong; truth or falsehood; life or death, as regarded her own soul which her resolutions of to-night must solve. If she decided unrighteously; shielded her father, won Ralph's love, won the whole world, and perjured *that*, how much would she have gained? This was what she had to answer. And starting back to fullest consciousness, with a trembling sense of some other presence than hers in the little room, the poor child sat up in her bed and there—the cold dew standing on her face and hands—strove through the dark hours of the night to wrestle with the unseen, awful monitor who had arisen to question her.

It is only perhaps by a very strong effort of imagination that we who have fought many such battles—gained the victory sometimes and more often succumbed—can picture to ourselves the first passionate conflict of so very white a soul as this. With all the suddenly awakened woman's conscience, Archie had still a child's narrow vision, a child's distorted fear of the punishment that would fall upon herself as the price of her truth-telling; and the greater part of her thoughts would be to the full as ludicrous as pathetic if faithfully recorded. Of the truths originally laid down by Bettina she never for an instant doubted. A girl who had passed a day and a night away from home as she had done must, if her story became known, be disgraced. No honest woman would associate with her, no honest man would ever make her his wife. Up to a certain hour to-morrow she would be Archie Lovell, a girl with all bright possibilities of life open before her still; after that—a blank. Never another ball, or croquet party, or happy walk with Ralph! No more pleasure in her good looks or her dress; no more of the vague golden dreams which of late had made her like to be alone, looking up at the clouds or across the woods to Ludbrooke in the twilight! She would live on year after year in this dull rectory house; and her father would love her always—with a saddened, pitying love; and Bettina be justified in requiring her to be religious; and the servants whisper together and look at her as something apart from the rest of the household; bitterest of all, Lady Durant and Lucia would know her, in a distant way, still, her father being the clergyman of their parish; Sir John, perhaps, his wife and daughter not by, stop and speak a kind word occasionally when he met her in his walks. This would be her life. And in time she would see Gerald happy with his fair, young wife; and Ralph would marry, too—were her friends to abstain from happiness because her's happened to be spoilt?—and she would just continue to stagnate on, alone, unloved, till she was old, and graceless, and bitter, like Mrs. Maloney! This was to be her portion and reward for doing the thing that was right; and still toward the right (not toward Mr. Gerald Durant, personally, inasmuch as he was young and handsome, and fond of her; the foundation, hitherto, of whatever heroic resolves Archie had formed) she felt herself irresistibly drawn. Toward right, simply as right. Nothing to do with inherited traditions, as in Gerald's case; or with fears of heaven on one hand, and hopes of the world on the other, as in Bettina's. Right simply as right, a stern, inflexible reality to which, whether her cowardly will shrank from its fulfilment or no, she was forced, by some sympathy, some instinct stronger than herself, to cling.

She tossed feverishly on her pillow till dawn; then got up, went across to the casement window, drew back the curtain, and looked out. Standing there

in her long, white dress, her feet bare, her hands clasped across her breast, poor Archie! who, a week ago, could have represented nothing higher in art than Greuze or Watteau, might at this moment have stood as a living picture of one of Raphael's *Maries*; a girl still in the undeveloped form and childish attitude; a woman in the unutterable sadness, the wistful prophecy of suffering upon her quivering lips and tear-stained, dead-white cheeks. It was barely daybreak yet. She could just discern the line of distant woods, wan and spectre-like, through the driving mists; could just see the geraniums and mignonette—the flowers that in her southern ignorance she had thought would last till Christmas—lying, sodden and defaced, beneath her window. What a miserable, altered world it looked! What an admirably fitted world for right and duty, and the life that she was going to lead in it. She stood, chilled and shivering, yet with a sort of sullen satisfaction, watching the rain as it beat against the window; and while she watched it, her heart—poor, unheroic child's heart—went back to irresolution again. How would it be possible for her to walk to the station in weather like this? They had no carriage, and there was no way of hiring one, and her father and Bettina would never let her start alone on foot. She had meant—had meant faithfully to go. Had she not borrowed money from Ralph for her journey last night? Could she help it if accidents beyond her own control held her back? If it had been fine, and her father had given her leave, she would have gone; and, now, if this storm lasted, and her father forbade her to leave home, in it she must stay. It would no longer be a question of choice; it would be a decision made by fate, not herself, which path she took, and by that decision she must abide.

When dawn had become broad day she crept back to her bed, and in two or three minutes, the rain still driving against the window, was asleep. At seven o'clock Bettina knocked as usual at her door, calling out to her cheerfully that it was a beautiful morning after the rain, and waking with a start from a heavy, dreamless sleep, Archie saw—with guilty disappointment even in that first instant of consciousness—a room full of light and sunshine. The storm was over. So far the path toward this miserable, self-imposed, inexorable duty of hers lay clear.

She got up, dressed herself in a clean, white frock, then laid out ready on her drawers her muslin scarf, sailor's hat and blue veil, and for the first time since the day after her return from London, went down to breakfast with her hair hanging loose upon her shoulders.

"As I like to see you, once more," said Mr. Lovell, as he put his arm around her. "If you knew what was becoming, Archie, you would never torture your hair into fashionable braids and twists again. But how ill you look, my child," anxiously scrutinizing the hard lines about her mouth, and the worn, dark hollows under her eyes. "Bettina, don't you think her looking really ill? wouldn't it be as wise for her to keep to her bed for a day, just to see whether it can be measles coming on again or not?"

If Bettina had thought enough about the question to say "yes," Archie would probably have succumbed to her decision as final: the interposition of some will stronger than her own, and against which it would be idle for her to struggle. But all Mrs. Lovell's energies happened to be directed at this particular moment to parish matters of the most vital and urgent interest. In the vestry of the church was to be held to-day the great annual meeting of the Hatton soup and flannel club, in which—the deceased rector being an

old bachelor—the wife of the village doctor had for years held absolute and tyrannical sway. A secret cabal had long existed, it appeared, for the dethronement of this potentate; and in Bettina—versed already in every detail of the village civil wars, convinced, too, that to be the head of soup and flannel was hers by anointed right—the cabal had at length found a leader. A large and overwhelming majority of voters were, she believed, safe on the side of herself and the new coalition. Still, at the very last, a designing, ambitious woman like the doctor's wife might be capable of anything; bribing the voters to stay away; incapacitating them *pro tem.* out of her husband's bottles; anything. And in fierce haste, her bonnet already on her head, Bettina, eager to be off to the field, was swallowing scalding tea, standing, and learning by heart an extempore speech with which she meant to address the meeting, when her husband spoke.

"Measles? Nonsense, Frederick; not one person in a hundred has measles a second time. Let Archie be in the air all day; the heat makes her pale. 'It being the opinion of this meeting and of the parish generally that too much power has hitherto been usurped by *certain parties*'—that will be the very thing. Cutting, but not too personal. You are sure, Frederick, you will not look in upon us in the course of the meeting? Well, then I must express your opinions for you. You shall not be a cipher in your own parish, as long as I can prevent it. Don't wait dinner for me; I may be away all day." And then, still learning her speech aloud as she walked, Mrs. Lovell vanished; and another obstacle in the path of Archie's going to London was removed.

It was now past nine o'clock; the express train by which Sir John Durant was to go left Hatton Station at ten. She went up to her room, put on her sailor's hat and white scarf, took the French gray parasol from Bettina's room, and came down again to her father. She had not the smallest idea of what she would have to do or say when she found herself in that London police court; but she thought vaguely that she had better appear there dressed exactly as she had been on the day of her flight from Morteville. It might help to prove that her story was true. The woman who lent her the cloak would be there, perhaps, to confront her, and she had no wish to hide one iota of the truth now. The magistrate, the lawyers, all the world should see her as she was on that day—the last day of her innocence—in her white frock and sailor's hat, and with her hair hanging on her shoulders. Perhaps (the hope half crossed her) they would not judge her so very hard when they saw how pretty and how childish she had looked at that fatal time of her wrong doing!

Mr. Lovell was in the room that was to be his study, standing before "Troy"—a little disquieted in his heart as to that *chef d'œuvre* not being in the best possible light—when Archie returned to him. She thought of that night in Morteville when she had stood at his side in the little painting-room and mourned with him for the old Bohemian life that was over for ever. Over—everything was over now! She crept up softly and touched his hand. "Papa, I have a favor to ask of you, please. Some of the Durants are going up to London and back to-day—Major Seton told me so last night—and I want you to let me go, too. They will be quite ready to take care of me, I know."

Mr. Lovell turned round and looked at her with open eyes. "To London and back? why, Archie, this will never do! No, no, no, child, don't take

such fancies. The Durants are going up, of course, about this difficulty the young man—Gerald, is he called?—has got into, and won't want you. I couldn't hear of it—I shall be having you laid up in earnest. Ask me anything else."

"I want nothing else, papa. It shall be as you choose—only, I thought I would just ask you, you know." And she took off her hat and seated herself down resignedly by the open window. Could she help it if her father insisted upon withholding his consent? Had she not done as much as lay within her power to do by asking him?

"The weather certainly is not as hot after the rain as it was," said Mr. Lovell, coming up to her side, and pretending to look out at the clouds; he had never been able to deny Archie anything since that morning, fourteen years ago, when he had refused to get up at five o'clock and carry her round the Dresden market. "The weather is not as hot, and if I was quite sure we should have no more storms—only, unfortunately, my love, I have not a farthing of change in the house; I don't know how it happens, but Bettina took off my last shilling with her to this dreadful meeting."

"I have the money, papa, I have two sovereigns of my own, but I don't want to go unless you choose?"

"And are you quite sure the Durants are going and want you?—not that I wonder at that—Miss Durant must be too glad, poor thing, to have you for her companion now. Well then, Archie, I don't know really that I ought to forbid it. It is like you, my little one, to wish to be with your friend at a season of trouble like this!"

And in a quarter of an hour's time Archie was walking across the meadow path that led the shortest way from the rectory to the station. She was not going to be saved by accidental help, she felt now. Of her own free will she had taken the first step in the direction of right; but every obstacle that might have hindered its fulfilment had been removed by alien means, not by any endeavor of her own. Unless Sir John Durant were at the last too ill to travel, nothing could save her now from the accomplishment of her work. Unless! How tumultuously her heart throbbed at the thought! It would be impossible, utterly, for her to go alone—she, who knew nothing of London, not even the name of the court at which Gerald was to be tried. If Sir John Durant did not go, her whole self-constructed scheme of duty must of necessity fall to the ground. It would be a question of will no longer. She would have tried her best to carry out the moral suicide she conceived to be right, and have failed in it perforce; not through any fault or weakness of her own.

The Durants' carriage stood at the door of Hatton station, and the first persons she saw as she entered the office were Sir John and Lucia standing together, outside, upon the platform. She bought a first-class return ticket to London—with a consciousness that the clerk stared strangely at her as he put it in her hand—went out, and joined them.

"Going up to London and back alone?" cried Miss Durant, aghast, when Archie had declared her intentions. "Why, I should be frightened to death! I should think every one I met was a madman in disguise, or something more dreadful still! And in that dress," drawing her aside. "Do you know, Miss Lovell—you won't mind my telling you, I'm sure? but no one ever wears white dresses and sailor hats in London!"

"Don't they, indeed," said Archie, brusquely; "well, I'm going on business, very painful business, and I shan't be thinking whether people look at

my dress or not! Who can think of dress at such a time as this, Lucia?" calling the heiress of Durant's Court by her Christian name for the first time—"you don't know how miserable I am about all this trouble that has fallen upon you!"

From her infancy upward Lucia had always been equal to any emergency requiring pretty, pious sentiments, and a nice little lady-like way of expressing them; and what she answered was very well chosen and well said; and utterly devoid to Archie's heart of anything like the ring of deep or passionate feeling! It had been terribly sudden, and her mamma at first had broken down, but was calmer now—their old governess and friend, Miss Barlow, having come to spend a few days with them—and it was very painful to think of its being in everybody's mouth, but there was much to be thankful for, especially that it should have occurred now, not later, and Miss Barlow's presence was a very great solace to them—Miss Barlow having a mind beautifully schooled by affliction.

"I'd rather be alone," said Archie, turning from her abruptly. "I should decline solace from Miss Barlow or Miss anybody in the world if *my* heart was full."

After this she stood silent—thinking over the character of the woman for whose happiness she was about to surrender her own—until the train came up. Then, in spite of renewed warnings from Miss Durant as to madmen, got into a carriage away from old Sir John, and as it chanced remained alone the entire way to London. What an eternity that journey seemed! how slow the pace—fifty miles an hour—to her feverish heart! how she hoped, with blank terror and impatience, that every large town they came near would be London at last! Now that the excitement of action had set in, all she wanted was to be at her journey's end, and before Ralph Seton, before the whole world, to tell her story in the court. The bravery which is not so much courage as a desperate desire to get through the worst quickly had come to her; and the moment the train reached Euston Square she jumped out on the platform, then, without giving herself time to think or hesitate, walked straight up to Sir John Durant as he was getting down slowly and with difficulty from his carriage.

"I have a favor to ask of you, Sir John," bringing out each word with mechanical distinctness, as if she was repeating some lesson that she had learnt by heart. "Take me with you to the court where Mr. Gerald Durant is to be tried to-day."

Poor old Sir John looked at her in blank surprise. "To the court? My dear Miss Lovell, impossible; you don't know what you ask—a London police court is no place for you. At any other time, in any other way, you may command my services, but now you must really excuse me if I am obliged to refuse you." And he bowed to her with his courteous, old-fashioned air of deference, and walked on a few steps alone down the platform.

But Archie followed him pertinaciously. "Sir John, it is impossible for you to deny me in this!" she said, touching his arm with her hand. "I *must* be at Mr. Durant's trial! I—I have important evidence to give there, and if you refuse to take me with you I must go alone. Surely, for your nephew's sake, you will give me your protection as far as the court?"

At the word "evidence" Sir John Durant stopped; and as he looked down into Archie Lovell's face, something in its intense, its painful eagerness, touched him with an irresistible conviction of her sincerity, at least. That

her presence could be of any service to Gerald was, of course, out of the question; but it was impossible to doubt that her request was made in good faith; not for the gratification of a girlish caprice, as he had thought at first.

"You will take me with you?" she repeated, as she saw him hesitate. "You will help me, for Gerald's sake, in what I have to do when we reach the court?"

"You put it out of my power to refuse you, Miss Lovell," answered the old man, gravely. "If you insist upon exposing yourself, uselessly I fear, to a scene of such a nature, I will certainly take you with me to the court; when we arrive there I will arrange, if it is not too late, for you to speak with one of my nephew's lawyers, if I am satisfied, that is to say——"

"You will—you must be satisfied!" interrupted Archie, impetuously. "Do you think I am asking you this without reason, or for my own pleasure? You talk of being too late—why do we waste a moment standing here if there is a chance of it?" And putting her hand within Sir John Durant's arm, she walked beside him with a firm, unshrinking step through the crowded station; a minute later knew that she was being borne along through the mocking glare and life and tumult of the London streets, to her doom.

Too late—oh Heaven, too late! But the guilty cry found utterance in her heart alone. All was not over then—there was a chance of her own salvation, even yet!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WHERE IS SHE?

SOME of the best lawyers in England had been retained for Gerald; the great Mr. Slight to watch his case during the preliminary examination; the greater Serjeant Adams to defend him in the event of his being tried hereafter before a judge. Some of the best lawyers in England were engaged likewise, on the side of the Crown; and among the whole high legal phalanx, among the lawyers for the prosecution and the lawyers for the defence alike, one opinion was fast becoming universal: namely, that the prisoner's committal for trial was inevitable.

Whether Gerald Durant happened to be guilty or innocent in the matter was, of course, a very secondary detail in the sight of the profession. The vital question was, would the evidence against him be too much even for Slight—now that the Crown had recalled old Sleek from Italy to conduct the prosecution? And the unanimous answer was, yes. Not a link seemed wanting in the chain of circumstantial evidence that Mr. Wickham's fertile genius had evoked. The motive for committing the crime with which the prisoner stood charged; his presence at the fatal hour upon the scene of guilt; the identity of the girl who was seen in his company on London Bridge; his suspicious manner immediately after her death was known to have taken place—of these, as of a dozen other minor facts, there was, it was affirmed, proof incontestable. And still, as far, even, as an attempt at his own justification went Gerald Durant's lips, to friends and counsellors alike, continued obstinately sealed! He was innocent, he said, and had not the slightest fear of anything so ridiculous as the law finding him guilty. No innocent men were ever condemned now-a-days, and very few guilty ones. Circumstances connected

with other people withheld him from explaining one or two things that at present, perhaps, did look rather suspicious in the case. It was folly to think that everything would not come right in the end. And so, when the final day of his examination came, and while his approaching committal was looked upon as a certainty among the lawyers, even those who cared for Gerald most dared hope no more than that he might escape the charge of actual criminality as regarded Margaret Hall's death. That he was with her up to the last there seemed scarcely a possibility of disproving; that he was the cause of her death there could be, it was hoped, no direct evidence to show. What more likely than that, immediately after leaving her lover, or, as it was now whispered pretty loudly, her husband, the unhappy girl, maddened by his neglect or his coldness, had made away with her own life? Not a defence calculated, certainly, to restore Gerald Durant with unsullied name to the world; but when it becomes a question like this of life and death, what the friends of an accused man begin to think about, I imagine, is his safety—the life that is worth so little, rather than the good name without which to most men life itself is intolerable! This, at all events, was the desperate view of his case to which, with one exception, Gerald's friends (men who a fortnight ago would have staked their lives upon the certainty of his innocence) were now reduced.

The exception was Ralph. Of the promise which sealed Gerald's lips with respect to Dennison's marriage, he, of course, knew nothing; of his silence concerning that fatal night when Archie Lovell had been his companion in London, Major Seton understood the cause as well as Gerald understood it himself. And placed in the same position—yes, even with Archie to be saved!—Ralph, in his inmost, modest heart, believed that he would have acted far less chivalrously than his friend.

"A man's first duty is to his God, his second to himself," he said to Gerald on the morning of the final examination, the last time he ever visited Gerald Durant in his prison. "I know, just as well as if you had told me, that you are silent to shelter some other person's reputation, and I believe, on my soul, that you are wrong! If I was in your place, and knew that my truth-telling would cover with mere conventional shame the name—well, the name of the woman I loved best on earth!" said Ralph, with the blood rising over his rough, old face, "and save my own from blackest, unmerited dishonor, I believe that I would tell it. I don't see that you owe a stronger duty to any man or woman living than you owe to yourself. The thing is to do simply what is right."

"Right!" said Gerald, with a smile—that careless smile of his which was the real beauty of his face. "But, my dear fellow, what is right? *Monsieur Seton me le répond, mais qui me réponds de Monsieur Seton?* The world, according to Figuier—I never went deeper—was in twilight during a few thousand years, Cambrian or Silurian epoch, I forget which, with the sun just strong enough to allow the graptolites and trilobites to see a yard or two before their noses. I suppose we are morally in the same kind of twilight now. Vague lights break in upon us of something higher than mere eating, drinking and sleeping, and in our different ways, and under different names, we try to follow them. Definitely, we don't see much further, I fancy, than the trilobites did; not so far, perhaps, for, as their eyes had about four hundred facets that enabled them to look about them in all directions at once, they were better adapted to their situation, most likely, than we are to ours."

This was talk entirely out of the range of the old moustache. Who was Figuier? and what were graptolites and trilobites. The earth at the beginning was without form and void, and in six days was covered with life as we see it now. And truth was truth, and falsehood, falsehood, and neither deep thinking nor fine talking had ever smoothened down the path between them in his sight.

"You follow your own idea of honor, Gerald," laying his arm affectionately on his shoulder, "and, while you talk of not distinguishing right from wrong, 'tis a nobler one, I feel, than mine; just that. You have the edge of all your finer emotions yet," poor, simple Ralph! "and mine is blunted. When you have lived to my age, perhaps you will not think any woman worth the sacrifice of your own honor, the risk of your own life."

"I should think this one worth it always," said Gerald, simply; "for there can be no harm now in my confessing this much to you, Seton. There is a good name—a name worth a vast deal more than mine, that my silence shields. If it had been a love affair, which it never was," even at this moment the thrill of delight that shot through Major Seton's heart! "I might feel very differently. Love, between a man and woman of the world, I have always held to be a stand-up fight, in which a fair field and no favor is all that can be reasonably required on either side. Each risks something; each must abide by the issue of the contest. But this was nothing of the kind. An honest, true-hearted little girl through me was very nearly brought to grief once. I don't say whether I was in love with her; for certain, she was not in love with me, and—well, everything turned out as it should have done, and is forgotten——"

"And this is the woman with whom you were seen on that night?" said Ralph, in an altered voice, as Gerald hesitated. "This is——"

"This is one of the causes for which I am, and ever shall be, silent," answered Gerald, gravely. "To betray such a trust would be worse betrayal than that of friend or mistress, the betrayal of a child. If the honor of every Durant who ever lived could be saved by her disgrace, the honor of the Durants should go!" And then he turned the conversation pointedly aside, and during the short remainder of time they were together, spoke only of the business matters that he wished Ralph to fulfil for him in the event of his committal—an event which, in spite of all his outward calmness, Major Seton could see he had now thoroughly prepared himself to meet.

The time at which the examination was to take place was ten o'clock. From an early hour in the morning, however, every approach to the court was besieged by such people—many of them, although London was "empty," of the better class—as were possessed of cards giving them a right of entrance to this charming little sensation drama of real life about to be played. Without such cards no admission, save by sheer physical strength, could be obtained; and even the fortunate men and women who held them, found they had plenty of hard work to go through, many a severe struggle with the experienced roughs to encounter, before an entrance to the scene of the morning's amusement could be won.

At ten o'clock precisely the prisoner, or principal actor in the entertainment, was brought into the dock; and a breathless hush passed through the entire mass of spectators at the sight of him. He was a little pale and worn, as any man might well be after a week spent in a London prison in August, but looked in good spirits, and smiled and nodded to his different friends,

Ralph among the rest, as one after another he recognized them amid the crowd.

Mr. Slight, who "watched" the case for the prisoner, now applied for a copy of the information on which the warrant was granted, with a view, he said, to see what were the statements laid down, and, also, who was nominally the prosecutor in the case. This, after some discussion, was granted; and then, the warrant having been read over to the prisoner, and the witnesses ordered out of court, the well-known, short, rubicund figure of Mr. Sleek rose, on behalf of the Crown, to address the bench.

He appeared before them, he said, in his soft, well-pitched voice, for the purpose of preferring and bringing home, as he trusted he would do, the charge against the prisoner at the bar, which had just been read from the warrant. The offence they were about to inquire into was one of a most heinous character. He did not think he should be putting it too strongly if he said it was one of *the* most heinous, the most cowardly, the most repugnant to every natural and divine law that it was in the power of man to commit. Such observations, however (having made them), were, Mr. Sleek continued, out of place here. They had met for the purpose only of instituting a preliminary examination; and if he should adduce facts to justify the bench in committing the prisoner for trial it would of course be the duty of the prosecution to elaborate those facts, and produce them hereafter in a more complete form than he had an opportunity of doing in this court. The offence with which Mr. Durant stood charged was that of murder; the victim was a young and beautiful girl—a girl, it was scarcely possible to doubt, bound to the prisoner by all those ties which constitute a woman's dearest and most sacred claim to man's love and protection. Mr. Sleek and the court generally showed emotion; an irrepressible smile passed for an instant over Gerald's face. It appeared that about a quarter past ten, on the night of the second instant, a dark body was heard to fall or to be thrown with violence into the Thames from London Bridge; an alarm was instantly raised, and by three o'clock next morning the body of deceased was found, some three or four hundred yards down the river, with life extinct. An inquest was held on the following day, but was unfortunately conducted with the deplorable looseness that Mr. Sleek had observed to be the general rule of coroners' inquests, and nothing of material importance was brought to light. Circumstances arising, however, immediately afterward which aroused the suspicions of the police, to Inspector Wickham, of the detective force, was intrusted the duty of making further inquiry into this darkly mysterious tragedy; and, thanks to the skill and unremitting attention of that excellent officer, the prosecution was now in a position to present to the bench the following facts: facts which Mr. Sleek believed could leave them no alternative whatever but the committal of the prisoner for trial before another court. It seemed that as long ago as the tenth of January the deceased girl left her employer's house in Staffordshire, and although rumors as to the supposed companion of her flight were rife at the time about the country, nothing definite had since transpired on the subject. On the night of the second instant, a girl dressed in the clothes in which the body of Margaret Hall was afterward found was seen, at a few minutes before ten, walking across London Bridge from the Surry side upon a man's arm; at a quarter past ten a woman's shriek was heard, a dark body seen to fall into the water; and by an early hour next morning a woman's body was found drifted in among some shipping at a little distance down the river. That the

woman who thus crossed the bridge was Margaret Hall there was, as he should hereafter show, no reasonable cause to doubt. The man upon whose arm she leaned was, it would be proved by incontestable evidence, the prisoner—Mr. Gerald Durant.

Profound sensation through the court. A smile, unconcealed this time, passed across the prisoner's face.

Medical testimony, proceeded Mr. Sleek, would be called to show the condition in which the body was found. They would be told of a wedding-ring tied by a ribbon around the unhappy girl's neck; of a handkerchief embroidered with Mr. Durant's monogram in her breast; and they would also hear evidence as to a man's hat which was found floating in the river, and which it would be his duty to bring before their consideration were the acts and conduct of Mr. Durant himself. On that second day of August he was proved to have crossed from Morteville to London in the company of a young girl, answering to the description of the deceased, Margaret Hall. On the passage across, one of their fellow travellers lent this girl a cloak, which in the hurry of landing was not returned to its owner, and in this cloak the body of Margaret Hall was found. At about ten o'clock, as he had stated, Mr. Durant, with the girl upon his arm, was seen walking upon London Bridge, and it was remarked at the time that there was something strange and excited then about the appearance of them both. What was the prisoner's subsequent conduct? Between eleven and twelve, minus a hat, and with his dress disordered and torn, Mr. Durant went to the chambers of a Mr. Robert Dennison, a relation of his in the Temple; gave curt and contradictory answers when questioned by his friends as to the strangeness of his appearance; and finally let fall a remark about having just seen the ghost of an old friend's face—a Staffordshire face—on London Bridge, as though to account for his pallor and depression. Every portion of this evidence was, Mr. Sleek allowed, circumstantial; but it was not necessary, neither was it his place to observe that a concurrence of suspicious circumstances was of all human evidence the one least liable to bias or error, more particularly when the silence of the accused and of his counsellors tacitly admitted such circumstances to be authentic. It was a melancholy satisfaction of course to know that Mr. Durant was in a position to command the best services of the profession. Her Majesty's government wished to press a conviction upon no man; and it was a satisfaction to know that everything that could be said on behalf of the prisoner *would* be said, and with the greatest force and eloquence. Still, what would really tell more in Mr. Durant's favor, what it would yield himself, Mr. Sleek, the most unmixed personal satisfaction to hear, would be—not eloquence at all, but a plain, straightforward counter statement of facts as regarded Mr. Durant's proceedings on the night of August second! It was an axiom of English law that no man should be called upon to offer explanations of his conduct, or of any circumstances of suspicion which might attach to him. It was his duty, however, to remark, that if an accused person refused such explanation, where a strong *prima facie* case had been made out against him, it must necessarily raise a strong presumption that his silence arose from guilty or sinister motives. Could common sense do otherwise than adopt this conclusion, especially when, as in the present case, it was manifest that facts inaccessible to the prosecution were in the power of the accused? Mr. Durant, it was proved, did on the second day of August cross from Morteville to London in the company of a

lady. By the testimony of his own valet, it appeared that he was left alone with this lady between eight and nine o'clock at the South Eastern Terminus; and at ten o'clock, a quarter of an hour only before Margaret Hall's death took place, it would be shown that he was once more seen by her side on London Bridge.

And now, with respect to this lady, exclaimed Mr. Sleek, with sudden fervor, I have a question to ask which I am certain must address itself with irresistible force to every person in this court. Where is she? If this lady, as it will doubtless be alleged, was not Margaret Hall, but some other person still living and well, is her evidence to be adduced or not on the prisoner's behalf? It may, and doubtless will, be hinted to us that there may be cases in which a man would risk the unmerited punishment of guilt sooner than bring forward a woman's name before the world; but I put it to you whether the lips of a man charged with the most heinous and cowardly of all crimes could remain so sealed? Nay more, I ask does the woman live who would see an innocent man incur even the imputation of a crime like this sooner than allow the record of her own indiscretion, of her own frailty, to be made public?

They might be told, he proceeded, that the lady who accompanied Mr. Durant from France did certainly wear this scarlet travelling cloak when she arrived in London, but might yet have transferred it to the deceased during the few minutes that elapsed between the time when she was last seen at Mr. Durant's side and that of Margaret Hall's death. If they accepted this startling assumption; if they at once presumed that any given fact was due not to criminality but to untoward accident, they would, certainly, be less inclined toward such a merciful supposition a second time. But, alas! this unhappy victim to adverse coincidences would call upon them, immediately afterward, to give another violent mental wrench favorable to his innocence. A handkerchief embroidered with Gerald Sydney Durant's initials was found in the woman's breast. It had been well said that the die which is orderly in its sequences may be rightly supposed to be loaded. Every successive circumstance that bore against the prisoner was, it must be remembered, cumulative proof—proof multiplied by hundreds. And when to the foregoing facts was added that of Mr. Durant's hat being found floating near the body of the deceased, it seemed folly to ask them again to receive an arbitrary and separate conclusion instead of the plain cause which could alone account for this overpowering accumulation of dark facts—the prisoner's guilt. With regard, he said, to Mr. Durant's manner at his cousin's chambers, it was not his province now to speak. This conduct might possibly be compatible with innocence if it stood alone; but it must be recollected that it was one of a series of facts which though small perhaps in their individual capacity, did, when grouped together, lead to the irresistible conclusion that the prisoner had secret and guilty knowledge of the girl's death. What motive could have prompted the crime it was unneedful also for him to suggest. A dark drama, an old story of passion, satiety, and neglect, of which this is the closing scene, had doubtless been enacted. He had to do with facts alone; and these were the facts which he was able to present to the bench. They saw in the prisoner a young man overwhelmed with debts which he was utterly powerless to meet, unaided. His uncle, Sir John Durant, was the only person to whom he could look for assistance; and his uncle it was known not three weeks ago had threatened to disinherit him if his reported connection with Margaret Hall

proved to be a fact. They next found him alone with the unhappy girl on London Bridge upon the night of her death. They had then the mute and touching evidence of the body itself—the wedding-ring tied around her neck; the handkerchief of Gerald Durant in her breast—and lastly they had the fact that the prisoner already realized to the full those advantages for which it might be surmised the death was accomplished. Whatever benefit of doubt Mr. Durant might be entitled to would, for certain, be amply accorded to him hereafter. He believed himself that the magistrate could come to no other conclusion now than that the case was fraught with suspicions of the gravest character; and that the interests of public justice imperatively demanded that the prisoner should be sent for trial before another and a higher tribunal.

And then Mr. Sleek wiped his crimson face and sat down. His address had been, intentionally a short one, for the thermometer stood at ninety-six, in the shade; and, in common with every other lawyer present, Mr. Sleek fervently hoped to get the examination over to-day. A great surgeon, recalled by enormous fees to cut off the limb of an illustrious patient, knows that he will be forced to wait and watch over the results of the operation. With a lawyer, what is done, is done. Whether Mr. Sleek or Mr. Slight got the best of it, their work would be finished, their fees paid, the moment that the bench had pronounced its judgment upon the prisoner; and a pardonable preference for mountain oxygen to city carbonic acid in August made both of them disposed to be concise. Mr. Sleek's address had not lasted two hours; Mr. Slight's for certain would not occupy more; and it was now only twelve o'clock. By employing a little brevity in cross-examination, they might yet be able to have a comfortable dinner together and start off on their respective journeys—one for the Highlands, the other for the Italian Lakes—to-night.

The first witness called was Mrs. Sherborne, of Heathcotes, and as she came into the witness box, making her village curtsy to the usher, whom in her agitation she took for the magistrate, at least, her country carriage and open, sun-burnt face seemed almost to bring a breath of wholesome meadow freshness into the noisome human atmosphere of the court. Her first movement was to look toward the prisoner and cry; her second, upon a mild, opening question from the bench, to plunge into wildly irrelevant statements about Sir John's goodness to her husband, and her regret at having to appear against Mr. Gerald, and the love she had always borne to the family at the Court. But a little judicious treatment at the hands of Mr. Sleek soon reduced these symptoms of contumacy, and brought the poor woman to a due sense of the position in which she stood, as an important, an accredited witness on the side of the Crown. After giving her evidence as to the identification of Margaret Hall after death, Mrs. Sherborne was desired to tell what she knew about her disappearance in January last, and she had just faltered out a few tearful words as to the note the poor girl had written home, and how it was thought about in the country at the time—when Mr. Slight jumped up and with a stony face and peremptory voice interrupted her. They had nothing to do in this court with what was "thought about" by anybody, anywhere. They had to do with Mrs. Sherborne's personal evidence, of which he should be glad to hear rather more than she had at present given them. And then putting up his double eye-glass and looking at her with a certain expression of disbelief and insolence that made the modest country woman almost ready to drop with shame, Mr. Slight proceeded to cross-question her a little.

"Flighty? Strange? no, never; never saw anything unusual in any way in poor Maggie's manner. She was a handsome girl—a skin like snow, gentlemen" (with an apologetic curtsy to the bench), "and eyes and hair like the raven's wing and a bit set up about it, perhaps, at times; but an honest girl, and as cool a hand for butter as ever churned. Suitors? Well, for the matter of that, she'd as many suitors as most—in her own class of life? certainly; whose else class should they be in?" For in spite of her terror Mrs. Sherborne had her keen country wits about her still. She was in that witness-box to speak the truth; if truth-telling could do it, to get poor Mr. Gerald out of his trouble. But she was equally there to shield the honor of the girl that was dead and gone, and a subtle woman's instinct had interpreted to her aright the object of Mr. Slight's last question.

"And Margaret Hall accepted none of these suitors of her own class of life, it appears, Mrs. Sherborne? What did she say to the suitors of a class above her own?"

"I can't tell, sir."

"You can't tell. Were gentlemen, unmarried ones, accustomed to come about the farm at Heathcotes during the time that Margaret Hall was in your employment?"

"Yes, certainly. A many gentlemen used to come to see my husband and me."

"Name those who came oftenest."

Mrs. Sherborne hesitated, and shot a quick, appealing glance across toward Gerald. "Sir George Chester used to come, when he were down at the court, sir, and Mr. Robert Dennison, and sometimes Mr. Gerald Durant himself—and—"

"Mrs. Sherborne," exclaimed Mr. Slight, suddenly exchanging his air of bantering encouragement for one of scowling ferocity, "have the goodness to weigh your answers more carefully, and remember this is not a time or place for levity!" The poor woman's mouth was contorted through nervousness into the ghastly semblance of a smile. "Have you, or have you not, known Mr. Robert Dennison to be frequently alone in the company of Margaret Hall?"

Gerald's lips had continued inviolably sealed as respected his personal knowledge of Robert's marriage with Maggie; but he had never hidden, or sought to hide, from his counsel any of the well-known facts relative to their extreme intimacy. His promise to Robert, his faith with Archie Lovell, were all that he felt himself bound to keep. Quixotic enough to lay aside any legitimate weapon of self-defence he was not, and Mr. Slight, without any positive knowledge of the truth, suspected enough to be sure that his client had neither been the sole nor the first claimant upon poor Maggie's affection.

"Have you, or have you not, frequently seen Mr. Dennison alone in the girl's company?" he repeated.

"Well, I have seen him, sir, but not oftener——"

"Keep to what I ask you, Mrs. Sherborne," interrupted Mr. Slight, in a cruel voice, "and leave every other subject alone. You have seen Mr. Dennison in the girl's company. How often?"

"I don't remember, sir," answered Mrs. Sherborne, piteously.

"Try to think, if you please. Six times? Ten times?"

"Oh dear, yes," she cried, brightening at having something definite to go upon. "The young gentlemen used to walk down Heathcotes-way after their

dinner, one one time, perhaps, and one another; and then Maggie she'd walk a bit with them in the garden or round the orchard while they smoked their cigars. I'd known both of them from boys, gentlemen," she added, turning toward the magistrate, with her good, brown face softening all over, "and never gave a thought, me or my husband either, that harm would come of it."

"No more with one than with the other, I suppose, Mrs. Sherborne?" put in Mr. Slight, blandly.

"No, sir."

"Exactly!" And Mr. Slight sat down. The evidence for the prosecution had assuredly not done much damage to his client's cause, as yet.

At the appearance of the next witness who entered the box, Gerald half rose, and leaned forward with an expression of greater eagerness than his face had worn before. The witness was Captain Waters, and as his eyes met the prisoner's a certain veiled look of intelligence passed for a second between them.

The man had got his hush-money, but was he safe? was Gerald's uneasy thought, for at his direction a goodly sum had been paid anonymously to Waters, with sternest injunctions never to molest Miss Lovell, or seek in any way to bring her name forward while he lived. The scoundrel had received his bribe; but how was he to know that another man had not meanwhile bid a higher price over his head?

"You may be perfectly at your ease, my infatuated but chivalrous young friend," was Waters' reflection, as he caught sight of Gerald's eager face. "No fear of my killing the goose that lays such very golden eggs! If you are committed for your trial, as you certainly will be, I shall have an income safe, without work or trouble, for the next six months—a small annuity, perhaps, for life!"

And then in his accustomed bored, languid tone, Captain Waters, or Edward Randall, as his name was written in the police sheet, gave his evidence. Had stayed in the same hotel with Mr. Durant, about three weeks ago, at Morteville. Remembered seeing him on board a steamer bound for England from the Calais pier. Had no conception what the name of the steamer was; never remembered the names of steamers—wouldn't Bradshaw tell? It seemed a small vessel, chiefly occupied by persons of the lower class. Believed he spoke to Mr. Durant from the pier—was sure he did, now he thought of it—congratulated him, if he recollected right, in having got away from Morteville. A lady was certainly at Mr. Durant's side—might have had his arm—seldom felt sure enough of anything to take a positive oath to it. If obliged to bet? Well, would rather say she had not got his arm—couldn't see the object of people going about arm-in-arm on board steamers. The lady was too closely veiled for him to see her face—did not, to the best of his remembrance, wear a red cloak; believed she was in white, but positively declined swearing about article of female dress. Certainly had seen Mr. Durant in the society of ladies at Morteville. What ladies? Lots of ladies—could it really be expected of him to know their names? Never thought Mr. Durant seemed harder up for money than other men—paid, at all events, what he lost to him at cards. How much? Well, a very trifling sum; between a hundred and a hundred and fifty pounds, he should say.

This was Captain Waters' evidence; and it was to be remarked that he was not cross-questioned or meddled with in any way by Mr. Slight while he gave it. The next name called was that of Sophia Dawson. A rumor had got

abroad that the evidence of this witness was to be of the most fatal importance as regarded Gerald ; and a silence, such as hushes the opera house when some great actress plays the Bridge scene in "Somnambula," prevailed through the court during her examination. She was, she stated, the wife of Mr. Alfred Dawson, merchant, of the City of London, and on the second of the present month returned to England from a visit that she had been paying to her sister in Paris. She happened to miss the mail in the morning and crossed by the Lord of the Isles, an excursion steamer that left Morteville at two in the afternoon. Soon after getting clear of Calais the wind rose fresh, and as she, witness, felt ill and was going down to the cabin she offered her cloak to a young girl whom she saw sitting in a thin Summer dress upon the deck. Yes ; the cloak produced (a murmur of intense excitement ran throughout the court at sight of it !) was hers. The color was stained and altered, but she was positive as to its being the cloak she lent to the girl on board the steamer. Her initials were marked on a piece of tape stitched inside the collar. She would know it, even without these initials, among a hundred cloaks. It was home-made, and she had cut the hood and put it together herself. Saw no more of the girl till they came up the river, and then found her sitting on deck in the company of some gentleman with whom she had first noticed her off the coast of France. That gentleman was, she could swear, the prisoner at the bar. But the woman's kindly face had paled visibly as Gerald turned and looked at her full. Knew at the time that his name was Durant ; read it on a valise that his servant carried in his hand. Told the girl she might keep the cloak on still, as the air was fresh coming up the river, and when they reached London Bridge forgot all about it in the hurry of landing, and did not see the lady or gentleman again. The cloak was of no great value, and she had never made any inquiries about its loss. Had forgotten all about it until a few days ago when an advertisement in the "Times" was pointed out to her by a friend. This advertisement was addressed to the lady who lost a scarlet cloak on board the Lord of Isles on such a date ; and her husband thought it right to communicate at once with the police.

This was her evidence. In cross-examination, very suavely and cautiously conducted by Mr. Slight, Mrs. Dawson stated with confidence that she could swear to the person of the girl to whom she lent her cloak. It was an uncommon face, and she remembered it perfectly. The girl's vail was not over her face when she first spoke to her.

The photographs of Margaret Hall and one or two other indifferent persons were now handed to the witness. She examined them as she was directed to do under a strong microscope, but would not swear as to whether the portrait of the girl who was with the prisoner was among them or not. Did not think much of photographs herself ; never had. Would she swear they were none of them the portrait of the girl ? No, she would not. Declined giving any opinion on the subject. Would swear to her own cloak ; would swear to the gentleman. Was positive she could swear to the young lady if she saw her. She had bright, blue eyes, long, fair hair, and a brown complexion.

The prisoner at this point leaned anxiously forward, and evidently tried to arrest Mr. Slight's attention. But Mr. Slight either did not, or would not, understand the glance. His client's case was just as weak as it was possible to be already ; but whatever could be done to strengthen it, he, Mr. Slight, was determined to do ; and this last voluntary statement of Mrs. Dawson's

was, he knew, the brightest ray of light that had dawned as yet for the defence.

"Blue eyes and fair hair. You state, upon your oath, that the young person to whom you lent your cloak had blue eyes?"

"I do." But here, re-examined by the bench, Mrs. Dawson confessed to having been sea-sick at the time she lent the girl her cloak. Her head was swimming round, and she saw nothing distinctly. When they got into the river the girl had put down her vail, and she could not, for certain, say that she had remarked the color of her eyes then.

"And yet, two minutes ago, you positively stated that the young woman's eyes were blue!" exclaimed Mr. Slight, indignantly. "I must really request, madam, that you will recollect the importance of your words. You are not, you know, deciding as to the color of a new dress, but answering a question upon which a man's life may depend. We have nothing to do in this court with your sea-sickness, or any conditions of your bodily frame whatsoever. Do you swear that the young woman to whom you lent your cloak on board the Lord of the Isles had blue eyes? Yes, or no?"

"I swear that she had blue eyes."

"Good. Now, Mrs. Dawson, what was the manner, may I ask, of Mr. Durant to the young person during the voyage? Sea-sick, or not sea-sick, this is a point to which no young married lady"—Mrs. Dawson was forty-five, at least—"can ever be blind. Was it your opinion at the time, now, that Mr. Durant and this young person were man and wife?"

But to this question Mr. Sleek positively objected. The private opinions or deductions of any individual—as his friend Mr. Slight, with admirable clearness had reminded them—not being evidence; and the bench confirming this objection, Mr. Slight had to repeat his question in its first form: "What was the manner of Mr. Durant to the young person with whom he travelled?"

A very polite manner. That, of course. He never doubted for a moment that the manner of any gentleman to any lady would be a polite one. Was it a marked manner? the manner of a lover, in short?

Well, no; Mrs. Dawson could not say it was. She thought at the time they looked like brother and sister, or perhaps two young people gone off for a freak. The girl's manner seemed very good natured and off-hand with her companion—certainly not the manner of a wife to a husband. And now having worked round after all to the exact admission that he required, Mr. Slight allowed the witness to leave the box.

The evidence of Constable X 22, of the city division of police was next taken. He was on his beat, he said, on the night of August the second, and remembered seeing a girl and a gentleman standing together on London Bridge a few minutes before ten o'clock. Saw the gentleman's face as distinct as if it had been broad day, for they were standing talking immediately under a lamp when he came up, and he stopped a minute to look at them. The prisoner at the bar was the gentleman; identified him about a week ago when, under Mr. Wickham's directions, he watched him from an opposite window at his lodgings at Clarges Street. Thought on the night of the second they must be foreigners, from their queer appearance—the lady was, he described, in a scarlet travelling cloak, the gentleman without a hat. Thought there seemed some kind of discussion going on between them. There had been a disturbance (this in cross-examination) on the bridge just before, but couldn't say if the prisoner had been mixed up in it or not.

One of the lightermen who first raised the alarm on the night of the second was now brought forward. The clocks had gone the quarter, he said, about four or five minutes before. Could take his Bible oath he was right as to time. It was his turn to go ashore at half past ten; and he had been counting the different quarters as they struck. It was a clear night and he was sitting smoking his pipe on deck when he heard a woman's shriek and immediately afterward saw the splash of some heavy object, close along-side, it seemed, of where the barge was moored. Was not present when the body was found. He and his mate gave the alarm at once; and went ashore as usual at the half hour.

Lengthened medical evidence came next from the doctors who had before appeared at the inquest, and who still held conflicting opinions as to what had been the immediate cause of death, and whether death had or had not taken place before the body reached the water. After this—science having been apathetically listened to by the experienced trial-goers as a sort of interlude or by-play, not bearing upon the general interest of the plot—the testimony of the river police with its accustomed burden of dark horrors was recorded; and then—

Then—every man and woman in that dense crowd pressing breathlessly forward to catch a sight of him—Mr. Robert Dennison was summoned to take his place in the witness box.

His face wore a cadaverous yellow hue, the hue of a man who had newly passed through some sharp bodily pain or sickness; but still the dark eyes kept their counsel inviolate as ever; still not a quiver of the lips betrayed either fear or weakness to any who were watching him. As soon as he appeared, Gerald Durant bent forward upon his clasped arms, over the ledge of the dock—fixing his eyes steadfastly upon his cousin's face. And so for a few silent moments they stood, the guilty man and the innocent one, confronting each other. This was, perhaps, the strongest situation in the whole morning's performance; and a good many of the ladies present raised their handkerchiefs to their eyes. The sympathies of the common people were here, as throughout, upon Gerald Durant's side. The educated and refined few were naturally alive to the pathos of poor Mr. Dennison's position; the intense suffering with which this duty of giving evidence against one so near akin to him as the prisoner, must be performed.

He was examined by Mr. Sleek, and stated that he was first cousin to Gerald Durant, and had been on terms of intimacy and affection with him all his life. On the first of the present month he parted from his cousin at Morteville. Did not know that he was in particular money difficulties at the time; was about the same in that respect as most young men of his profession and age. An estrangement had certainly existed between Gerald and his uncle Sir John Durant. Saw his cousin next on the night of the following day—August second. On that occasion witness had a party of friends dining with him in his chambers, and toward midnight Gerald Durant unexpectedly came in. He was dressed in a morning suit and explained that he had only arrived in London that evening by a steamer from France. Did not recollect anything unusual in his appearance; was unable to say whether he had a hat with him or not. Admitted—and that the admission cost him dear no one looking at Robert Dennison's face, his bloodless lips, the great drops standing upon his livid forehead, could doubt—that the prisoner had made some allu-

sion to having been on London Bridge that night; did not remember the exact words the prisoner used.

Mr. Sleek: "I must beg of you to recollect them, Mr. Dennison. The prosecution has every wish to spare the feelings of you and of your family to the uttermost, but this is a most important part of the evidence and cannot be slurred over."

And thus adjured, and with Gerald's eyes upon him still! Mr. Dennison spoke. As the evening progressed, and as some of the guests were preparing to leave, Gerald Durant asked him what old friend he imagined he had seen that night on London Bridge? Witness answered that he did not know; and Gerald Durant then went on to say that he had seen a Staffordshire face they both knew, or one so like it as to be its ghost, crouching out of sight in one of the recesses of London Bridge. Witness treated the remark lightly at the time, not knowing any Staffordshire person who would be likely to be seen in such a position. Thought, and still believed, it to be meant as a joke. Parted that night on friendly terms with his cousin, and had not seen him since. Had held no communication with Mr. Durant since his arrest.

All this portion of Robert Dennison's deposition could be scarcely more than guessed at in the court, for he spoke in an excessively low key and with a voice that trembled either with feigned or unfeigned agitation. But as soon as Mr. Slight commenced his cross-examination, Mr. Dennison was forced, agitated or not, to be audible. No one knew better how to affect occasional deafness than Mr. Slight. No one knew better than Mr. Slight the effect upon some witnesses of being forced to speak out in a tone that the whole court could hear.

"You parted from the prisoner at Morteville on August the first. Will you inform the court, Mr. Dennison, as to the nature of your business in Morteville at that particular time?"

"I had no business there at all. I was on my way back from Paris to London."

"Ah. And what had your business been in Paris, Mr. Dennison? Be careful."

"I decline answering the question."

"Were you in the company of the same lady with whom you visited Paris in January or February last?"

"I decline entering into my private affairs at all."

"Very well, sir," cried out Mr. Slight, with sudden, deadly animosity, "then there is one question which this court will oblige you to answer, whether it suits your convenience or not: What was the nature of your conversation with Mr. Gerald Durant on the morning you left Morteville?—the conversation you held together on the subject of Margaret Hall?"

Robert Dennison's face grew if possible a shade more livid. "I—I do not understand you!" he stammered; but the moment's hesitation gave his brain time to work. Either Gerald had betrayed him, and fullest exposure was coming on; or Mr. Slight was fencing with such weapons only as his client's half confidences had supplied to him. In either case, his quick presence of mind counselled him to answer with honesty. Could a lie have saved him he would have told it; yes, in the face of a hundred newly-uttered oaths; but the time he knew was gone for denial of any kind. Truth, plain and literal, was what he was reduced to now; and, boldly faithful as he was boldly false, Robert Dennison stood, the first momentary irresolution over, prepared to tell it.

As he stood thus; no abasement in his eyes; no tremble on his lips; no token of fear on all the iron face; Gerald felt that he admired Dennison as he had never admired him in his life before. Talk of pluck! why, his own was nothing—for he was innocent. But here was a man guilty of actions that in every class of society are branded as infamous—betrayal of the woman who bore his name; darkest dishonor in allowing another man to abide the consequences of his act; and in a moment, for aught that he could know, the fair reputation he set such store upon might be spotted; fame, money, position—every dearest hope of his life attained. And he stood and waited for the blow thus! I repeat, Gerald in his heart admired him, as one admires the brutal heroes of the ring, for his sheer blind animal strength, unleavened though it was by any of the moral qualities which raise a nobler man's courage above the courage of a bulldog. The stamina of the Durants was there, he thought. The poor fellow's inadequate sense of finer honor was to be credited more perhaps to the base admixture of Dennison blood than to any fault of his. *Bon sang ne peut pas mentir*. There was no virtue in his ever acting like a gentleman; but how could you expect a man without a grandfather to know how to conduct himself decently? When they were boys together, nice delicacy, even with respect to half-crowns, was, he remembered, the one thing he had never looked for in his *roturier* cousin. It was the same now. But the good blood showed in the fellow's face and attitude at this moment; and Gerald's heart, his fancy—what was it that fired so easily in that facile organization?—warmed toward him.

"You don't understand me," said Mr. Slight. "Yet the question is a simple one. Can you repeat to me the substance of the conversation that took place between you and your cousin on the morning of your leaving Morte-ville?"

"I can remember the general tenor of it, certainly," said Dennison, firmly. "The subject of Margaret Hall's continued disappearance was talked of, and I advised Mr. Durant to return to England at once and endeavor to prove his innocence in the matter. Suspicions had arisen as to his being the companion of the girl's flight, and I wished him to set himself right with his friends at once."

"And what was your cousin's answer to this excellent advice?"

"My cousin's answer was that he had perfect confidence in his innocence eventually asserting itself. As for suspicions, he believed they had been very much stronger against myself than against him."

"To which charge you replied?"

"In words that I cannot consider it necessary to repeat here," said Dennison, with admirable audacity. "I decline, as I have observed, to enter at all upon my own personal affairs."

Mr. Slight's eye-glass fell, and he shifted his ground a little. "Have you ever stated your conviction to be that Gerald Durant was Margaret Hall's lover, and that you had good reasons for saying so?"

"Not in those words, certainly."

"Did you state once to Mr. Sholto McIvor that you believed Gerald Durant had got into a mess with his uncle about Margaret Hall?"

"I may have said so. I don't recollect it."

"Have you endeavored to set right the misunderstanding that you say existed between the prisoner and his uncle?"

"I have."

"Mr. Dennison," with an abrupt emphasis that took every one in the court aback, "are you—failing the prisoner at the bar—Sir John Durant's next male heir?"

The inflection of Mr. Slight's voice as he said this was something wonderful. Robert Dennison's heart stood still at the terse embodiment of his own guilty hopes which those few words spoken in that tone put before him. But rallying instantly with thorough self-command, with a face of marble to the last, he answered coldly that he was not and never could be Sir John Durant's heir. And then—a sound, not exactly a hiss, but a sound decidedly the reverse of applause following him from the court—Mr. Dennison was allowed to leave the witness-box; and poor little Sholto McIvor was called to take his place there.

At no time wise or eloquent, Sholto was, on this most memorable day of his life, a very monument of helpless, well-meaning, total imbecility. He contradicted himself; he made statements *à tort et à travers*; he remembered what he ought to have forgotten; forgot what he ought to have remembered; and was alternately browbeaten by the defence, reprimanded for contempt of court by the magistrate, and reminded of the stringency of the law against perjury by the prosecution. But, bullied by the lawyers, and laughed at by the whole court—Gerald included—he succeeded in creating a stronger impression against the prisoner than any witness had yet done ("did your best to hang me!" Gerald tells him to this day). He was so wholly, so palpably guileless; it was so evident that his sympathies were on the prisoner's side, that every admission wrung from him seemed to carry the kind of weight with it that men are prone to accord to the evidence of a child. The description of Gerald's manner and appearance when he entered his cousin's chambers; his altercation with Dennison; the "chaff" about some lady at Morteville; Gerald's voluntary admission that he had seen "the ghost of a Staffordshire face" on London Bridge; his unusual taciturnity as they drove home together to their lodgings in Clarges Street—every word that Sholto uttered told, and immense was the success of this part of the entertainment among the higher class of spectators. With a thermometer at ninety-six, and such air to breathe as a London police court generates, the nerves require relaxation after three or four hours' heavy business, even with the prospect of seeing a guardsman borne away to Newgate to carry one's interest on.

When he had said his worst on the subject of the dinner party, Sholto was questioned as to Gerald's money difficulties, and again did him simply as much damage as was possible. Hard up? Of course, Durant had always been deucedly hard up, like everybody else. First heard of his coolness with his uncle from Mr. Dennison. What was it about? would like to know whose business that was? Well, then—the bench having sternly interfered—it was about a woman, this wretched, ridiculous milk woman, Margaret Hall. What did Sir John Durant threaten? Why, to disinherit him, he supposed; thought that was what "uncles and governors and that" always threatened. During the last three weeks Durant had come right with his people again. Knew it, because he had written and asked him, Sholto, to be best man at his approaching marriage with his cousin. Did they want any better proof than that?

After Sholto, appeared Mr. Bennett; all his elegant language taken out of him, and covered with shame and contrition at having to appear against his master. He had very little to tell, and that little was terribly in favor of the prosecution. He returned with Mr. Durant, on August the second, from a

tour they had been making abroad. Stopped for a few days in Paris, and no lady was with his master then. Saw his master two or three times in a lady's society at Morteville; she crossed to London in the *Lord of the Isles* with them. Saw that she wore a scarlet cloak during the latter part of the voyage; took up lunch to her and Mr. Durant in the paddle-box; and got out one of master's cambric handkerchiefs for the lady to tie round her head. Yes; the handkerchief shown him was the same; knew it by his master's monogram—called by Mr. Bennett, monograph. The hat produced was the kind of hat Mr. Durant travelled in, but declined swearing to it. At the London Bridge station his master dismissed him with the luggage, and he left them standing there together—Mr. Durant and the lady. His master returned home between one and two o'clock; one of the sides of his coat was much torn; he did not bring any hat home with him. Did not know the lady's name (this was in answer to Mr. Slight); had only lived with Mr. Durant four months, and to the best of his belief never saw Margaret Hall in his life.

Then—the formal official evidence of Mr. Wickham having occupied a very few minutes only—it was announced that there would be a brief adjournment of the court, and that the case for the prosecution was closed.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HERE!

EVERY one present detected a marked and significant change upon Mr. Slight's face when the court reassembled; and whispers of good augury for the coming defence were at once passed about among the lawyers. It was already known how, immediately after the adjournment, Sir John Durant, accompanied by a young girl, had arrived and had an interview with Mr. Slight; and how, on reëntering the court, Mr. Slight had crossed at once to the dock and held an earnest whispered conversation with his client. It was remarked how Gerald Durant's face flushed and paled as they spoke; how at first he had appeared eagerly to oppose some proposition that was being made to him, afterward—Mr. Slight's expression brightening every moment—how an unwilling assent had evidently been wrung from his lips. And putting all these things together, an opinion of good omen for the prisoner was, as I have said, fast gaining ground in the court. Old Slight would not look so ridiculously pleased without solid cause. Some new and important evidence was probably coming to light at the eleventh hour for the defence.

The face of the lawyer for the Crown grew ominously long at the thought. As the case already stood, they had calculated upon getting it over, with half an hour or so to spare, before dinner time. One witness more, on either side, might just make the difference of an adjournment till next day; above all, a witness of sufficient importance to make Slight look so foolishly excited. And, with a pathetic yearning for the twenty-four hours of blue Italian lake and pure Italian sky that he would be called upon to resign, Mr. Sleek, like every person present, in a state bordering on asphyxia, loosened his cravat, leaned back with half-closed eyes in his seat, and prepared himself for the worst.

The first welcome sound that fell on his ear was an announcement that the address made on the prisoner's behalf would be a very brief one. It had never, of course, Mr. Slight remarked, been his intention to assert that his

client was innocent of the horrible crime laid to his charge. He had not been summoned to his present position to assert Mr. Durant's innocence; innocence, according to all civilized laws, being a thing to be presumed—criminality never; and the burden of proof, as it was unnecessary for him to say, resting always with the prosecution. In a case of purely circumstantial evidence like this, if the facts adduced were capable of solution upon any other hypothesis than the guilt of the accused, they must be discarded; nay, although the matter remained so wholly mysterious that no supposition save the prisoner's guilt could account for it, that supposition would not be basis sufficient on which to rest a judgment against him. Before committing Gerald Durant for trial for the murder of Margaret Hall the bench must be as morally convinced, by the chain of evidence brought forward that he was guilty as though they had seen him commit the act under their own eyes. That chain of evidence, he positively affirmed, had never existed; indeed, he did not hesitate to say that the counsel for the Crown were reversing every legal and customary mode of proceeding. Instead of proving a murder first and discovering the murderer afterward, they were seeking first to prove the murderer and thence to deduce a murder! It had never, he repeated, been his intention to assert his client's innocence; but until a quarter of an hour ago, he had certainly intended to point out link by link, the palpable weakness of the attempt to prove his guilt; had meant to show how revolting to probability, how surrounded at every step with contradiction, was the presumption of a murder, while, on the other hand, if they yielded to the supposition of suicide, how every fact could at once be explained, naturally and without distortion.

"The necessity for my doing this, however," cried Mr. Slight, "is now happily removed! I have no longer to allude to the paucity of proof that a murder was ever committed at all; to the difficulty, I may say impossibility, of such an act of violence having taken place unobserved in one of the most crowded thoroughfares of London; to the discrepancy between the person of Mr. Durant's companion and the person of the deceased; to mysterious circumstances respecting which a feeling of honor may have caused the prisoner's lips to be sealed! My esteemed friend who conducts the prosecution," here he put up his eye-glass and took a glance at Mr. Sleek's hot face, "has proved to us that a lady dressed in a scarlet travelling cloak did on the second night of August cross London Bridge, with Mr. Gerald Durant. This fact it is impossible for me to deny. But my esteemed friend also added that with regard to this lady he had a question to ask—a question which, he knew, must address itself with irresistible force to every person in the court, Where is she? And to this question," went on Mr. Slight, speaking in a voice so distinct that not a syllable was lost throughout the whole silent crowd, "I have one brief and simple answer to make—Here! Here, waiting to be brought into that witness-box and to prove to the bench with certainty unimpeachable, the innocence of the accused. At twenty minutes past ten on the night of August the second the death of Margaret Hall—according to the evidence of witnesses for the prosecution—took place. At twenty minutes past ten Gerald Durant stood beside the lady whom I am now going to bring before you, on the platform of the South Eastern Railway at London Bridge."

A smothered exclamation, half of approval, half of sheer stupefied surprise, burst from the crowd. Perhaps it would not be too much to say that an acknowledged sense of disappointment did, for a moment, cross the minds of

most of the spectators of the play : the kind of feeling people have when a fire is put out sooner than was expected, or when an impending fight ends unexpectedly in the combatants seeing their error and shaking hands. No one wanted Gerald Durant to be hung, or even committed, as far as he, poor fellow, was individually concerned. But every one who had fought his or her way into the court, every one who had gone through the heat and burden of the day, did expect some good strong sensation as the reward of their sufferings. And the proving of an *alibi*—even through a young and pretty woman in the witness-box—could never be one-half so sensational an incident as to see a handsome guardsman, the heir of an old, unsullied name, committed for trial and borne away to Newgate like any common felon !

This was the first feeling of the common crowd ; but in one breast in that court a feeling—almost tragic in its intensity—of disappointment had arisen at Mr. Slight's last words. Mr. Wickham, his face unmoved as ever, was standing edgeways in one of the crowded entrances to the court, listening with the indifference engendered by long habit to the little stereotyped preamble about the certainty of the prisoner's innocence, when that one awfully distinct monosyllable, " Here," broke in upon his senses, and in a moment, mechanical though his attention had been, he recalled the drift of Mr. Slight's whole address, and understood its meaning. The defence was going to prove an *alibi*. Mr. Wickham, in his inmost soul, staggered as if he had got a death stroke. An *alibi* ! He was like a man to whom a flaw in his noblest belief, his dearest affection, has been unexpectedly discovered ; like the *chef* whose wounded spirit could not survive the disgrace of that one spoilt *salmi* ! The London Bridge case had been the culminating triumph of Mr. Wickham's life. He had received the compliments of those high in office, had awakened the jealousy of his peers, by the way in which he had worked that case up. The remembrance of it was to have been the solace of his superannuated years, an honorable heirloom to leave to his children after him. And here, in a moment, through some paltry miscalculation, some miserable lawyer's sleight-of-hand, his crown was to be wrested from him by an *alibi*. Any other defeat he thought he might have borne better ; but an *alibi* ! An *alibi*, cooked up at the last ; an *alibi* which, if established—and something on Mr. Slight's face left little ground for hope that the defence was a sham—would turn the whole prosecution into a ridiculous mistake, and reduce the very name of Wickham into a reproach and a by-word in the profession !

Circumstances unnecessary to dilate upon, proceeded Mr. Slight's cheerful voice, had conspired together to hinder this most important witness for the defence from appearing until the last moment : and it was doubtless a painful reflection for the officers of the Crown to feel that, had a longer delay occurred, a committal condemning an innocent man to imprisonment, and casting a stigma upon a loyal and unspotted name, would have been the result of the spirit in which the prosecution had been conducted. Happily—providentially—all danger of this fearful injustice was past ; and the welcome duty that now lay before the bench, was the restoration of an honorable man without suspicion, without the faintest stain of any kind upon his character, to his position and his friends !

A long, low murmur, a murmur of intense, irrepressible excitement passed for a minute or two through the court, then slowly the door of the witness-box opened, and a girl appeared there ; a girl dressed in white, with long hair falling round her neck, with a child's freshness on her lips and in her eyes ; the fair-

est apparition that had brightened these unlovely walls any time during the last five and twenty years at least. She moved a step or two forward, with the uncertain reeling movement of one who walks in his sleep, then shrank away against the side of the witness-box, and—a frightful pallor gathering round her lips—looked with bewildered eyes about her.

“Your name?” said Mr. Slight, unconsciously modulating his voice to the tone he would have used had he been seeking to reassure a very frightened child. “What is your name? Now, take time to recover yourself.”

She started and clasped her hands together, with the little foreign gesture so painfully familiar to the eyes of two men who were watching her in that court; but though her lips parted, no sound as yet reached the impatient ears of the crowd; and for the third time, with ever-increasing gentleness and encouragement, Mr. Slight repeated his question.

Just at this moment a ray of sunshine struggled in through one of the high-barred windows of the court, and falling, as it chanced, straight across the prisoner's dock, brought out, in fullest golden relief, the pale and eager face of Gerald Durant. At the sight of him a wonderful sudden light rose in the girl's eyes. She stood for a second or more motionless; a scarlet flood rushing across her cheeks and forehead; then stepped forward, and in a clear, vibrating voice—a voice which for an instant touched the heart even of that police-court crowd—gave her answer:

“Archie Lovell.”

EARL MORD.

ON Camerley the bloody sun was low—
 The lion-like clouds, yellow and dun, did glare—
 Strange seemed the rough glebe in malign gloom bare,
 The far tower, black against the west's grim glow.
 Dark bodings to my aged heart crept slow—
 The blast drave scourging—voices called in the air—
 The jagg'd wood near clashed like a dragon's lair,
 And the hags of the wood were madly gibbering wo.
 A moment, and the withered land upswEEPing,
 Stood flushed from marge to marge with awful red;
 And the dwarf Ironc, o'er stubble and rubble leaping,
 Came shrieking shrill—“Earl Mord! the battle is sped!
 Thy boy, Sir Eglantine, at the tower lies dead!”
 And the sun set on grief that knows not weeping.

W. D. O'CONNOR.

WALT WHITMAN AND HIS "DRUM TAPS."

CONSIDERING the amount of adverse criticism that has been aimed at Walt Whitman for the last ten years, and the apparent security with which the public rests in the justness of its verdict concerning him, it certainly cannot be damaging to the cause of literature in America, where discussion and agitation in all things are the need of every hour, for us to set up a claim, in a mild way, illustrated by his recent publication called "Drum Taps," more favorable to this rejected and misinterpreted poet.

Moreover, the beautiful benevolence he has shown during the war in nourishing the sick and wounded soldiers, and his great love and humanity as exhibited in this little volume, entitle him, on grounds of justice alone, to more respect and consideration than he has hitherto received at the hands of his countrymen. He has been sneered at and mocked and ridiculed; he has been cursed and caricatured and persecuted, and instead of retorting in a like strain, or growing embittered and misanthropic, he has preserved his serenity and good nature under all, and illustrated the doctrine of charity he has preached by acts of the most pure and disinterested benevolence.

Walt Whitman was born on Long Island, N. Y., in the Spring of 1819, and boasts that his tongue and every atom of his blood was formed from this soil, this air. "Born here of parents born here, from parents the same and their parents' parents the same," and hence, physiologically, is American to the very marrow of his bones.

On his father's side, his stock is English; on his mother's, Holland Dutch. From his father he inherits his large frame and muscular build—his antecedents here being a race of farmers and mechanics, silent, good-natured, playing no high part in society, politics or the church, and noted chiefly for strength and size. His early life was passed partly in Brooklyn and partly in the country about forty miles east of Brooklyn, where he lived much in presence of the sea. Between the ages of seventeen and twenty he seems to have been mostly engaged in teaching country schools in his native town and vicinity. It was about this time that he began writing for the press. His first productions, mostly sketches, appeared in the "Democratic Review," from which they were copied into some of the newspapers. Between the ages of twenty and thirty, he was variously occupied as writer and editor on the press of New York and Brooklyn, sometimes going into the country and delivering political addresses. During this period he was on familiar terms of acquaintance with William Cullen Bryant, and the two were in the habit of taking long walks, which, of course, were equivalent to long talks, in and about Brooklyn. In 1850 he went to New Orleans in the capacity of editor, where he remained a year. On his trip to and from that city he made it a point to penetrate various parts of the West and Southwest, particularly to explore the Mississippi and its tributaries, searching, one might say, for hints and models to be used in the making of his poems.

He does not seem to have conceived the idea of writing "Leaves of Grass" till after his thirtieth year. How he was led to adopt this style of expression, thoroughly versed as he was in the literature of the day, is uncertain. The most probable explanation is, that he felt hampered by the old forms and measures, and saw that if America ever came to possess a style of her own it would be in the direction of more freedom and scope—a feeling in which many of his contemporaries are beginning to share. For three or four years before he began to write in this vein, and while his loaf was leavening, as it were, he was a diligent student of the critical literature of the age, delving into foreign magazines and quarterly reviews, and collecting together a vast amount of matter, bearing upon poetry and literature generally, for further use and study. It is quite probable that this course of reading had some influence in determining his own course as a poet, and that he knew well beforehand wherein the head and front of his offending would lie. It has not been with his eyes shut that he set himself squarely against the popular taste and standards, and wrote for an audience of which he did not count upon the present existence of a single member. It cannot be said with the same force of any other writer, living or dead, that he must "wait to be understood by the growth of the taste of himself."

When "Leaves of Grass" was written and published, the author was engaged in putting up small frame houses in the suburbs of Brooklyn, partly with his own hands and partly with hired help. The book was still-born. To a small job printing office in that city belongs the honor, if such, of bringing it to light. Some three score copies were deposited in a neighboring book store, and as many more in another book store in New York. Weeks elapsed and not one was sold. Presently there issued requests from both the stores that the thin quarto, for such it was, should be forthwith removed. The copies found refuge in a well-known phrenological publishing house in Broadway, whose proprietors advertised it and sent specimen copies to the journals and to some distinguished persons. The journals remained silent, and several of the volumes sent to the distinguished persons were returned with ironical and insulting notes. The only attention the book received was, for instance, the use of it by the collected *attachés* of a leading daily paper of New York, when at leisure, as a butt and burlesque—its perusal aloud by one of the party being equivalent to peals of ironical laughter from the rest.

A small but important occurrence seems to have turned the tide. This was the appearance of a letter from the most illustrious literary man in America, brief, but containing a magnificent eulogium of the book. A demand arose, and before many months all the copies of the thin quarto were sold. At the present date, a curious person, poring over the shelves of second-hand book stalls in side places of the city, may light upon a copy of this quarto, for which the stall-keeper will ask him treble its first price. "Leaves of Grass," considerably added to, and printed in the new shape of a handy 16mo. of about 350 pages, again appeared in 1857. This edition also sold. The newspaper notices of it both here and in Great Britain were numerous, and nearly all of them scoffing, bitter and condemnatory. The most general charge made was that it had passages of serious indelicacy.

For the third time, now much enlarged and in a really beautiful typography and accompaniments, these "Leaves" were issued in Boston as a 12mo. of 456 pages, in 1860. This is their last appearance. An edition of several thousand was taken up, but the business panic of the year, joined with the war,

broke down the publishing house that had the book in hand, and the stereotype plates were locked up in chancery. We understand, however, that a new edition is now (August) in the hands of the printer and will shortly be given to the public. This edition will include "Drum Taps," and show many changes, both in the text and arrangement of the other poems, and indicate much more clearly the purpose or idea of the poet than any edition heretofore published. The entire carrying out of his plan, however, still contemplates the addition of a series of short pieces, like those called "Calamus," expressive of the religious sentiment and aspiration of man.

The full history of the book, if it could ever be written, would be a very curious one. No American work has ever before excited at once such diametrically opposite judgments, some seeing in it only matter for ridicule and contempt; others, eminent in the walks of literature, regarding it as a great American poem. Its most enthusiastic champions are young men, and students and lovers of nature; though the most pertinent and suggestive criticism of it we have ever seen, and one that accepted it as a whole, was by a lady—one whose name stands high on the list of our poets. Some of the poet's warmest personal friends, also, are women of this mould. On the other hand, the most bitter and vindictive critic of him of whom we have heard was a Catholic priest, who evoked no very mild degree of damnation upon his soul; if, indeed, we except the priestly official at the seat of government who, in administering the affairs of his department, on what he had the complacency to call Christian principles, took occasion, for reason of the poet's literary heresies alone, to expel him from a position in his office. Of much more weight than the opinion of either of these Christian gentlemen is the admiration of that Union soldier we chanced to hear of, who by accident came into possession of the book, and without any previous knowledge of it or its author, and by the aid of his mother wit alone, came to regard it with feelings akin to those which personal friendship and intercourse alone awaken; carrying it in his knapsack through three years of campaigning on the Potomac, and guarding it with a sort of jealous affection from the hands of his comrades.

It certainly is an astounding book; but if one will face it fairly, it is by no means so hopeless as it would seem. If the book as a whole means anything, it means power, health, freedom, democracy, self-esteem, a full life in the open air, an escape from the old forms and standards, and a declaration for new and enlarged modes, not only in letters, but in life. In other words, "Leaves of Grass" is the expression in literature of a perfectly healthy, unconventional man; not an abstract, or an intellectual statement of him merely, but the full rendering of a human personality for better or for worse. The poet celebrates himself, that is, uses himself, as an illustration of the character upon which his book is predicated, and which he believes to be typical of the American of the future. This character he has mapped out in bold, strong lines, and in its interest has written his poems. Hence it is not for the man of to-day he has spoken; he has discarded the man of to-day as effete—has rejected his models and standards, and spoken for what he believes to be the man of the future. He must, therefore, have been well prepared for the reception he has met with. Is it to be expected that current conventionalities will endorse him who seeks their overthrow? If we see correctly, the book is also a terrible reaction against the petty, dainty, drivelling ways into which literature has fallen.

But to return to our account of the poet himself. Contrary to the hasty opinions of the critics, who mistook the personal element in his poems and their *unliterary* spirit (the spirit of nature and life is always *unliterary*) as evidence of the want of culture in their author, he is a man deeply learned in all the great literatures of the world. The Greek dramatists he has read as few moderns have, and knows Homer to his finger ends. The sects and commentators have not spoilt for him that greatest of books, the Bible, which he always has near. And his mastery of the German metaphysicians has not barred his mind to the enjoyment of the other extreme of literature; the stores of ballad poetry, as the Spanish songs of the "Cid," and Walter Scott's "Border Minstrelsy," which last is a source of never-failing delight to him. Considering how the critics have fathered him on Emerson, it is valuable to know that he did not make the acquaintance of Emerson's mind till after the publication of the first edition of his poems. Going, as was his wont, to spend a long Summer day by the sea-shore on Coney Island, in those years a place entirely uninhabited, he carried with him in the basket that contained his dinner, three volumes of "Emerson's Essays," which a friend had recommended to him. There, on that solitary beach fronting the sea, he that day, for the first time, read Emerson.

But he has been a reader of men and of things, and a student of America, much more than of books. Fond of cities, he has gone persistently into all their haunts and by-places, not as a modern missionary and reformer, but as a student and lover of men, finding beneath all forms of vice and degradation the same old delicious, yearning creatures, after all.

Lethargic during an interview, passive and receptive, an admirable listener, never in a hurry, with the air of one who has plenty of leisure, always in perfect repose, simple and direct in manners, a lover of plain, common people, "meeter of savage and gentleman on equal terms," temperate, chaste, sweet-breathed, tender and affectionate, of copious friendship, preferring always to meet as flesh and blood, and with a large, summery, motherly soul that shines in all his ways and looks, he is by no means the "rough" people have been so willing to believe. Fastidious as a high caste Brahmin in his food and personal neatness and cleanliness, well dressed, with a gray, open throat, a deep, sympathetic voice, a kind, genial look, the impression he makes upon you is that of the best blood and breeding. He reminds one of the first men—the beginners; has a primitive, out-door look—not so much from being in the open air as from the texture and quality of his make—a look as of the earth, the sea, or the mountains, and "is usually taken," says a late champion of his cause, "for some great mechanic, or stevedore, or seaman, or grand laborer of one kind or another." His physiognomy presents very marked features—features of the true antique pattern, almost obsolete in modern faces—seen in the strong, square bridge of his nose, his high arching brows, and the absence of all bulging in his forehead, a face approximating in type to the statued Greek. He does not mean intellect merely, but life; and one feels that he must arrive at his results rather by sympathy and absorption than by hard intellectual processes; by the effluence of power rather than by direct and total application of it. In keeping with this, his poems do not have the character of carefully elaborated specimens—of gems cut and polished by the intellect, but are warm and vascular, like living organisms.

In the matter of health he is an exception to most known instances. He presents the rare phenomenon of a man giving himself to intellectual labor

without suffering the slightest detriment to his physical powers; never knowing dyspepsia, nervousness, ennui, and an entire stranger to headache until his presence in the army hospitals, and his stopping too long consecutively after the battles of the Wilderness, with a collection of gangrened wounds, had inoculated his system with a malignant virus. And this robust bodily health, as we have said, is one key to his poems. The peculiar quality of them—a quality as of the open air, the woods, the shore, we believe to be more or less attributable to this source. The absence of all pettiness, dallying and sentimentalism, follows from a like cause.

We need not praise him for his patriotism, yet was there ever such a lover of country? He has trailed its entire geography through his poems, courteously saluted every city, great and small, celebrated every phase of its life, the habits of its people, their trades, tools, employments, etc.; has tallied in his poems its vast mass movements, and has not merely predicted, but unhesitatingly counted upon, a future greatness for it absolutely unparalleled in the history of the world.

Soon after the breaking out of the Rebellion, he was drawn to the seat of war to look after a wounded brother—a captain in one of the New York regiments—and since that time has been engaged in field and hospital in nourishing the sick and wounded soldiers. Up to a very recent date he was still quietly but steadily occupied in the same ministrations among the few worst specimens that lingered in the hospitals about Washington.

His theory seems to have been that what the soldiers—many of them becoming worse, and even dying of sheer home-sickness—most needed, was a fresh, cheerful countenance, a strong, hopeful voice, and the atmosphere and presence of a loving and healthy friend. Hence he went among them purely in the spirit of love, distributing small gifts—sometimes of money, books, or papers, sometimes of fruits, delicacies, or special food—now reading aloud to a listening group, now soothing by his presence the worst, and, may be, last moments of some poor sufferer. Many soldiers can be found who aver that he saved their lives out and out. His mere presence was tonic and invigorating.

The book called "Drum Taps," which is the result of the poet's experience in the army and in the hospitals, and to which we propose to devote the remainder of this article, is a little volume of less than a hundred pages, full of warlike passion, singularly blended with as much sadness, perhaps, as was ever printed in a like space.

Those who know Walt Whitman will not be surprised at his calmness and good nature under the treatment awarded to his previous book, and that he should still display the same confidence in himself, and determination to "fight it out on that line" that he evinced at first.

I am more resolute because all have denied me than I could ever have been had all accepted me; I heed not, and have never heeded, either experience, cautions, majorities, nor ridicule.

Yet, on the whole, the sadness and solemnity of "Drum Taps" contrasts strongly with the flushed, exultant, arrogant, fore-noon spirit of "Leaves of Grass." Here the thought is of death and suffering, and of the desolation of hearts.

Though his themes are mostly suggested by our recent war, yet it is evidently not the purpose of the poet to give descriptions of battles and of great campaigns, or to celebrate great leaders and brilliant achievements; but rather to

give the human aspects of anguish that follow in the train of war. He has looked deeper into the matter than the critics are willing to believe. He perhaps feels that the permanent condition of modern society is that of peace; that war, as a business, as a means of growth, has served its time, and that, notwithstanding the vast difference between ancient and modern warfare, both in the spirit and in the means, Homer's pictures are essentially true yet, and no additions to them can be made. War can never be to us what it was to Greece, Rome, and, indeed, to the nations of all ages down to the present; never the main fact—the paramount condition, tyrannizing over all the affairs of national and individual life; but only an episode, a passing interruption; and the poet who in our day would be as true to his nation and times as Homer was to his, must treat of it from the standpoint of peace and progress, and even benevolence. Vast armies rise up in a night and disappear in a day—half a million of men, inured to battle and to blood, go back to the avocations of peace without a moment's confusion or delay—indicating clearly the tendency that prevails.

Also, in obedience to the true democratic spirit, which is the spirit of the times, the attention of the poet is not drawn to the army as a unit—as a tremendous power wielded by a single will, but to the private soldier, the man in the ranks, from the farm, the shop, the mill, the mine, still a citizen engaged in the sacred warfare of peace. Always and always the individual, this is the modern doctrine, as opposed to slavery and caste and the results of the feudal world.

Hence those of the poet's friends who expected to find in this little volume all the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war" have been disappointed. Apostrophizing the genius of America, he says:

No poem proud I chanting bring to thee—nor mastery's rapturous verse;
But a little book containing night's darkness and blood-dripping wounds,
And psalms of the dead.

His aim does not permit of the slightest expression of partisan or sectional feeling, or any exultation over a fallen foe. Under the head of "Reconciliation" are these lines:

Word over all, beautiful as the sky:
Beautiful that war, and all its deeds of carnage, must in time be utterly lost;
That the hands of the sisters Death and Night incessantly, softly wash again, and ever
again, this soil'd world;
For my enemy is dead—a man divine as myself is dead;
I look where he lies, white-faced and still, in the coffin—I draw near;
I bend down and touch lightly with my lips the white face in the coffin.

The following lines express with great vividness and force the feeling in which all true patriots shared during the second year of the war:

Year that trembled and reel'd beneath me!
Your Summer wind was warm enough—yet the air I breathed froze me;
A thick gloom fell through the sunshine and darken'd me;
Must I change my triumphant songs? said I to myself;
Must I indeed learn to chant the cold dirges of the baffled?
And sullen hymns of defeat?

The poem on page 71 is so full of an overmastering pathos, and displays so well the poet's peculiar method and spirit, that we give it entire:

Pensive, on her dead gazing, I heard the Mother of All,
Desperate, on the torn bodies, on the forms covering the battle-fields gazing:
As she call'd to her earth with mournful voice while she stalk'd:

Absorb them well, O my earth, she cried—I charge you lose not my sons! lose not an atom;

And you streams, absorb them well, taking their dear blood;

And you local spots, and you airs that swim above lightly,

And all you essences of soil and growth—and you, O my rivers' depths;

And you mountain sides—and the woods where my dear children's blood, trickling, reddened;

And you trees, down in your roots, to bequeath to all future trees,

My dead absorb—my young men's beautiful bodies absorb—and their precious, precious, precious blood;

Which holding in trust for me, faithfully back again give me, many a year hence,

In unseen essence and odor of surface and grass, centuries hence;

In blowing airs from the fields, back again give me my darlings—give my immortal heroes;

Exhale me them centuries hence—breathe me their breath—let not an atom be lost;

O years and graves! O air and soil! O my dead, an aroma sweet!

Exhale them perennial, sweet death, years, centuries hence.

Or again in this:

Look down, fair moon, and bathe this scene;

Pour softly down night's nimbus floods, on faces ghastly, swollen, purple;

On the dead, on their backs, with their arms toss'd wide,

Pour down your unstinted nimbus, sacred moon.

The following exquisite stanza illustrates the poet's power to give a human interest to inanimate objects, and his biblical largeness and freedom in the use of metaphors:

Bathed in war's perfume—delicate flag!

O to hear you call the sailors and the soldiers! flag like a beautiful woman!

O to hear the tramp, tramp, of a million answering men! O the ships they arm with joy!

O to see you leap and beckon from the tall masts of ships!

O to see you peering down on the sailors on the decks!

Flag like the eyes of women.

We invite the reader's careful consideration of one more piece, in which the poet's subtle art and large range of sympathies are perhaps best seen—the poem commemorating the death of Lincoln, beginning, "When lilacs last in the door-yard bloomed." This poem must not be dismissed with a single perusal—a caution, indeed, which may well be observed in reference to the whole book. For, let it be understood, we are dealing with one of the most tyrannical and exacting of bards—one who steadfastly refuses to be read in any but his own spirit. It is only after repeated readings and turning to him again and again, that the atmosphere he breathes is reached. "You must Summer and Winter with people to know them," says an old proverb, which is especially true of this poet. The piece referred to is like intricate and involved music, with subtle, far-reaching harmonies. By that curious indirect method which is always the method of nature, the poet makes no reference to the mere facts of Lincoln's death—neither describes it, or laments it, or dwells upon its unprovoked atrocity, or its political aspects, but quite beyond the possibilities of the art of the ordinary versifier, he seizes upon three beautiful facts of nature which he weaves into a wreath for the dead President's tomb. The central thought is of death, but around this he curiously twines, first the early blooming lilacs which the poet may have plucked the day the dark shadow came; next the song of the hermit thrush, the most sweet and solemn of all our songsters, heard at twilight in the dusky cedars;

and with these the evening star, which, as many may remember, night after night in the early part of that eventful Spring, hung low in the west with unusual lustre and brightness. These are the premises whence he starts his solemn chant.

The poem may disappoint on the first perusal. The treatment of the subject is so unusual—so unlike the direct and prosy style to which our ears have been educated—that it seems to want method and purpose. It eludes one; it hovers and hovers and will not be seized by the mind, though the soul feels it. But it presently appears that this is precisely the end contemplated by the poet. He would give as far as possible the analogy of music, knowing that in that exalted condition of the sentiments at the presence of death in a manner so overwhelming, the mere facts or statistics of the matter are lost sight of, and that it is not a narrative of the great man's death, done into rhyme, however faultless, or an eulogy upon his character, however just and discriminating, that offers an opportunity for the display of the highest poetic art, or that would be the most fitting performance on an occasion so august and solemn. Hence the piece has little or none of the character of the usual productions on such occasions. It is dramatic, yet there is no procession of events or development of plot, but a constant interplay—a turning and re-turning of images and sentiments, so that the section in which is narrated how the great shadow fell upon the land occurs far along in the piece. It is a poem that may be slow in making admirers, yet it is well worth the careful study of every student of literature.

Coffin that passes through lanes and streets,
Through day and night, with the great cloud darkening the land,
With the pomp of the inloop'd flags, with the cities draped in black,
With the show of the States themselves, as of crape-vail'd women, standing,
With processions long and winding, and the flambeaus of the night,
With the countless torches lit—with the silent sea of faces, and the unbared heads,
With the waiting dépôt, the arriving coffin, and the sombre faces,
With dirges through the night, with the thousand voices rising strong and solemn;
With all the mournful voices of the dirges, pour'd around the coffin,
The dim-lit churches and the shuddering organs—Where amid these you journey,
With the tolling, tolling bells' perpetual clang;
Here! coffin that slowly passes,
I give you my sprig of lilac.

(Nor for you, for one alone;
Blossoms and branches green to coffins all I bring,
For fresh as the morning—thus would I chant a song for you, O sane and sacred death.

All over bouquets of roses,
O death! I cover you over with roses and early lilies;
But mostly and now the lilac that blooms the first,
Copious, I break, I break the sprigs from the bushes;
With loaded arms I come, pouring for you,
For you and the coffins, all of you, O death.)

O how shall I warble myself for the dead one there I loved?
And how shall I deck my song for the large sweet soul that has gone?
And what shall my perfume be, for the grave of him I love?

Sea-winds, blown from east and west,
Blown from the eastern sea, and blown from the western sea, till there on the prairies
meeting:

These, and with these, and the breath of my chant,
I perfume the grave of him I love.

O what shall I hang on the chamber walls?
 And what shall the pictures be that I hang on the walls,
 To adorn the burial-house of him I love?

Pictures of growing Spring, and farms and homes,
 With the Fourth-month eve at sundown, and the gray smoke lucid and bright,
 With floods of the yellow gold of the gorgeous, indolent, sinking sun, burning, expanding the air:
 With the fresh, sweet herbage under foot, and the pale green leaves of the trees prolific;
 In the distance, the flowing glaze, the breast of the river, with a wind-dapple here and there;
 With ranging hills on the banks, with many a line against the sky, and shadows;
 And the city at hand, with dwellings so dense, and stacks of chimneys,
 And all the scenes of life, and the workshops, and the workmen homeward returning.

The poem reaches, perhaps, its height in the matchless invocation to Death:

Come, lovely and soothing Death,
 Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
 In the day, in the night, to all, to each
 Sooner or later, delicate Death.

Prais'd be the fathomless universe,
 For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious;
 And for love, sweet love; but praise! O praise and praise
 For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding Death.

Dark Mother, always gliding near, with soft feet,
 Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?
 Then I chant it for thee—I glorify thee above all;
 I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come, come unfalteringly.

Approach, encompassing Death—strong Deliveress!
 When it is so—when thou hast taken them, I joyously sing the dead,
 Lost in the loving, floating ocean of thee,
 Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O Death.

From me to thee glad serenades,
 Dances for thee I propose, saluting thee—dornments and feastings for thee;
 And the sights of the open landscape, and the high-spread sky are fitting,
 And life and the fields and the huge and thoughtful night.

The night, in silence, under many a star;
 The ocean shore and the husky whispering wave, whose voice I know;
 And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-vail'd Death,
 And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.

The gravity and seriousness of this book and its primitive untaught ways are entirely new in modern literature. With all our profuse sentimentalism, there is no deep human solemnity—the solemnity of a strong, earnest, affectionate, unconventional man—in our literature. There are pathos and tears and weeds of mourning; but we would indicate an attitude or habit of the soul which is not expressed by melancholy—which is no sudden burst, or fit, or spasm—which is not inconsistent with cheerfulness and good nature, but which is always coupled with these—a state or condition induced by large perceptions, faith, and deep human sympathies. It may be further characterized as impatient of trifles and dallyings, tires even of wit and smartness, dislikes garrulity and fiction and all play upon words, and is but one remove from silence itself. The plainness and simplicity of the biblical writers afford the best example.

Contemplation, without love or sympathy, of the foibles, follies, and fashions of men and women and of their weaknesses and oddities begets the punning, scoffing, caricaturing habit we deprecate; contemplation of the laws and movements of society, the shows and processes of nature and the issues of life and death, begets the rugged faith and sweet solemnity we would describe in "Drum Taps."

The reader perceives that the quality of these poems is not in any word, or epithet, or metaphor, or verbal and labial felicity whatever; but in the several atmospheres they breathe and exhale. The poet does not aim to load his pages with sweets—he makes no bouquets, distils no perfumes—whatever flower-scents there are, are lost in a smell as of the earth, the shore, the woods. Fine writing, with him, goes for naught. He seeks neither to please nor startle, nor even convince, any more than nature does; and beauty follows, if at all, never as the aim, always as the result. There are none of the generally sought for, and, when found, much applauded, delicate fancies or poetical themes—but a large and loving absorption of whatever the earth holds. And this leads us to our final remark upon this subject, in making which we mean discredit to none.

It seems to us that Walt Whitman possesses almost in excess, a quality in which every current poet is lacking. We mean the faculty of being in entire sympathy with nature, and the objects and shows of nature, and of rude, abysmal man; and appalling directness of utterance therefrom, without any intermediate agency or modification.

The influence of books and works of art upon an author may be seen in all respectable writers. If knowledge alone made literature, or culture genius, there would be no dearth of these things among the moderns. But we feel bound to say that there is something higher and deeper than the influence or perusal of any or all books, or all other productions of genius—a quality of information which the masters can never impart, and which all the libraries do not hold. This is the absorption by an author, previous to becoming so, of the spirit of nature, through the visible objects of the universe, and his affiliation with them subjectively and objectively. The calm, all-permitting, wordless spirit of nature yet so eloquent to him who hath ears to hear! The sunrise, the heaving sea, the woods and mountains, the storm and the whistling winds, the gentle Summer day, the Winter sights and sounds, the night and the high dome of stars—to have really perused these, especially from childhood onward, till what there is in them so impossible to define finds its full mate and echo in the mind—his only is the lore which breathes the breath of life into all the rest. Without it, literary productions may have the superb beauty of statues, but with it only can they have the beauty of life.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

THE AMERICAN CAVALRY OF THE REVOLUTION.

FEELING some interest in the American cavalry which served during the Revolutionary war and which properly belonged to the Continental line, the writer of this article has been at considerable pains to ascertain their organization, the names of the officers, and such other matters connected with them as cannot fail to be of interest to the people of the United States both North and South. This cavalry did some very good service on several occasions, and aided in no small degree in achieving our national independence. They were few in number but were commanded by officers who took great pains with them and who led them gallantly whenever an opportunity offered.

The first cavalry troop which was raised during the Revolutionary struggle was in Virginia, and was authorized by the Convention of Williamsburg, on the 13th of June, 1776. Theodorick Bland was appointed captain of this troop, and it served for some time in the State where it was raised. Five companies more were raised, and the whole six were then organized into the First regiment of light dragoons, and placed under the command of Bland, who was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel commandant. In September, 1777, this regiment joined the main army, and was attached to the division commanded by Lord Sterling. Bland was present in Pulaski's command during the battle of Brandywine on the 11th of September, 1777, and served under him for some time afterward. Pulaski understood English imperfectly, as the following quaint order from him to Colonel Bland will show.

FROM COUNT PULASKI. Military orders.

head quarter, worcester township, 1st october, 1777.

SIR,

agrecable to his excellencie's order, you would detach fyftyne good horse very early in the morning, to attend general Reed and Cadwalader, upon special business. they will find general Reed at his quarters, a mile or two to the right of Conner's house.

besides major Jimpson* will select so many Light horses as he can, to be Ready to march with him to-morrow, twelve of clock, to the same hour, all your Regiment, shall joigne, at my quarter, the other Regimens of my brigade.

PULASKI, B. G.† of Cavalry.

to COLONEL BLAND.

In January, 1778, Bland's regiment of light dragoons was quartered at Winchester, Virginia, and in March, General Washington, then at Valley Forge, selected him in company with Colonel George Baylor, to purchase six hundred cavalry horses in Virginia and North Carolina for the Continental service. In August of the same year he was ordered to report at headquarters with such horses and recruits as he had procured. In November, 1779, Colonel Bland retired from service, and was succeeded in command by Colonel Walton S. White, of Virginia. Bland was afterward a delegate in Congress from Virginia.

* Major Jameson.

† Brigadier General.

The Second regiment of light dragoons was commanded by Colonel Elisha Sheldon, of Connecticut, and was made up mostly of Eastern men. This was a fine regiment, and appears to have been an especial favorite of Washington. A portrait of Sheldon, painted by Trumbull, may be seen in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. The uniform of Sheldon's light horse was a black leather helmet, with horse-hair falling crest; a blue coatee, faced with buff; buff breeches and huge jack boots. This is the same uniform as that worn by Lee's Legion, and was, in fact, the regular uniform of the Continental cavalry during that war, though Moylan's regiment wore a different one.

The Third regiment of light dragoons was commanded by Colonel George Baylor, of Virginia; William Washington was lieutenant-colonel. He was from South Carolina, and an excellent officer. Colonel Baylor with a portion of the regiment was surprised and his men cut to pieces, at Old Tappan, on the Hackensack River, September 24, 1778, by a party of British soldiers under command of Brigadier-General Grey. Out of one hundred and four privates, sixty-seven were killed, wounded or taken prisoners. Colonel Baylor was dangerously wounded and made prisoner. Lieutenant-Colonel Washington with another portion of the regiment was more successful in the South against the enemy, and this portion of it was called "Washington's Legion." It gained a very high reputation, and was beyond doubt an excellent body of troops.

The Fourth regiment of light dragoons was commanded by Colonel Stephen Moylan, an Irishman by birth, but appointed from the State of Pennsylvania. In these days we are apt to think that our old Revolutionary heroes were poorly supplied with arms, clothing, ammunition, etc., but this was far from being the case except in certain instances. It certainly was not true with regard to Moylan's regiment, which was kept in the highest state of discipline and efficiency, and a French gentleman who was travelling through the States during that war, pronounces Moylan a finished gentleman, and his dragoons as fine mounted troops as he had ever seen—and this gentleman had seen most of the armies of Europe. Moylan was made a brigadier-general by brevet, November 3, 1783.

The cavalry legion of the Duke of Lauzun, a French nobleman, came to this country from France and served until the close of the Revolutionary war. It numbered six hundred men, was finely uniformed and equipped, and did good service, which has never been properly appreciated by our countrymen, who were too much given to extolling themselves and entirely ignoring the gallant Frenchmen who so nobly aided us in the hour of our trial. The good Washington thought highly of this command, and when it sailed for France, he wrote a letter to the duke thanking him for his services and highly commending him. Upon his return to France, Lauzun commanded a regiment of hussars in the service of Louis XVI. These men were true to the king, and assisted him in his attempted escape with Marie Antoinette in the "Journey to Varennes."

"Lee's Legion," commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel commandant Henry Lee, or "Light Horse Harry," was a regular Continental organization, and did more real fighting than any cavalry corps during the war. It consisted of five companies. The officers of this legion were, Lieutenant-Colonel, Henry Lee; Major, Henry Peyton (died); Major, Joseph Eggleston; Surgeons, Matthew Irwin and Alexander Skinner; Lieutenant and Adjutant, William Winston; Sergeant-Major, John Champe; Captains, Patrick Carnes, Ferdi-

nand O'Neal, James Armstrong, Michael Rudolph and George Handy; Lieutenants, Lawrence Manning, Peter Johnson, William Lewis (died), George Carrington and George Guthrie; Cornets, Robert Power, John Jordan, William Middleton, Albion Throckmorton and William B. Harrison; Ensign, Clement Carrington.

Sergeant Champe enjoyed the confidence of Washington, and was employed by him on several expeditions of a secret nature. One of these, which had for its object the capture of the traitor General Arnold, was very near being successful. On account of his faithfulness and good conduct Champe obtained much distinction.

Adjutant Winston was an excellent officer, and after the close of the Revolutionary War, was selected to command the first "squadron" of United States cavalry ever formed under the present Federal Government. This was by an act of Congress of March 5, 1792, and Winston had the rank of "Major Commandant." Major Michael Rudolph commanded the squadron for a short time before Winston, but he soon left the service.

The foregoing were all of the Continental or Regular regiments which served during the struggle for independence. But there were other organizations of Militia which did much good service and aided our cause very considerably. The most celebrated of these was Marion's corps from South Carolina. When this body was first formed, Francis Marion received from the State of South Carolina the commission of Lieutenant-Colonel and subsequently became a Brigadier-General. The other field officer was Major Horry, and both of them have been rendered celebrated by the pen of Weems. This organization would in these days be considered as "mounted infantry," and in the unsuccessful attempt to storm Savannah, Ga., in the Autumn of 1779, it suffered very much. Captain Charles Motte, Lieutenants Alexander Hume, James Grey and Cornelius Van Vlieland were killed, as was the brave Sergeant William Jasper who fell while attempting to plant the American colors on the parapet of Spring Hill redoubt. Many of the men were killed and wounded in this sanguinary affair. Here too fell Count Casimir Pulaski, of Poland, Brigadier-General of cavalry in the American service.

After this action Marion retreated to the interior, whence he was able to harass the British for a long time. The movements and actions of these troops were of a most romantic character, and the name of their leader is one of the most highly honored in our Nation.

On the 19th of August, 1779, Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Lee, with a portion of his dragoons and infantry men surprised the post of Paulus Hook, opposite to New York, and took one hundred and fifty-nine British soldiers prisoners, having lost only two of his own party killed and three wounded. Great praise was bestowed upon Lee for the skill and bravery with which he executed this daring scheme, and Congress awarded him a medal commemorative of the event.

When Major André was captured near Tarrytown, he was taken at once to Lieutenant-Colonel Jameson, of Sheldon's regiment of dragoons, who was stationed at an outpost at North Castle with a party of dragoons. After examining his papers, he sent André, under charge of Major Tallmadge, also of Sheldon's regiment, to Colonel Sheldon, whose quarters were at New Salem, for greater security. It was here that André made his confession and proved that General Arnold was a traitor.

It was shortly after this event that Sergeant Champe, of Lee's Legion, was sent to New York to attempt the capture of Arnold. Champe was a man of great courage and sagacity, and his project of capturing the traitor General failed, not through his own neglect, but on account of circumstances over which he had no control. Champe pretended to desert from his regiment and was, in fact, fired upon by his own comrades while riding toward the British boats lying on the Hudson River.

Pursuant to orders given by Major-General Greene, on the 2d and 3d of November, 1782, the First and Third regiments of dragoons, then serving in South Carolina, were consolidated and formed into five troops, agreeably to an order given to Greene by the Secretary of War. The following officers were retained in this organization: Colonel George Baylor, commissioned January 8, 1777; Lieutenant-Colonel William Washington; Major John Swan, commissioned October 21, 1780; Captain Churchill Jones, commissioned June 1, 1777; Captain John Watts, commissioned April 7, 1778; Captain William Barrett, commissioned May, 1779; Captain William Parsons, commissioned November, 1779; Captain John Hughes, commissioned March 31, 1781.

In this way the regiment served until the close of the Revolutionary War, when it was disbanded, the officers and men returning to their homes and pursuing the arts of peace.

Captain John Watts attained the rank of Major in the Revolutionary War, in which he was wounded three times. After the formation of the present Government, and when difficulties occurred with France, he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel commandant of the first regiment of United States cavalry ever formed; this was on the 8th of January, 1799. He was a Virginian, and died in Bedford County, Virginia, on the 8th of June, 1830.

The uniform for the cavalry which was raised for the Provisional Army of 1798 and '99, was a subject of great importance; and in General Washington's letter to Hon. James McHenry, Secretary of War, dated Philadelphia, December 13, 1798, he recommends that it be as follows: A green coat, with white facings, white linings and buttons, white vest and breeches, with black helmet caps. Each colonel to be distinguished by two epaulets; each major by one epaulet on the right shoulder and a strap on the left. All the field officers to wear red plumes. Captains to be distinguished by an epaulet on the right shoulder; lieutenants by one on the left shoulder. Sergeant-majors and quartermaster-sergeants to be distinguished by two red worsted epaulets; sergeants by one epaulet on right shoulder. All persons belonging to the Army to wear a black cockade, with a small white eagle in the centre. During the Revolution, the cockade of the Americans was black, and that of the French white. Out of compliment to the French, Washington had the American soldiers wear a cockade made of white and black.

The above uniform recommended by the General-in-Chief has too much white about it for cavalry men. It is difficult to keep it clean; and when a horseman has to clean his horse, his arms, his clothing, and himself, he has enough to do, and the dark blue now issued is much better than the white.

The officers mentioned in this article were some of the best in the Continental service. Colonel Walton A. White, or Anthony Walton White, of Virginia, was appointed a Brigadier-General in the Provisional Army—which it was thought it would be necessary to raise, on account of the differences between the United States and the French Republic—on the 19th of July,

1798; but he was not actively employed, and his commission expired on the 15th of June, 1800. Our war with France was of short duration, and aside from the capture of the French ships of war, *L'Insurgente* and *L'Invincible*, by Commodore Truxton, in the frigate *Constellation*, no open acts of hostility were committed. Of the majors who served in the First dragoons, John Belfield, John Swan and David Hopkins, all of whom were from Virginia, little is known after the close of the Revolution.

The field officers of the Second regiment, Colonel Elisha Sheldon, Lieutenant-Colonel Jameson, and Major Benjamin Tallmadge, of Connecticut, all retired when hostilities with Great Britain ceased, and did not again enter the service. These men won the respect and confidence of the Commanding General.

Colonel George Baylor, of the Third regiment, also retired, but the Lieutenant-Colonel, William Washington, who had been severely wounded while serving as a captain of infantry at the battle of Trenton, was subsequently appointed brigadier-general on the 19th of July, 1798, and served as such until the Army was disbanded on the 15th of June, 1800. He returned to South Carolina, where he died on the 6th of March, 1810. Major Richard Call, of this regiment, returned to his home in Virginia when the war closed, but subsequently served as a major in the First sub-legion of infantry, and died in service on the 28th of September, 1792.

Colonel Stephen Moylan, of Pennsylvania, and Lieutenant-Colonel Benjamin Temple, of Virginia, retired from the service at the close of the war. It will be seen that the sons of the "Old Dominion" held the lion's share of the cavalry grades, and the same may be said of the other arms of the service.

"Light-Horse Harry Lee," of Lee's Legion, and father of Robert Edmund Lee, late General-in-Chief of the so-called Confederacy, was, after the close of the Revolution, Governor of Virginia, in 1791; and commanded the militia of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, which was sent against the insurgents in Pennsylvania in 1794. He was appointed a major-general in the Provisional Army on the 19th of July, 1798, and his commission terminated on the 1st of June, 1800. He was a representative in Congress from Virginia from 1799 to 1801, and died near St. Mary's, Georgia, on the 25th of March, 1818. His last years were very unhappy.

The uniform of Moylan's Fourth regiment of light dragoons must have been exceedingly handsome—it was, according to the "*Historical Magazine*"—green cloak, red cape, green coat turned up with red, red waistcoat, buckskin breeches, and a leather cap turned up with bearskin.

Captain Carbury's troop of light dragoons wore blue coats, turned up with red, sleeves and collar red, red jacket, buckskin breeches, boots, carbine and belt.

This question about the uniforms worn during the Revolution is one that is far from being settled. The probability is that most of our soldiers wore the dress of the Whig party of England, which was blue and buff, in contradistinction to the Tories, who wore scarlet. We know that Washington wore a uniform of buff and blue, and a most picturesque one it was, too. The most of our dragoons wore the same kind of uniform, with, of course, the addition of the black helmet. Marion's men wore that peculiar kind of clothing known as the "butternut," which is familiar to most of our people on account of its being worn by the soldiers of the Confederacy in the late Rebellion, though they claimed gray to be their color, probably be-

cause it was a mixture of white and black—a regular “miscegenation.” But the butternut, or mulatto color, was the one in which their soldiers most frequently appeared. “True Blue” was reserved for the Yankees.

Some of the militia cavalry of Revolutionary times was not very serviceable, and that which was first formed in Connecticut and which joined the main army, was the subject of no small degree of ridicule. But Sheldon's regiment, made up of Connecticut men in great part, set this matter all right, and taught both friend and foe to respect it. Some of the Virginia companies, too, were miserably made up, and their ridiculous appearance was anything but gratifying to the “Chivalry” of that State.

For the most part the horses used during the war in the cavalry service were of superior quality, and were selected with great care. Lieutenant-Colonel Lee was an excellent judge of horses, and he purchased the animals for his men. Beside this, many of the soldiers rode thoroughbreds which were their own individual property. On the whole, the men were exceedingly well mounted, and the horses do not appear to have died off in such numbers, proportionably, as has been the case in our more recent wars. The men were kept employed on picket and outpost duty in the Northern and Eastern States, while those who served in South Carolina and Georgia were sometimes obliged to make marches of very considerable distance. The principal cavalry officer of the British service who was pitted against our people in the States of South Carolina and Georgia was Colonel Tarleton, who was certainly a most excellent officer, and it is a question whether any of our cavalrymen were at all his equal. In fact, Tarleton has had few superiors in any service, and his name was remembered with terror for years after the war by the people of the South. Even now, in that section of the country, unruly youngsters are frightened into good behavior by the name of Tarleton.

There was some hard fighting in the Southern States, but under the leadership of Major-General Nathaniel Greene, of Rhode Island, whom General Winfield Scott has declared the ablest military man of the Revolution, the British were soon confined to the cities of Charleston and Savannah.

In the campaigns through North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, General Greene had with him Lee's legion, a portion of the Third dragoons, under Lieutenant-Colonel Washington and Marion's men, besides a respectable force of infantry. These men all acquitted themselves with the greatest credit, and at the battle of Eutaw Springs, on the 8th day of September, 1781, Lieutenant-Colonel Washington was taken prisoner and kept by the enemy some time. There is an air of romance over the deeds of our Revolutionary heroes in these adventures in the South which sends a thrill of emotion through every true patriot; their camps amid the dense foliage of Southern woods; their fights by the banks of the swift running streams; and their marches through a new and sparsely settled country abounding with game, all have a charm which soldiers love to dwell upon.

Thus is given a brief sketch of our cavalry heroes who were engaged in our struggle for independence; they have all long since been gathered to the “Land of their Fathers,” but the memory of them is still fresh in the hearts of their countrymen.

A. G. BRACKETT.

AMERICA THE LAND OF WEALTH.

THE reputation of great wealth in mines of gold and silver has always belonged to this continent. The earliest authentic discoverers dreamed of a land in the mysterious West where gold was so plenty that ships might be loaded with it and the coffers of kings filled to overflowing. These anticipations the sight of a few insignificant trinkets in the hands of the natives, upon first landing, was sufficient to confirm, and if the fabled Fountain of Youth, and other equally extravagant fancies were not forthcoming, the adventurers turned themselves to that more certain source of happiness, the possession of hard money, which, if it could not buy youth, could at least procure many of its pleasures. But the bold spirits who led the way to this far land did not find the wealth they sought lying ready for them on the shore, as they seemed to suppose it would be. Most of their gains were won by the sword, spoils of the "palaces" and graves of the simple aborigines; or obtained through barter for hawk's bells and beads. But there is reason to think that they made more industrious attempts to obtain the prize. Old and indistinct ruins in North Carolina are supposed to be the remains of furnaces erected by De Soto's men. They hit upon a good field, for in later years that region has yielded fifty millions in gold to the world's store. The first settlers of Virginia, as we have all read in our early historical studies, turned aside from their farming and colonizing to fill a ship with earth in which scales of yellow mica shining, dazzled their understanding. Two centuries and more after them the same mistake has been made by the settlers of the far-away Rocky Mountains, and hundreds of men have worked day after day in an ice-cold river to fill their pans with the same worthless cheat.

But when the coast of Mexico was struck, and its conqueror returned to tell of the wonderful country he had subdued, the Spanish monarchs began to see in prospect a speedy realization of their dreams of wealth. The natives had very little silver, their riches being mostly in gold, for they had not the skill that the metallurgy of silver requires. But the Spaniards quickly made their conquest tell to their profit, and soon the new-found world produced more of this metal than all the mines that had been opened in the older countries.

An Indian in Peru, a few years after the conquest, found in the roots of a bush he had pulled from the ground a few lumps of native silver. The news of the discovery acted in that day with the same effect that it would now, and a town of miners rose rapidly in what was before a wilderness. Nearly fifty millions of dollars' worth of silver was taken from these Potosi mines in the first twenty years, and now, three hundred years having passed, the entire product is estimated at one thousand three hundred millions. Compared with this the amount of gold and silver together in the Old World at the time of this discovery was small; only about thirty-four million pounds but worth

three times as much now, by the natural depreciation of gold in three centuries. The first mint was established in Mexico in 1535, fifteen or sixteen years after the advent of Cortez. Since that time the coinage in that and other Mexican mints has amounted to more than two thousand six hundred and thirty-six millions of dollars, of which one hundred millions were in gold and copper. Humboldt thought that one-seventh at least should be added to the mint returns for metal mined but not reported, and allowing this, the total product of the country foots up three thousand and thirteen millions. Thus America was in past times beyond cavil the land of wealth. The wonderful results of Captain Sutter's discovery in California carry her reputation up to the present time, and it is intended to show in the succeeding pages that the future ought to see no break in the story of wealth she has been telling the world for three hundred years.

Metals occur in two states—native, and combined with other elements in such a way that a special or empirical knowledge of the compounds is necessary to sever the connection and recover the pure metal. The native metals are never quite pure, but always exist as alloys. But for the use of savages this is not an objection, and the only care is to melt or fuse the small grains, in which the native metal is mostly found, into pieces of convenient size. It was because they had no knowledge of the metallurgy of silver that the wealth of the ancient Mexicans consisted almost entirely of gold, though the proportion of that metal to silver in their country is very small. California and the Territories lying directly on the ocean border are the only ones beyond the Missouri that, so far as is known, furnish ore consisting of metallic gold reposing in quartz rock without the presence of other metals. Further exploration may disclose mines of this kind in other Territories, but they have yet to be found. This is an important economical fact, for ores of this kind can be worked successfully which contain a very much less proportion of gold than the ores of other regions. In Nevada, Arizona, Colorado, Utah, Montana—in short, in every part of that extensive country, except the parts on the coast, the difficulties of extracting the precious metal are very much increased by the presence of sulphur, iron, copper, lead, zinc, and a few other elements of more rare occurrence. Those enumerated are constantly met with, and, in the gold region of Colorado at least, and probably of Montana also, nearly every mine can furnish specimens of *all* these in greater or less abundance. These are the minerals of the body of the vein. In addition to these, atmospheric and other influences have produced such compounds as iodides, bromides, chlorides and oxides of silver; but gold is never acted on in this way. Admixture with other metals has produced such combinations as stephanite or brittle sulphuret of silver and antimony; arquerite or native amalgam of silver; telluride of gold, etc. This for the veins, the original depositories of ore. But in all the Territories native gold is found in the beds of streams, both ancient and modern, more or less alloyed with silver and copper, which has been worn off and washed down from the veins by the streams which run between the hills.

The progress of discovery and industry has so far been in such directions that only the most salient points of each field of operations have been seized. Thus Nevada is a silver country, and California has been worked almost entirely for gold. But it is probable that whichever product may be uppermost in any given region, the other will also be produced there in greater or less amount, when vein mining shall be scientifically pursued. This has already

begun to be the case in Colorado. That Territory has been known till within two years entirely as a gold country. But now attention is paid to her silver mines, and they have already, from their greater ease of treatment, begun to be rather the favorites; though as yet improvement of this property is altogether prospective. Indeed, the inhabitants of the mountains are in doubt whether their silver mines will turn to gold or their gold mines to silver; for in some of their oldest and most celebrated veins of gold ore a wedge of silver bearing material begins to appear, and widens the more as the miner sinks deeper. On the other hand, the silver lodes, though as yet but scantily worked, have in some instances been proved to have a mere skin of silver ore at the surface, which being penetrated gave place to gold ore for the real body of the vein.

The gold of Colorado is found in sulphuret of iron, which is itself imbedded in quartz. The iron pyrites often gives place to copper pyrites, zinc blende, and galena; and all of these are found together in considerable proportions in some of the richest mines. The silver is found in galena, the ore which furnishes most of the silver of the world, and—a discovery but lately reported—as sulphuret of silver, which is the ore of Nevada. The galena yields from twenty to one hundred dollars a ton; the sulphuret of silver has had no authoritative assays so far as I am aware. It is worthy of mention that as yet no veins of this sulphuret of silver have been found on the eastern side of the mountains; but the same lofty ridge, the “divide” between the waters of the Pacific and the Atlantic, will have argentiferous galena on the eastern slope and sulphuret of silver on its western side. This point is of some importance, for it may have a bearing upon the determination of the past history of that valuable region. The ore containing sulphuret of silver may also be much richer than the galena, though not necessarily so. But the richest ores are those of gold; and it is worthy of note that they are also the richest ores of silver. One of the mines which has received the most careful attention in determining the true value of the ore has given about eighteen hundred dollars in gold and sixteen hundred dollars in silver to the cord—about eight tons—a yield in silver that no assay that I am acquainted with can show for any mine of galena in that region.

The ores of Montana, so far as they are known, are like those of Colorado. Individuals and companies who are interested in that promising Territory would have it thought that, like California, it yields ores of native gold in quartz, but much richer than its more Western rival. But in two years' search I have been unable to find a specimen of this kind of ore from Montana, or to find a person of experience and scientific education who had seen one. Like the Colorado ores, the veins are very much acted upon by the atmosphere near the surface, and, indeed, seem to have suffered more of this action than in that Territory. “Enjoyed” would, perhaps, be a better expression than “suffered,” for this action is favorable to the mine owner, and he has his smelting already done for him in part. The action is one of oxidation, by which the gold is left in the rock, much as in the California ores, but with this important difference, that such ores are sure to lead to a mass of pyrites sooner or later. Montana also has veins of argentiferous galena, but I believe no sulphuret of silver. The value of her ores, so far as known, may be set down with those from Colorado, though greater claims are put forward in the circulars of the companies that have mines there.

In Utah and Idaho new minerals and ores begin to make their appearance.

Sulphuret of silver is found, and comprises the greater part of the ore. The Poorman lead (lode, lead and vein are synonyms) furnishes ore made up of sulphuret of silver containing scattered grains of gold, the whole being in a matrix of friable quartz. The value of such ores is very great, but the explorations have as yet not been extended enough to offer any certain basis for estimating the probable yield of these regions. These Territories, with Montana, have hardly yet got beyond the placer or gold washing stage, which is always the first in opening a country. Only a few of the more prominent lodes have been worked.

The same ores are found in Nevada and Arizona, and, indeed, the subject of silver mining received its first great impetus from the abundant mines of these Territories. The great Comstock Lode, the Reese River, the Humboldt and other districts have become well known to Eastern men, and are all situated in Nevada. Argentiferous galena is also found, but attracts less attention than it should, because of the brighter glare of the richer ores. The galena veins may prove to be in considerable numbers, compared with similar deposits in other countries, but they will probably be always of secondary importance to the more numerous and richer veins of sulphuret of silver.

In this review the value of the copper, lead, zinc, antimony and other metallic products has been passed by. But it is very great, both for themselves and for the part some of them must necessarily play in the extraction of the nobler metals. In Colorado and Montana, and perhaps in the other regions, the processes, when scientific metallurgy is taken up, will often resolve themselves into the treatment for copper and lead, and the gold and silver will be side products. At present in Colorado both copper and silver are thrown away to obtain the gold, though they are two-thirds or a half of the value of the other metal. Our supplies of lead from the mines in the valley of the Mississippi are gradually failing, but they can and will be restored, and the former production far exceeded, when intelligence and skill shall have a place in the treatment of the rich deposits of the West. Zinc exists in its least valuable form, but its ore is obtained as a side product, and may pay for its reduction. Tin is reported from Idaho, and bismuth from Nevada. The latter also yields antimony combined with lead, and holding one hundred and thirty dollars worth of silver to the ton, and the ore is now worked there.

The mines so far under consideration all lie in the great basin of the Colorado, between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada range, with the exception of those on the eastern slope of the first-named mountains. The difference between the ores lying on the opposite slopes of the same hills indicates a diversity in the physical conditions of the two regions. On the eastern slope sulphuret of silver is never found, though the miners ignorantly call half a dozen things by that name. But on the other side there has been some cause which has supplied the veins mainly with sulphuret of silver instead of the galena found so generally outside of the basin. All through that great area where, if anywhere, the "Great American Desert" is situated, the ores have this peculiarity. The eastern ores of the Sierra Nevada are kindred to those on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains. The two ranges once formed the opposite shores of a great sea, like the Gulf of Mexico for extent. The gently inclining slopes that fall in a regular descent from the mountains to the Mississippi are smooth and even in their outlines; but west of the great "back bone of the Continent" traces of volcanic operations are plain and vast. There have evidently been comparatively recent throes

in that region. Exactly how these phenomena have affected the stores of metal in the mountains must be left till a more perfect examination of the country has been had. The ores of the two regions carefully studied will supply a chain of evidence that, skilfully followed, will be certain to lead to useful conclusions.

California, as every one knows, is the warehouse where nature has laid up her greatest wealth of native gold found on this continent. The State lies altogether on the western side of the Sierra Nevada. The ores, when they resemble those of any other part of the gold field, are like the gold ores of the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. But, as was before remarked, they are often peculiar in presenting a compound—a mere admixture—of quartz and gold, the separation of which involves merely mechanical and not chemical difficulties. This lessens the cost and loss in the treatment of the ores so that rock worth only nine dollars a ton can be profitably worked. The following is given as the yield per ton and the monthly product of three of the principal mines in the State:

Fremont, per ton, fourteen dollars; highest monthly product, seventy-five thousand dollars; average monthly product, one-third less. Sierra Butte, per ton, eighteen dollars; highest monthly product, sixty thousand dollars; average monthly product, one-third less. Allison, per ton, one hundred dollars; highest monthly product, twenty thousand dollars; average monthly product, one-third less.

Since 1849 California has produced, principally from her placers or drift deposits, a thousand millions of dollars.

It is useful to compare with the foregoing statements the yield of some ores of other parts of the world which have been constantly worked, and which may be considered as the virtual minimum of profitable yield. At the foot of Monte Rosa, in Piedmont, are veins of ores precisely like those of Colorado, with all the sulphur and iron that the superintendents in that Territory urge so strongly in excuse for their failure. This Piedmont ore contains only ten grains of gold to a hundred weight, or about eight dollars and a half to the ton, and yet they have been worked for centuries. Another European ore which contains arsenic, a substance that greatly embarrasses the treatment, yields nine dollars. In North Carolina, ores that were of the California kind—free gold in quartz—have been found profitable when they paid only four to five cents a bushel, or eighty to ninety cents a ton. These required to be crushed, but if the quartz was very hard or contained pyrites, the yield would have to be at least four times as much to be profitable.

The amount of silver drawn from the mines of Mexico and South America in former times and the increasing production of late years in countries which have heretofore been considered barren, but which the appliances of modern skill have made certain sources of wealth in the future, have combined to throw this metal into a position of secondary importance. The rivalry of other countries, which is much more marked in silver than in gold production, and the predilection of commerce for the more costly metal, as better suited to its uses, aid in this result. Once gold was only two and a half times the value of its rival. After the discovery of Mexico and the rapid working of its silver mines, the latter sunk so much in comparison that gold was counted to silver as eighteen to one. Now they stand very nearly as sixteen to one; the value of gold is fixed by law at \$20 67 and of silver at \$1 29 an ounce. It is the good fortune of America to possess mines of

both metals, and, as it has been the purpose of this article to show, in very great abundance. The wonderful veins of Bolivar and Peru, in South America, and of Mexico, are paralleled perfectly by such lodes as the Comstock and Poorman; while the gold mines of California, Montana and Colorado have no representatives in the southern continent. These great veins are remarkable only in their size, and with one exception not at all for extreme yield per ton. Other mines in their neighborhood, and hundreds of them, are fully as rich, and in their day will yield their full proportion of wealth. No one can obtain any adequate comprehension of the number of workable lodes in the West, without a visit to the region. The innumerable fissures in the hills now filled with solid comfort and prosperity in the shape of good ore cannot be told of in words half so well as they will be shown in a morning's walk over any one of the hills in the heart of the separate mining districts. The maps of the country show a dozen, twenty, even more than twenty lodes on a hill, all of which have been seized upon by prospectors, in accordance with our liberal law. The number already discovered in the entire western region must mount far up into the thousands and even tens of thousands. Not all of these will prove good, but those which really deserve that term and will earn fortunes for their owners if properly managed are almost countless.

When Humboldt visited Mexico, in the early part of this century, he found about three thousand mines open. If we leave out the innumerable "digger's claims," located in the drift and abandoned in the dry season, all our Western Territories cannot show anything like the number mentioned by Humboldt. This is because the veins, the permanent source of our future gold supply, are as yet almost untouched. The quantities of silver taken from the lodes of South America and Mexico serve to show what proportions our draft of gold from these supplies may reach; for the gold ores are, as a rule, richer than the silver. Individual mines in Colorado have already yielded considerable sums, though wretchedly worked. The most extensive vein mining yet entered upon is in the Comstock lode, and this has yielded in seven years more than \$51,000,000. It is surprising to see how little has been done in so many years, in grasping the real bodies of wealth in our mines. But the little that has been accomplished in such a faltering way is an earnest of what will be the result of more energetic and intelligent efforts.

The immense quantities of gold and silver—so great that they are mentioned in history by *weight*—which India, Palestine, Turkey, Spain and other countries have from time to time laid at the feet of their conquerors have often been quoted. The magnificence of the temples and other buildings of the ancients, roofed and covered with precious metals, makes the wealth of the countries from which such abundance was drawn appear almost fabulous. But these great treasures were accumulated by ravaging a dozen empires, and were used over and over again in different periods. Thus the same gold that awoke the fatal vanity of Hezekiah may have, and very likely did, grace the palaces of the Babylonish king, and after him of his conqueror; till, in the vicissitudes of that old stormy society, it graced a Roman triumph, and finally proceeded, through the Gothic kings of Spain, back to Constantinople, in the direction of the land from which its strange pilgrimage began. Counted again and again as the wealth of successive kingdoms, and augmented at each change, it told a continually repeated story of wealth and power such that,

if the aggregate of all the records it made were true for any one time, even the production of California and Australia would be but as its shadow. But this is not our case. We are to convert the dull rock to its true condition of usefulness, not to grasp the earnings of other people. America is the land of wealth, not so much in consequence of what she has done, though that is very great, and unequalled in the world; but in view of what may and will be accomplished in opening those vast stores of which ever generous nature still retains the key.

JOHN A. CHURCH:

NOTE.—There is now on exhibition, in the rooms of the Association for the Advancement of Science and Art, at the Cooper Institute, in New York, a valuable collection of minerals, mostly gathered in Nevada, but including many and characteristic specimens from California, Idaho, and some from Mexico, Utah and other regions. It is the work of Mr. M. J. Henley, of Nevada. The specimens show well the kind of ores which comprise the great undeveloped wealth of the Sierra Nevada Range and the basin of the Colorado, and of California. Colorado and Montana are hardly represented, but the collection is truly what it claims to be—a fair representative of the Nevada and kindred silver region. Its specimens have the usual error of over richness, being selected either for their freedom from rock or for their exceptional value. All the varieties of silver ores and minerals that are usual, and most of the rarer combinations, are found in the collection. There are also a number of fossils which have been pronounced to be Devonian for Humboldt, Nye and Lander counties, and Carboniferous, Devonian and Jurassic for Esmeralda county. There are ores which are marked \$3,000 to the ton, others weighing a pound and a half worth \$150, as the *intrinsic* value of the specimen; and so on. Mr. Henley states that the bullion value of his collection, which could be obtained by smelting, is eight or ten thousand dollars.

In addition to the silver and gold ores, are those of mercury, tin and lead; a brick cut from a kind of magnesian stone found in Nevada, and made up of red and white grains and said to be quite soft when fresh. It is sawed into bricks, by hand, and all who have seen the difficulty and cost of obtaining good fire-bricks in the mountains will appreciate the value of such a deposit. It is said to serve excellently well in the furnace, as its texture and probable composition would lead one to conjecture. In addition to these indices of the Nevada and California mines, are specimens for the curious and admiring of silicified wood, agates, and singular hollow concretions of chalcedony thickly interspersed in an iron cement; each one of the pebbles forms a diminutive translucent cup or thimble. Altogether, the collection, which is for sale, forms a fair specimen of the ores and the region it claims to represent.

WAS HE MAD ?

"I certainly feel that those who eat largely of the tree of knowledge will surely die, and that soon."—CAROLINE FRANCES CORNWALLIS.

THIS deliberate opinion of one of the profoundest recent English thinkers, I am verifying.

The wind is howling outside, the waves dash on the shore below with a long, sullen roar; my forlorn house shakes to its foundation with the fury of the storm, and I know that the light which shines from my window on the black midnight is the only ray that gleams in token of human habitation through many miles of this desolate, rock-bound coast.

To be away from my fellow men in utter solitude and isolation, this was my all-absorbing thought when I fled to this spot. Entire loneliness, an escape from all companionship, an eternal farewell to every person and thing that had once been dear to me—these were the boons I craved and sought for when I crept to this bleak cliff and made here my wretched home.

Here I have lived three weary years in almost total loneliness, and time has brought to me only the calm of utter despair. I am still young, yet my hair and beard are already streaked with silver, my steps are languid and feeble, my vitality is lost, and I see close at hand that rest in the grave which is, indeed, my sole earthly hope.

And this is what my pride of youth and intellect, my unwise struggle after wisdom, have brought upon me! this is where my mad ambition has ended! this unsatisfied, premature descent to death, is the sequel of a career that opened so bravely! My proud attempt to unravel the mysteries of nature, and rise above the common herd of men, has led to the ruin of all my dreams of happiness and overwhelmed me with the darkness of this utter despair.

At twenty, I was in possession of all that makes life delightful—health, fortune, friends, and what I fancied to be an intellect of no ordinary capacity. I was an enthusiastic student, and, little by little, as I went on with my researches into the mysteries of science, an intense desire to penetrate further into the dim arcana of the unknown than any who had gone before me, became the all-ruling desire of my life.

Spiritualism, animal magnetism, and their cognate subjects, very early in my studies, had possessed an intense interest for me. I did not believe in the jugglery that pretended to an intercourse with the unseen world, but I became convinced that a person of strong will, fine intellect, and sufficiently fine-fibred physique, might acquire great power over other minds, or, at least, great power of commanding a conscious *rapport* with them. I was resolved to attain to this power, and to this absorbing wish I willingly sacrificed my entire time; for this fatal gift I gave up all the pleasures of my age. I was content to pore all through the bright hours of daylight and far into the night over books, and to think and to experiment with an industry and

intensity that few men could have equalled. I cannot here develop the course of reasoning and study which I pursued; but the practical conclusion which I reached, and which was above alluded to, was substantially this: That if there exist in the experimenter the right physical and mental gifts, he can attain a high degree of pure spiritual power or will force, over minds other than his own. If he be strong, rich in vitality, full blooded, this power may be both perceptive and dynamic; that is, he can both discern the thoughts of other minds, and can rule at will the whole of other beings. But if he be deficient in this large, strong nature, having only the requisite fineness of structure and aptitude of brain and nerve, then he can indeed learn to see, but not to rule.

With my slender physical frame, and strong intellectual proclivities, I was perforce left to the latter of these lines of self-discipline. But knowing was ever what I sought, rather than doing, and the achievement was sufficient for my ambition. I need not detail the course of intense mental effort and physical training which I pursued. Beside earnest and profound researches in all the psychological learning of the earth, I studied most deeply the relations of humanity to hygienic training, the possibilities of development in single chosen lines of thought, and the peculiar traits of my own individual nature. The result was, a career of combined mental and physical discipline, to which I will never give the clew, for it has slain me. If I narrate its result, it is that I may deter others even from searching after it. All that I can safely reveal is, that one part of my work was so to adjust the materials and diminish the quantity of my food as to turn the greatest possible portion of life into the spiritual and intellectual activities, retaining for the physical frame only enough to serve as a substratum of consciousness.

It was long before I even approached to the plane of almost disembodied consciousness which I sought. Gradually I became more and more susceptible to the so-called "imponderable" external influences, and to atmospheric and magnetic changes; then there supervened a habit of half-unconscious trance; and passing still onward, upward, like mountain climbers through a belt of cloud, I began to emerge into a dim and then a clear region of illumined life, becoming by very slow degrees conscious of what was going on among persons at a distance, and then of what was passing in their minds.

It came at last, with full and vivid certainty—the sublime, the divine power of knowing the thoughts of others; and with it in some measure, according to my small strength, a power of swaying their wills to mine. And with what a proud exultation I hailed the first discovery that I possessed the gift destined to be so fatal to my happiness!

Its earliest manifestations were naturally with those whom I knew most intimately, the first occurring with my mother. I had been, as usual, secluded all day in my study; indeed for nearly a week I had not left my own apartments, even for meals, and had refused to admit any one, even my parents. The weather was oppressively warm; I had not noticed it until the afternoon, when I seemed to become suddenly conscious that I was weary and overcome with lassitude from the extreme heat. I pushed aside my books and papers, and opened my window. I looked out on our pleasant garden, where the trees were waving their green branches gently in the faint breeze, and the flowers inclining their perfumed heads under the radiance of the declining sun. A figure clothed in white was moving slowly down the gravel pathway. It was my mother. At the sound of the raising of the sash she turned her

head. I saw that she looked pale and anxious, and I was instantly conscious that it was on my account.

"May I come up to you, Claude?" she asked, in gentle, almost pleading accents.

"Certainly you may, mother dear," I replied, and my own voice startled me, it sounded so strangely hollow and unnatural.

My mother walked rapidly toward the house, and in a few moments I heard her light tap at my door. During that interval I had been absolutely certain that she had been distressed by my strange tone, and that she was revolving in her mind a plan to induce me to leave my room. Full of feverish curiosity to test the accuracy of my impressions, I flew to open the door.

"My dearest Claude!" she exclaimed, "how pale you are—you look as if you were going to be ill!"

"Oh no, I am very well."

"My dear son, you must let me persuade you to leave these close rooms. Your aunt gives a party to-night: I have quite set my heart on going and having you go with me"

As she spoke, I read as in a book, her real thought; it seemed to run thus: "It will be warm and disagreeable there, I do not want to go at all, but if my dear son can be induced to see a little cheerful society, it may benefit him."

"Do you really care to go yourself?" I asked.

"Yes; there are to be some people there I should like to meet."

Poor, dear, innocent mother! I knew as she uttered the words that they were false; that she felt languid and weary, totally averse to the exertion of going out, but for my sake, she, who was purity itself, managed this little equivocation. I turned my eyes full on hers; she was looking at me intently, with mingled anxiety and tenderness in her glance, and at that instant I read, as by an electric shock, a deeper terror that was curdling her brain.

"You think I am becoming insane!" I exclaimed, suddenly.

She started and turned pale. "My dear boy, don't fancy such wild things."

I laughed. "Well, mother dear, we won't dispute over it. I will go out with you to-night if you like, and try to prove that I am at least sane enough to be an agreeable beau."

Her face brightened, I knew that her anxiety was relieved. She begged me to come down stairs with her then, but I refused, though I promised to join her at the tea table, and so she left me with a mind relieved.

I wanted to be alone with my new-found gift. I had certainly read my mother's thoughts, step by step; as we talked I had been conscious of the current of her real feelings, quite apart, as they were, from those to which she had given utterance. I had even been aware that, in the last moment or two before she left my room, she had been thinking that she would have prepared for tea some mutton chops cooked in a certain way, of which she knew I was fond, and open for my benefit a pot of honey which she had that day received. She said no word to me of her intention thus to provoke my feeble appetite and induce me to eat, but I was absolutely certain that she had thought of it, and was eager to test the truth of my impressions and to discover if other less familiar minds would be as open to me as was hers.

My intuition had not deceived me; the chops and the honey appeared as I had anticipated on the tea table, and, during the progress of the meal, I found myself following out with a little effort the train of thought in my father's as

well as my mother's mind. I knew that my father was much disturbed by my pale face and haggard eyes. I became conscious, with considerable indignation, that he thought my studies folly, and was disposed to feel rather ashamed of a son who, in the pride of his manhood, shut himself up to pore over dusty books instead of going out into the world to take a man's part in the pleasures and occupations of life.

But at a certain point I found myself puzzled. All that concerned myself I could discover easily, but when my father's thoughts went wandering off into some business speculation, I lost the thread, and could not, even dimly, trace out what it was that made him suddenly oblivious of all that my mother and I were saying.

Despite all my mother's kind thoughtfulness in preparing for me my favorite food, I could eat but little, I was so excited by my recent discovery. And I went to dress for this party eagerly, as wishing to encounter other people, and test still further my extraordinary gift.

We were early in my aunt, Mrs. Elmore's, handsome drawing-room. It was already well filled with guests, for Wyndham was not a large town, and early hours were still in vogue. My aunt received us very kindly:

"Ah, sister Mary, I am so glad! Claude, too! This is a pleasure!"

She spoke with the excessively amiable manner and insinuating smile for which I had always disliked her, and the sincerity of which I had always doubted. But this time I was distinctly conscious of how far her real thoughts varied from her words. Thus ran her honest reflections:

"How wretchedly pale and ill Mary looks—so dowdy, too, in that old dress; and that poor, half-crazy Claude, I wonder she takes him out with her."

I was angry enough, and longed to tell her she was an old hypocrite: but I said nothing, for I had already taught myself to remember that I could never pursue my researches after this singular power unless I schooled myself to conceal all the knowledge of which I thus became possessed.

We passed on into the crowd. I soon separated myself from my mother and went through the rooms, speaking first to one acquaintance and then to another, eager to test my success in discovering the thoughts of each mind. With every one, I found, to my delight, that I had some power, though it varied very much according to the individual. In the case of every one of the first half dozen people I talked with, I could instantly detect their impression with regard to myself—and these personal reflections were amusingly uncomplimentary. They may be stated somewhat thus:

First, I stopped to shake hands with my uncle, who greeted me very kindly; his secret thought was kind, too; it amounted to a profound pity for my singular eccentricities and a hearty hope that I was going to lay them aside and become more like other people.

Next I encountered Miss Sarah Kneeland, a forlorn old maid. Her withered face wreathed with a sour smile as I approached her. She accepted my offered shake of the hand, and while she talked feeble commonplaces to me, I discovered that she was thinking that, wealthy and good looking as I was, she would rather be unmarried as she was, than wedded to such a strange, half-crazy individual.

I left her to speak to my pretty cousin, bright Nannie Elmore. She met me with a smile, as usual, and I read in her transparent mind with the greatest ease, not only every thought concerning me, but also, to my intense delight, every reflection regarding other persons or things.

"Ah, Claude, I am so glad you came to-night!"

This aloud—and in her heart: "It's well enough to have him here. He really looks unusually well, and it may do him good."

"You are charming this evening, Nannie!"

"Am I?"

A smile of gratified vanity, with the mental commentary, "Of course I am; there is not a girl in Wyndham as stylish as I am."

For a moment I did not speak, I was so amused by watching the thoughts dance through her idle brain. They were better than any conversation. She was scrutinizing the list of arrivals.

"There is Susan Brooks. How dowdy she looks; and that wreath is the one she wore on her bonnet all last Summer—oh dear, I wish my waterfall was not so heavy—it looked lovely, though—and I don't believe there will be another quite like it. There come the Atwoods. I wonder where Tom is; it is not possible he would come with Jane Brown after what he promised me the other night." Then suddenly turning to me,

"What are you staring at me so for, Claude? You half frighten me!"

This was honest, too. The intensity of my gaze had startled her.

"I was wondering what you were thinking of, and if you really were put out with Tom Atwood."

She blushed crimson, and I saw that her mind was instantly in a chaos of excitement, anger and surprise.

"What do you know about him?"

"Nothing. Won't you tell me all there is to know?"

She looked into my eyes. I exerted the whole strength of my will, determining to force from her lips the secret I already read in her heart. As I gazed at her I detected every shade of thought—the resolve to guard her love from discovery, the gradual yielding to my power, the reflection taking shape that Claude would be a safe listener. And then as she looked up to me, she seemed as if fascinated; and blushing and trembling, in total oblivion of all around us, faltered out the story of a flirtation that had become, on her side, desperate earnest.

Her mother interrupted us:

"Why, Nannie, what are you and Claude about? You look as if you had gone to dreamland and forgotten every creature but yourselves."

Nannie recovered herself with a start, and glanced at me with a look of terror, in which I plainly read, "I hope Claude won't tell."

I tried to reassure her with a smile as I turned and walked away, amusing myself by talking to a variety of people, and mainly with the same result. I could tell exactly what they thought of me; but only in one or two instances could I discover anything further of their thoughts or plans. In the case of a feeble-minded old lady, I learned that she was very much worried about her pet dog, who was sick at home, though she said no word on the subject. And a vapid young man was suffering torture from tight boots, and saying very bad words to himself in consequence, though he wore an inane, unhappy sort of smile all the time that we were talking.

An hour had passed thus. "There are the Heywoods now!" I heard Nannie say; and by instant intuition I knew that she regarded them as persons of wealth and distinction—guests to be honored.

They came slowly down the room; a fine-looking lady leaning on the arm of a tall and dignified middle-aged gentleman, and behind them their daughter,

alone, moving forward like a young queen. I stood spell-bound, gazing at the exquisite face and form before me.

She was tall, splendidly proportioned, with a wealth of tawny golden hair rolling over her round, white neck, features almost perfect in their aristocratic purity of outline, and eyes—the most wonderful I ever beheld—dark, shaded with long black lashes, sparkling, brilliant, unfathomable.

I pressed eagerly forward as soon as the first introductions were over. I longed for an acquaintance with this stranger. I was anxious to test my power on her—a person to whose history I had no clew. My aunt regarded my approach with an ill-concealed frown. I instantly detected the reason.

"That absurd Claude!" she mentally reflected. "Why does he come and obtrude himself on the notice of these nice people! What will they think of a family with such a representative?" Then followed a quick-witted scheme to escape the damaging acknowledgment of my near kindred. "I will not mention his relationship." And she turned, and, with her ready smile, presented me:

"Mr. Lennox: Mr. Heywood, Mrs. Heywood, Miss Heywood."

I bowed ceremoniously to them all, and offered my arm to the young lady. She took it, with a polite smile. She was a total stranger to all around her, and I made use of this fact to draw her away.

"Will you promenade in the hall?"

"If you please."

Her voice was rich and sweet, her tone profoundly indifferent. I looked into her lovely eyes, but she scarcely glanced at me, and I could detect not the slightest hint of her real thoughts.

We made our way slowly to the hall, her progress followed by a murmur of admiration, which, however, she never seemed to notice. Observing this, and that the commonplaces I had thus far uttered had elicited only the most languid replies, I determined to hazard a remark likely to attract her attention, though perhaps at the expense of good taste.

"Are you really unconscious of the notice, the homage, your beauty commands?" I asked; "or do you merely affect not to observe it?"

"What do you mean?" she demanded, turning her large eyes for the first time full upon me.

"Simply what I say; your appearance since you first entered the room has riveted the glances of every one who could see you; every movement has been followed by admiring eyes, and the comments of delight and compliment have many times been murmured loud enough for you to hear them."

"I never noticed it," she replied, languidly.

"Don't you care for your beauty, then?"

"Not much."

"Oh, Miss Heywood! are you honest in that?"

"Certainly I am."

The large dark eyes met mine with a cold, impenetrable regard. In vain I strove to guess the thoughts that lay beneath that calm exterior. Those brilliant orbs flashed defiance to my inquiries; whereas, with regard to others, it had seemed as if I could look directly through their eyes into the brain within. With her, it seemed as if a dark wall stretched across those windows of her soul, so that every keen inquiry I darted against it rebounded harmlessly, and left me more puzzled than before.

"You really are indifferent, then, to the rare advantages you possess, and would be quite willing to be plain and unattractive?"

"Mr. Lennox," she said, with an amused smile, "is this an adroit way to flatter me, or do you really wish to discover my thoughts with regard to my appearance?"

I paused, confused. "You puzzle and interest me," I said, after a moment; "but I will pursue no theme that annoys you."

"It does not annoy me particularly," she replied, with her former careless manner; "but let us talk of something more profitable. You live in Wyndham, I suppose?"

"Yes," and so the conversation drifted off into commonplaces again. Still, I remained with her; I would have spent the whole evening by her side, I was so fascinated and puzzled by my utter failure here in detecting any of those thoughts which, in others, I so soon discovered, especially where they concerned myself. However, I was not left very long in peaceful possession of the new beauty. Nannie very soon pounced upon us, with one of the stock "beaux" of Wyndham.

"Really, Claude, you must not monopolize Miss Heywood all the evening, especially as you do not dance."

Then followed the introduction of the young man, and Miss Heywood left me to go to the dancing room.

Still, I could not tear myself wholly away from the sight of her, and I followed her as soon as I could leave Nannie. For half an hour I stood in the door, watching her graceful figure as it swayed in the mazes of the waltz. Then I secured her as my companion for supper, and thus obtained another hour with her. But it was only to be baffled and tormented as before. I could not discover one trace of her thoughts; I could not detect the most indifferent reflection that ruffled that mysterious mind.

Her manner remained languidly indifferent; she was polite, that was all. I could not arouse her interest in anything.

It was intensely tantalizing to turn to any of the commonplace people around me, and be able to read their feeble thoughts, and then come back to her and find myself utterly defeated. My head fairly ached with the intensity of the effort I made, and although I was fascinated with an absorbing power I had never felt before, I was thrown into a state of excitement that must have manifested itself in my appearance, for I found that all the people whom I met or noticed considered me half crazy.

The time came at last to escort Miss Heywood back to her parents, and thus I entered once more to the group around my aunt.

"You are to be here some time, I hope," I said, as she dropped my arm.

"Oh, yes; they have taken rooms at the Wyndham House for two months."

As my aunt spoke, I glanced politely at Mr. Heywood. His eyes met mine, and in an instant I became conscious of the thought that darted its black care through his brain. He was reputed a man of large wealth. That much I had heard a dozen times; but in that instant I knew that he was on the verge of utter ruin. I saw for a second into the dark chaos of his thoughts, and discovered that he was bankrupt—that he had taken those rooms only to conceal his real purpose, and that that purpose was flight. In another moment he turned away uneasily, and the curtain fell again. Miss Heywood bowed to me with an impenetrable smile, and, with my brain and heart alike in a whirl, I went to find my mother and hasten to the solitude of my own room.

For many days after that party at my aunt's I was desperately ill. A

wild fever took possession of me that night after my return home, for my feeble body could not support the intense exertion of my mind, strung and stimulated as it had been by my efforts to come into *rapport* with Miss Heywood's thoughts. I tossed and rolled, maddened by all sorts of wild fancies, and haunted during all my hours of delirium by fathomless eyes. When I recovered consciousness, I was weak and feeble, but my brain was clear, and I seemed to be less than ever encumbered with the dulness of the body. During those days of wasting fever I had become still more purified and etherealized, till every nerve was sensitive to the slightest impression. As soon as I was able to speak, I asked my mother,

"Are the Heywoods still here?"

"Yes; but, dear boy, you must not talk. You have been very ill, and must be quiet."

I did not need to say more. My words had started in my mother's brain the train of thought I wished, and lying there, looking at her pale, sweet face, I could read every reflection in her innocent mind.

Yes, the Heywoods were there still. Mr. Heywood had been obliged to leave suddenly on business, but Mrs. and Miss Heywood had become the guests of Mrs. Scott, our near neighbor, who was an old friend of theirs. Mother had seen them several times, and I followed with languid amusement her feminine reflections on the style of trimming that Miss Heywood wore on some of her dresses, and her resolve to ask Mrs. Heywood who made her pretty breakfast caps.

With a thrill of exultation, I found that so far from having lost my mysterious power by my illness, I had rather gained, for by a slight exertion of the will, I could follow every one of the thoughts that chased each other through my mother's brain. They were all kind, and pure, and good; I had no fear of detecting any black secret, and it was a luxury to read her intense love, her kindly wishes, her innocent plans for the future.

What was still more, I discovered in the course of the day that I possessed a still higher gift. A servant came in by-and-by with a letter; looking sharply at the man, I detected easily his thoughts; he regarded me as little better than a lunatic; he envied my comfortable room; he thought how he should like to steal the purse that lay on the table, only he was afraid of being caught. When he was gone, mother opened the note. I knew its contents word by word with her reading, as if I had read it myself. It was an invitation from Mrs. Scott to spend the evening there on the following Wednesday.

I was a clairvoyant, indeed, then; and when my mother handed me the note, I saw how absolutely correct my intuitions had been.

The excitement of this new discovery seemed to give me fresh life. I was up the next day, and by Wednesday fully able again to seek the presence of Evelyn Heywood. During these days of convalescence, I had every hour received proofs of my power. Instead of secluding myself as formerly, I eagerly sought human companionship, and although my success varied with different individuals, I found that I could detect in every mind with which I came in contact some of its thoughts. I could follow my father's business plans; I could perceive all Nannie's fresh infatuation with Tom Atwood when she came in to see me; I even amused myself by studying the housemaid's inconsequent reflections, even her work, her dress and her "followers," and found entertainment in her sordid calculations and vulgar cares.

But in all this, now that my intuitions were keener, there was so

much to disgust! Every one was so selfish; in each mind there was, every now and then, so much coarseness that I was often half sick of the gift that forced on my knowledge such singular secrets, and that perpetually wounded my self-esteem with the discovery of the exceedingly low estimate in which I was held. Still, in these early days of my accursed gift, I had not so much time for reflection on all that was disagreeable, and at this time I was so eager to achieve power enough to analyze Miss Heywood also, that I hailed eagerly every manifestation of success. Wednesday evening came at last, and although still weak and thin to attenuation, I was able to dress myself and to seek once again the presence of that dangerously beautiful woman.

On entering Mrs. Scott's drawing-room we found only a few friends assembled. The invitations had been select, and there were about a dozen of our pleasantest people scattered through the handsome parlor. I hurried through my greetings with my hostess, eager to join Miss Heywood. But brief as was my conversation with Mrs. Scott, I found that she was, like every one else, compassionating my wretched appearance—and more than this, that she was profoundly convinced that I would not live long. I was annoyed at this, and more, I was surprised that I had thus unwillingly detected her thoughts. Up to this time I had supposed that an act of volition on my part was necessary to the exercise of my gift, but my organization had become so sensitive that, without desiring it, I received the impressions of other minds.

Throwing off my momentary chagrin, I crossed the room to speak to Miss Heywood. To my surprise and pleasure she received me with considerable cordiality.

"Mr. Lennox, I am very glad you are able to be out again."

"Thank you, Miss Heywood, I am much honored that you deigned to feel an interest in one so much a stranger to you."

She smiled sweetly. "We have seen your mother several times, you know, and think her so lovely. Her solicitude for you would have interested us in you, even had we never seen you."

The compliment to my mother pleased me, and I felt justly flattered at the tone and words of the young lady. But beyond that, in discovering her real sentiments I was as ignorant as ever. I could not detect one thought that passed through her brain. Her dark eyes were as impenetrable as when I had first looked into them, and study her as I would I was utterly powerless to read her true nature.

As on the first evening when I met her, I was baffled, tantalized and fascinated. I sat by her side talking of topic after topic, vainly, desperately trying to penetrate the mystery of her being. I sometimes think now, that she was half conscious of my purpose, that she knew that a silent struggle was going on between us. There was a defiant glitter in her glance at times, a mocking tone in her light laugh, that seemed to scorn my power and dare me to fresh effort.

Still, her manner was on the whole very kind; she listened with every appearance of interest to some of my favorite theories of life, and acquiesced with singular facility in some of my statements, that all my other friends had regarded as utterly extravagant. I was pleased and flattered by her preference, intoxicated by the subtle spell of her beauty, and fascinated by the utter impenetrability that shrouded her. I should have spent the entire evening by her side, but other acquaintances at last came to speak to Miss Heywood, though even then I should not have left her, had it not been for her whispered command—

"Mr. Lennox, it really will not do for you to stay here quite all the evening, but if you go away for a little while be sure to return to me soon."

With this assurance of her preference for my society, I turned away, and seeing Mrs. Heywood standing alone, joined her.

"I regret that Mr. Heywood was obliged to leave you so suddenly," I said, and I watched her closely as I spoke. She had received me with most amiable smiles, but they changed to an uneasy look at my words, though she answered me promptly :

"Yes, he was very sorry to be obliged to leave just now, as we seemed so pleasantly situated."

"I hope you do not shorten your stay on that account?"

"Oh no."

"Then I presume we may hope to see him here again soon?"

"It is very uncertain."

During this conversation I had plainly detected her real thoughts. She was aware of her husband's ruin; she knew that he was then on his way to Europe; she was heart-sick in her position, weary of the falsehood she was practising, but to my intense astonishment I discovered something more. She had heard that I was very wealthy, that I had a large fortune in my own right, and she was treating me with all this smiling courtesy in hopes that Evelyn's beauty might induce me to marry her, and that my wealth might thus retrieve their fallen fortunes.

I was so surprised as I made this extraordinary discovery, that I could with difficulty maintain my conversation with her. This, then, was her motive in being so courteous. Was it Evelyn's, too? No, it was too monstrous to believe so beautiful a creature could have any part in such a plan. As soon as I could, I left Mrs. Heywood and went out on to the piazza to be alone with this amazing thought. The mother was anxious to have me marry her daughter. Would that daughter consent? The fancy set my blood on fire. I had never before cared for matrimony, but if that peerless woman would consent to be my wife!—my brain seemed to dazzle with the thought, and while I stood there as in a trance, I heard a gentle sigh, and, turning quickly, Evelyn Heywood stood beside me.

The moonlight shed its soft rays over her exquisite form, transfiguring her to superhuman loveliness, and her dark eyes seemed to gleam upon me with a faint radiance.

"Miss Heywood—Evelyn—how beautiful you are!"

The words broke from me in spite of myself in this moment of intoxication. She smiled sweetly—

"Say, rather, how lovely this scene is in the tranquil moonlight."

"I had not noticed it or thought of it!" I exclaimed. "I have thought since I came here of but one person, yourself."

"Of me!" and her eyes seemed to grow softer in their light.

"Of you, Evelyn. No other woman has ever awakened an emotion in my heart, but you I love, as I have never dreamed of loving."

"Mr. Lennox, you cannot be in earnest."

"I am in mad, desperate earnest," and I tried to take her hand.

She drew back a little. "You have seen me only twice."

"But I have thought of you every moment since we first met, and I know now that I love you with a love that will never die."

"You have startled me with your impetuosity," she said, moving back into the shadow.

"Forgive me if I have, but let me have some faint hope for the future. I do not expect you to love me at once as I love you, but tell me that I may look forward to a time when I may win you."

"You interest and fascinate me," she said, dreamily. "I never saw such eyes in any human head as yours; they seem to be burning with the light of some strange, internal fire. I do not love you yet."

"But you will, you will, lovely Evelyn!"

I moved toward her to take her in my arms. She evaded me with an imperious gesture. "Do not press me too hastily to a conclusion. I must have time to think of all this."

"Let me at least clasp your hand in token of the sincerity of what you have said," I pleaded, humbly.

She came forward a step and held out her hand. The moonlight fell again on that imperial head, the full form, and the round, white arm. I clasped her slender fingers in mine, and raised them to my lips. At that instant a faint thrill shot through my nerves. I raised my eyes suddenly, and they met hers. For one brief second I seemed to penetrate the mystery of her veiled gaze. I caught a strange, bewildering glimpse of a mind that was tossing in a blind chaos. There was sorrow, almost despair, exultation in her success with me, pride, pity, and self-contempt, all struggling together. She started at the concentration of my gaze, and drew suddenly away. I could discover nothing definite. I had a vague, half fear that her reflections had not been all tenderness for me; but the veil fell too quickly for me to detect anything tangible, and in another moment her sweet smile and soft tones had reassured me.

"We must go back to the parlor now," she said presently.

"But I may come to see you to-morrow, and every day?"

"Certainly you may."

We returned to the drawing-room; but my brain was still in a chaos of confused thought. It was now that the torment of my fatal gift first exhibited itself. With my heart full of Evelyn's image, I yet found myself constantly annoyed by detecting the foolish or sordid reflections of the commonplace minds around me. I could not shake this off or escape from it. I was pursued every instant with some idle fancy, some coarse idea that meandered through the silly brain of some one near me.

In vain I sat alone, leaning back in a wide chair. I became instantly conscious that people were watching me with secret amusement at the awkward figure I cut, or wondering how soon I should have to be shut up in a mad-house. If I closed my eyes, I was like one pursued by a swarm of persistent insects. The voices that I could hear indicated to me the real thoughts of those who spoke, and at last, in despair, I again joined Evelyn. Here for a moment I found repose. I could not penetrate the mazes of her mind, and as I concentrated my own thoughts on her, for a time the annoyance of others was excluded.

At last I went home without again speaking alone to Evelyn; but I had her assurance to make me happy, and once in the solitude of my own room, I had leisure to think of my new joy. I loved her! yes, I was sure of that, and a world of delight I had never before imagined opened before me as I dreamed of the time when she should be mine.

The next day I went to see Miss Heywood. She met me with her sweetest smiles, and in her presence I forgot everything but my love and my happiness. For several days I was very happy. I spent many hours with Evelyn, and

found in her always a delightful companion. She acquiesced in my theories, listened patiently to my rhapsodies, and allowed me to compliment her beauty, and, at last, to tell her how much I loved her.

If it had not been for her, I should even then have been very wretched from the possession of the very gift I had so longed for. No words can express the annoyance it was to me. I could not be in the presence of any one but her without being conscious of the flow of thoughts which, in nearly all the minds I encountered, rushed on like a turbulent river, casting up every now and then noisome or disgusting things. In the course of the next week I discovered so much that was revolting in those around me, that I was sickened with all my species. I learned how coarse were the thoughts of some ladies who were ranked among my mother's most cherished acquaintance. I detected the gross infidelities that stained the lives of seemingly devoted husbands, and the frivolous flirtations that sullied the honor of cherished wives. I found out, too, other secrets than my cousin Nannie's, and learned, with dismay, how corrupt society may be even in a small town like ours. I read such histories of fraud among honorable men, sordid cunning among trusted servants, and low vice among those I had thought pure, as disgusted me with the whole race of men.

In all this encounter with other minds, my mother's alone stood unsullied. There I never detected one impure or unkind thought. It was like a limpid stream rolling on peacefully its pure waters. My father did not stand the test so well. I discovered that even he had pleasures and occupations in which my mother had no share. But no need to dwell on this painful subject—the hint shows how awful was the gift I possessed.

It is no wonder that I eagerly sought Evelyn's society, since there I found perfect repose. I made no more progress toward reading her thoughts; they still remained a sealed book to me, and yet, fool that I was, I struggled still, unwarned by the past, to apply here the test that had already revealed so much that was base.

At the end of two weeks we were engaged. When that moment at last came in which she permitted me to clasp her in my arms, then again as I pressed my lips to hers for one moment, I caught a glimpse of her real feeling. It was not love. No, a wild shudder of despair convulsed her frame. But I would not heed the warning. Intoxicated with my love, I held her closely to my heart and resolved that I would make her happy.

"You love me, Evelyn?" I asked, eagerly.

"Yes, surely, Claude." Her eyes were fathomless as ever, but I was satisfied.

When I went to ask Mrs. Heywood's consent, my vision was sharp enough, I read her exultation in having secured a wealthy son-in-law, and I discovered also that she felt a contemptuous pity for me, but why I could not learn.

My parents were delighted with my engagement; they thought the alliance very desirable, and my mother was pleased to think that I should at last have ties that would induce me to lay aside my wild fancies and live like others.

Now that I was thrown into a closer intimacy with Evelyn, I struggled desperately for the mastery over her mind. I think she was conscious of this, for I discovered that in an unguarded moment I could catch a brief, tantalizing glimpse of the current of her thoughts, but in an instant recovering herself, she would face me with the same impenetrable reserve. These brief moments, when I felt I made some progress toward ultimate success, stimu-

lated me to further effort. I went almost wholly without food to sublimately still further my already sensitive system, and I concentrated all the power of my will on the mastery of this one subject.

I had by this time formed a reasonably satisfactory theory to account for that exceptional resistance to my power of intuition, which had so intensely interested me in Evelyn Heywood. I still think it was correct, though with one miserable addition. It was simply that such a power as I possessed can also be resisted by a certain combination of faculties, and these Evelyn certainly had. The requisites are, strong will, great independence, and, above all, an indescribable though very distinct something which may be called *positiveness*. This I cannot define; it makes its possessor in some manner sufficient to himself, perhaps in virtue of an accurate balance of faculties, along with remarkable vigor of organization and will.

But it came at last, that for which I had longed—not gradually, as I had expected, but in one blinding revelation. And this frightful, lurid light revealed to me what was wanting, at once to complete my theory and my destruction. It was, some awful, shameful secret to conceal. Only such a desperate motive could maintain the intense strife, the agonizing effort, of upholding that impenetrable mental barricade which had defied me so long.

One afternoon I was sitting alone with Evelyn. She seemed languid and weary when I came in, and could scarcely rouse herself to her wonted attention. I would have had her hand, but she drew it away impatiently.

"It is too warm," she said.

"Shall I leave you, then?"

"No, oh no."

At that moment the servant entered with a letter. She turned deadly pale as she took it from him, and hastily put it in her pocket.

"Read it," I said, quickly. "Do not mind me, but read it."

"Oh, no, it can wait," she replied.

"No, read it, I insist," I urged.

"I had rather not."

"Then I will read it for you."

I was carried away out of myself. I forgot all caution, all reserve, in the horrors of that moment. I could read every word of that letter, though she had hidden it so carefully, and goaded to madness, I repeated it aloud:

MY ADORED EVELYN:—You have told me I may still call you so, and that you love me, and me alone, though you are engaged to that madman—

"Stop Claude!" she cried, almost in a shriek. "What wild words are these that you are saying?"

"Open your letter, and see if I have not read it correctly."

"No, no."

"Then I shall go on." And fixing my eyes on hers, I continued:

Dearest love, this is a hard thing you have asked of me. You beg me to acquiesce in your union with a man whom you detest; you tell me that he is very wealthy; that he cannot live long, and that there may be hope in the future. But, oh darling! how can I endure the thought of your being for ever so short a time another's. I am too distracted to tell you all that I hope and plan. I can only say to you now that I love you, as I always shall, and that I am your devoted lover,

ALFRED.

As I spoke Evelyn sat as if spellbound, and then, looking into her beautiful eyes, I saw that the barrier had fallen; I could read all the perfidy and

wickedness that lurked in that cruel brain. She loved this man madly, desperately, to the forgetfulness of honor, truth and purity. She detested me, and yet she would wed me for my money in hopes that death would speedily dissolve the hateful tie, and leave her free to marry this man and give him my wealth.

For some seconds I sat gazing into her eyes, reading every secret of her trembling soul. Then I started up to flee away from her presence that had grown loathsome.

"I know all." I said. "You understand that I have read all your guilty secrets. Henceforth we are strangers."

I left the house and hurried to seclude myself in my own room. And thus ended my brief dream of achieving a power that should elevate me to a rank above all other discoverers. I had learned only to abhor and detest the whole human race. My terrible gift made them all odious to me, and, with the exception of my mother, I resolved to see their faces no more.

No need to describe my misery. That for which I had toiled so many years had turned to ashes in my grasp. My ambition was a failure, my love was false, and life had henceforth no charms for me.

I sank into a profound melancholy, and when my mother died, I came away to this desolate spot to escape entirely from the companionship of my race which only torments me. My father has already made for himself other ties. There is no human being who cares for me, and here, on this lonely crag, I await in dreary solitude the coming of the welcome end of my wretched life.

LILY DEVEREUX BLAKE.

MOSBY AND HIS MEN.

IT was in March, 1865, and the war was virtually ended in the Virginia Valley. The battle of Cedar Creek, where the power of the Rebels in this quarter of the military situation was hopelessly annihilated, and General Early sent for the last time "whirling up the Valley," had been fought five months before, and since that glorious day there had been no collision of arms of sufficient magnitude to call it a battle. There was, in fact, no chance for a regular engagement, for the Rebel infantry had all been withdrawn shortly after that disastrous October day, and hurried southward to prop the declining fortunes of the Rebellion around Petersburg. And Sheridan's noble army had also become disintegrated; the whole of the Sixth corps, and most of the Eighth, had joined the Army of the Potomac, and one division of the Nineteenth had gone to Savannah, to relieve a portion of Sherman's troops in guarding and occupying the place. Sheridan, with his ten thousand cavalry, was well on his way up the Valley and across the mountains, to a junction with Grant; and though Hancock, a general of Sheridan's own stamp, had been placed in command, and several thousand fresh troops brought up to Winchester, it was generally understood that these were but precautionary measures, looking toward the possibility of a retreat of the enemy in this direction, when his lines around Petersburg should be broken. We of Dwight's division were beginning to fancy that we desecrated the end of the war. We had lain in and around Winchester nearly all the Winter, masters of the situation, without seeing an armed Rebel; we had been home on leaves of absence, and had whiled away the time in Winter quarters as best we might; our wives—for some of us were lucky enough to be thus blessed—had visited us in camp, and had introduced into some of the regiments a curious mingling of the domestic with the military; and we had even gone to the unparalleled length of putting ourselves on good terms with the people of this fiercely rebellious district, and had actually prevailed upon the ladies of Winchester in more than one instance to dance with us under the folds of the flag. All this seemed very little like war; and but for a single drawback, we should have been able to regard the situation as one of perfect peace and quietude. That drawback was—Colonel John S. Mosby.

Mosby, the reckless, the daring, the indomitable guerrilla—who that ever campaigned in West Virginia and could not give a hundred camp-fire stories of him? All through the war, in the palmyest days of the Confederacy, when the Union army could not enter the "Valley of Humiliation" without suffering defeat and disaster, he had been the most active and troublesome of partisans, cutting off and surprising remote pickets, supply trains, and foraging parties; and even now, when the cause for which he fought was on the verge of ruin, he was none the less active, ubiquitous and annoying. From his secret haunts on the western slope of the Blue Ridge he could overlook the whole country like a map, and discover at a bird's-eye view where and when

to swoop down with his raiders; and with a wonderful celerity of movement, he was always up and away before the alarm could be made and pursuit organized. A more harassing enemy could not well be imagined; in the language of Sheridan, he "bushwhacked every train, every small party, and every straggler," causing infinite annoyance, and, it is needless to say, some little wrath and profanity at headquarters. His tactics, if the word can be properly applied to such operations, were the counterpart on land of those of the Alabama at sea; always shunning an open fight, and accomplishing as much damage as possible by stratagem and rapidity of movement. He had none of the qualities of a great leader, and would probably have made a signal failure at the head of a cavalry division in the field; but in his peculiar line he was of great service to the Rebellion, and it may be doubted whether such leaders as Stuart and Ashby accomplished more for it than this irrepressible guerrilla. There were peculiar reasons which rendered his frequent successes so easy. His perfect knowledge of the country, with its roads, its streams, and places of retreat and concealment; the fact that the inhabitants of the Valley were mostly in thorough sympathy with him, and that every four houses out of five furnished him with constant and correct information, and his men with shelter and refreshment, as well as with lurking-places; the wearing of the Union uniform by his command to mislead and deceive our pickets and guards to their destruction; and above all, the reckless and unscrupulous disregard with which he treated all rules and usages of civilized warfare—these combined with other causes to give him powerful advantages in prosecuting hostilities, until the very name of Mosby became a terror and a disquietude.

To many of the readers of our current war literature, he may have seemed something like a myth—an imaginary creation whose daring exploits in the saddle were born of the brain of some fertile newspaper Bohemian. The simple truth is that the half of his wild forays and reprisals has not been told; and writing in the spirit of one who thinks it the duty of all who shared in our great struggle to preserve in print whatever of its facts or romance is peculiarly known to them, I propose in this sketch to present the truthful and interesting experience of one of our officers with Mosby's men—prefacing the story with some information about Mosby and his command which I gleaned from the soldiers of both armies.

During the sharp and decisive Valley campaign of 1864, our troops were marched and countermarched in every direction, up, down and across the Valley, until it came to be about as familiar to us as our own door-yards at home. While these movements were progressing, it seemed as though Mosby were omnipresent. Front, flanks, and rear of our columns were annoyed by his troopers; to straggle was to take the first step toward the Libby; and I have distinctly in mind an exhausting night-march from Snicker's Gap toward the Potomac, when upward of thirty men in our division fell out of the column for a moment's rest, and returned to us only after a six months' incarceration at Richmond. Every man had been captured by the guerrillas.

"How did you happen to be taken?" I inquired of one of these men after his return.

"It was on that dreadful night-tramp in July from the Gap to Leesburg," he said. "I was so tired and sleepy I could hardly move, and had bruised my feet badly against those great rocks in the Gap. After we had got through, I felt as though I *must* rest a little while, and so sat down by the side of the

road. The rear of the division had just passed and was not more than ten rods off, when a horseman rode back from it and stopped before me.

" 'Now then, get up and come along with me,' he said.

"He didn't look or speak like an officer, though he wore a blue overcoat, and I felt at first like giving him a short answer; but I said,

" 'I was going on in a minute. I shouldn't have stopped without I had been very tired.'

"Then he laughed a little, and showed me a navy-revolver which he carried in his boot-leg.

" 'You think I'm one of your officers,' he said; 'but that's a bad mistake. You've heard of Mosby, I suppose? Well, I'll show him to you in half an hour;' and he drew the pistol, cocked it, and pointed it at my head. 'Now do as I tell you, my fine fellow, or I'll blow a round hole through you! Break the stock of your musket across that stump—quick! Now take that path across the fields, pretty lively!'

"You see, Captain, the fellow had me in a tight place, and I had to submit. It almost broke my heart to destroy my old 'Springfield' that I'd used so often on picket and in battle; but I did it, and the guerrilla actually drove me off prisoner before the division was well out of sight, and when I could hear the tramp of the leading brigade of the next coming down the Gap!"

During the Spring of 1865, I held a staff position, and had frequent opportunities to talk with the prisoners that were brought in. One day in April two of the guerrillas came to headquarters and delivered themselves to the Provost Marshal, claiming the benefit of the terms of Lee's surrender, which we were of course bound to extend to them. One of them was a bright, intelligent lad, and was perfectly willing to communicate all he knew about the partisan leader and his troop. He astonished me by the information that he had himself ridden several times in the night-time with our marching columns, disguised in our uniform, and was always taken for one of our cavalrymen. Our officers, he said, sometimes addressed him roughly, and ordered him to ride forward to his place. Keeping along with the column, in the confusion of the march, he would watch his chance to separate some single soldier from the others, show him his pistol and compel him to follow him into captivity.

"But if he had refused, you would not have dared to shoot him right there?" I queried.

"Perhaps not; but that never happened. A man is so thunderstruck at finding himself in the hands of his enemies before he knows it that you can lead him right away before his senses come back."

"And if you had been discovered, and the alarm raised—what then?"

"Good luck and my horse's legs would have saved me."

"You knew, I suppose, that you were liable to be hung as a spy, if taken under such circumstances?"

"I was very little afraid of that," he said, with a saucy laugh. "The colonel always hung two to your one, when you tried that game."

I silently admitted the truth of this assertion. The laws of war fully justified the execution of Rebel soldiers found within our lines, and half a dozen of them were treated thus upon one occasion; but Mosby made no discrimination in favor of the penalties of a legitimate warfare. His bloody retaliation for this execution was the slaughter of twice as many of our cavalry near Charlestown, who were deliberately shot and hung after they had surrendered.

One of this unfortunate party I saw in the hospital at Winchester, suffering from a terrible bullet-wound in the head, inflicted by Mosby's own hand. Rumor said that an insulting message to General Sheridan followed this outrage.

Further conversation with the paroled guerrilla developed some very curious facts about his chief, too characteristic of the man and of his peculiar method of warfare to be omitted.

"How," I asked, "did Mosby manage to know so much about the movements of our wagon trains?"

"It's a fact," he said, "that almost every supply train that went up the Valley used to have one or more of us for drivers, dressed in blue, of course. We would get in some way to Harper's Ferry—generally by playing sick Federal soldier who wanted to get up to the front—or by joining the train at night when it was parked, and getting into a wagon without being seen. In this way we could find out all about the train—whether it was worth capturing, and if there was a paymaster's chest along, and how many and what kind of guards were with it—and then, finding some clever chance to steal a horse and make off, we could reach Mosby or one of his detachments by a few hours' hard riding, and bring down the troops to surprise the escort before we were missed. When there were only two or three companies of infantry along we had little trouble, for they were well scattered the whole length of the train, perhaps a mile or two, and we could sweep them up before they knew who we were; but when there was a battalion all in compact order, or a squadron of cavalry, we had to be wary. We generally attacked a train early in the morning, when it was pulling out of park, because there was apt to be some confusion then, which we could take advantage of."

"You always plundered your prisoners?"

"O yes; we considered that fair. We got a great deal of money and very often a watch that way. We wanted knives badly after the blockade began, and this was our only chance to get them. Mosby always allowed it. The Confederate Government was bound to buy every horse and mule we took, and to allow us for keeping prisoners till we delivered them at Richmond or at General Early's headquarters."

"And pay you as soldiers, too?" I asked. He gave another dry laugh as he replied:

"Well, for the most part, we paid ourselves out of the Federal Paymasters' chests. There was always a strict division made of the greenbacks, according to rank. We had uproarious times when an invoice of whiskey happened to fall into our hands. Sometimes I've seen half the troop drunk for three days in the mountains, and Mosby storming like a pirate; but they minded him very little till the last drop was gone, and then all hands were ready for work again. He never touched liquor; coffee excited him just as whiskey will most men."

"Were his men all regularly enlisted soldiers?"

"Certainly; every man. The best riders were picked out of the cavalry and sent to him. Not a man in the troop but has been culled out of other commands for this service."

"You have, no doubt, had some narrow escapes?"

"A great many. I remember in particular one night in Leesburg when I slipped out of the two-story window of a friend's house while the Federal

soldiers were coming up stairs. I ran to the stable, dressed myself on the way, took my horse out and rode him off bare-back and without a bridle. But that horse, sir, I would have risked my neck for any time. We all rode splendid animals, real Virginia thoroughbreds."

All this, and much more, most of it truth, no doubt, was told me by my guerrilla acquaintance after Lee's surrender had disbanded every armed Rebel organization. There was one incident which he had no need to tell me about, as I knew its particulars much better than he did; and this is the story I began to tell. It shows at least one instance where Mosby's men were signally outwitted by the adroitness and audacity of one of the many bold fellows of our division. As I said, it happened in March, 1865, when all armed resistance in the Valley, except that of the guerrillas, was at an end. One brigade of Dwight's division garrisoned Winchester; another, with the headquarters, was at Stevenson's Station, three miles north of it, which was the terminus of the military railroad from Harper's Ferry, and the Third guarded this road, a line of twenty-five miles. The duty was a most important one, for over this road all our forage and supplies were transported, and much depended upon its being maintained. And the guerrillas knew it as well as we. There was not a vital point of the line—a bridge, a switch or a station—that they did not menace; and on more than one occasion they had resorted to those most rascally and inhuman practices of firing into trains and throwing them off the track. General Hancock threatened them in good earnest with death at the drum-head, if caught in any such act; but they continued as troublesome as ever, and the Railroad brigade, as we called it, was kept upon the *qui vive* of vigilance and excitement.

The Opequan is crossed by this road near Summit Point, and several miles east of Stevenson's. The bridge at this crossing, and some miles of the track in either direction, were guarded by a veteran Massachusetts regiment, than which there were no better in the division. The camp was perched like an old feudal stronghold on the summit of a high hill, whence the Colonel could take a comprehensive outlook over the adjacent country in the daytime. After nightfall there was always some excitement along the chain of sentinels. Listening ears at headquarters could hear the sharp "Halt—who goes there?" of the picket, half a mile away, and musket shots in the silence of the night at prowlers often brought the regiment under arms. The Adjutant of this command was—but he is as modest in peace as he was in war, and will thank me to disguise him under the name of Lieutenant Blake. He was a prompt, decided young man, thoroughly conversant with his duties, and just as unassuming as brave men always are. But he was certainly out of his element in the infantry. A fearless, dashing fellow, an expert shot, a splendid horseman, and quick as lightning at an emergency, he was just the man to head a squadron of cavalry in such a charge as that which finished the day at Winchester. Sheridan has a fondness for men of his stamp, and it may be that the Adjutant would have won distinction had he ridden southward with the ten thousand who had already scattered Early's fragmentary army through Rockfish Gap. But however that may be, he made himself known to us all by the adventure I am about to relate. Probably every man in Hancock's army had heard of Lieutenant Blake and his exploit a week after it occurred.

About three miles from the camp, on the Berryville road, was the residence of one of the substantial farmers of the Shenandoah; and this farmer had a

daughter, and a handsome one. The name I never heard; Darrell will answer for the father, and Belle Darrell for the daughter. With this household Blake had contracted a pleasant acquaintance during the previous Autumn, when the army passed the place on one of its many marches. Whether or not he had met any of them in the interval, I am unable to say; but it is quite certain that the very first occupation that he devoted himself to in his leisure, after the establishment of the camp, was to call for his horse and orderly, and ride over to the Darrells'. This, every military reader will agree, was wrong—decidedly wrong. He knew perfectly well that the neighborhood swarmed with guerrillas, and that the risk he was taking was too great to be invited under any circumstances, except in the strict line of his duty. Neither had he any assurance of the loyalty of the Darrells; the presumption is that he never asked for any. His conduct was simply a reassertion of the venerable truth, that with a lady in the case, a man will brave every danger, and face every hazard. The story speedily went round the camp that the Adjutant had become smitten with a Rebel girl past all hope of rescue, and many were the mess-table jokes cracked at his expense: among them a proposition from some Nantucket wag to send to Stevenson's for the Provost Marshal to administer the oath of allegiance to Blake, to guard against contagious influences. But the Adjutant bore it all with imperturbable good humor, and continued his visits at the Darrell place with great regularity. Twice a week, at least, he went, always armed and accompanied by an orderly; and, so far as those in camp could judge, the affair seemed to have ripened into a conventional Down-East love-making. But perhaps the sequel may show that Blake was more pertinacious than successful in his wooing.

The last of these visits was the memorable one. As he afterward admitted, he had promised Miss Darrell to "come on Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock, sure;" and at two of that afternoon he accordingly left camp in his usual trim, followed by his orderly. He reached the house in due time, and without adventure, and giving his reins to the orderly, walked up to the steps. Belle was in the doorway to welcome him. There was nobody at home but herself, she said, and she was *very* glad to see him. Wouldn't he come in?

Lieutenant Blake went in without any scruples, much encouraged, no doubt, by the cordiality of his welcome; merely looking over his shoulder to tell Max to "take good care of the horses."

Now, although very censurable in making these visits at all, the Adjutant was still a soldier, and a good one, and had strictly instructed Max, upon the first visit, that he was always to keep the horses' reins in his hands, to sit where he could watch the road, leave the gate wide open, and to report instantly the first appearance of a man, however dressed. But Max was a German, not long from his native duchy; and although anxious to do his duty faithfully, sometimes misunderstood directions in a most woful manner. His standing orders at Darrell's he comprehended perfectly; but when, upon this occasion, he received the additional instructions to "take good care of the horses," he interpreted them literally. In three minutes after receiving his instructions he had both the animals unsaddled and unbridled, tied up to the manger in the barn, and eating greedily from farmer Darrell's oats, which had in some way escaped the prying eyes of our forage-masters. Meanwhile the Adjutant sat *tête-à-tête* in the parlor with his hostess, enjoying her conversation immensely, and in blissful ignorance of the doings of his Dutch orderly. Blissful, indeed! His heart would have leaped to his mouth, and himself

have bolted precipitately for the barn, had any suspicion of the truth crossed his mind. But no thought of the kind troubled him, and an hour passed pleasantly and cosily. Then Max came running in, breathless with excitement, and reported that a squad of horsemen were in sight, coming toward the house. The Adjutant rose from his chair; Miss Darrell did the same, and placed a hand on each shoulder.

"They are only some of your men from Winchester," she said, coaxingly. "Don't go, Lieutenant."

Blake was a little disturbed by the intelligence which the orderly brought, but still more by the very entreating way in which the girl urged him to remain. He had never been so pressed to prolong his visit before. Taking the two things together, he was decidedly uneasy.

"I think I must step outside, Miss Darrell, and see about this," he said. He was about to suit the action to the words, when he became aware that the hands of the siren were transferred from his shoulders to his arms, and the girl herself was clinging to him with well-simulated distress, while she begged him not to leave her. It would be so dreadful if anything should happen to him there. They might perhaps be Confederates; if they were, they wouldn't know he was there if he stayed in the house. No, no—he mustn't, *shouldn't* go; and although the Adjutant is unable to remember distinctly, he thinks that at this juncture of affairs he felt both the hands somewhere about the back of his neck.

He was a cool, clear-headed, thinking youth, as well as a courageous one; just the man *not* to be shorn, Samson-like, by the arts of any Delilah. He thought he saw a trap, and throwing the girl into a corner, rushed from the house with Max at his heels. The horses were missing, and then he became aware for the first time of the helpless condition in which the stupidity of Max had placed them both. Running into the barn, with the orderly close behind him, he glanced at the horses as they quietly fed at the manger. Five minutes, at the least, would be required to saddle and bridle them, and get them into the road. He returned to the door and looked out. A horseman was just entering the yard by the gate; another was five rods behind him; five more were coming up the road at a rapid trot. The first rode directly into the yard, and stopped ten feet from the barn door. The keen eye of the Adjutant gave one comprehensive glance at horse and rider. The first was a magnificent Virginia thoroughbred, clean-limbed and sinewy; the latter a young man who sat him like a Centaur, dressed in the ordinary farmer's clothes of the vicinity. He wore a belt under his sack, which might very easily conceal pistols. He saw the Adjutant and Max standing in the doorway of the barn, sang out "Good day, sir," and put his hand under his coat.

A man in a corner can do a great deal of thinking in a quarter of a minute. Blake had seen some of Mosby's men as prisoners, and noticed their nonchalant, devil-may-care carriage. This man had the same appearance. He observed the horse, and decided at once that it was a better animal than any farmer in the neighborhood owned. Ordinary observers might have seen nothing suspicious in the man's appearance; Blake was instantly satisfied that he was a guerrilla.

And if he was, what then?

A great many men would have found the situation just such as to justify an unresisting surrender. Seven mounted men were opposed to him; flight was impossible; it seemed folly and sure destruction to fight. All this,

which careful, prudent minds would have taken thought of, never once occurred to Lieutenant Blake. The experience of three years on the skirmish and picket lines had taught him some valuable lessons; and though he would have fought there till the last gasp rather than to be taken under such humiliating circumstances, his plan, formed on the instant, was one of mixed audacity and adroitness.

He had with him two of Colt's navy revolvers, one in each boot-leg, as the staff and cavalry carried them. Before the horseman had time to utter another word, or withdraw his hand, Blake discharged one of the weapons directly at his breast. The heavy ball struck him just below the shoulder; he reeled in his saddle, clutched wildly at his horse's mane, and fell, an inert mass, to the ground. The Adjutant sprang to the animal's head and grasped the bridle before he could escape; and just as his left foot found the stirrup, the second horseman entered the yard. He had no time to comprehend the meaning of the scene; the Adjutant rested the revolver on the saddle and fired again. The shot was again effectual; the man threw up his arms and tumbled from his seat, while the frightened horse ran directly to the barn.

"Catch him and mount, and ride like the devil!" Blake shouted to Max, as heswung himself into the saddle and struck both spurs into the horse's sides. The animal bounded into the road, hardly ten rods ahead of the squad, who, alarmed by the firing, were closing up at a gallop. Blake discharged another load from his revolver at them, and then sped down the road toward camp, like an arrow from the bow. The orderly had by this time also mounted and reached the road; but his horse became ungovernable, ran into the woods, and brushed off poor Max against the branch of a tree. The guerrillas clattered past him, yelling like Camanches, shouting to him not to stir till they returned, and vanished in the pursuit. Max waited until they had all passed, and then plunged into the woods and made his way by a circuitous route back to camp. The pursuers probably thought him disabled, and so took no pains to secure him; or their eagerness to capture the officer may have led them to disregard him. For the next ten minutes there was such a race along that road as is not often extemporized in Virginia or elsewhere. More than three miles lay between Darrell's and the camp—enough for a good trial of speed. The Adjutant's new-found horse literally devoured the distance, measuring the ground in a long gallop, and bounding with increasing swiftness at every touch of the spurs. The guerrillas made furious efforts to overtake him, but it was evident from the first that their animals could not compete with that of their fallen leader. A volley of pistol and carbine balls whistled past the ears of the fugitive, and one inflicted a slight wound on his leg, but, very fortunately, none struck the horse. The pursuers continued to fire, while Blake continually increased the distance between him and them, riding with his head bent down to the saddle to escape the balls, until, at last, he dashed into the camp lines just as the drummers were beating the long roll, and the companies were hurrying into line. The pursuers pulled up almost within rifle-shot of the camp, wheeled their horses, and disappeared at a gallop.

The Adjutant speedily told his story, and the Colonel sent him back to the scene of the encounter, with two companies. No traces of the guerrillas were found on the road, nor around the house, except some spots of blood near the barn; but upon entering the house a scene was discovered which the reader has probably anticipated. The man whom the Adjutant had first shot was

lying insensible on the floor, with Belle Darrell holding his head in her lap, and weeping bitterly. Further search in the vicinity revealed the fact that the other guerrilla had been carried by his comrades to the house of a doctor, half a mile away, and then taken off with them.

"It's very doubtful if he lives," the doctor said, in response to the questions asked him. "There's a ball clean through his neck."

The wounded man at Darrell's was taken in an ambulance to the camp, where the ball was extracted. It had passed entirely through one lung, and the surgeon pronounced the case hopeless. Although he lingered a week, there was never any expectation of his recovery. Belle Darrell was constantly by his bedside, in an agony of mind which it was pitiful to behold, and which left no doubt in the minds of those who witnessed it that the two were betrothed lovers. Just before his death, the guerrilla rallied a little, and recognizing the Adjutant, motioned him to put his head close to the pillow.

"There was a pretty trap laid for you," he whispered; "but you were too much for us. I don't blame you; you could do nothing else. I've lost my life in the matter, and you've gained the best horse in the Valley."

He died after a week of suffering, and Belle Darrell went back to her father's, overwhelmed with grief, and, it is to be hoped, not untroubled by her conscience; while the Adjutant, who suddenly found himself famous, was perfectly satisfied to discontinue his visits at the house. The affair was officially reported to General Hancock, who observed that the officer had done the only thing which would retain his rank in the service.

"Because," he said, "if he had been taken prisoner under such circumstances, I should certainly have dismissed him. I hope the lesson will not be lost on the command."

Nevertheless, I think the General really admired the pluck and coolness of the Adjutant as much as any of us. Blake added a bar to his shoulder within a month.

In my talk with the paroled guerrilla, previously mentioned, I spoke of this affair, and asked him if he knew anything of it.

"I know that it made sorrow enough among us, for a while," he replied. "The man your officer shot first was a lieutenant of the troop, and the other was a sergeant. They brought the sergeant over to Upperville, but he died in two days. Mosby said, when he heard of it, that he had lost two of his very best men; and I don't think anything ever happened to us that grieved him as this did."

JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

HELIOTROPE.

TAKE those heliotropes away—
How I hate their purple bloom
Fling the casement wide, I pray—
I am faint with their perfume.
Cruel odors, born of tears !
Would you know what they recall ?—
From the springtime of my years
Comes a dream of evenfall
In a garden by the sea ;
There's a new moon in the sky,
And the vine-leaves airily
Rustle o'er me where I lie
And a figure, fair and light,
O'er the greensward seems to float :
Little maiden robed in white,
With those blossoms at her throat.
All their fragrance mingling with
That soft muslin's every fold ;
With the thrillings of her breath,
And her hair's warm, rippling gold.
Oh, how blindly love believes !
I, to act its silly part :
Stealing from her breast the leaves
To be hidden next my heart.
To be worn with prayers and tears :
Giving strength to eager hands
Through the labor of lone years
In the far and foreign lands.
Pah—their stifling, odorous weight !
Beaded knots of amethyst,
Spiced jewels that I hate !
False as were the lips I kiss'd !—
Friend—if aught remains untold
By those blossoms be it said.
Take them : in their purple fold
Youth and hope and love lie dead.

INA D. COOLBRITH.

THE CLAVERINGS.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XXXII.

WHAT CECILIA BURTON DID FOR HER SISTER-IN-LAW.

AS soon as Harry Clavering had made his promise to Mr. Burton, and had declared that he would be in Onslow Crescent that same evening, he went away from the offices at the Adelphi, feeling it to be quite impossible that he should recommence his work there at that moment, even should it ever be within his power to do so. Nor did Burton expect that he should stay. He understood, from what had passed, much of Harry's trouble, if not the whole of it; and though he did not despair on behalf of his sister, he was aware that her lover had fallen into a difficulty, from which he could not extricate himself without great suffering and much struggling. But Burton was a man who, in spite of something cynical on the surface of his character, believed well of mankind generally, and well also of men as individuals. Even though Harry had done amiss, he might be saved. And though Harry's conduct to Florence might have been bad, nay, might have been false, still, as Burton believed, he was too good to be cast aside, or spurned out of the way, without some further attempt to save him.

When Clavering had left him Burton went back to his work, and after a while succeeded in riveting his mind on the papers before him. It was a hard struggle with him, but he did it, and did not leave his business till his usual hour. It was past five when he took down his hat and his umbrella, and, as I fear, dusted his boots before he passed out of the office on to the passage. As he went he gave sundry directions to porters and clerks, as was his wont, and then walked off intent upon his usual exercise before he should reach his home.

But he had to determine on much with reference to Florence and Harry before he saw his wife. How was the meeting of the evening to take place, and in what way should it be commenced? If there were indispensable cause for his anger, in what way should he show it, and if necessity for vengeance, how should his sister be avenged? There is nothing more difficult for a man than the redressing of injuries done to a woman who is very near to him and very dear to him. The whole theory of Christian meekness and forgiveness becomes broken to pieces and falls to the ground, almost as an absurd theory, even at the idea of such wrong. What man ever forgave an insult to his wife or an injury to his sister, because he had taught himself that to forgive trespasses is a religious duty? Without an argument, without a moment's thought, the man declares to himself that such trespasses as those are not included in the general order. But what is he to do? Thirty years since his course was easy, and unless the sinner were a clergyman, he

could in some sort satisfy his craving for revenge by taking a pistol in his hand, and having a shot at the offender. That method was doubtless barbarous and unreasonable, but it was satisfactory and sufficed. But what can he do now? A thoughtful, prudent, painstaking man, such as was Theodore Burton, feels that it is not given to him to attack another with his fists, to fly at his enemy's throat, and carry out his purpose after the manner of dogs. Such a one has probably something round his heart which tells him that if so attacked he could defend himself; but he knows that he has no aptitude for making such onslaught, and is conscious that such deeds of arms would be unbecoming to him. In many, perhaps in most of such cases, he may, if he please, have recourse to the laws. But any aid that the law can give him is altogether distasteful to him. The name of her that is so dear to him should be kept quiet as the grave under such misfortune, not blazoned through ten thousand columns for the amusement of all the crowd. There is nothing left for him but to spurn the man—not with his foot but with his thoughts; and the bitter consciousness that to such spurning the sinner will be indifferent. The old way was barbarous certainly, and unreasonable—but there was a satisfaction in it that has been often wanting since the use of pistols went out of fashion among us.

All this passed through Burton's mind as he walked home. One would not have supposed him to be a man eager for bloodshed—he with a wife whom he deemed to be perfect, with children who in his eyes were gracious as young gods, with all his daily work which he loved as good workers always do; but yet, as he thought of Florence, as he thought of the possibility of treachery on Harry's part, he regarded almost with dismay the conclusion to which he was forced to come—that there could be no punishment. He might proclaim the offender to the world as false, and the world would laugh at the proclaimer, and shake hands with the offender. To sit together with such a man on a barrel of powder, or fight him over a handkerchief, seemed to him to be reasonable, nay salutary, under such a grievance. There are sins, he felt, which the gods should punish with instant thunderbolts, and such sins as this were of such a nature. His Florence—pure, good, loving, true, herself totally void of all suspicion, faultless in heart as well as mind, the flower of that Burton flock which had prospered so well—that she should be sacrificed through the treachery of a man who, at his best, had scarcely been worthy of her! The thought of this was almost too much for him, and he gnashed his teeth as he went on his way.

But yet he had not given up the man. Though he could not restrain himself from foreshadowing the misery that would result from such baseness, yet he told himself that he would not condemn before condemnation was necessary. Harry Clavering might not be good enough for Florence. What man was good enough for Florence? But still, if married, Harry, he thought, would not make a bad husband. Many a man who is prone enough to escape from the bonds which he has undertaken to endure—to escape from them before they are riveted—is mild enough under their endurance, when they are once fastened upon him. Harry Clavering was not of such a nature that Burton could tell himself that it would be well that his sister should escape even though her way of escape must lie through the fire and water of outraged love. That Harry Clavering was a gentleman, that he was clever, that he was by nature affectionate, soft in manner, tender of heart, anxious to please, good-tempered, and of high ambition, Burton knew well; and he

partly recognized the fact that Harry had probably fallen into his present fault more by accident than by design. Clavering was not a skilled and practiced deceiver. At last, as he drew near to his own door, he resolved on the line of conduct he would pursue. He would tell his wife everything, and she should receive Harry alone.

He was weary when he reached home, and was a little cross with his fatigue. Good man as he was, he was apt to be fretful on the first moment of his return to his own house, hot with walking, tired with his day's labor, and in want of his dinner. His wife understood this well, and always bore with him at such moments, coming down to him in the dressing-room behind the back parlor, and ministering to his wants. I fear he took some advantage of her goodness, knowing that at such moments he could grumble and scold without danger of contradiction. But the institution was established, and Cecilia never rebelled against its traditional laws. On the present day he had much to say to her, but even that he could not say without some few symptoms of petulant weariness.

"I'm afraid you've had a terrible long day," she said.

"I don't know what you call terribly long. I find the days terribly short. I have had Harry with me, as I told you I should."

"Well, well. Say in one word, dear, that it is all right—if it is so."

"But it is not all right. I wonder what on earth the men do to the boots, that I can never get a pair that do not hurt me in walking." At this moment she was standing over him with his slippers.

"Will you have a glass of sherry before dinner, dear; you are so tired?"

"Sherry—no!"

"And what about Harry? You don't mean to say——"

"If you'll listen, I'll tell you what I do mean to say." Then he described to her as well as he could, what had really taken place between him and Harry Clavering at the office.

"He cannot mean to be false, if he is coming here," said the wife.

"He does not mean to be false; but he is one of those men who can be false without meaning it, who allow themselves to drift away from their anchors, and to be carried out into seas of misery and trouble, because they are not careful in looking to their tackle. I think that he may still be held to a right course, and therefore I have begged him to come here."

"I am sure that you are right, Theodore. He is so good and so affectionate, and he made himself so much one of us!"

"Yes; too easily by half. That is just the danger. But look here, Cissy. I'll tell you what I mean to do. I will not see him myself; at any rate, not at first. Probably I had better not see him at all. You shall talk to him."

"By myself?"

"Why not? You and he have always been great friends, and he is a man who can speak more openly to a woman than to another man."

"And what shall I say as to your absence?"

"Just the truth. Tell him that I am remaining in the dining-room because I think his task will be easier with you in my absence. He has got himself into some mess with that woman."

"With Lady Ongar?"

"Yes; not that her name was mentioned between us, but I suppose it is so."

"Horrible woman; wicked, wretched creature!"

"I know nothing about that, nor, as I suppose, do you."

"My dear, you must have heard."

"But if I had—and I don't know that I have—I need not have believed. I am told that she married an old man who is now dead, and I suppose she wants a young husband."

"My dear!"

"If I were you, Cissy, I would say as little as might be about her. She was an old friend of Harry's——"

"She jilted him when he was quite a boy; I know that—long before he had seen our Florence."

"And she is connected with him through his cousin. Let her be ever so bad, I should drop that."

"You can't suppose, Theodore, that I want even to mention her name. I'm told that nobody ever visits her."

"She needn't be a bit the worse on that account. Whenever I hear that there is a woman whom nobody visits, I always feel inclined to go and pay my respects to her."

"Theodore, how can you say so?"

"And that, I suppose, is just what Harry has done. If the world and his wife had visited Lady Ongar, there would not have been all this trouble now."

Mrs. Burton of course undertook the task which her husband assigned to her, though she did so with much nervous trepidation, and many fears lest the desired object should be lost through her own maladroit management. With her, there was at least no doubt as to the thing to be done—no hesitation as to the desirability of securing Harry Clavering for the Burton faction. Everything in her mind was to be forgiven to Harry, and he was to be received by them all with open arms and loving caresses, if he would only abandon Lady Ongar altogether. To secure her lover for Florence, was Mrs. Burton's single and simple object. She raised no questions now within her own breast as to whether Harry would make a good husband. Any such question as that should have been asked and answered before he had been accepted at Stratton. The thing to be done now was to bring Harry and Florence together, and—since such terrible dangers were intervening—to make them man and wife with as little further delay as might be possible. The name of Lady Ongar was odious to her. When men went astray in matters of love, it was within the power of Cecilia Burton's heart to forgive them; but she could not pardon women that so sinned. This countess had once jilted Harry, and that was enough to secure her condemnation. And since that, what terrible things had been said of her! And dear, uncharitable Cecilia Burton was apt to think, when evil was spoken of women—of women whom she did not know—that there could not be smoke without fire. And now this woman was a widow with a large fortune, and wanted a husband! What business had any widow to want a husband? It is so easy for wives to speak and think after that fashion when they are satisfied with their own ventures.

It was arranged that when Harry came to the door, Mrs. Burton should go up alone to the drawing-room and receive him there, remaining with her husband in the dining-room till he should come. Twice while sitting downstairs after the cloth was gone she ran upstairs with the avowed purpose of going into the nursery, but in truth that she might see that the room was comfortable, that it looked pretty, and that the chairs were so arranged as to

be convenient. The two eldest children were with them in the parlor, and when she started on her second errand, Cissy reminded her that baby would be asleep. Theodore, who understood the little manoeuvre, smiled, but said nothing, and his wife, who in such matters was resolute, went and made her further little changes in the furniture. At last there came the knock at the door—the expected knock, a knock which told something of the hesitating, unhappy mind of him who had rapped, and Mrs. Burton started on her business. “Tell him just simply why you are there alone,” said her husband.

“Is it Harry Clavering?” Cissy asked, “and mayn’t I go?”

“It is Harry Clavering,” her father said, “and you may not go. Indeed, it is time you went somewhere else.”

It was Harry Clavering. He had not spent a pleasant day since he had left Mr. Beilby’s offices in the morning, and, now that he had come to Onslow Crescent, he did not expect to spend a pleasant evening. When I declare that as yet he had not come to any firm resolution, I fear that he will be held as being too weak for the rôle of hero even in such pages as these. Perhaps no terms have been so injurious to the profession of the novelist as those two words, hero and heroine. In spite of the latitude which is allowed to the writer in putting his own interpretation upon these words, something heroic is still expected; whereas, if he attempt to paint from nature, how little that is heroic should he describe! How many young men, subjected to the temptations which had befallen Harry Clavering—how many young men whom you, delicate reader, number among your friends—would have come out from them unscathed? A man, you say, delicate reader, a true man can love but one woman—but one at a time. So you say, and are so convinced; but no conviction was ever more false. When a true man has loved with all his heart and all his soul—does he cease to love—does he cleanse his heart of that passion when circumstances run against him, and he is forced to turn elsewhere for his life’s companion? Or is he untrue as a lover in that he does not waste his life in desolation, because he has been disappointed? Or does his old love perish and die away, because another has crept into his heart? No; the first love, if that was true, is ever there; and should she and he meet after many years, though their heads be gray and their cheeks wrinkled, there will still be a touch of the old passion as their hands meet for a moment. Methinks that love never dies, unless it be murdered by downright ill-usage. It may be so murdered, but even ill-usage will more often fail than succeed in that enterprise. How, then, could Harry fail to love the woman whom he had loved first, when she returned to him still young, still beautiful, and told him, with all her charms and all her flattery, how her heart stood toward him?

But it is not to be thought that I excuse him altogether. A man, though he may love many, should be devoted only to one. The man’s feeling to the woman whom he is to marry should be this:—that not from love only, but from chivalry, from manhood, and from duty, he will be prepared always, and at all hazards, to defend her from every misadventure, to struggle ever that she may be happy, to see that no wind blows upon her with needless severity, that no ravening wolf of a misery shall come near her, that her path be sweet clean for her—as clean as may be, and that her roof-tree be made firm upon a rock. There is much of this which is quite independent of love—much of it that may be done without love. This is devotion, and it is this which a man

owes to the woman who has once promised to be his wife, and has not forfeited her right. Doubtless Harry Clavering should have remembered this at the first moment of his weakness in Lady Ongar's drawing-room. Doubtless he should have known at once that his duty to Florence made it necessary that he should declare his engagement—even though, in doing so, he might have seemed to caution Lady Ongar on that point on which no woman can endure a caution. But the fault was hers, and the caution was needed. No doubt he should not have returned to Bolton Street. He should not have cozened himself by trusting himself to her assurances of friendship; he should have kept warm his love for the woman to whom his hand was owed, not suffering himself to make comparisons to her injury. He should have been chivalric, manly, full of high duty. He should have been all this, and full also of love, and then he would have been a hero. But men as I see them are not often heroic.

As he entered the room he saw Mrs. Burton at once, and then looked round quickly for her husband. "Harry," said she, "I am so glad to see you once again," and she gave him her hand, and smiled on him with that sweet look which used to make him feel that it was pleasant to be near her. He took her hand and muttered some word of greeting, and then looked round again for Mr. Burton. "Theodore is not here," she said, "he thought it better that you and I should have a little talk together. He said you would like it best so; but perhaps I ought not to tell you that."

"I do like it best so—much best. I can speak to you as I could hardly speak to him."

"What is it, Harry, that ails you? What has kept you away from us? Why do you leave poor Flo so long without writing to her? She will be here on Monday. You will come and see her then; or perhaps you will go with me and meet her at the station?"

"Burton said that she was coming, but I did not understand that it was so soon."

"You do not think it too soon, Harry; do you?"

"No," said Harry, but his tone belied his assertion. At any rate he had not pretended to display any of a lover's rapture at this prospect of seeing the lady whom he loved.

"Sit down, Harry. Why do you stand like that and look so comfortless? Theodore says that you have some trouble at heart. Is it a trouble that you can tell to a friend such as I am?"

"It is very hard to tell. Oh, Mrs. Burton, I am broken-hearted. For the last two weeks I have wished that I might die."

"Do not say that, Harry; that would be wicked."

"Wicked or not, it is true. I have been so wretched that I have not known how to hold myself. I could not bring myself to write to Florence."

"But why not? You do not mean that you are false to Florence. You cannot mean that. Harry, say at once that it is not so, and I will promise you her forgiveness, Theodore's forgiveness, all our forgiveness for anything else. Oh, Harry, say anything but that." In answer to this Harry Clavering had nothing to say, but sat with his head resting on his arm and his face turned away from her. "Speak, Harry; if you are a man, say something. Is't so? If it be so, I believe that you will have killed her. Why do you not speak to me? Harry Clavering, tell me what is the truth."

Then he told her all his story, not looking her once in the face, not chang-

ing his voice, suppressing his emotion till he came to the history of the present days. He described to her how he had loved Julia Brabazon, and how his love had been treated by her; how he had sworn to himself, when he knew that she had in truth become that lord's wife, that for her sake he would keep himself from loving any other woman. Then he spoke of his first days at Stratton and of his early acquaintance with Florence, and told her how different had been his second love—how it had grown gradually and with no check to his confidence, till he felt sure that the sweet girl who was so often near him would, if he could win her, be to him a source of joy for all his life. "And so she shall," said Cecilia, with tears running down her cheeks; "she shall do so yet." And he went on with his tale, saying how pleasant it had been for him to find himself at home in Onslow Crescent; how he had joyed in calling her Cecilia, and having her infants in his arms, as though they were already partly belonging to him. And he told her how he had met the young widow at the station, having employed himself on her behalf at her sister's instance; and how cold she had been to him, offending him by her silence and sombre pride. "False woman!" exclaimed Mrs. Burton. "Oh, Cecilia, do not abuse her—do not say a word till you know all." "I know that she is false," said Mrs. Burton, with vehement indignation. "She is not false," said Harry; "if there be falsehood, it is mine." Then he went on, and said how different she was when next he saw her. How then he understood that her solemn and haughty manner had been almost forced on her by the mode of her return, with no other friend to meet her. "She has deserved no friend," said Mrs. Burton. "You wrong her," said Harry; "you do not know her. If any woman has been ever sinned against, it is she." "But was she not false from the very first—false, that she might become rich by marrying a man that she did not love? Will you speak up for her after that? Oh, Harry, think of it."

"I will speak up for her," said Harry; and now it seemed for the first time that something of his old boldness had returned to him. "I will speak up for her, although she did as you say, because she has suffered as few women have been made to suffer, and because she has repented in ashes as few women are called on to repent." And now as he warmed with his feeling for her, he uttered his words faster and with less of shame in his voice. He described how he had gone again and again to Bolton Street, thinking no evil, till—till—till something of the old feeling had come back upon him. He meant to be true in his story, but I doubt whether he told all the truth. How could he tell it all? How could he confess that the blaze of the woman's womanhood, the flame of her beauty, and the fire engendered by her mingled rank and suffering, had singed him and burned him up, poor moth that he was? "And then at last I learned," said he, "that—that she had loved me more than I had believed."

"And is Florence to suffer because she has postponed her love of you to her love of money?"

"Mrs. Burton, if you do not understand it now, I do not know that I can tell you more. Florence alone in this matter is altogether good. Lady On-gar has been wrong, and I have been wrong. I sometimes think that Florence is too good for me."

"It is for her to say that, if it be necessary."

"I have told you all now, and you will know why I have not come to you."

"No, Harry; you have not told me all. Have you told that—woman that she should be your wife?" To this question he made no immediate answer, and she repeated it. "Tell me: have you told her you would marry her?"

"I did tell her so."

"And you will keep your word to her?" Harry, as he heard the words, was struck with awe that there should be such vehemence, such anger, in the voice of so gentle a woman as Cecilia Burton. "Answer me, sir, do you mean to marry this—countess?" But still he made no answer. "I do not wonder that you cannot speak," she said. "Oh, Florence—oh, my darling; my lost, broken-hearted angel!" Then she turned away her face and wept.

"Cecilia," he said, attempting to approach her with his hand, without rising from his chair.

"No, sir; when I desired you to call me so, it was because I thought you were to be a brother. I did not think that there could be a thing so weak as you. Perhaps you had better go now, lest you should meet my husband in his wrath, and he should spurn you."

But Harry Clavering still sat in his chair, motionless—motionless, and without a word. After a while he turned his face toward her, and even in her own misery she was stricken by the wretchedness of his countenance. Suddenly she rose quickly from her chair, and coming close to him, threw herself on her knees before him. "Harry," she said, "Harry; it is not yet too late. Be our own Harry again; our dearest Harry. Say that it shall be so. What is this woman to you? What has she done for you, that for her you should throw aside such a one as our Florence? Is she noble, and good, and pure and spotless as Florence is? Will she love you with such love as Florence's? Will she believe in you as Florence believes? Yes, Harry, she believes yet. She knows nothing of this, and shall know nothing, if you will only say that you will be true. No one shall know, and I will remember it only to remember your goodness afterward. Think of it, Harry; there can be no falseness to one who has been so false to you. Harry, you will not destroy us all at one blow?"

Never before was man so supplicated to take into his arms youth and beauty and feminine purity! And in truth he would have yielded, as indeed, what man would not have yielded—had not Mrs. Burton been interrupted in her prayers. The step of her husband was heard upon the stairs, and she, rising from her knees, whispered quickly, "Do not tell him that it is settled. Let me tell him when you are gone."

"You two have been a long time together," said Theodore, as he came in.

"Why did you leave us, then, so long?" said Mrs. Burton, trying to smile, though the signs of tears were, as she well knew, plain enough.

"I thought you would have sent for me."

"Burton," said Harry, "I take it kindly of you that you allowed me to see your wife alone."

"Women always understand these things best," said he.

"And you will come again to-morrow, Harry, and answer me my question?"

"Not to-morrow."

"Florence will be here on Monday."

"And why should he not come when Florence is here?" asked Theodore in an angry tone.

"Of course he will come, but I want to see him again first. Do I not, Harry?"

"I hate mysteries," said Burton.

"There shall be no mystery," said his wife. "Why did you send him to me, but that there are some things difficult to discuss among three? Will you come to-morrow, Harry?"

"Not to-morrow; but I will write to-morrow—early to-morrow. I will go now, and, of course, you will tell Burton everything that I have said. Good-night." They both took his hand, and Cecilia pressed it as she looked with beseeching eyes into his face. What would she not have done to secure the happiness of the sister whom she loved? On this occasion she had descended low that she might do much.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HOW DAMON PARTED FROM PYTHIAS.

LADY ONGAR, when she left Count Pateroff at the little fort on the cliff and entered by herself the gardens belonging to the hotel, had long since made up her mind that there should at last be a positive severance between herself and her devoted Sophie. For half an hour she had been walking in silence by the count's side; and though, of course, she had heard all that he had spoken, she had been able in that time to consider much. It must have been through Sophie that the count had heard of her journey to the Isle of Wight; and, worse than that, Sophie must, as she thought, have instigated this pursuit. In that she wronged her poor friend. Sophie had been simply paid by her brother for giving such information as enabled him to arrange this meeting. She had not even counselled him to follow Lady Ongar. But now Lady Ongar, in blind wrath, determined that Sophie should be expelled from her bosom. Lady Ongar would find this task of expulsion the less difficult in that she had come to loathe her devoted friend, and to feel it to be incumbent on her to rid herself of such devotion. Now had arrived the moment in which it might be done.

And yet there were difficulties. Two ladies living together in an inn cannot, without much that is disagreeable, send down to the landlord saying that they want separate rooms, because they have taken it into their minds to hate each other. And there would, moreover, be something awkward in saying to Sophie that, though she was discarded, her bill should be paid—for this last and only time. No; Lady Ongar had already perceived that would not do. She would not quarrel with Sophie after that fashion. She would leave the Isle of Wight on the following morning early, informing Sophie why she did so, and would offer money to the little Franco-Pole, presuming that it might not be agreeable to the Franco-Pole to be hurried away from her marine or rural happiness so quickly. But in doing this she would be careful to make Sophie understand that Bolton Street was to be closed against her for ever afterward. With neither Count Pateroff nor his sister would she ever again willingly place herself in contact.

It was dark as she entered the house—the walk out, her delay there, and her return having together occupied her three hours. She had hardly felt the dusk growing on her as she progressed steadily on her way, with that odious man beside her. She had been thinking of other things, and her eyes had accustomed themselves gradually to the fading twilight. But now, when she saw the glimmer of the lamps from the inn-windows, she knew that the night

had come upon her, and she began to fear that she had been imprudent in allowing herself to be out so late—imprudent, even had she succeeded in being alone. She went direct to her own room, that, woman-like, she might consult her own face as to the effects of the insult she had received, and then having, as it were, steadied herself, and prepared herself for the scene that was to follow, she descended to the sitting-room and encountered her friend. The friend was the first to speak; and the reader will kindly remember that the friend had ample reason for knowing what companion Lady Ongar had been likely to meet upon the downs.

"Julie, dear, how late you are," said Sophie, as though she were rather irritated in having been kept so long waiting for her tea.

"I am late," said Lady Ongar.

"And don't you think you are imprudent—all alone, you know, dear; just a leetle imprudent."

"Very imprudent, indeed. I have been thinking of that now as I crossed the lawn, and found how dark it was. I have been very imprudent; but I have escaped without much injury."

"Escaped! escaped what? Have you escaped a cold, or a drunken man?"

"Both, as I think." Then she sat down, and, having rung the bell, she ordered tea.

"There seems to be something very odd with you," said Sophie. "I do not quite understand you."

"When did you see your brother last?" Lady Ongar asked

"My brother?"

"Yes, Count Pateroff. When did you see him last?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"Well, it does not signify, as of course you will not tell me. But will you say when you will see him next?"

"How can I tell?"

"Will it be to-night?"

"Julia, what do you mean?"

"Only this, that I wish you would make him understand that if he has anything to do concerning me, he might as well do it out of hand. For the last hour——"

"Then you have seen him?"

"Yes; is not that wonderful? I have seen him."

"And why could you not tell him yourself what you had to say? He and I do not agree about certain things, and I do not like to carry messages to him. And you have seen him here on this *sacré* sea-coast?"

"Exactly so; on this *sacré* sea-coast. Is it not odd that he should have known that I was here—know the very inn we were at—and know, too, whither I was going to-night?"

"He would learn that from the servants, my dear."

"No doubt. He has been good enough to amuse me with mysterious threats as to what he would do to punish me if I would not——"

"Become his wife?" suggested Sophie.

"Exactly. It was very flattering on his part. I certainly do not intend to become his wife."

"Ah, you like better that young Clavering who has the other sweetheart. He is younger. That is true."

"Upon my word, yes. I like my cousin, Harry Clavering, much better

than I like your brother; but, as I take it, that has not much to do with it. I was speaking of your brother's threats. I do not understand them; but I wish he could be made to understand that if he has anything to do, he had better go and do it. As for marriage, I would sooner marry the first plough-boy I could find in the fields."

"Julie—you need not insult him."

"I will have no more of your Julie; and I will have no more of you." As she said this she rose from her chair, and she walked about the room. "You have betrayed me, and there shall be an end of it."

"Betrayed you! what nonsense you talk. In what have I betrayed you?"

"You set him upon my track here, though you knew I desired to avoid him."

"And is that all? I was coming here to this detestable island, and I told my brother. That is my offence—and then you talk of betraying! Julie, you sometimes are a goose."

"Very often, no doubt; but, Madam Gordeloup, if you please we will be geese apart for the future."

"Oh, certainly; if you wish it."

"I do wish it."

"It cannot hurt me. I can choose my friends anywhere. The world is open to me to go where I please into society. I am not at a loss."

All this Lady Ongar well understood, but she could bear it without injury to her temper. Such revenge was to be expected from such a woman. "I do not want you to be at a loss," she said. "I only want you to understand that after what has this evening occurred between your brother and me, our acquaintance had better cease."

"And I am to be punished for my brother?"

"You said just now that it would be no punishment, and I was glad to hear it. Society is, as you say, open to you, and you will lose nothing."

"Of course society is open to me. Have I committed myself? I am not talked about for my lovers by all the town. Why should I be at a loss? No."

"I shall return to London to-morrow by the earliest opportunity. I have already told them so, and have ordered a carriage to go to Yarmouth at eight."

"And you leave me here, alone!"

"Your brother is here, Madam Gordeloup."

"My brother is nothing to me. You know well that. He has come and he can go when he please. I come here to follow you—to be companion to you, to oblige you—and now you say you go and leave me in this detestable barrack. If I am here alone, I will be revenged."

"You shall go back with me if you wish it."

"At eight o'clock in the morning—and see, it is now eleven; while you have been wandering about alone with my brother in the dark! No; I will not go so early morning as that. To-morrow is Saturday—you was to remain till Tuesday."

"You may do as you please. I will go at eight to-morrow."

"Very well. You go at eight, very well. And who will pay for the 'beels' when you are gone, Lady Ongar?"

"I have already ordered the bill up to-morrow morning. If you will allow

me to offer you twenty pounds, that will bring you to London when you please to follow."

"Twenty pounds! What is twenty pounds? No; I will not have your twenty pounds. And she pushed away from her the two notes which Lady Ongar had already put upon the table. "Who is to pay me for the loss of all my time? Tell me that. I have devoted myself to you. Who will pay me for that?"

"Not I, certainly, Madam Gordeloup."

"Not you! You will not pay me for my time—for a whole year I have been devoted to you! You will not pay me, and you send me away in this way? By Gar, you will be made to pay—through the nose."

As the interview was becoming unpleasant, Lady Ongar took her candle and went away to bed, leaving the twenty pounds on the table. As she left the room she knew that the money was there, but she could not bring herself to pick it up and restore it to her pocket. It was improbable, she thought, that Madam Gordeloup would leave it to the mercy of the waiters; and the chances were that the notes would go into the pocket for which they were intended.

And such was the result. Sophie, when she was left alone, got up from her seat, and stood for some moments on the rug, making her calculations. That Lady Ongar should be very angry about Count Pateroff's presence Sophie had expected; but she had not expected that her friend's anger would be carried to such extremity that she would pronounce a sentence of banishment for life. But, perhaps, after all, it might be well for Sophie herself that such sentence should be carried out. This fool of a woman with her income, her park, and her rank, was going to give herself—so said Sophie to herself—to a young, handsome, proud, pig of a fellow—so Sophie called him—who had already shown himself to be Sophie's enemy, and who would certainly find no place for Sophie Gordeloup within his house. Might it not be well that the quarrel should be consummated now—such compensation being obtained as might possibly be extracted. Sophie certainly knew a good deal, which it might be for the convenience of the future husband to keep dark—or convenient for the future wife that the future husband should not know. Terms might be yet had, although Lady Ongar had refused to pay anything beyond that trumpery twenty pounds. Terms might be had; or, indeed, it might be that Lady Ongar herself, when her anger was over, might sue for a reconciliation. Or Sophie—and this idea occurred as Sophie herself became a little despondent after long calculation—Sophie herself might acknowledge herself, to be wrong, begging pardon, and weeping on her friend's neck. Perhaps it might be worth while to make some further calculation in bed. Then Sophie, softly drawing the notes toward her as a cat might have done, and hiding them somewhere about her person, also went to her room.

MR. SWINBURNE'S POEMS.

THE praise of Venus has been often sung, but never in any existing verse of high order with the unhesitating frankness and untempered fervor which distinguish Mr. Swinburne's last volume of poems.* Disdaining apology or subterfuge, he lifts up his voice, and with unfaltering tongue and unambiguous phrase he tells in the rich music of his verse the joys of Aphrodite. Of his capacity and his inclination to treat this theme in this manner every attentive reader of his last two poems "Atalanta in Calydon" and "Chastelard" must be well aware. Both those poems were distinguished by a large simplicity and directness of utterance which showed that the poet had risen far above the plane of timid conventionality; and the latter showed a tendency toward an open recognition of the power of sexual love and an intense, if not an ideal, expression of its working. The promise of those two dramatic poems in this regard has been amply, but somewhat hastily fulfilled in the present volume, which, as Mr. Swinburne of course expected, is loudly condemned by all that class of critics who are content to "dwell in decencies forever." We have heard of editors who have refused to notice the book even by way of condemnation, lest they should thus contribute to its notoriety. A weak, unwise, shortsighted policy. Poets of Mr. Swinburne's grade are not to be crushed by condemnation or extinguished by neglect; least of all when they find their inspiration in a passion which has stirred and swayed the world ever since it became the habitation of two sexes. If they do wrong, if they soil their plumes by too close a contact with unmitigated human nature, let them be convicted and condemned; but let us not fondly suppose, when one of them gives voice to the delight of men in the beauty of women and of women in the manliness of men that we can stop the world's ears by pretending that *we* don't hear him. No, Mr. Swinburne's book, like all books that, whether good or bad, are bold and able and high-toned, must be taken up and discussed and its place in literature decided by the general judgment of men, aided through, not controlled by, the decisions of criticism. The very fact that a large edition of the book was bought up here in three or four days, and that it is the subject of conversation among cultivated and thoughtful people should of itself show critics that it is not to be ignored. We have called these poems high-toned; and this epithet against which some of Mr. Swinburne's censors would most loudly protest, is the one of all at our command which we regard as most particularly expressive of their distinctive character. Their subject we have stated in plain terms; and they present that subject unveiled, simply, without mitigation, as bare of concealment as a naked, unfig-leaved statue. Yet, in the very essence of their thought they are high-toned. They are filled full of the utterance of that joy

* "Laus Veneris, and other Poems and Ballads." By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Author's Edition. New York: Carleton. London: Moxon & Co.

which to gross souls is gross, but which to all others is mysteriously no less imaginative than sensuous; but there is in them not one passage that is vulgar, or coarse, or even immodest. There is in Pope's "Rape of the Lock," a poem which is within the reach of any girl who desires to read it, a line of more immodesty than could be made of all Charles Swinburne's poems concentrated within the same compass. And by calling Mr. Swinburne's lyrics high-toned we do not mean merely that they are the product of genius. They are that indeed; but so is "Don Juan," a poem open to objection of the same kind as those which are urged against "Laus Veneris;" but "Don Juan," work of genius although it be, is as low in tone, as light and as frivolous as "Laus Veneris" is high and impressive and serious. "Don Juan" was written to furnish amusement by the prurient treatment of forbidden subjects; "Laus Veneris" is the presentation in the naked ideal of an overpowering passion. It is not immodest but, like other things that are also not immodest, under certain circumstances it is indecent. The line above alluded to in the "Rape of the Lock" is immodest and under all circumstances indecent, because it belittles, and degrades, and treats with gross familiarity, and sets up for jeers and laughter one of the most masterful of human passions, and one which more than any other sways, through soul and sense, the whole being of every perfect human creature. Mr. Swinburne writes with no such motive. He shows us the figure of Love stripped bare, but never grovelling. Yet, as we have said, his book is, or rather it becomes indecent under certain circumstances. The man who would read in mixed society, at this day, or read to a young woman, or, for that matter, to an old one, such a poem as Mr. Swinburne's sonnet, "Love and Sleep" would commit an act so indecent as to merit the immediate ejection from the house, which he would probably receive. But so would he be indecent if he offered the woman a caress, which, under other circumstances, she would both desire and expect. So would he be if he read many passages in the "Song of Solomon," which are in every respect as plain-spoken and as fervid as anything that Mr. Swinburne has written, and certain others in the fourth and the eighth books of "Paradise Lost." And yet, the woman who cannot read any of these herself without harm, is already long past mental contamination. The question is plainly this, Is sexual love in itself impure? or is it in itself entirely without moral character, and under certain circumstances as rightful as it is joyful, and under others criminal, and in the end full of bitterness? Will men who have wives and mothers, and women who hope to be wives and mothers decide for the former? And if it is not impure, filling, as it does, so large a place and having so important a function in man's life, shall it be excluded from the domain of art, of high art? No, but let it be draped, is the reply that will come from some quarters. Surely, let it be draped, except he comes who shows that he has the right to lift its veil. He will show his right by the way in which he exercises it. We do not go about unclothed. We do not put *any* undraped picture upon our walls, because there are few painters who have the right to paint nude figures for pure-minded people. But when one of those who have the right paints such a picture, then it hangs before our eyes and we see that it is naked, and are not ashamed. What genius and high mental tone are in art love as well as in real life—so our poet says:

Behold my Venus, my soul's body, lies
With my love laid upon her garment-wise.

This is the key note of his song. To a woman who loves, the love of the

man she loves is as a garment. A modest woman never lays aside her modesty; but as to shame, one of the greatest of moralists tells us that that may be taken off and put on like her petticoat. It is from this moral plane, and through this moral medium that Mr. Swinburne contemplates his subject. We have said that his lyrics, under certain circumstances, would be indecent: more, to many people, they will be blasphemous. Take this passage as an example curiously framed to elicit both those epithets:

Lo she was thus when her clear limbs enticed
All lips that now grow sad with kissing Christ,
 Stained with the blood fallen from the feet of God,
The feet and hands where at our souls were priced.

Alas, Lord, surely thou art great and fair.
But lo her wonderfully woven hair!
 And thou didst heal us with thy piteous kiss;
But see now, Lord; her mouth is lovelier.

She is right fair: what hath she done to thee?
Nay, fair Lord Christ, lift up thine eyes and see;
 Had now thy mother such a lip—like this?
Thou knowest how sweet a thing it is to me.

Could the ingenuity of genius, taxed for the sole purpose, contrive to bring together within twelve lines anything more shocking to the ascetic religionist than this? Let every man who can see in this passage only blasphemy and impurity, let every man who measures a woman's innocence by her physiological ignorance and her bodily torpidity, exclude this book from his house and the houses of all those in whom he takes an interest, as he would keep poison from his table; for it swells to bursting with such venom. There will be others who, perceiving at once the dramatic spirit through the lyric form of these poems, will find in them neither blasphemy nor the intention of blasphemy, and who, breathing the same moral atmosphere as the poet, will find in his song impurity neither of word nor thought. To all such readers they will not only be harmless, but full of deep and strong delight. Their beauty, and the joy they give, is heroic, and will consume small souls. It is like the beauty of the poet's "Dolores," to whom he says:

Thou wert fair in the fearless old fashion,
And thy limbs are as melodies yet.

His whole book is an expression of beauty and of passion in this fearless old fashion: naked, free and strong. Naked not for the sake of nakedness, but for the sake of freedom, strength and beauty. In this as in the dramatic motive of these lyrics, and also in his way of not beginning at the beginning, but, as it were, in the middle, and implying what has gone before, Mr. Swinburne is very like the greatest dramatic poet the world has seen for two centuries—Robert Browning. A failure to perceive the purely dramatic character of almost all the erotic poems in this volume must lead to a very erroneous and unjust judgment of the poet. Thus, in "Before Dawn" the supposed speaker says, that amid the fierce joys to which he has abandoned himself, he is ready,

To say of shame—what is it?
Of virtue—we can miss it;
Of sin—we can but kiss it
 And it's no longer sin.

And of a beautiful woman it is said elsewhere,

All her body was more virtuous
Than souls of women fashioned otherwise.

These passages cause sentence to be pronounced upon him in various quarters for the crime of asserting that delight purges sin of wrong and that beauty makes vice virtue. But the poet is not preaching, he is painting. And the spirit, if not the very thought of both these passages is expressed by Browning in one of his finest poems, "Pippa Passes." Lucca's wife Ottima is with her paramour Sebald, to whom she says,

Sebald, as we lay
Rising and falling only with our pants
Who said, Let death come now—'tis right to die!
Right to be punished—naught completes such bliss
But woe?
. . . Bind it [her hair] thrice about my brow
Crown me your queen, your spirit's arbitress,
Magnificent in sin.

True, Browning makes the voice of Pippa singing "God is in his heaven" rouse Sebald from his guilty trance, to loathe his paramour. But so Swinburne closes his poem thus:

Lest all who love and choose him
See Love and so refuse him;
For all who find him lose him,
But all have found him fair.

Whoever will read this scene of Browning's—poet without reproach—will find in it an expression of delight in physical beauty and of abandonment to passion which it would almost seem that Mr. Swinburne had imitated and not surpassed. And in Browning's "Dramatic Lyrics" and in his "Men and Women" are other passages that glow with all the amorous fire that burns in Mr. Swinburne's pages. There is this great difference, however, among others, between the poets, that Browning has not published a volume devoted to the celebration of sexual love and fleshly beauty. But that Mr. Swinburne has done so is at once his sin and his salvation, as a poet writing for the general public. Whoever takes up this volume knows beforehand exactly the entertainment to which he is bidden; no reader finds himself *betrayed* into reading erotic poetry. For one of the poems in this book we can, however, find no excuse, even in its marvellous beauty, because its subject is without the pale of nature. True, it is purely dramatic; but why the poet should choose such a subject as that incomprehensible, monstrous passion known as "Sapphic love," and name his poem by the Greek word "Anactoria," i. e., sovereignty, we cannot conjecture. Had he exhausted nature and the love of man and woman for each other? Yet, in this poem, as we have already intimated, are some of the finest passages that he has written, some of the very finest in all modern poetry. We do not refer only or chiefly to such exquisite expressions of love as,

The fervent under lid, and that above
Lifted with laughter or abashed with love,
Thine amorous girdle, full of thee and fair,
And leavings of the lilies in thine hair.

The poem passes beyond these limits, and deals not reverentially with sub-

jects higher and vaster than mere human passion. In a passage of this kind are the following lines, of strange power and awful beauty :

For who shall change with prayers and thanksgivings
The mystery of the cruelty of things?
Or say what God above all gods and years
With offering and blood and sacrifice of tears,
With lamentation from strange lands, from graves
Where the snake pastures, from scarred mouths of slaves,
From prison, and from plunging prows of ships
Through flame-like foam of the sea's closing lips—
With thwarting of strange signs, and wind-blown hair
Of comets, desolating the dim air,
When darkness is made fast with seals and bars
And fierce reluctance of disastrous stars,
Eclipse, and sound of shaken hills, and wings
Darkening, and blind inexplicable things—
With sorrow of laboring moons, and altering light
And travail of the planets of the night,
And weeping of the weary Pleiad's seven,
Feeds the mute, melancholy lust of heaven

This may be frightfully impious, even when put into the mouth of the heathen Sappho; but it is not, therefore, one whit less grand. Has there lived more than one other poet who could think such thoughts and use language with such supreme mastery? We do not remember in all poetical literature a passage which expresses with such sustained power the vague terror and mysterious woe of the whole universe. It is in his daring use of language and his ability to justify his daring that half Mr. Swinburne's power resides. In the above passage this power is very striking. The very phrase "disastrous stars," against which the etymological criticism might be brought that it is tautological—"disastrous" having come to mean fraught with calamity because it first meant ill-starred—is yet evidence of the poet's rightful consciousness of a power which places him above all such pedagogic considerations in his choice of words. A scholar himself, he can yet leave his scholarship out of sight and out of mind, while yet with the trained skill of an intellectual athlete he does feats of language which to mere scholars would be impossible. He is the master, not the servant of words, and uses them for the service that they can do to-day, not for that which they could do in days gone by. Yet that he can use them thus, as if he had been born four hundred years ago, he shows in "The Masque of Queen Bersabe" and "St. Dorothy." And the name of the latter poem reminds us to mention it as one that for its spirit might have been written by a saintly nun. It is a poetic exaltation of the legend of the Christian virgin who died in Rome by the axe rather than enter the service of Venus, as that service was in the decadence of the Empire. There are other poems of like spirit in the volume. Such are "Itylus," one of the sweetest and tenderest, as well as most musical lyric poems in the language, "A Lamentation" and "Amina Anceps;" and although such as these are rare, those are frequent which tell terribly of the woes that wrongful love may bring. There is not a sadder, more remorseful poem to be read than "The Triumph of Time." But magazines have limits, and we must stay our hand. Mr. Swinburne's poems are not without faults, but these are trifling indeed compared with the strange, fresh beauty of the pages that they spot. One blemish of frequent occur-

rence we have noticed—the more because it should not have appeared in the work of a poet who is so fertile of fancy, so rich in language, and who has such a remarkable gift of rhyme. The kisses that, whether implied or named must needs be plentifully scattered over the pages of an erotic poet, are too often used for sound as well as sense by Mr. Swinburne—who ought to be above making “kiss” rhyme to “bliss”—and, moreover, are incessantly represented as stings or wounds. The lips that give and take them are described as flecked with blood and very often with salt foam; so often, indeed, that it provokes the thought that Mr. Swinburne gets his lovers into a very sad pickle. This blemish is one symptom of the general evil of these poems—that they are overwrought and have too little of the repose which is a necessary condition of all high art. The turbulence is grand, the passion is real as well as fervid; but we do not like to live in a tempest. We cannot refrain from remarking that Mr. Swinburne has the high distinction of being the first poet since Shakespeare who has written lines that Shakespeare might have written. We do not mean to liken him to Shakespeare; and we refer not to his thoughts but to his turn of phrase, which is sometimes like Shakespeare's in his sonnets. We can only quote as example these lines from the beautiful poem upon the myth of Hermaphroditus and Salmacis :

Where between sleep and life some brief space is
 With love like gold bound round about the head,
 Sex to sweet sex with lips and limbs is wed,
 Turning the fruitful feud of hers and his
To the waste wedlock of a sterile kiss.

That last line Mr. Swinburne might have recovered from some lost sonnet of Shakespeare's; so might he this whole passage.

*To what strange end hath some strange god made fair
 The double blossom of two fruitless flowers?
 Hid love in all the folds of all thy hair
 Fed thee on Summers, watered thee with showers
 Given all the gold that all the seasons wear
 To thee that art a thing of barren hours?*

But wide as are the bounds of our admiration, our expression of it must be compressed within narrow limits. Let no one misunderstand us. These poems are of the flesh fleshly. They are not of the kind that “will not bring a blush to the cheek of innocence,” and they should be shunned and execrated by all people who believe that a blush of awakened consciousness is the first warning of the flight of purity. Nor would those who do not so believe, and who think that these dramatic lyrics have their place in poetry, and that no mean one, be pleased to see any friend, young or old, male or female, choose them for frequent perusal. They are not written *virginibus puerisque*. Yet the spirit that animates them is not that of Aretino; the pictures that they present do not bring up those that Giulio Romano drew. The men and women who speak through them are such as Raphael painted after he had touched the lips of the Fornarina. Let every man avert his eyes who believes that there is sin in passion or pollution in beauty.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

NEBULÆ.

— ALFRED Tennyson's brother Septimus died recently at Cheltenham, in England. We do not know whether he received his name from his being the seventh son of a seventh son—a descent which is supposed by some people to confer much wisdom. But from the fact recorded of him that "he wrote much but published little," it is plain that he must have been a notably discreet and amiable person.

— ONE of our daily newspapers recently spoke of the author of "Frederick the Great and his Court," as "Herr Mühlbach." Now, according to the latest information received at this bureau (as another paper says when it prints the telegraphed residuum of a "liquoring up" between a lobby member and its Washington correspondent), the author of the book in question is Frau Louise Mühlbach; and as it is a universal truth that Herr is not she, it follows that this particular she is not Herr. But as German and English are cognate languages, perhaps the writer of the criticism has discovered that the feminine of the pronoun in German is formed by adding double *r* to the English *he*, so that after some mystic, transcendental fashion, *Herr* in German corresponds to *her* in English. Or perhaps the writer was from the Highlands of Scotland, where *her* is an epicene pronoun, and where, if you hear an invisible inquirer asking for "her breeks," you cannot tell whether the seeker after the effeminate garments which have taken the place of the manly petticoat called the kilt, is a gentleman or a lady. Or, mayhap, he was from Wales, where *hur* does like double duty, and serves not only for Jack the Giant-killer's Welsh giant but for the giant's wife. The perplexity of the case suggests another in which one of the happiest of our whimsical humorists appears—Mr. T. A., the sayer of the happy saying that Good Americans when they die go to Paris. He was walking down the Avenue at Newport with a friend, when a well known sporting character drove past them, accompanied by a lady. "Isn't that Pat Hearn and his wife?" asked A.'s friend. "Well"—after a pause—"he's Hearn I'm sure, but whether she's his'n, I can't tell."

— EVERY one remembers the interview between Brigham Young and Artemus Ward, where "the great moral showman" attempted to penetrate the mysteries of Brigham's extended matrimonial experience, with the inquiry as to "how he liked it so far as he had gone?" The answer is on record, but there seems to be no authentic statement as to how far the experience of the Mormon leader has extended. Mr. Tullidge has given the readers of *THE GALAXY* much curious information in regard to his "peculiar people," as he is fond of calling them, but on this head he is silent. Conjectures as to the number of brother Brigham's harem are abundant; but they are all conjectures merely, and Yankee inquisitiveness will not stop short of mathematical

exactitude as to the total footing at the date of the last "sealing." How difficult it is to cipher out this problem, is illustrated by an anecdote told the writer by an ex-Governor of Utah. Disregarding the precedent established by too many of his predecessors, His Excellency omitted to pay his respects to "the President" on his arrival in the Territory, and did not meet him until they came together at a ball, when Brigham appeared with four or five of his wives. Occupying a raised platform at one end of the room, the Mormon Head Centre was the conspicuous object of attention, and such an insignificant circumstance as a Governor passed without notice, until the dignity of the national representative was asserted by the Governor's refusal of an invitation to be presented to "the President." This finally brought Mahomet to the mountain; the President came down to the Governor for introduction. Entering into conversation, Brigham was astonished by the question, how many wives he numbered; a question which, as it seems to be imagined, he makes it his chief business to answer. But, with rising anger, he responded that no one had before had sufficient audacity to make the inquiry. Not to be thwarted, the Governor replied that it was a question which was constantly asked of him, and which he wished to be able to answer from authentic information. "Besides," he added, significantly, "Congress is about to pass a law punishing polygamy, and I may be at any moment called upon by the Government at Washington for information on this subject." "In that case," returned Brigham, more blandly, "as your question does not seem to be prompted by idle curiosity merely, I am disposed to answer it but for one good reason—I *don't know myself*! I never refuse to marry any respectable woman who asks me, and it is often the case that I separate from a woman at the marriage altar, never to meet her again to know her. My children I keep track of, however. I have fifty-seven now living, and have lost three." As this anecdote is authentic, we may assume that the number of Brigham's "women" must still continue without a place in the census tables. It is a significant fact, which we give on the same authority, that the Mormons seldom or never speak of their "wives." Even they seem to have some dim sense of the truth that this sacred title is not capable of extension beyond the unit. They refer to their "families" or speak, as in the conversation we have recorded, of their "women."

— THE gentlemen who were chiefly instrumental on the British side in laying the Atlantic Telegraph have been made baronets or knights, and on our side Mr. Cyrus Field, after having received what the newspapers call an "ovation" of the most impressive character some years ago for a success in this matter which proved not to be a success, is now to have public dinners and "receptions" and what not, beside much laudation which still goes on in the newspapers. Mr. Field's sagacity, his pluck, and his perseverance are certainly admirable; and although they are probably equalled in hundreds and thousands of cases of which the world at large takes no notice, yet, as they were exhibited in connection with an enterprise in which the people of Europe and America are interested, he very properly was made the recipient of public acknowledgments of satisfaction with what he has accomplished. We would be the last to diminish the credit which has been given to any public benefactor; but are we not falling into the habit of giving much glory to men for the accomplishment of what they have undertaken in the beginning solely for their own profit? Business, in what may almost be called the technical sense, is absorbing the best ability of our country. In New York,

certainly, and it is almost safe to say throughout the country, the ablest class of men is the merchant class. There are eminent lawyers, statesmen, men of letters, scientific men, who show a greater inborn capacity as well as a much higher culture than any merchant; but the average ability of our merchants is greater than the average ability of any other class of men among us. A large proportion of the men of superior intelligence, foresight, energy, and decision are drawn into the service of commerce by its great rewards. This is in a great measure true also of Great Britain and France. Now, as a natural consequence of this fact, these men, who are not above human weakness, will seek to magnify their office. At the time when all men fought, fighting was the road to honor; and he was the great man who had the stoutest heart, the strongest arm, the steadiest hand and the longest breath. So now, when all men are given up to business, and even a duke's second son goes into the wine trade, the road to honor of a certain sort is the management of a great business and the consequent accumulation of great wealth. Wealth is a good thing; few of us would not like to have it; and let those who prize the sort of honor that comes by reason of its possession or its accumulation have it and welcome. But it is worth while for us to ask whether the man who establishes a great banking house, or a line of steamships, or lays a telegraphic cable, or manages a railway, is entitled to the honor that an eminent statesman, judge, man of letters, scientific man or soldier should receive. The motives which actuate men, the nature of their labors, and the grade of the benefit which their abilities and their labors confer upon their fellow men must be taken into consideration in rating their claims upon the world's gratitude and admiration. If their motives are personal, their labors not of high order, and the benefit which they confer merely material, their rank may be respectable but it cannot justly be made high. They may, in attaining their end, that is, in the course of their business, add to the comfort and convenience of other people. A man who pierces a wilderness by a railway does this; so does a man who opens a shop round the corner; and the motives of the two men are identical; and the shopkeeper may show just as much perseverance and energy and as high a sense of honor as the railway king. Why should the man who manages the railway successfully be banquetted and presented with a service of plate? If any individuals who own stock in the road think that in making their stock valuable he has deserved something more by way of compliment than he has received by way of salary and the benefit to his own property, then by all means let them spread the table, produce the silver, and ladle out the flattery. But what is it to the public? and why should the public be vexed with the notice thereof in the newspapers? It is difficult to see any reasonable reason for the course which is becoming common under such circumstances. Perhaps the case of the Atlantic Telegraph is an exception to these remarks. Certainly it is so, if we regard the courage required for the undertaking, the perseverance shown in carrying it out under adverse circumstances, and the importance of the end to be attained.

— THE rumored transfer to New York of the business of a well known publishing firm which has hitherto been regarded as part and parcel of the literary paraphernalia of Boston, is significant of a change in the relations of the two cities, and seems to indicate that ere many years have passed New York may be the recognized literary as it is already the commercial centre of the country. Boston has acquired, and has really deserved, the reputation

of which its rather cheap provincial *sobriquet*, the Athens of America, is an outward sign. A very large proportion of our best books have been published in the three-hilled city; and there, too, or thereabout, no small number of them have been written. It is the centre of our oldest intellectual culture, the chief source of which lies near by it, in our oldest college, Harvard. There is no denying, nor would any one in earnest pretend to deny, that in Boston the general tone of society is more intellectual, though not more urbane, than in any other city in the country. Literature has been admitted, perhaps it might almost be said suffered, in the society of other places; but in Boston it has always been recognized with high consideration as a positive power. The Cambridge folk, who are only a little further from Boston State House than Murray Hill is from the New York City Hall, are sensitive about being mixed up and identified with Boston, which they demurely say is rather an appendage to Cambridge than Cambridge an appendage to Boston. That there is some reason at the bottom of their whimsical pretence appears from the fact that Harvard Commencement has for generations made a holiday in Boston, and that shops in Washington street and warehouses on Long Wharf are, or at least until within a year or two were, closed, while the Governor of the State and the Mayor of the City went to Cambridge to see certain young men graduated as Bachelors of Arts. In no other city in the country was there ever such a sight. It was inevitable that a place thus favored by literature and thus honoring it should become our chief literary mart as well as workshop. Is all this to be changed? Possibly. The same influences which have caused the wheels of trade and commerce year by year of late to stop more reluctantly and less visibly on the annual collegiate festival, will not improbably transfer the business which springs from literature to New York, and the business will soon draw after it all those who are connected with it. Business of any kind will be done just where it can be done most conveniently and profitably; and to this rule there is no manifest reason that the manufacture and sale of books should be an exception. In any country, more especially in a country so large and so sparsely settled as ours, ease of access to purchasers and facilities for the distribution of wares are the most important considerations in the eyes of trade. Now New York has in these respects a superiority which is constantly increasing. People from all parts of this country and from other countries may go to other places; they are sure to come to New York; and from New York the facilities for distributing goods North, South, East and West are much greater than at any other point in the country. There trade and commerce save that which is most important to them, time and money. It is not easy to discover how the trade in books can remain uninfluenced by these considerations. Boston has her university, we know; and may the day never come when she shall no longer reckon it first among her many claims to eminence. She has also around her men in whose reputation the country takes pride; may she never cease to produce such men. But a university is not a necessary nucleus of a literary society; and still less is its neighborhood peculiarly fitted for or even favorable to the manufacture and sale of books. The book trade of England, of Great Britain, does not thrive within the shadows of the great universities of Oxford, of Cambridge, or of Glasgow. It huddles together in Paternoster Row, in a city which, although it has not had a university until within a comparatively short time, and supports one now which is entirely without academic influence, has for many generations been the literary centre of all English

peoples. The fact that Boston has Harvard we regard as no more reason why New York should not become the great publishing mart, than we regard the other fact that New York has Columbia College, the University (so called) and the College of New York, or Free Academy, as a reason why it should. Commercial considerations can hardly fail to control this question; and we who are living may yet see New York both the commercial and the literary centre of the country. Should this take place, it will go far to make New York what now it really is not—a capital. That could only be brought about by also transferring Congress and the White House from the banks of the Potomac to those of the Hudson.

—SURNAMEs have within a few years past become the subject of investigation to not a few scholars and archæologists. The subject is interesting in itself, and also from the fact that surnames are of such comparatively late introduction in family nomenclature. They are yet unknown in the East, and in Africa; and in Europe have been in use but little more than five hundred years. Men of wealth and prowess, called nobles, before that time were distinguished from other Richards, Roberts and Williams by the name of their estate, by some feat of arms, or some personal peculiarity. One of the greatest heroes of mediæval romance was known altogether and has survived in song as "William Shortnose;" he having lost in a duel the better part of that very useful and sometimes ornamental member, which serves as guide or *avant courier* to the entire man. It is not impossible that that noblest of families, the Courtenays, bear a name which is a corruption of *court nez*—short nose. The late Count Gurowski, if he had lived six or seven hundred years ago, would not improbably have been known as "Adam One-eye," all the more that he lost his eye, not in a duel, but by an accident in his boyhood. Congenital peculiarities, or those which were acquired very early in life, were almost sure to give occasion to a surname, or to-name, which distinguished the individual, but which for a long time was dropped with the first possessor and did not become what we call now a surname. One of the Plantagenets was known as "Longshanks" and one as "Longsword;" and the very word Plantagenet was not really the name of the royal family now so called. It was a mere convenient designation which, given to Henry of Anjou, who became King of England, and who bore a tassel of broom-corn, *planta-genista*, in his helmet, was afterward arbitrarily applied to his descendants. The Plantagenets had no surname, nor had the family which preceded them, that of William the Conqueror; but their successors had. Tudor was really a surname, i. e., an inherited name borne alike by all members of the family, although originally an individual or christened name. As long ago as 1109 Mabel, daughter of Robert Fitz-Hamon, Lord of Gloucester, being asked to marry Robert, the natural son of Henry I., made an answer which Robert of Gloucester thus put into rhyme:

It were to me a great shame
To marry a lord withouten his twa name.

The difficulty was got over by giving the young man a second name out of hand. He was called Fitz-Roy, or son of the king. Persons in inferior positions in life were distinguished much in the same way; and peasants and serfs usually had a monosyllabic and mean-sounding name, and were spoken of, as men in the East are now, as the sons of their fathers. We all remember Higg the son of Snell, who bears such a humble but important part in the last scenes of "Ivanhoe," to say nothing of wise Wamba the son of Wit-

less, in the same peerless romance. One of the latest and best books on surnames is William Anderson's, who as part of his task set himself to finding out what were the commonest surnames now existing in England and Scotland. Public official registers are so much fuller and more particular in Europe that this can be done there, although here it would be almost impossible. Mr. Anderson gives a table of the fifty commonest surnames in England, of which the following are the first twenty in the order of their commonness: Smith, Jones, Williams, Taylor, Davies, Brown, Thomas, Evans, Roberts, Johnson, Wilson, Robinson, Wright, Wood, Thompson, Hall, Hill, Green, Walker, Hughes. This list is not entirely in accordance with the general notion upon the subject. As to Smith and Jones, of course there would be no doubt, but the common supposition is that Brown is a much more numerous borne surname than Williams, Taylor, or Davies, Robinson than Thomas, Evans or Roberts, Thompson than Wright or Wood, and others than Walker or Hughes. The same proportions, however, are very nearly kept up in this country, although some names appear to be commoner here than in England. An examination of the "New York Directory," passing by, of course, the multitudinous Irish and German names, shows that the dozen commonest names there (the extent to which we had patience to carry our investigations) are these, given in the order of their commonness: Smith, Brown, Clark, Johnson, Miller, Jones, Williams, Martin, Thompson, Wilson, Davis, Taylor. The Smiths hold their preëminence, of course, in both countries; but it is very remarkable that this name is as common in Scotland, in Germany and in Norway and Sweden, as in England and the United States. It is the commonest of all surnames in Scotland, although Mr. Anderson found that the next in commonness was the purely Scottish name Macdonald. The latter name is Gaelic; Smith is Teutonic, and it should be remembered that the Lowland Scotch (so called) are Anglo-Saxons, and as purely English as the people of the Old England or the New. The line which divided England from Scotland divided governments, not peoples. Of the Smiths, Mr. Anderson found by the registers of 1853 that there were in England 253,600. of Joneses, 242,000; of Hugheses, 59,300. The commonness of Smith; Schmidt, or Smidt among the Teutonic peoples has never been satisfactorily accounted for. The most plausible supposition is that every man who made anything by handiwork was in times far gone called a smith, and that those who bear this name are the representatives of what was once the whole artisan class. One of the most curious results of Mr. Anderson's investigations in this department of his inquiry was the discovery on the records of Doctors Commons of a number of surnames so mean and so ridiculous that if they appeared in novels as the names of vulgar characters they would be set down at once as the invention, and the rather absurd and not at all happy invention, of the author. Among these surnames are the following: Asse, Bub, Boots, Duncce, Drinkmilke, Fat, Gocse, Beaste, Bones, Demon, Fiend, Ghost, Headach, Jelly, Kneebone, Leaky, Mule, Monkey, Pot, Pighead, Punch, Proverbs, Radish, Rump, Rawbone, Rottengoose, Swine, Silly, Spittle, Tailcoate, Villain, Vittles, Vile. These names are all probably those of persons in the lowest walks of life in England, peasants who are the descendants of serfs, and who probably appear on the records of Doctors Commons as legatees of their late masters.

THE GALAXY.

DECEMBER 15, 1866.

ARCHIE LOVELL.

By MRS. EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "MISS FORRESTER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ARCHIE'S OVATION.

FROM the moment that she left the Euston Square station until now, Archie Lovell had realized nothing of what was going on around her. The drive along the noisy city streets; the crowded entrance of the court; the room where she had had her interview with Mr. Slight; the passages along which they had led her next; the door through which some voice had bade her pass; the moment when she found herself in that sickening atmosphere, before that pale and surging mass of human faces—of all this she had taken note accurately, as far as external detail went, but with no more vivid sense of its connection with herself than if it had been the shifting, unreal background of a dream. Until the moment when she saw Gerald, it seemed as though some one else were really acting out for her the final scene of her sacrifice, and as though she were being carried blindly along in it, a mere passive, stupefied spectator. Then, in one sudden, mighty wave, swept back across her brain the meaning, the purpose; the present shame, the future penalty! of all this that she was doing. She was neither dreaming nor at play; the two states that had compassed every act of her little life till now. An innocent man was standing before her, charged with a crime from which, no matter at what price, her duty was to save him; and she had got to speak the truth—this Mr. Slight had told her—nothing but the truth, and to fear no one, not even the magistrate upon the bench, but answer soberly and faithfully whatever questions were put to her. She clenched her fingers firmly upon the palms of her hands; held her breath tight; felt herself blinded by a dark-red mist that for a second swam before her sight; then rallied every faculty she possessed in one desperate effort, and told her name. After this, Mr. Slight at once began his examination; and throughout it all she kept her head erect and spoke out clear, cool and undaunted, just as she had spoken when she was eleven years old, saving Tino from Bettina's wrath. The sea of faces before which she had shrunk with the mere animal terror that overcomes any one for the first time confronting a crowd, seemed to

lessen and fade away, and in its place she saw two faces only : Mr. Slight's, who questioned her, and Gerald's—his whom she was here to save. What was there to make her fear or falter now ?

She was seventeen on the twelfth of last October. Her father was the Honorable Frederick Lovell, Rector of Hatton, in Staffordshire. First knew Mr. Durant about four weeks ago in Morte-ville-sur-Mer. "I met him a few times on the Grève, and went to a ball and danced with him ; I think I knew him very well. On the second of August Mr. Durant left Morte-ville, and I went down on the pier to see him off. Papa and Bettina were away from home, and the servant, too, and no one knew I went. I wanted to see a steamer, and asked Mr. Durant to take me on board with him. He took me, and the boatman was stupid and left me there, and before we knew where we were the steamer had started, and the captain wouldn't stop. Mr. Durant was very sorry about it, and said I should land at Calais and get back by another boat to Morte-ville, but when we reached Calais there were a number of people I knew standing on the pier, and I was ashamed to land among them—so we came on to London. It wasn't Mr. Durant's fault more than mine ; I ought to have landed at Calais, but I was ashamed. At all events, we went on ! I liked being at sea—I liked being with Mr. Durant. The wind was fresh going across, and a lady on deck lent me her cloak. It was a scarlet cloak ; I should know it if I saw it again. Yes," after examining the cloak which was handed to her, "this is the same. It is changed in color, I think ; it looks as if it had been in the water. When we got to London I was confused in the great crowd and forgot to return the cloak ; I meant no robbery, I only forgot it. We went to a station, Mr. Durant and I, and had some tea ; then he took me for a walk on London Bridge. Mr. Durant asked me to drive with him and see the streets, but I was afraid there wouldn't be time before the train left, so we walked instead. I was to go back to Folkestone by the half-past ten train. When we were on the Bridge a crowd got round us, and in the *zuffa* I lost Mr. Durant's arm. Some men molested me because I spoke Italian, I think, and Mr. Durant knocked one of them down. The man bled and looked hurt, and Mr. Durant's coat got torn and his hat was lost. It was a peaked hat, such as the peasants wear in the Tyrol. The hat you show me is like it—how can I swear it is the same?—it is like it, I say. Then came the *polizia*—police you say?—and sent the crowd away. One of the police stopped and looked at Mr. Durant and me. He said nothing, but he looked at us hard. Am I to know if he saw my face ? We walked on over the bridge and crossed, so as to see the other side of London on our way back. As we came I saw a woman in one of the little *angoli* on the bridge. Recesses ? well, then, in one of the recesses. She was thinly dressed, and was sitting with her head leaning against the wall. I thought she was ill, and asked Mr. Durant to let me give her the cloak. I don't say that it was out of kindness, it was chiefly I think because I wanted to get rid of the cloak—I should have been ashamed to land in it at Morte-ville. Mr. Durant said no, I shouldn't give it to her, but I had my way, and went up and spoke to the woman. I saw her face plain. Mr. Durant stood a few steps away. I can't tell whether he saw her—I should think not—he may have had a glimpse of her—I would rather you asked me questions about myself ! She was young and good-looking, about twenty, perhaps, with pale skin and black hair and eyebrows. I remember her quite well ; I saw her hands, they did not look like a lady's hands. I asked her if she would

take the cloak, and when she didn't speak I put it round her and fastened it at the throat. She tried to answer then, but there was something thick and strange about the way she spoke, and I did not understand her. I don't know what was the matter with her—how should I? I believe I left a handkerchief of Mr. Durant's in the pocket of the cloak. The handkerchief you show me is exactly like it; I tell by the *batiste*, and the lilac stitching round the letters. I can't swear that it is the same; a whole set of handkerchiefs might be marked the same. Just after we were walking on again, the clocks in London struck one—that was a quarter-past ten, Mr. Durant told me, and we must get on quick. The train I went by left at half-past ten, and Mr. Durant stayed by the carriage where I was till the last. I heard no clock strike; I heard the conductor say we were five minutes behind our time. Then I went away home. I got to Morteville very early in the morning, and no one I knew, except Captain Waters, saw me land on the pier. Papa did not return home till the middle of the day. I have never told him anything about my going to London. I told my stepmother about it the same afternoon, and she said I must never talk of it to any one. I never should have told but for this. When Mr. Durant was first taken up, I did not mean to tell. I don't know whether I thought he would get clear without me; I know I did not mean to tell. I was at Durant's Court when some one came to take him to London, and Mr. Durant told me then to keep silent, whatever happened, and he would never betray me. I had not made up my mind to tell till last night. I don't know what decided me. I never spoke to Bettina or to papa about coming. Mr. Gerald Durant is engaged to marry his cousin Lucia. He was never engaged to me. No, it is certainly not for Miss Durant's sake that I have told the truth; I care very little about her. I cannot answer you, I don't know why I have told it."

And here Mr. Slight stopped; and, by order of the magistrate, Mrs. Dawson was recalled into the witness-box.

At the sight of the girl who stood there—the resurrection, as it seemed to her, of the dead—dressed exactly as she had seen her that day on the deck of the Lord of the Isles, Mrs. Dawson gave a start and a half scream that, before she had uttered a word, bore incontestable evidence to the truth of all Archie Lovell had said. Did she know the young lady at her side? Aye, indeed she did; could not be surer if it was her own daughter she had to answer to. This was Mr. Durant's companion—the girl to whom she lent the cloak on board the steamer. Would swear most positively to it on oath. It was not a face likely to be forgotten. Told the court in her evidence—with a look of triumph at both lawyers—that the young lady had light brown hair and blue eyes. Could not help it if she had been that cross-questioned and mortified at the time as to make her hardly know herself which way she was swearing.

Mr. Slight now wrote something on a slip of paper which was handed by one of the officers of the court to the magistrate; and a minute or two later—Archie standing there still—"Mr. Edward Randall" was re-summoned to take his place in the witness-box.

If ever a man on earth was placed in a position likely to end in a commitment for perjury, it was Captain Waters at this moment; and he read his danger at a glance. His threats to Archie, the anonymous bribe to silence that he had accepted; the truths which two hours before he had in this court suppressed—every detail of his situation came clear before his mind with his first

hurried look at Archie Lovell's face; some melo-dramatic outburst of generosity had brought the girl forward after all, and (following the law by which innocence and virtue are ever trampled upon in this world) he was to be the sufferer. And he put up his eye-glass calmly, stroked down his blonde moustache with his delicate, paste-decked fingers, and looked around at magistrate, lawyers and the rest, just in the same quiet, unmoved way with which he was accustomed to read the faces of the adversary, and the adversary's gallery at *écarté*. He had not much to lose, even in such a moment as this, the thought crossed Waters' brain! To some men a conviction for perjury might be the loss of friends, reputation, ambition, money; to him it would be—what? Not even the loss which, to his judgment, seemed immeasurably the most important in the scale—money. Imprisonment costs a man nothing, and was no greater bore than liberty; nay, as he knew from experience, it sent a man back sometimes with nerves strengthened by early hours and abstinence from tobacco to the accustomed duties of his life. If the worst came to the worst, he would still, at the end of a few months, more or less, be the exact amount of money which he had received from Gerald Durant to the good. The game had been well played; and, whether the last deal went against him or not, he had the calm assurance of his own conscience to tell him that he had reckoned up the odds with accuracy.

And he came admirably through it all! Came through it as it is very doubtful that a better man would have done. Perhaps the season of the year, and the unparalleled heat of this particular day, may have been the chosen instruments by which the gods of Captain Waters' faith saw fit to deliver him. With a city Court House at ninety-six, in August, few magistrates or lawyers would seek to protract their own suffering by probing the exactitude of a comparatively unimportant witness too narrowly. Skimming lightly, and with delicate adroitness, over the Calais episode, Mr. Slight extracted an admission from the witness that he had seen Miss Lovell, the young lady who stood beside him now, land alone at Morteville on the morning of August the third. And after this, without a word of cross-examination, Captain Waters passed away out of the witness-box; passed away, too, forever out of the record of Archie Lovell's life.

[That I may not have to stain the last and fairest chapter of my story by the mention of him, I will say here that he was seen last Autumn at Homburg; a jewelled chevalier of industry no longer, but one of the scantily-paid servants of the public tables, in which capacity, unless ill health should chance to bring him lower still, his life will probably be passed. Paralysis, the Nemesis of such men, seized Waters within a few months of the day of Gerald's trial, and taking from him nerve, memory, power of combination, the mental stock in trade of his craft, left him just bodily strength enough to fulfil the duties of a croupier. Ralph Seton was the man who saw him thus at Homburg; and at the pitying request of a soft voice at his side, managed to slip a napoleon or two into the sickly, attenuated hand, not engaged at the moment with the professional *rateau*; a kindness which, coming from the source it did, made something very like tears rise into the poor wretch's eyes. "And which shows he is not altogether worthless," the soft voice said to Ralph when they came out from the crowded Kur Saal into the blue, German night. "No man, unless he had some good left in him, would be touched with a kindness!" A purely womanly inference which

Ralph would not for worlds have shattered by remarking how a scoundrel brought, by smoking and alcohol, to the state of Waters, will shed tears of maudlin gratitude over your charity at one moment, and betray and revile the hand that has assisted him at the next !]

The examination was virtually over. Already the crowd was beginning to move; already the lawyers for the Crown and for the defence indifferently were congratulating each other with brightened faces upon the termination in one day of the inquiry. In a few emphatic words the magistrate then pronounced the discharge of the prisoner—"without a blot, or the suspicion of a blot, upon his honor;" and almost before Archie Lovell, confused and faint, had left the witness-box, a prolonged, irrepressible outburst of applause from the crowd told her that the work she had set herself to do was accomplished—Gerald Durant free.

In performing any act heroic to ourselves, we are apt to gauge the effect it will produce on others by the effect that it produces on our own imagination beforehand. That her future life was to be irrevocably darkened, Archie had never doubted; but that, in the first hour of her victory over self, men would appreciate her heroism, she had felt equally sure. In what form this hero-worship would be laid at her feet, she had not speculated; she had felt only that it *must* be accorded to her. What was the triumph that she met with in reality? Flushed, weary, bewildered, she found herself, after traversing a dark, noisome room or two with the other discharged witnesses, among the crowd—such a crowd as only a disgorging London court can show—a crowd of sallow-faced men and women, whose jokes defiled her ears, whose touch was abhorrent to her; men and women bandying vile police court jests together, and to whose lips her own name—with what a shudder she heard it there!—was already familiar. Her heart died within her; she shrank back against the black, polluted wall nearest to which she stood, and pulled her veil down over her face. This was her reward, she felt. She had sacrificed the happiness of her whole life freely, and, even in this first moment after the accomplishment of the sacrifice, was forgotten. Gerald, Sir John Durant, Ralph Seton, were thinking joyfully, no doubt, of the cause that had been won; and she, who had won it, was standing here alone—a thousand times worse than alone—was standing among a coarse and cruel crowd, in her shame!

Just at this moment a kind voice whispered in her ear, a friendly hand took hold of hers, and drew it within the shelter of a stalwart, untrembling arm. "Keep along with me, my dear, and you'll be all right. There's my cousin 'Melia's husband waiting for me down by the steps—the little man with the black hat-band—and he'll get us into a cab, and see us to the station comfortable, if so be that you don't mind riding with us, under the circumstances."

It was not Gerald, it was not Ralph, but the homely farmer's wife from Heathcotes who had been the first to come to her succor. With the timely aid of 'Melia's husband, they struggled their way at last through the crowd; and just as Gerald was leaving the court, his friends pressing round to shake his hand and congratulate him, the poor little heroine of the day, more dead than living, was being driven from its door, with the yells, and laughter, and brutal jokes of the mob for her ovation!

CHAPTER XXXIX.

IN THE DARK HOUR.

OF all the conflicting emotions called into play by the unexpected ending of Gerald Durant's examination—from the childish, tearful delight of poor old Sir John, down to the blank professional disappointment of Inspector Wickham—the emotions of Robert Dennison would be, perhaps, the hardest of analysis.

Paradoxical though it may sound, his first sensation was one of positive relief. Was a lurking human remorse toward Gerald the cause for this? had his quick brain foreseen fresh combinations of possible danger to himself in the event of his cousin's committal? or was it simply the physical reaction which good and bad human creatures alike are sensible of when, after acute mental tension, the end comes, and suspense, at least, is over? Robert Dennison himself could scarcely have answered this as he left the police court; leaning back out of men's sight in the corner of his cab, and screening away with his hand the bright evening sunshine from his eyes. All he knew was that he felt relieved! that he had exchanged the pestilential air of the court and witness-room for the purer one of the streets, and was returning home now to change his dress and take his bath before dinner. And then it first occurred to him that he had not swallowed food to-day; had scarcely eaten, had never slept an hour of wholesome sleep during the past week, and with a childish interest, very unlike himself, Mr. Dennison fell to wondering whether he would dine well this evening, and on what dishes? and whether if he went to his bed early—by eleven or twelve o'clock, say—there would be a chance of his getting a good night's rest at last? A worn out brain and empty stomach seldom admit of much grandiloquence in our thoughts or in our sufferings just at first.

He got home, took a couple of glasses of sherry, dressed, went out and dined, and by eight o'clock had returned to his chambers and was sitting by that window where he had sat and watched the river on the morning after Maggie's death, the window from whence he had heard the children's voices at the moment he was nerving himself to look over and destroy the last mute moments of his dead love for her. Had his love been ever utterly and indeed dead? he asked himself; for now that mere animal exhaustion was passed, memory and remorse had arisen, like giants refreshed, to torture him again. His passionate fancy for her had cooled, of course, as all fancies for beautiful toys cool in possession; and he had wronged her cruelly, and her death, however men might think, lay, and his heart knew it, at his door. But love—had he not in truth loved her? would he not at this moment give up years of life could he but feel the warm hand still in his—but see the faithful womanly face looking, as it used to look, in perfect, blissful, slavish contentment up to his? Something within his heart cried yes. Loss of friends and reputation here in England; alienation from his uncle and his uncle's money; the up-hill prospect of making himself another name elsewhere; all these seemed as nothing to him now. In this hour—this first hour of what he knew was to be in some measure a new life—the common human nature of the man, the weakness on all exemption from which he was wont to pride himself, sheer craving desire for sympathy in his desolation, overcame him. The dark heart, as in Herod of old, bled for what it had destroyed;

cried out, with vain and passionate regret, for the love that it had murdered.

He had a cigar between his lips when he first placed himself at the window ; but it burnt out, and it did not seem to occur to him to light it or to take another. His servant, as usual, had placed some wine and brandy on the table at his master's side ; but Dennison drank nothing. Stimulants, taken even in a quantity that would have set most men's brains perforce to rest, would but have stimulated his to keener thought : and he had the wisdom to abstain from them. God knows he needed no sharpening of his faculties !—needed no whetstone for his remorse—no new vividness added to the pictured face that, white and haggard, and with wan, beseeching eyes, seemed to stand before him everywhere—everywhere in the waning twilight !

It was his first hour of pure, concentrated suffering since Maggie's death ; for dread of suspicion resting on himself at first, curiosity, later, in the result of Gerald's trial, had until now held every other motive in abeyance, and he suffered as he did most things, with his might—with brains ! Good, diffuse, kindly natures, prone to bleed a dozen times a week, can, perhaps, hardly estimate to what extent an intensely selfish man like this softens when three or four times in a life the flinty heart is smitten and the flood-gates of the soul are loosed.

A little after nine came a ring at his chamber door. The boy, in obedience to his master's commands, told the visitor, whose face he did not by this light distinguish, that Mr. Dennison had business, and could not be disturbed.

"Mr. Dennison will see me, Andrew," answered a voice cheerfully—a voice that Robert Dennison even through the closed doors had heard and recognized in a moment. Immediately afterward a well-known step—with triumph, hope, light-heartedness, Dennison felt bitterly, in its tread—came along the passage, and Gerald Durant, unannounced, walked into his room and up to his side.

"Congratulate me, Robert," he said, taking hold of his cousin's hand, and grasping it heartily, whether Dennison willed it or not. "Things have gone better than could have been hoped for with every one, after all."

"Well, that depends upon whom you mean by every one," said Dennison, in his coldest voice, and freeing his hand abruptly from Gerald's warm grasp. "Does 'every one' mean you, or the little girl who came forward to save you ? Scarcely her, I suppose ?"

"I did not mean her, certainly, Robert ; but even with Miss Lovell things have, in one sense, gone well. To a noble nature like her's the exposure of to-day is, I verily believe, better than living through a life of hypocrisy, as the poor little thing must have done if she hadn't had the courage to come forward and speak the truth."

Robert Dennison laughed, the old cynical laugh with which he was accustomed to receive any of what he called Gerald's heroics. "Noble nature, hypocrisy, courage ! What fine words you have always at command, Gerald ! How charmingly clear it always is to you that every woman must be right in sacrificing herself for the *beaux-yeux* of Gerald Durant ! I need scarcely ask," he added, "how Miss Lovell's heroism, nobility and courage will be rewarded ? With her name compromised as it is, I need scarcely ask if you mean to give up Lucia—fifty thousand pounds and all—and make Miss Lovell your wife ?"

At the tone of Robert Dennison's voice—at the cold reception that it was evident he intentionally gave him—Gerald moved a step or two away from his side,

and, leaning his arm up against the wall beside the window, turned his face slightly from his cousin. As he stood thus, the graceful profile of his head and face showed, in clear *silhouette*, against the pure gray of the evening sky; and Dennison felt how he hated, how he abhorred its beauty! He had never loved Gerald from the moment of his birth. As a child, a boy, a man, he had been jealous of every good thing which had been accorded to this easy, careless, unambitious nature and denied to himself; but he had never positively loathed him until this moment. For now Gerald had committed the one offence which, to a heart like Dennison's, is beyond forgiveness: had treated him with generosity!

"You don't answer, Gerald. I suppose my question about Miss Lovell was an indiscreet one for me to ask, eh?"

"It certainly is not the subject which I came here to speak about," answered Gerald; "but if you really care to have an answer I'll give it to you in two words. Miss Lovell"—with a sort of effort he brought this out—"will never be my wife!"

"Ah, so I thought. The honor of having saved you must be her reward! We will speak no more of her. And what is the subject, then, as love matters are too sacred for us to handle, to which I am indebted for the pleasure of seeing you?"

Dennison's tone and manner were unmistakably those of a man determined to quarrel; but Gerald kept his temper admirably. Incapable, though he was, of thoroughly fathoming the depths of the sombre nature, he knew enough of it to sympathize with the miserable position of humiliated pride in which Dennison at this hour must feel himself to stand, and pitied him from his heart.

"There is much to be said between us, Robert, and—and I thought it might be as well got over to-night. If you don't care to be disturbed, though, I can go away, and come another time."

"No, no," interrupted Dennison, brusquely. "No other time for me, thank you. I know pretty well what you've come here about, and I'd rather have it out at once. After the late painful circumstances, the honor of the Durants, of Mr. Gerald Durant especially, requires a more complete vindication. Sooner than sully the honor of his family and the sacredness of his own word he did not betray the secret of a certain ill-born cousin of his, when by betraying it he could have insured his own safety. What he now demands is that this plebeian connection shall betray himself, and having named his price for doing so, engage to go quietly out of the country, and disturb the peace and honor of the family no more. Curse it—speak out, can't you!" he exclaimed, with sullen passion, as Gerald continued silent. "You know your lesson, and I'm sure I've made it easy enough for you to say."

Then Gerald turned round and faced Dennison full. "I don't think that I deserve this tone from you, Robert, upon my soul, I don't! I've kept pretty staunch to you throughout, as you know, and what I want now is, that everything that *must* be said between us should be said in a friendly spirit! Said as it ought to be," he added, kindly, "between two men brought up, as we were, to look upon each other as brothers."

"Afterward? You can suppose all this sort of preamble said, please. Afterward? What is it that you want from me? What has brought you here now?"

And thus forced to use plain language; seeing, too, the temper of the man he had to deal with: but still with hesitation, still in the softest, most gener-

ous words that he could choose—Gerald spoke. Up to this moment he had not mentioned to any living man one word of his cousin's marriage; but the time had come when, for other interests as well as his own, it was simply just that the truth should be made known. Not publicly of necessity; but among themselves—to Sir John and Lady Durant, and to Lucia. He thought he had a right to demand this; and in return undertook to promise that no estrangement between Dennison and any member of the family should be the result. "You've suffered bitterly enough already, Robert," he finished, his voice trembling with earnestness; "and among all of us who care for you the past shall be as much dead as though it had never been. The only brains we have among us are in your head, and if you want anything that Sir John's interest could do, I know right well—"

"If anything that Sir John's interest could do," interrupted Dennison, slowly and distinctly; "if anything that the interest of every Durant who ever lived could do was put before me at this instant I should refuse it. Family interest, family name, honor, money, are for you. I wish you joy of them! Do you think I can't foresee all your delightful future life," he added, with cutting irony. "Married to Lucia, and bored to death by her! taking a row of Lucia's children to church, to set a good example in your parish, cringing to constituents, yawning through debates in the House about which you know nothing and for which you care less, increasing domination of your wife, portwine, gout, and a place in the family vault! This, my poor Gerald, will be your life, and it will suit you. Only don't think I wish to encroach upon any of the prerogatives that are yours by birthright!"

But still no sarcasm rose to Gerald's lips—no taunt as to how Robert Dennison *had* once desired these things, and had failed in the attainment of them. Men speak strongly about the things for which they care in earnest. Money, respectability, a seat in Parliament would, could he have possessed them, have been Dennison's gods; and their forfeiture fired him into passion. The prospect of inheriting them all touched Gerald Durant with no thrill of pleasure whatever. A dinner in good company at the *Maison Dorée*, a hard run, well mounted, a voice like Patti's, a pair of blue eyes like Archie Lovell's, these were the only things in life that his pleasure-loving nature ever coveted; and in his heart there was not one feeling of exultation over his approaching good fortune, or of anger against Robert for his depreciation of it. Nay, in his heart, were the very truth told, he half envied his *roturier* cousin at this moment, for he was free still.

"And what are your prospects then, Robert? After the delightful sketch you have given of my life, for which I am so well suited, it is fair, I think, that you should give me a fellow picture of your own. You are not going to marry your first cousin, certainly, but in what other respects will your life be so very much freer from the common bore and weariness of living than mine?"

"Simply in this—and to you, perhaps, the words contain less meaning than they do to me: I shall be my own master! The bread that my own right hand earns for me I shall eat unembittered by the thought that I have sold my life and manhood to buy it. You understand?"

"I hear you."

"As to my prospects, they can be told in a few words—joyful words for you to bear to Durant's Court to-morrow, or whenever you go there next! In a fortnight I shall have left England and all of you, forever."

"Left England? Robert, this is madness—the mere overwrought feeling of the moment—"

"It is nothing of the kind," interrupted Dennison, curtly. "Months ago I knew that there was an opening for me in Melbourne, and it suits my convenience now to accept it. 'Tis no place of honor, Gerald," he added, with a bitterness of tone impossible to dissemble. "No post that any of the family will care to boast that a relation, unhappily near to them in blood, fills! One of the contributors to the principal Melbourne paper was killed in a street quarrel a few months ago, and the editor sent an offer to the writer of certain articles in one of the London reviews to replace him. That writer was myself. Now you know my prospects, and also how very unprofitable even the highest county interest would be to me for the future! No, thank you," for Gerald was about, eagerly, to speak; "I don't even want money. A couple of flannel shirts, a coat, revolver and bowie knife, are about as much as a Melbourne penny-a-liner need possess! If I'm not stabbed, like my predecessor, I haven't much doubt about earning money enough to live upon, and if I am—at least I shan't lie under the weight of family marble and have the charity children hired to walk, two and two, and whine over me at my funeral! But that difference is one of degree rather than of kind, and it will be but a matter of a few years whether you, in the tomb of all the Durants, or I, in a nameless grave, in a Melbourne burial ground, are fertilizing the ground again! Now, have we anything more to say? I ought, I dare say, to make speeches about the occurrences of the last few days, but really I see no object to be fulfilled by doing so. You have acted like a Durant, let us say, and I like a Dennison! No words to you can be stronger. But, gentleman or blackguard, our paths for the future, at all events, lie apart." And he rose, and with cold and not undignified stateliness, moved a step or two in the direction of the door.

Faithful, generous, true as he had been throughout, Gerald Durant did yet, at this moment, feel wonderfully small in his own estimation. When you have come to befriend, to forgive a man who has wronged you under his own roof, and he tells you boldly that he is a blackguard—if you like to think him so—but desires nothing either from your forgiveness or your friendship, it is not an easy thing to retreat from the scene with a very thorough sense of your own dignity!

"I shall remember you always as the nearest relation I have, Robert. All our present feelings will soften some day, and then—"

"Then, perhaps, Robert Dennison will come to his senses, and be glad at whatever price is bid, to offer the reparation he owes to the wounded family honor. Robert Dennison will do nothing of the sort. He gives you freely now the information you have come here to seek. On the tenth of January last, Robert Dennison was married to Margaret Hall, at the Church of St. Ethelburga in the city, and you are freed from your promises! You may get a certificate of the marriage, it is my wish that you should do so, and take it with you to Durant's Court to-morrow. Has more to be said?" for Gerald lingered uneasily yet. "You have got Lucia and I—have lost."

His voice died; he turned, walked across to the window, and then through blinding mists, stood looking into the river, black and desolate to him now, as it had been to Maggie on that night when she fled from the girl's song, and from her own last hopes of love and of life, down the narrow city street.

And so—alone in the dark hour of retribution—Gerald left him.

CHAPTER XL.

"ADVIENTE QUE POURRA."

THE evening, close to suffocation in the hot heart of London, was fresh, as early Autumn evenings are after rain, in the green stillness of the far-away Staffordshire fields.

When Archie Lovell had bade good-by to her companion at the Hatton Station, and was walking slowly homeward through the sinking light, it seemed to her that trees had never looked so green, no meadows smelt so sweet, as on this evening; and greenness and sweetness both smote upon her heart with an unutterable sense of pain! What, the world had not changed a bit, then, only her life. The trees were ready with their friendly shelter, the fields with their thousand odors, for all the lives that could enjoy them still!—for young girls with their companions; for lovers whispering in the twilight; for all bright and joyous lives—lives undarkened by shame, loveless and alone as hers would be!

As she walked along she pictured drearily to herself how the remainder of this dreary week would pass. To-day was Wednesday: three days to drag through before she must put on her new bonnet and best dress, and go to the village church for all the people to gaze at her! To look forward to the end of life itself could scarce have seemed longer than to look forward these three days. After Sunday she thought it would be different. When all the parish people, when the Durants and Major Seton had seen her, and said and thought their worst, she might brave her altered condition better. The newness of the shame would wear even from her father's heart in time; and people after nine days would tire of talking of her—this consolation Mrs. Sherborne had offered during the journey—and she would set herself regular tasks of work, and so get through the hours, perhaps.

After Sunday. But how bear the intolerable weight of the three intervening days? how bear the silent misery of her father's face? how endure Bettina's loud reproaches, and the silent wonder of the servants? Next week it seemed to her she would be old in suffering—callous, hardened. If she could but shirk the present, crouch down her head in some dark corner where no eye should see her, and wake and find the thing told; half of the nine days' wonder over! And then, with a blank, dead sensation almost like a physical pain, the knowledge fell full upon her of how she had no choice whatever in the matter, but must bear *all*: the first hot shame, the fevered excitement of notoriety, the dull passing away into oblivion and contempt—all. The whole harvest which her folly had sown, her self-sacrifice and her generosity garnered in for her. Was truth such a much finer and nobler thing than falsehood? she asked herself. And the only answer her heart gave was, that while she was telling falsehood she had been tolerably happy; and now that she had told the truth she was intolerably miserable. In her heroic moments, as she was travelling up to London this morning, she had thought, "I shall be Archie Wilson, the Bohemian, again after to-day. When everything is known my conscience will have got back its freedom, whatever else I lose." And everything was known; and she was not Archie Wilson, the Bohemian, at all. She was a Philistine heart and soul; a Philistine yearning bitterly after the good solid things of life—the peace, the honor, the repute, which her own rash generosity had robbed her of.

All was peaceful and at rest when she reached home, the purple twilight closing round the little parsonage, the birds twittering to each other yet among the garden trees, the rain-washed china roses smelling sweet around the porch; all peaceful and at rest in the quiet country home upon which the knowledge of her story was about to bring shame and desolation. With a beating heart she walked to the parlor door, opened it, and found Bettina seated alone there at her tea, her bonnet still on—the strings turned back over her shoulders—her face heated, and with one candle, as if in ostentatious economy, to light her at her repast.

"Where is papa?" said Archie, bluntly, and, walking up to the table, she looked steadily into her stepmother's face.

Mrs. Lovell turned down the corners of her mouth, and pushed a couple of plates from her with a gesture of repugnance. They contained the remains of an excellent high tea, cold chicken bones, a look as of salad upon one; a large piece of home-baked cake, butter, and a suspicion of marmalade on the other. But nothing exasperated Bettina so much as the imputation of being able to swallow food when she was alone and in adversity.

"Don't ask me where your father is, Archie! At Major Seton's, no doubt, talking of his bronzes and his clocks and his Madam Pompadours—a very nice subject for a minister of the gospel! and leaving me to work the precious cure of souls—beard that vile woman, and then be insulted by my own turn-coat party in a public vestry! and when they tantamount to promised me sixteen votes last night! But I've done my best," added Bettina, with rising choler. "I've tried to start things as they should be started in the parish, and now your father may do the rest. Only don't ask me where he is—I wash my hands of everything to do with the parish—and when he ought to have been at my side, supporting me! nine hours with only a cracknel, and now the sight of food makes me sick!" And she pushed the plates, virtuously, a couple of inches further on the table.

Parochial victory had, after all, not fallen into the hands Mrs. Lovell intended. Mrs. Brown, the surgeon's wife, had certainly been ousted, mainly through Bettina's exertions, from the place of power; but at the eleventh hour a base coalition had arisen by which old Miss Smith, the miller's sister, had been put into her place. On that memorable thirteenth of June when Pitt declared to the thunder-struck House that he should vote in favor of Mr. Fox, a greater blank could scarcely have overcome the hearts of Warren Hastings' followers than had overcome Mrs. Lovell when, before eighteen ladies in the vestry, the leader of her own party had announced her intention of supporting the miller's sister, *vice* Mrs. Brown, deposed. The barrenness of human ambitions, the frailty of human alliances was laid bare before her heart in that hour; and the continued absence of her husband and step-daughter on her return home had worked her wounded spirit up to the last point of irritation. Archie saw that it was so with relief—kind words, gentleness were, she knew, what would be too much for her bursting heart now—and seating herself at the table, she cut off a slice of bread, and asked Bettina, in a voice that she tried to make like her usual one, for tea. "You—you don't ask after my news?" she stammered, after some moments had passed in silence. "Have you heard—"

"I have heard nothing," interrupted Mrs. Lovell, hotly, "and I don't wish to hear. No news is ever of any good to us."

"Mr. Durant is free, Bettina, that is all. I thought perhaps you might be glad to know it."

"I am not glad. I want to hear nothing about the Durants," and Bettina, burning in her very soul with curiosity, got up with dignity from the table. "I have no further interest in anything connected with this parish. As Mr. Durant is in possession of the clew to *our* dishonor, you need scarcely tell me that he will return to the neighborhood! To-day, I should say, would be about the last time you will ever be invited to the Court; for, although you have not the civility to tell me, I conclude that is where you have spent the day. Nothing but this scrape of his own has, I am convinced, kept the young man silent so long. Good-night to you, Archie, and when your father *does* return, let him know that, worn out with fatigue and trouble, I have retired to rest!"

"But, Bettina, I want to tell you—"

"I will hear nothing to-night, Archie. Peace and quiet, not frivolous, worldly talk, are what I stand in need of now!"

And blind to the white, wan face, the hollow eyes that were pleading to her to stay, Mrs. Lovell went off at once to her room, shutting the door immediately afterward with the peculiar sharp energy which always warned the other members of the household when any lengthened course of meditation was in prospect.

So to her father alone the first hard confession would have to be made! if, indeed, some blackened, distorted version of the story Mrs. Sherborne had brought down from London had not already reached his ears. She lingered over the tea-table, absently, and without hunger, eating a mouthful or two of bread, until the servant came in to clear the things; then, nervously dreading lest the girl should watch her too closely, went out of doors, and with heavy limbs, dragged herself to the same spot at the boundary of the orchard where she had parted from Ralph last night.

She would rest herself here, she thought, till she heard her father's step at the garden gate; then go boldly to him, and while he kissed her, while he held her in his arms, sob out to him the story of her shame! It would be easier so, perhaps, after all! easier with no one to come between her prayers and his forgiveness! easier with the darkness screening away the horrible suffering that she shrunk from having to look at in his face!

It was nearly ten o'clock before Mr. Lovell returned home. Archie started up eagerly at the sound of his well-known step upon the gravel; then sank back, with sickening terror, into her seat. Her father was not alone; and the voice that was talking to him in those low but earnest tones was Major Seton's. Then all was told and over! How the time that followed passed she never knew; or whether minutes or hours went by in the kind of deathly swoon into which her heart fell. What she distinctly knew, what she distinctly remembers next, was Major Seton being at her side, speaking very gently to her, and with tender care wrapping something warm around her chilled frame.

"Margaret told us you were out here still, and your father made me bring this—his own thick plaid—and faithfully promise to wrap you in it. I have not suffocated you, quite, have I, Archie?"

"Does—does papa know?" was all she could falter: and her head sank forward on her breast.

"Yes, Archie, he knows everything," said Major Seton. "You must not be angry with me for telling him first, but I met him returning from the village, as I walked up from the station, and the temptation to be the bearer of the good

news was too strong for me. Why did you run away from us all?" he added, taking her cold, pulseless hand into his. "We all wanted to be your escort from the police court—old Sir John, Gerald, and I—and found you flown. If you had waited to come by the express, as I did, you see you would have got home very nearly as soon, and have had me as your companion on your journey."

"I—I never thought that you would remember me! I thought every one would be thinking of Mr. Durant alone! Major Seton," raising her face—deathly pale even in that dim light, he saw it was; and in its pallor loved it more than he had ever loved it in its bloom—"are you sure that you have told him all?"

"I have told him *all*, Archie. Your father knows every word of the story now—knows how true to herself his daughter has been at last—how brave, how faithful—"

"Oh," she cried, starting up passionately, "let me go to him! I brave, I faithful, and papa knows everything, and can think me so still!"

But Major Seton kept her hand fast in his. "You shall go to your father in a few minutes, but I am going to talk to you a little first. He wishes it to be so."

She seated herself obediently; and Ralph, instead of speaking, busied himself again in drawing the plaid around her shoulders. As he did this Archie was conscious that his hand trembled strangely, and the blood began to flow with life again in her veins. Was it dimly possible, not only that her father forgave her, but that Ralph would take her back to the old place—no, not to that—to a higher place, and dearer far in his heart!

She stammered out something about his great goodness, and the trouble he took for her, and how unworthy she was of it all, and then Ralph flung his arms around the little shrinking figure, plaid and all, and drew her to his side.

"Archie, can you ever care for me?" he whispered. "I'm too old and too rough and too plain for you, I know, but I love you from my heart. Will you have me?"

"I—I? ah, Major Seton, you are saying this now out of kindness."

"Am I? Kindness to myself, then. Why, Archie"—his voice sinking into a tone of wonderful tenderness—"what hope but you have I had in my life? what have I ever wanted to possess but you? Don't pretend to think it a new thing. You know that as a child I loved you; as a girl—"

"As a girl found me changed and false and worthless!" she interrupted, with something of the old impetuosity. "The first day in Morteville, don't you remember how I looked you in the face—oh, Major Seton, you won't hate me when you think of it?—and told you I had never been in London in my life! I was afraid at first you had recognized me, and were going to tell papa, and then, when you didn't speak, I thought perhaps if I told one great story it might set everything right—and I told it."

"You did," said Major Seton, "and considering that I had first looked deliberately in your face in London, and then helped you into the train at Ashford, you would have acted less like a child perhaps by speaking the truth."

"And you knew everything from the first, then?" she cried. "You have known all along that I was acting a false part to you?"

Major Seton did not answer, only held her closer to his side, and looked down fondly into the face upheld so close to his.

"You have known all along that I was deceiving you," she persisted, "and

yet you tell me that you care for me still? It's pity, pity that makes you say this, Major Seton. You are so sorry for what I suffered to-day, and for papa, and the shame I have brought upon him, and—"

"And I ask you to be my wife, Archie. Do you refuse me?"

"If I thought it wasn't from pity that you ask me," she stammered, trying in vain to turn away from him.

And then Major Seton held her close against his heart; the heart from which he had never, no, not for one instant, succeeded in putting her away—and their compact was made.

"I shall never be quite sure you did not ask me out of pity!" said Archie, after a long silence.

"And I shall never be quite sure that you did not once like Gerald Durant better than you will ever like me!" said Major Seton, quickly. "So we shall each have some kind of misgiving to disturb our peace. Which has the most probability, do you think, for its basis? Look in your glass any morning, Miss Lovell, and say if it's likely that I, Ralph Seton, asked you to be my wife out of pity? Look at me and Gerald any time when we are together, and say which would be the likeliest man to win a young girl's fancy?"

"I didn't know we were talking of fancies now, Major Seton, I thought we were talking of—"

"Of what, Archie?"

"Of love, then! as you make me say it; and Gerald did take my fancy once, he takes it still, and you—oh, how badly I express everything!"

But Ralph Seton did not seem to think so.

They lingered on and on, forgetting, with the sublime selfishness of lovers, that poor Mr. Lovell all this time was patiently waiting for them at the hall door, and were only recalled at last to a consciousness of the external world by the distant village clock striking eleven. As they rose to go, Archie stood for a minute or two silent and thoughtful, then suddenly she turned, threw up her arms round Major Seton's neck, and drawing down his head to her level, pressed his brown, scarred cheek with her lips, the lips whose bloom was still intact as when she had kissed and clung to him last, a little child in Genoa.

"You forgive me, utterly, Ralph? I'm not noble, or heroic, or any of the fine things you have called me. It was accident, I think, that made me tell the truth at all, and up to the last I would have got out of telling it if I could, but *you* forgive me? freely, as you forgave me my falsehood about Tino, long ago? You know that you have not one scruple in asking me to be your wife?"

And I find, after several unsuccessful attempts, that I must give up trying to describe what Ralph Seton felt and answered. Can one language ever adequately reproduce another? Can dull ink and paper transcribe what a girl's fresh voice, what the touch of a girl's lips say to the world-wearied heart of a man like Seton in such a moment as this?

"Forgive you, my dearest!" he cried, at last, bending over her with a great reverence in his tenderness. "No, Archie. When it is a question of forgiveness, of unworthiness between us two, I feel that it is my place to be silent. Kiss me once more—put your hands in mine—so! Now, child, you and I will keep perfect faith, whatever comes, for the future. '*Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra,*' you remember?"

"I remember," she answered, between her tears. "*Advienne que pourra*—oh, Ralph! can anything ever happen to part us two again?"

CHAPTER XLI.

A GLIMPSE OF THE BLUE.

WHEN Sunday came, the country people, from miles round, flocked in to Hatton Church, as Archie had expected, to look at her; only, instead of being an object of contempt, she found herself a heroine! instead of humiliation, she had her triumph at last! On the preceding Friday, Lady Durant and Lucia (acting, no doubt, from the generous dictates of their own hearts; but a little, too, under male domination) had not only made a stately call at the rectory, but had ostentatiously taken Archie for a drive through the village in their carriage, thus showing, publicly, to the country world what view was held by those high in authority of her conduct. This example was as contagious as royal favor shown unexpectedly to a half-suspected favorite. The parson's daughter was one of the right sort; had come forward and helped Mr. Gerald through thick and thin; the parson's daughter was riding all the afternoon with the ladies of the Court. The leading parishioners came up forthwith, with their wives and daughters, to call at the rectory. Not only Archie herself, but Mr. Lovell and Bettina—clothing-club feuds forgotten—were vested with the interest of public characters; and on Sunday, as I have said, crowds of country people flocked in to Hatton Church, eager to have a look at the downcast, girlish face in the parson's pew: the heroine—Archie Lovell!

Her triumph made the girl infinitely sad, infinitely humble. There was so wide a difference between the Archie Lovell whom the world called noble, and the weak, wavering, passion-tossed Archie Lovell whom she knew! If things had shaped themselves differently at this sharp turning-point of her life; if Ralph had forsaken her, if the people she lived among, instead of crowning her with laurels, had happened to consider her as lost; ten chances to one she would have hardened and deteriorated down to the level assigned her. But success is the real touchstone of character; and Archie's stood the test beautifully. Four weeks ago she was a self-willed child, smoking her cigarettes, and defying Mrs. Maloney and the proprieties as she ran wild about the Morteville streets—a child suspecting no evil, and careless how she incurred its imputation. As she walked home, on her father's arm, from Hatton Church to-day, she was a woman—softened by a sense of her own weakness; brought low and meek by the love which in her inmost heart she seemed so little to have deserved! In her hour of success every baser element was cast out from that fine nature, and all that remained, henceforth and forever, was pure gold.

I don't think I need describe a double wedding that took place, one soft October morning in Hatton Church. How opinions varied as to whether the pensive fair face or the mignonne dark one looked best beneath its orange blossoms; how Bettina, afraid really to cry because of her lovely dress and bonnet-strings, held her handkerchief to her eyes in delightful proximity to Lady Durant, of Durant's Court; how Mr. Lovell, in his agitation, very nearly married the wrong people to each other; how Sholto McIvor, in returning thanks as best man for the bridesmaid, contrived in twenty incoherent words, to condense together every embarrassing remark that could possibly be made on the subject of old loves and transferred affections! It is all a thing of the

past now. The wedding took place more than a year ago, and the four people most interested know pretty well whether the adventure they made then in the great lottery is likely to turn out a prize or not.

Gerald Durant has left the army, and lives at Durant's Court with the old people. He is a good deal bored; but not more, he fondly tries to think, than he would be if he was going through his former mill-horse life of London and Paris dissipation. He keeps excellent hunters; has instituted a chef in the court kitchen; already inclines ever so slightly to stoutness; and is not very much worried, save by his wife's occasional fits of jealousy about Mrs. Seton, and the persistency with which she sings long songs—always in the style of Mr. Bligh—of an evening. As years go by, he thinks, and as Lucia's baby daughter grows old enough to require training, he will probably be less bored still; and in the mean time it is a great thing to have as pleasant a house to go to as Ludbrooke, a woman as charming as Mrs. Seton to leaven the whole dull mass of heavy country society.

Of the Setons all I have to say is written in four words—four very rare words to be able to record of any two human beings—they suit each other. Half Mr. Lovell's time is spent at Ludbrooke; Troy hangs there—there was no good light for it in the parsonage the poor fellow suddenly discovered when Archie married—and of an evening he and his daughter stand before it, still talking in whispers, her hand within his arm, of the great poet and painter he may yet become should fate prove a little kinder to his wishes.

I can fancy them talking just as foolishly when all the roses shall have died on Mrs. Seton's face, and when the blue eyes have grown dimmed, and other affections, other cares surround her in the years to come.

Women of weaker calibre can forget, after they are married, that they were daughters once. In a heart as loving and as large as Archie's there will be no dethronements.

THE END.

THE ENVIRONS OF BERLIN.

CHARLOTTENBURG, POTSDAM, SANS SOUCI.

THE pretty little village of Charlottenburg, with its country seats and picturesque looking avenues, is about three miles from Berlin. Passing under the arch of the Brandenburg gate, you arrive at the village after a pleasant ride, for the most part through the spacious avenue dividing the Thier-Garten, and stretching almost to Charlottenburg. There is an air of elegance and a character of aristocracy about this village. In the Summer season it is a favorite resort of the wealthy citizens of Berlin, whose villas and country seats manifest great taste and elegance. The palace built here was erected by Frederick the First, who married an English princess, Sophia Charlotte, daughter of the first George, and gave the name to the place in compliment to his wife; although, I believe, this was the only compliment he ever paid her. The gardens behind the palace are very extensive, and laid out with great taste. The entrance to them is through the orangery, at the extremity of which may be seen the graceful front of a small theatre, where plays are performed for the Summer diversion of the royal family. These beautiful gardens are open to the public, and, as they abound in shady walks, with artificial lakes here and there, afford a delightful shelter and place of amusement to the citizens of Berlin during the heat of the Summer months.

The great object of interest, however, to be found in these grounds, is the Mausoleum, where repose the remains of Louisa, Queen of Prussia, and those of her weak and unfortunate husband. You come suddenly upon a white, Doric temple, that might be deemed a mere adornment of the grounds, a spot sacred to seclusion; but the presence of the mournful cypress and the weeping willows proclaims it to be the habitation of the dead. In this temple, so solemn by the subdued light of its interior, on a marble sarcophagus, reclines a full-length sculptured figure of the Queen. It is a portrait statue, and is said to be a perfect resemblance, not as she was in death, but when she lived to bless and be blessed. Nothing can be more calm and serenely beautiful than the expression of the features. The hands are folded on the bosom, the limbs sufficiently crossed to show the repose of life. She does but sleep, indeed she scarce can be said to sleep, for her mind and heart are on her sweet lips. One could sit soothed for hours by the side of this marble form—it breathes such purity and peace. A simple drapery, perfect in every fold and convolution, shrouds the figure. Louisa is said to have been the most beautiful woman of her day; and one can readily believe it, looking down upon this noble effort of the Prussian sculptor's skill, which, radiant with beauty as it is, scarcely does full justice to the lovely features of Queen Louisa. The history of this unfortunate princess is a most interesting and affecting one. She said of herself, shortly before her death: "Posterity will not set down my name among celebrated women, but whoever reads concerning the calamities of these

times, will say of me, She suffered much and suffered with constancy. And may after times be able to add, She gave birth to children, who deserved better days, who struggled to bring them round, and at last succeeded." What a life of startling vicissitude was hers! How full of heart-stirring, heart-rending incident! What suffering she endured! What resolution she displayed in the midst of all her trials! What recuperative energy she brought to light after every defeat! All these have been written of her, and to her honor, in the interesting pages of Prussian history. It was the influence of this noble-minded woman, every inch a queen, that brought Prussia into the field in 1806; and it was the ignominy and stinging scorn heaped upon her by an insolent conqueror, that made every corner of Prussia burn with unextinguishable hate against the French. Trusting in the courage and energy of the nation, she accompanied the King to the army, but returned to a place of safety soon after the disastrous battle of Jena. Before that battle, she parted with her husband in tears, and they never met again except beneath the cloud of misfortune. Suffering in mind and body, she went down to Tilsit during the negotiations that followed, much, it is said, against her own inclinations; but she hoped, by the charm of her presence, that the heart of the conqueror might be softened—that conqueror who had insolently declared that "in ten years his dynasty would be the oldest in Europe." That interview, however, resulted in nothing, except to extort from Napoleon a tribute to the Queen, which, coming from so keen an observer of character, has great weight. Speaking of that interview, Napoleon once said: "The Queen of Prussia unquestionably possesses talents, great information, and a singular acquaintance with affairs. She was the real sovereign for fifteen years. In truth, in spite of my address and utmost efforts, she constantly led the conversation, returned at pleasure to her subject, directed it as she chose; but still with so much tact and judgment that it was impossible to take offence." Contemporary reports appear to indicate that Napoleon at this interview treated the poor Queen with unfeeling insolence. "The object of my journey, sire," said she, "is to prevail on you to grant Prussia an honorable peace." "How," replied the conqueror, "could you think of going to war with me?" And the answer of the Queen was most modest and humble: "It was certainly allowable that the fame of the Great Frederick should lead us to overrate our strength, if, indeed, we have overrated it." After this interview she returned home to die. Her health began rapidly to fail, but she lived long enough to witness the degradation of the monarchy. Her last dying words to her husband and children were: "When I am gone you will weep for me as I have wept for poor Prussia; but you must act—free your people from the degradation in which they are plunged, and prove yourselves worthy of the Great Frederick." The decided conduct of Prussia after the retreat from Moscow was a worthy answer to that dying request.

The palace at Charlottenburg contains nothing very remarkable to those familiar with the interior of English palaces. Long suites of rooms ornamented with paintings and sculpture, an immense ball-room with inlaid floor of polished oak, lighted by four huge chandeliers of rock crystal, a large apartment filled from ceiling to floor with the rarest specimens of China most exquisitely painted, are the most remarkable localities in this favorite retreat of Prussian royalty.

Potsdam is about half an hour's ride by railway from Berlin. It is a forlorn looking spot, fast going to decay, but still retaining traces of its former

magnificence, when Frederick the Great endeavored to make it one of the finest towns in Europe. It exhibits fine, wide streets, but the grass grows in the footways, and hardly a human being is to be seen, except a few of the lounging military. Its location is a very picturesque one, the river Havel, upon which it is located, here expanding into a lake. Its most noteworthy structure is the Garrison Kirche, or Church of the Garrison, where repose the remains of the Great Frederick. The vault is on a level with the floor of the church, and directly behind the pulpit. This vault also contains the sarcophagus holding the remains of the father of Frederick, that stern, half mad old monarch, no less a devotee than a soldier; but whose devotion was limited to external practices, and who thought it not the smallest harm to treat his children, his servants and his subjects, as a groom treats his horses, or a corsair his slaves. The vault is arched at the ceiling, and very plain, the sarcophagi of the monarchs resting upon the brick floor, one on each side. One cannot help recalling, as he stands in the chamber of the mighty dead, that interesting midnight scene when, in this very vault, and over that bronze sarcophagus, the Emperor Alexander of Russia and the King of Prussia joined hands and swore eternal friendship and alliance—an alliance which ultimately wrought such wonders for Europe. And here, but a twelvemonth after, the conqueror Napoleon stood, on the very spot where they had plighted their faith, and bowing his knee, exclaimed as he gazed upon the sarcophagus of the Great Frederick, "Had'st thou been alive, I never should have been here," and then rising, basely stole the sword and scarf of the hero, and the standards of the Prussian guards, beneath whose solemn shadows he reposed.

How much more honorable and magnanimous the conduct of that Russian officer, who, seeing the monument erected at Cologne, to commemorate the battle of Austerlitz, simply wrote beneath, "Seen and approved by me the Russian Governor of Cologne, 1814." Unfortunately, all traces of this sword have been lost. It is said that just before the entry of the allies into Paris, Joseph Bonaparte commanded the stolen flags to be burnt, and the sword of Frederick broken. On each side of the vault now hang the eagles and standards taken by the Prussians from Napoleon at Waterloo—a fitting retribution and atonement to the shade of the great hero for so grievous an insult. When these captured standards surmounted by the eagles are pointed out, care is always taken to make the stranger understand that they are here suspended as trophies of the vengeance Prussia took upon the violator of the mighty monarch's grave. "The New Palace," as it is still most strangely styled, about two miles from Potsdam, is a huge, ungainly brick edifice, built by the great king after his Seven Years' war, and was erected in a spirit of bravado. His adversaries fully supposed that after so long and expensive a war, his financial resources must be completely exhausted. "I will show them," said the brave monarch, "that an exhibition of true patriotism never exhausts a national treasury." And so in this defiant spirit, he built this huge structure to exhibit the recuperative energies of Prussia. It contains in all seventy-two apartments. One large saloon, with a total disregard of good taste, is decorated from floor to ceiling with shells of every hue, wrought into the most elegant devices; intermingled here and there with rich specimens of amber, rubies, carnelians, emeralds and other precious stones. In this saloon hang four immense chandeliers of rock crystal, which, when lighted, must produce a magnificent effect, with the blaze of numerous lights reflected from polished shells and shining minerals. In this palace you are shown the

range of apartments occupied by Frederick during his lifetime, and they are preserved in the order in which they were left at his death. Passing through a long gallery, you enter the chambers once occupied by the King. There may be seen his writing tables smeared with ink, his music stand, and bookcases filled with books, most of them works in the French language. There are the chairs and sofas on which he was wont to sit, with their faded covers torn by the claws of his favorite dogs, who were always his companions. Napoleon visited all these rooms, and paid the most scrupulous regard to the arrangements, not permitting anything to be disturbed, with the exception of one or two pictures which he sent to Paris.

To the west of Potsdam are the palace and gardens of Sans Souci. The gardens are laid out in the stiff, formal French style, with alleys and close-cut hedges. The palace stands at the extremity of the broad avenue, and occupies the summit of a series of terraces, rising one above the other like a grand stair-case. Before setting out for his second Silesian war, Frederick had been so captivated by the beauty and scenery around Potsdam that he determined on erecting a palace there, and drew the plans himself. The palace, when completed, received the name of Sans Souci. Frederick associated with Sans Souci a hidden meaning. Beside the palace he had constructed a vault, which was one day to receive his mortal remains. It was lined with marble, and its purpose playfully veiled by a statue of Flora reclining on a polished slab. This vault, of the existence of which no one was informed, was, properly speaking, that to which the name of Sans Souci alluded. He once mentioned this in conversation to a friend, and said, alluding to the vault, "*Quand je serai là je serai sans souci.*" From the windows of his bed-chamber he could daily gaze upon the guardian of his grave, the goddess Flora.

This palace was the most favorite resort of Frederick, and it was here that Voltaire had his apartments during his literary intimacy with the Prussian monarch. His apartments are still pointed out, directly under those of the King, and are said to be in precisely the same state they were when the furious philosopher left them, swearing vengeance against his royal patron. They are not remarkable for their size or elegance, and, save in the glorious views presented from their windows, not in any way remarkable. For a while after Voltaire's arrival, literary activity and social enjoyment mingled their attractions, and the King and the philosopher were inseparable. But this happy state appears to have been short-lived, and Voltaire soon found to his mortification, when too late, that if a man is sufficiently rich to be master of himself, neither his liberty, his family nor his country should be sacrificed for a pension. Voltaire himself, alluding to his brief residence at Sans Souci, says, "*Astolpho did not meet a kinder reception in the palace of Alcina. To be lodged in the same apartments that Marshal Saxe had occupied, to have the royal cooks at my command when I choose to dine alone, and the royal coachman when I prefer to drive alone—these were but trifling favors.*" This state of things was too pleasant to last long. A disgusting lawsuit in which Voltaire became engaged against a Jew merchant, awakened in Frederick's mind suspicions of the honesty of the poet. The Jew accused Voltaire of having imposed upon him with false jewels, and although the decision of the court was in the philosopher's favor, it was more than suspected that this judgment arose more from the fear of the King's influence than from any impression on the minds of the court of the merits of the case. At length, Voltaire so far forgot himself as to hold intercourse with foreign ambassadors in

in such a way that Frederick's patience was exhausted, and he exclaimed: "I shall want him at best for another year. We squeeze the orange, then throw away the peel." The King's physician, who hated the Frenchman, did not forget to repeat this fine apophthegm, "worthy," as the enraged poet said, "of Dionysius of Syracuse."

From that time Voltaire seems to have looked after "the orange peel." A sarcasm of the poet's, however, appears to have been the proximate cause of his final rupture with the King, and the burning of one of his sarcastic poems by the King's order, the royal notice to quit. The sarcasm was certainly bitter. A general on the King's staff calling on Voltaire for the purpose of having him revise a poem he had just completed, and a servant arriving at the same time with one of the King's poems, Voltaire dismissed the general with the stinging words: "My dear friend, come some other time; your master has just sent me some of his dirty linen to wash. I will attend to yours afterward." But when the poet from his lodging windows in Berlin beheld the hangman burn one of his works ignominiously in the public square, he could not brook such unheard of ignominy. He packed up his pension warrant, order, and gold chamberlain's key, in a parcel, which he sent back to the King, and on the wrapper of the parcel wrote these lines:

I now restore each token
For which I once so fondly strove,
As one whose heart is broken
Returns the likeness of his love.

After his departure from Berlin, he took refuge at Ferney, near Geneva, which he only left to enjoy a brief triumph at Paris, then to die.

In the rear of the palace is a semicircular colonnade, within which, when the infirmities of his last sickness bowed him down, the greatest monarch of his day was accustomed to take exercise. His decline was gradual and easy. He never lost the vigor of his mind, but continued every inch a king. At last the old warrior was brought out to this semicircular colonnade in his arm-chair, surrounded by his favorite dogs, to bask in the sun. "I shall be nearer to him by-and-by," said he, as he gazed toward the luminary, and these were nearly his last words. That old arm-chair was never more wheeled again with its royal load to this colonnade. In a few days after, the monarch had gone to the land of departed heroes. The iron gates of the portico swung open once more to let his coffin pass, and have never been opened since. He sleeps now in the old Garrison Kirche, and his memory is enshrined in the heart of every Prussian.

JAMES W. WALL.

NAPOLEON THE THIRD.

THIS sketch is written with no reference to the public or political career of the extraordinary individual who has wielded so great an influence over the destinies of Europe, and who now holds France in his grasp so firmly that, apparently, naught but death can loosen it. The American public were prejudiced against the man for his usurpation of the throne of France, and had but begun to admire his remarkable success in conducting his Empire, when the French invasion of Mexico and the overt sympathy of the Emperor's adherents with the late Confederacy caused all our former dislike to revive. It were, no doubt, useless to explain why Napoleon acted as he did in regard to Mexico, to dwell upon the fact that he felt the need of counter-acting the influences brought to bear against his rule in France—that to keep his hold upon the masses he was forced to attempt some bold, brilliant move, and that he deemed the occupation of Mexico and its final French colonization just such an enterprise. France, powerful and populous, had no colonies. England's sovereign reigns over so vast an extent of territory that the sun ever shines upon some portions of it, and Napoleon's great ambition and most unceasing preoccupation, next to the establishment of his dynasty, has been to spread his dominions far and wide by colonizing. The American people, conscious of their wonderful resources, their almost unlimited might, could but deem the Emperor Napoleon's want of appreciation of the fact an insult, or a mark of less ability than was being accorded to him very generally, and once more he became to them the mere successful adventurer. Still, and quite naturally, there must be felt in this country some interest as regards the private character, the every-day existence of Napoleon; and, as the writer had for a number of years unusual opportunities to observe him in that capacity, it may not be uninteresting to jot down the impressions imbibed under the circumstances.

With the appearance of the Emperor all are more or less familiar. His photographic likenesses may be found in almost every album, and prints of His Majesty abound on all sides. He is short of stature, but broad and stout. In fact his torso is that of a man of six feet high and well proportioned. His arms are long and muscular, the hands being bony and strong, but his legs are very short—remarkably so from the knee down. Riding on horseback, the Emperor appears to great advantage; in fact, while sitting, he produces the effect of a large-sized man. When risen to his feet, however, he seems unaccountably short of stature. He is well aware of this fact, and is fond, on all public occasions, of appearing on horseback. His walk is not dignified—he waddles. That this may not be too noticeable, His Majesty has adopted a slow, steady pace, from which he seldom departs. His face is rather long, and rendered more so from the tuft of beard grown upon the chin, and which he twists to a point with *cire à moustache*. His moustaches are

long, and likewise twisted to a point, giving to the countenance a sharper character. His nose is aquiline, and his eyes are small and far apart. The countenance has a decided Jewish cast, and his enemies say that this is quite a natural result. There is, with but rare exceptions, a cold, hard, indifferent expression in his eyes—which are of a dull, leaden gray—and the whole appearance of the man is one to chill and repulse the beholder. All this changes, however, the moment he smiles. Then he seems attractive; the well-shaped mouth assumes an expression of kindness which is as beautiful in the otherwise unattractive countenance as is the most clearly defined and vivid rainbow across a storm-darkened horizon. There is, in the firm set of the head upon the broad and short neck, evidence of strength and power; and, in the calmness and quiet of the Emperor's manner, lies the secret of his influence over more impulsive and less reserved natures. Able to restrain and govern his own emotions, he naturally controls those of lesser wills; hence the mastery he exerts over his immediate followers and adherents. But few of them, however, are strongly attached to him, and he is undoubtedly well aware of the fact. He has but little faith in human nature, and no belief in human attachments. To secure the continued fidelity of those who surround him, he bestows upon them continued favors. I have heard persons who had remained by him through his good and his bad fortune comment upon the fact that he never seemed to trust to their love or affection, but always dwelt upon the principle that in their support of his plans and purposes they were but enabling him to reach a position which would ensure his power to confer upon them suitable rewards. Since his accession to the throne, Napoleon has kept near him those who were mainly serviceable in the successful accomplishment of the plot. Not, however, as is well known in France, from any feeling of gratitude, but simply because in the transaction of the *coup d'état* there took place certain things of which the Emperor no wise desired the publication. Hence it was a matter of policy to conciliate these people, and they were the recipients of Imperial favors, dealt out in no niggardly manner. Prominent among the individuals in question were the Counts de Morny, de Persigny, Walewski, General Fleury, Mocquard and others, all of whom benefited vastly. But they knew to what they owed the Imperial kindness, and but felt assured of its continuance so long as the power of Napoleon was not affirmed beyond the reach of scandal. That they possessed documents and proofs which the Emperor deemed valuable or dangerous, may be believed from the fact that the moment he heard of the death of Mocquard, who was his private secretary, he at once repaired to his apartments and took possession of, and carried away, all his private papers. The same thing occurred when Count de Morny, or rather Duke, as he had become, by favor of the Emperor, died. His Majesty drove to the residence of the Duke and ransacked his papers. There were undoubtedly in the keeping of those men grave secrets, hence their tenure of office and favor. He has undoubtedly been, on many occasions, kind and generous where the recipients of his benefits had no claim upon him, but, as a general thing, these acts of kindness were not without an *arrière pensée*. No sovereign now existing has a keener knowledge of the effects to be produced upon the masses by the semblance of generosity and the determination to recognize merit. In France there were never so many rewards, so many decorations, so much advancement given to lesser officials and to soldiers and non-commissioned officers. But this does not proceed from an overflow of generous sentiment. The Em-

peror, in pursuing this course, merely seeks to attach the people to him through their interests.

When he first granted to the French Chambers the liberty of discussion, and appointed Messrs. Billault and Magne ministers without portfolio, that is, when he chose these two eloquent and leading men as the defenders of his policy, he made a present to each of a handsome and richly furnished house. He jestingly commented upon this as a capital plan whereby to secure the zealous and faithful attention of the officials in question, saying that "nicely housed they would have less preoccupation and would pay all the more attention to the debates," adding, "*Un homme qui est content parle mieux.*"

Of course I do not desire to create the impression that the Emperor is devoid of all kindness, but that he is cold, calculating, politic, and that he seldom is swayed by any purely unselfish impulse. I remember distinctly that, upon one occasion, a prominent American gentleman who lately visited Paris, and who had been exceedingly kind to the Emperor when the latter, then a Prince, was exiled to this country, was invited to the palace and most hospitably entertained, because, as the Emperor's Secretary remarked, "*Cela fera bien aux Etats Unis*" (that will have a good effect in the United States). I need not add that this happened before the civil war which but so lately convulsed our country. Naturally enough, the guest who was so kindly received made haste to write to an American journal a long letter descriptive of his visit; and, at the same time, he expatiated upon the goodness of heart of Napoleon, who thus remembered a former benefit. Had there been no after thought of the good result from the courtesy extended to the person in question, he would not have been received, for, as Mr. Mocquard observed, "*C'est si embêtant de recevoir ces gens-là.*"

One of the peculiarities of Napoleon is that he speaks little, but encourages those in his presence to converse upon all topics they are likely to be familiar with. Any remark which strikes him as original or worthy of reconsideration, he notes down upon slips of paper which he keeps near at hand, and to these he refers from time to time, until they accumulate in such masses as to fill up the spaces devoted to these reminders. This being the case, on rainy days, when his promenades have to be discontinued, he burns up the least cared for among the slips, and thus by degrees gets rid of them all. He is fond of noting down remarks made by his immediate and more trusted advisers, and then at some subsequent date refers to the same subjects to see whether the parties in question are still of the same mind, or have made any effort to deceive him; the latter being a result he looks upon as quite likely. There is something almost quizzical in the silent, attentive glance of the Emperor as he listens to the remarks of persons endeavoring to convince him of facts in which they may be interested. He smokes constantly, and through his half-closed, lustreless eyes, regards the speaker with a countenance utterly devoid of expression, save the slight curve of the lips, suggestive of incredulity. Concluding to refuse the favor demanded, his face retains its blank look, which becomes, if possible, more stony; but if he deems it wiser to grant the application, the beautiful smile above referred to irradiates his countenance, and he assumes a look doubly pleasant from his preceding gloom and want of expression. He seldom laughs aloud. I have heard those who for years have remained near his person assert that they never heard him indulge in a guffaw. He chuckles over a joke, especially be it a *double-entendre*, very *lesté*;

enjoys a spicy epigram which hits off any foible of persons whom he does not like, or fears ; but the mirth is restrained, is never frank or jovial. Moderate in his appetite for food or wine, he is known to be exceedingly licentious, very fickle in his attachments, and under no circumstances remarkably generous or liberal to the parties granting him their favors. That this is true, most persons residing in Paris for a short time will know, as the matter is one of jest among certain classes. In fact, save in the way of show, of ostentatious parade, of Imperial display, Napoleon is niggardly, as could be proved, were it necessary to cite cases. To impress the public mind, to hand down to coming generations glorious monuments and trophies, the Emperor is recklessly liberal in spending the money of the people ; but his own he takes good care of, as more than one banker in London can prove.

I mentioned above that Napoleon smokes incessantly. He does this to excess, seeming to enjoy the quiet, dreamy state into which the tobacco plunges him. He uses cigarettes, larger than the usual size, and for hours has one lighted in his mouth. As the fire approaches his fingers, he abstractedly takes from the packet near him a fresh cigarette, lights it, puffs volumes of smoke from nose and mouth, and leaning back, seems to take pleasure in being half hidden by the vapor. He laughingly asserts that in these moments of abstraction he forms his plans for the future, and that he owes his success in life to the more than ordinary amount of reflection indulged in during these dreamy intervals. Of course I have no intention of causing it to be understood that such familiar remarks were made to me by the Emperor. Facts such as the above I gleaned from constant intercourse with his most intimate followers and friends, who are fond of expatiating upon his peculiarities.

The daily routine of the Emperor's life is simple enough. He rises at seven in the Winter, at five in the Summer ; shaves himself, and then passes into his study, where he cons over with his Private Secretary the dispatches and letters received during the night. The more pressing are decided upon, and answers dictated in purport to the Secretary, who makes brief notes. Brief they must be, as the Emperor likes to be understood at a word. This done, he swallows a cup of hot and very strong coffee, then takes a short walk. At eleven he breakfasts. At twelve, three mornings in the week, he attends meetings, or rather councils, of ministers, then grants audiences until three o'clock, and about that hour drives or rides out. He looks upon this public promenade as one of the most important of his duties, and has on many occasions appeared driving his fast pair and phaeton when, to conceal his ill looks, his face was "made up," and he wore strongly-padded stays to help him to an erect posture. He is aware that in his firmness of will and well-known determination to cause the streets to swim in blood rather than be baulked, lies half his power, and he would not for worlds have the people imagine him ailing or weak. The moment such rumors are circulated, he makes a supreme effort, and, as related above, drives or rides out, to all appearances rosy and strong. He is never fitful, irritable or peevish. His is a nature too cold for such little outbursts. He sulks when angry ; retires within the gloom of his cold, hard nature, and, until the fit is over, his friends and servants keep clear of him.

No one except the Englishman, Kinglake, has ever expressed any doubt regarding the personal courage of His Majesty. He has evinced on many occasions a coolness and determination more remarkable than any impulsive or hasty daring. I remember standing near him on the night Orsini and his

accomplices endeavored to kill him with explosive bombs, and came so near succeeding. A huge piece of broken iron passed through the carriage, near the Emperor's head, smashing the glasses, and a piece scratched his nose so that the blood trickled down. The noise and confusion, the plunging of the wounded horses, the screams of the dying among the crowd, many of whom were struck by the missiles, apparently had no effect upon Napoleon's nerves. He was calm and collected, issued orders regarding the wounded, whom he desired to be attended by the Court physicians, and then, with the almost fainting Empress upon his arm, he entered the opera house as though nothing had happened. Over and over again, when warned that there was likelihood of his being attacked in passing through the streets, he has ordered his escort to fall back, and ridden far in advance, determined to run the risk without endangering others. He, however, has his moments of fear. At times he is oppressed by presentiments, and at these periods becomes morose, unapproachable, exceedingly bitter and sarcastic in his address to those who surround him. His immediate surrounders give him all the solitude he desires when these fits are upon him, and throughout the palace *les jours noirs de sa Majesté*—the Emperor's dark days—have a decided influence. When he becomes more cheerful, the fact is evinced by his ordering a shooting excursion, during which pastimes he is as nearly gay as one ever sees him. He selects his favorites to accompany him, and with a sort of morbid pleasure trudges through the covers to be hunted over so rapidly that his followers soon become worn out. His strong, short legs seem never to weary, and as he notices the lassitude of the others, he smiles grimly, and if they fairly break down, the smile becomes a chuckle. The servants in the palace tell many amusing stories regarding the queer doings of the Emperor when the morose fit is upon him. They say that in his room he arranges things to suit himself—hangs his engravings and family portraits, places the furniture and piles away his letters and papers. So long as he is, in his way, cheerful, he seems satisfied with the disposal of the rooms; but during "the dark days" he takes down the pictures, moves the furniture and the books, all the while grumbling and growling at himself. On these occasions the *maitre d'hôtel* of the palace is in despair. The dinners are always "detestable," the wines "sour"—in short, the great "Cæsar" is as fretful and whimsical in his blues as the most petted and spoiled girl. By contrast, at other times he eats and drinks anything, makes no complaint, and gives less trouble than the most insignificant member of his household.

I might cite many little incidents to prove that Napoleon has no very fine feelings, but the following will suffice. As is well known, he is fond of riding and driving splendid horses. Naturally enough, one would suppose that when these latter have done him good service, in fact been used up by his overriding or overworking them, for the rest of their lives they would be well taken care of. Nothing of the sort; no such good fortune awaits them. I have seen horses which for years had borne His Majesty faithfully, ending their days in the shafts of a butcher's cart. The moment they are no longer up to the mark they are given away or sold for a trifle. They must no longer cumber the Imperial stables. This fact speaks volumes in proof of utter selfishness and want of sentiment on the part of the Emperor. A gentleman grants a home to a dog or horse which has been faithful and true. He sees to it that after their toil and service they may end their days in comfort. As far as Napoleon is concerned, the dogs are shot and the horses sold. Were it necessary, I could enumerate instances in which the coldest treatment to men who

had been devoted and true, but were no longer needed, proved that Napoleon is not overburdened with kindness, and that he is a stranger to gratitude.

Like many men occupying such elevated positions, the Emperor is desirous of acquiring fame in the lesser walks of life. His ambition to be celebrated as an author is well known, and to its gratification he sacrifices much of his leisure time. His former Private Secretary, Monsieur Mocquard, now deceased, was a man of great literary ability, and he knew that the surest way to flatter and please Napoleon was to make a show of great respect for his talent as a writer. So Mocquard, who was very successful as a playwright, made it a practice to read all his productions to the Emperor, and solicited his advice. Of course many of the Imperial suggestions were good, and then when the plays were produced, the Secretary was wont to refer to them, when speaking to the Emperor, as "our dramas." This always seemed to vastly please the latter, who made it a matter of business to attend the first representations, and received the congratulations of his Secretary with the utmost complacency. It was this evident desire on the part of the Emperor to be considered a literary genius which gave rise to the "Life of Cæsar," being published as the work of Napoleon. In reality it was commenced by Monsieur Mocquard years before the Emperor ever thought of the matter. Mocquard had in his youth compiled "Les Vies de Plutarque"—"Plutarch's Lives," and as the work was very successful, he undertook the "Life of Cæsar." When Napoleon's attention was called to this effort it seemed to please him so much that gradually Mocquard passed it over to His Majesty altogether, and at last the latter actually grew to believe that the idea originated with him. He took charge of all the manuscripts and translations, and began those researches and excavations after Roman antiquities, encampments and arms, which first caused the public to understand that Napoleon III. was writing a life of Julius Cæsar. Still, even after the Emperor had assumed the authorship of the work in question, he did but little writing upon it. He made notes, and Mocquard enlarged upon them. During a serious illness of the old Secretary, the Vicomte de la Guernonnière was requested by the Emperor to aid in writing up "Cæsar," and, doubtless, at the death of Mocquard, the Vicomte fell heir to the still unaccomplished task.

Napoleon has one fixed idea which has almost become a maxim: that is the discovery of some terrible engine of warfare, some extraordinary musket or cannon. He is theoretically and practically one of the most skilful artillerymen of the day; and he bends his energies toward the perfection of that branch of military science unceasingly. It will be borne in mind that he was the first to use rifled cannon, to the efficacy of which he owed in a great measure the brilliant series of victories which marked the campaign of 1859 as one of the most successful the French may boast of. On his return to France the Emperor was more than ever occupied in examining into new inventions of cannon and fire-arms, and for months he and Colonel Favé, one his favorite *aides-de-camp*, passed hours each day making experiments. At the Tuileries, at Fontainebleau, at Compiègne and at St. Cloud, there are rooms which may be termed arsenals, so filled are they with the arms which the Emperor has invented, bought or received from those who are aware of his passionate desire to examine and try every species of fire-arms. He is somewhat of an alchemist, and at times diligently endeavors to fabricate explosive substances of unheard of power, but the constant requirements of office, the routine of Imperial life, take him away perforce from these cherished pursuits,

and of late ill health has put a stop to his experiments of the above nature. He has numberless models of iron-clad vessels, and but few would be inclined to believe how much treasure has been spent in endeavoring at the national ship-yards and foundries to carry out the Emperor's ideas of what may be done in the way of producing a resistless and monster iron man-of-war. These experiments are kept secret, as they generally fail, but the determination of His Majesty is not to be repressed, and he will doubtless keep on in his search after the terrible until death shall put a stop to the workings of his ever anxious, ever ambitious brain.

The Emperor is not the most exemplary of husbands. For years past he has not been on good terms with the Empress, whose feelings as a wife he has outraged in the most barefaced manner. His *liaisons* with women infinitely inferior to her in every sense have been so open, so flagrant, that ignorance of them on her part was impossible. This naturally soured her temper and rendered her cold and indifferent toward the man who made it apparent to the world that he neither loved nor respected her. The relations between the two have been matter of sarcastic comment on the part of their *entourage*, and many pointed and bitterly significant epigrams have been bandied about among them at the expense of the Imperial couple. At times the Empress had added fresh zest to these *cancans* by acting injudiciously. For instance, at a *soiree intime*, that is, a private party, to which the Emperor had, against the request of his spouse, invited the Countess de Castiglione, well known to be his mistress, the Empress caused her hair dresser to make for a white poodle dog with long, silky hair, just such a unique *coiffure* as was habitually worn by the beautiful countess. At a given moment—the Emperor and the countess, arm in arm, were promenading in the salons—in ran the poodle with the headdress, its ribbons and jewels an exact counterpart of that ornamenting the countess. An irrepressible burst of laughter greeted the dog. The angered and mortified countess retired from the room, and the Emperor, all aglow with rage, sought out the perpetrator of this practical joke. When he ascertained that the Empress was its originator, he could of course but repress his anger. But this scene rendered him all the more attentive to the countess, and in her annoyance, Eugenie threatened to leave France. She did so at one time, and the Castiglione was sent away. After her return the Empress for years succeeded in keeping the countess from the French Court, but recently the latter returned, and scandal has been once more busied with her intrigue with Napoleon. As another instance of the indiscreet course pursued by the Empress, may be mentioned the fact of her repeated efforts to leave Paris clandestinely. On one occasion she was forcibly taken out of a cab at the palace door, just as it was being driven away. With only her maid, Eugenie had determined to take the night train for England. The Emperor got wind of this escapade and frustrated it. A little later on, Eugenie succeeded in taking her departure, and she did not return until, as stated above, the Countess of Castiglione had been banished from the court. It is well known that with his cousin, Prince Napoleon, the Emperor has never been on very good terms. A mutual jealousy exists, which events tend to inflame. The fact that Prince Napoleon is, next to the Prince Imperial, heir to the throne of France, renders the Emperor and also the Empress quite jealous of him. They seem to dread that he may, in case the opportunity should present itself, supplant the Prince Imperial, and as a natural result they dislike their cousin, and very often let him see this. *En revanche* the latter makes

it easily understood that he is quite prepared to be their enemy at a moment's notice, so that the family relations are not of the most pleasant. In the palace the followers of the Emperor and even his servants indulge constantly in flings at Prince Napoleon. In the household of the latter the Emperor and Empress are more generally referred to by equivocal *sobriquets* than as "Their Majesties." Of course these things have arisen from the jealousy displayed originally by the Emperor, who was so impolitic as to let it be seen that he disliked his cousin and feared his advancement. Irrepressibly determined to become prominent in some way, Prince Napoleon has ever found the Emperor quite as determined to prevent his success. At times this leads to open quarrels, and then Napoleon makes some concessions to his cousin, but he speedily manages to render these fruitless by little chicaneries beneath the dignity of so powerful and successful a sovereign.

The chief ambition of the Emperor is the establishment of his dynasty. Having but one legitimate successor, the Prince Imperial, he has bent all his energies toward smoothing the way for the future reign of this boy. Knowing from experience, however, that the affairs of the world are but too uncertain, he is preparing his son for all eventualities, and is giving him mentally and physically a thorough training. There is not much tenderness displayed between the father and the son. The former is too cold, too undemonstrative to call forth any display of affection from the child; but he watches over him with constant solicitude. He inspires his mind with a due sense of the grandeur of his position, but at the same time impresses upon him the fact that affability ever pleases the masses. At the earliest age he taught the Prince to smile and kiss his hand to the people. Later on he was made to bow to them with that wave of the hand which seems so patronizing and so general. Knowing the benefits of a strong constitution, and a strong mind, the Emperor has watched over the early education of his son with the purpose of fostering both. He is made to take strengthening exercise, and is allowed to have but such playthings as occasion thought and care in their management. He is surrounded by people who are to be as punctilious in their service and instruction as though they were waiting upon the Emperor himself; but (and here the Emperor's *acting* is as ever displayed) he is periodically allowed to appear in public with his little playmates, under no restraint, so that the natural graces of childhood may charm the masses and be commented upon. To the soldiers the Prince is regularly shown up in his grenadier uniform. It is thought that in this manner he will become endeared to them. In short, as regards the Prince, his every movement is one having for purpose to attract and please the people. He is ever acting, and before leaving the palace on parade days, is duly taught what he must say and do, is made to rehearse until perfect in his part. The result will be, doubtless, that the Prince in time will become as consummate an actor as his father.

The reader of this sketch will perhaps think that it dwells too much upon the unpleasant traits of the Emperor's character. If so, I can but say that, taking into consideration the disposition and actions of the man, there is no opportunity to depict more favorably his selfish, ambitious, cold, unscrupulous nature. I might relate many instances to prove him ungrateful, not trustworthy, scheming and politic to the last degree, but this is quite unnecessary. His political course has been all the above, and more. Even at the present time the world is discussing one of the most flagrant instances of his want of good faith. I mean his abandonment of Maximilian of Austria,

whom he duped into taking the throne of Mexico, whom he solemnly engaged to support, and whom he abandons without so much as an effort to save appearances the moment he no longer needs him. In private or in public life, this course has ever been pursued by Napoleon III., and the fact in itself speaks volumes as to his character. Firm and indomitable of purpose, brave, remarkably intelligent, even brilliant in his acquirements, the Emperor lacks but one thing—heart.

H. A. DELILLE.

SEEN ONCE.

I CANNOT shake the spell her passing weaves ;
Though distance drops a curtain dense between,
My daily thinking is a peopled scene,
And there she rules, to that her action cleaves.

My open books are only dials now
On which time paints her absence by her face,
And lets me neither wit nor knowledge trace,
Nor other lapse of daylight will allow.

This pen, my chattel, she beguiles to dream ;
It leaves the task as though a thrilling hand
She lifted with her own : decoy unplann'd,
Through all that looks at me her glances stream.

Her gestures are a portion of my day,
To do her good seems worth the rest of life,
Each pulse of mine her image takes to wife :
And yet I know her not—and never may.

JOHN WEISS.

THE CURRENCY OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE present currency of the United States is a mixed, irredeemable paper currency, consisting partly of paper money, properly so called, or legal tenders, and a flexible or bank currency, known as national bank notes. The small amount of State bank circulation and the fractional currency are left out of account as being practically unimportant to the consideration of this subject.

The distinction between paper money or the legal tenders, and the national bank currency, is important, as will be seen hereafter.

The issue of paper money is a common expedient of nations when involved in expensive wars, and especially in civil wars it would seem to be a necessary expedient. "It is usually first issued amid the commercial disasters and the destruction of public and private credit which are among the first consequences of the overthrow of an old government, and the outbreak of a civil war." It is practically a forced loan from the people to meet, as in this country, an overwhelming necessity when the life of the State is in imminent danger. It differs, in character, in no respect from the Continental currency issued during the Revolution, and may be denominated a revolutionary currency.

Suddenly involved in a stupendous war, with an empty treasury and broken credit, without any system of taxation in operation beyond the utterly inadequate duties on imports, the legal tender act became indispensable to the continuance of the Government; and, if contrary to the letter of the Constitution (*inter arma silent leges*), it was justified by a necessity that knew no law, or rather it was demanded by the good of the people, which is the supreme law.*

That much of the obloquy cast upon Congress and the administration, for the enactment of the legal tender act, was inspired by an honest and loyal, though mistaken zeal, we have no doubt; but that the larger portion was the offspring of a malignant and revengeful party spirit,* having no loftier motive than the base abandonment of country in the hour of peril, is, we believe, too true.

The legal tender act was, also, not less a commercial necessity.

The currency of the country was in an unsound condition when the war broke out, the bank circulation and deposits amounting to four hundred and

* The coin of a State sometimes vanishes under the influence of political alarms; sometimes in consequence of the explosion of mercantile speculations; and sometimes by the drain of an unfavorable course of trade. But whenever the emergency occurs that demands a change of system, it seems necessarily to follow, that the authority which was alone competent to establish the national coin is alone competent to establish a national substitute.—*Report of a select Committee of the House of Representatives in 1815 on the subject of a "Uniform National Currency," of which Jno. C. Calhoun was Chairman.*

sixty millions, against only eighty-three millions of specie; while there could have been little specie in the hands of the people, the currency for their daily wants being supplied by bank notes of the denomination of one dollar and upward; and the effect of paper currency is always and inevitably to displace metallic currency.

With such a currency, then, the country was not in a condition to withstand the tremendous revolution in our foreign commercial exchanges brought about by the failure of the cotton crop; for the effect of the Rebellion was the same upon our foreign commerce as if, during a period of peace antecedent to the war, the cotton fields of the insurgent States had been blasted for four consecutive years. One half the value of our total exports consisted of cotton. Is it at all probable, then, that the banks could have continued paying specie under such circumstances, even had there been no war? The failure of the grain crops in England in 1847 precipitated a disastrous financial crisis upon that country. And though the financial effect of the total failure of our own grain crops would be much more immediate and infinitely more disastrous, yet, that the failure of either the grain or cotton crops any time previous to the war would have necessitated a suspension of specie payments, is equally certain. If, then, the suspension of specie payments became inevitable in consequence of the immediate creation of our unfavorable balance of trade, what were the resources left to the Government with which to carry on the war? Could it borrow of the banks? They had nothing to lend but an irredeemable currency, and that in itself were unconstitutional, for the Constitution says: "No State shall emit bills of credit." An inconvertible bank bill is emphatically a "bill of credit," and if a State may not issue "bills of credit," it certainly has no power to allow others to do so. Since the banks were powerless to satisfy the wants of the Government then, the only other resource left it was the negotiation of a foreign loan. Manifestly this resource was unavailable, except upon usurious and too degrading terms, if it were not altogether impossible; for at the money centre of the world, it was considered that the "bubble" of American liberty had burst, and that the Union had resolved itself into thirty-four independent sovereignties; or rather that the South had become a new nation and the North remained a mob. The sympathies and aid of England were given to the South and against the North. England and the South had a common bond, in mutual hate of the Union; besides, the South pretended to worship the Englishman's god—free trade. A fellow feeling made them wondrous kind.

We may remark here that the failure of the cotton crop not only revolutionized our own foreign exchanges for the time being, but it broke the continuity of the commercial exchanges of the world, and, in connection with our disordered currency, was the remote cause of the financial panics in England of 1864 and 1866.

An irredeemable paper currency of some kind having become an absolute commercial and political necessity, the only "authority competent to establish a national substitute" for coin, issued bills of credit upon the faith of the nation, having a national and uniform value, and made a legal tender in payment of all debts public and private, thus bringing comparative order out of chaos.

We pass now to the important fact that paper money being made a legal tender for all debts public and private, its circulation becomes compulsory, or,

in other words, and unlike a bank circulation, it has no flexibility. This feature is the chief distinction between the legal tender and National Bank notes.

We next observe that in all civilized communities a certain amount of circulating medium is necessary, in order to effect its domestic commercial exchanges. This is not a fixed quantity, but is everywhere constantly varying, and in a country like this, where large crops have to be moved from remote parts to tide-water, and where there are large commercial cities two thousand miles apart, the amount of circulating medium necessary for the purpose indicated fluctuates perhaps more than in any other country.

We next remark that paper money possessing no intrinsic value, its relative or commercial value depends entirely upon the supply, *provided the operation of natural law is not interfered with*. For instance, let us suppose that a circulating medium of the value of three hundred millions of dollars is needed to-day; the larger part of this will of course remain at a domestic money centre—New York. Now, if there are only legal tenders of the nominal value of three hundred millions of dollars in circulation, they will remain at par; but if there are legal tenders of the nominal value of six hundred millions of dollars, they will only be worth fifty cents each, or, in other words, specie will be at one hundred premium. When the circulation is once full, its money value cannot be increased by the further issue of bills, for the whole mass will only be worth the necessary value. As the necessary value of the circulating medium increases in consequence of the need of money to move the crops, or from other causes, supposing the issue unchanged, the legal tenders will begin to appreciate in value, or in other words, the premium on gold will decline.

We have only stated the principle here, in order to show the causes of depreciation and constant fluctuation of a paper money currency. The principle does not manifest itself instantly with every changing condition of trade, but if certain conditions remain in operation long enough, the principle will always assert itself.

In 1863 the National Bank Act was passed. There was much opposition to this sweeping change in the banking system of the country, partly—and naturally enough—from those (bank officers and others) who supposed their pecuniary interests damaged; but the opposition from this quarter was, we believe, neither vehement nor implacable. The chief and unceasing opposition came from the miserable faction, whose grateful occupation it was to denounce everything that seemed to facilitate the Government in its fiscal or military operations.

The establishment of the National Bank system will, we believe, mark an important epoch in the financial history of this country, and reflect lasting honor on the financial minister who put it into operation. The details of the system are imperfect, and are not susceptible of being made perfect, we think, until the time approaches for the restoration of a sound currency.

The principal features of the system are, first, that it places the whole control of the currency with Congress, where alone it belongs, and where alone it can with safety reside. Secondly, it gives to the people absolute immunity against loss from a worthless bank circulation, since the redemption of the bills is guaranteed by the United States. Thirdly, it gives to the people of this vast country a National Bank circulation of uniform value, a most important and desirable object, which State banks are powerless to effect.

Upon this last point we cannot forbear quoting Mr. Webster in his celebrated speech on the currency in 1837 :

I am no enemy to State banks ; they may be very useful in their spheres ; but you can no more cause them to perform the duties of a national institution than you can turn a satellite into a primary orb. They cannot maintain a currency of equal credit all over the country. It might be tried, sir, in your State of Kentucky, or our State of Massachusetts. We may erect banks on all the securities which the wit of man can devise ; we may have capital, we may have funds, we may have bonds and mortgages, we may add the faith of the State, we may pile Pelion upon Ossa ; they will be State institutions after all, and will not be able to support a national circulation. This is inherent in the nature of things, and in the sentiments of men. It is vain to argue that it ought not to be so, or to contend that one bank may be as safe as another. Experience proves that it is so, and we may be assured it will remain so.—*Webster's Works*, vol. iv, p. 340.

The National Bank notes, having no intrinsic value, and being redeemable only in legal tenders, will appreciate and depreciate with the legal tenders ; that is to say, the whole body of the currency will rise and fall together in value. The only important distinction between the legal tenders and National Bank notes is that the latter form a flexible currency, and tend to lessen the violence of the fluctuations of the whole currency. The flexible quality of this currency was most noticeable during the past few months, when the New York banks became encumbered with National Bank notes. Notwithstanding that the legal tender circulation is in excess of the National Bank circulation, yet the latter flowed into the banks in large quantities. The banks would exchange them for legal tenders sometimes, we believe, at a small discount, but they would flow back again. If the National Bank notes were sent for redemption to the banks originally issuing the same, they would immediately reissue them (the profit being in circulation), and the community, having currency enough, would immediately reject them, and they would flow in again to embarrass the banks at the money centre—New York. The National Bank notes not being legal tender, nor a "substitute for coin," were always paid away in preference to the latter. Besides, the National Banks were obliged by law to have a certain reserve of legal tender notes. Had there been no National Bank circulation, and in its stead the same quantity of legal tenders or paper money, the latter would have remained in circulation "as an agent to raise prices," and the natural result would have been a further depreciation of the whole currency ; or, if the depreciation had been *temporarily* prevented by sales of gold by the Treasury Department, there would naturally have been increased imports and decreased exports.

Having described the *character* of the present currency of the country, we proceed to the important inquiry as to its redundancy.

A redundant currency is commonly understood to be an excessive currency, and, considering our currency at its nominal value, it is unquestionably redundant, otherwise it would be worth par. In this case, the only way to permanently restore its nominal value to the value of coin, will be to cancel and destroy the same until the desired object is attained. For, as we have before observed, paper money having no intrinsic value, its representative value as a circulating medium is regulated by the supply, and if the supply is in excess of the demand, the paper currency will inevitably depreciate. The real or representative value of the whole currency cannot be increased by an increased issue thereof. We therefore see that if the issue is unchanged, and natural law left unobstructed, a paper currency will always adjust itself *in time* to the wants of the community, by rising or falling in value. A paper

money currency is liable to constant and violent fluctuations of value, for although, as we have stated, it will always adjust itself *in time*, yet, when there are factitious influences at work to delay the adjustment, such as the export of bonds to Europe or the sale of gold by the Treasury Department, it will be delayed until such influence ceases; but if the issue remain unchanged, it will finally adjust itself, and perhaps with violence and disaster to the mercantile community. The delay may be long, our whole debt may, indeed, be transferred to Europe if it were possible for Europe to carry it, but if *the issue remain unchanged*, the adjustment must finally come, and with emphasis in proportion to the delay. It is easy to see, therefore, that under a paper money currency with its constant fluctuations, the amount of intellectual suffering entailed upon a mercantile community must be very great, to say nothing of constant and unexpected mutations of fortune.

We have shown that the currency is redundant, and that in time it will adjust itself to the wants of the community. A few words as to the process of adjustment, which is very simple, may not be out of place here.

When the currency is redundant, and it has not depreciated to its natural point in consequence of artificial obstructions, the prices of merchandise and produce of all kinds will be high, and importations thereof will increase, until there is a sufficient drain of the precious metals to cause the currency to depreciate, or, in other words, until the premium on gold rises higher. When the currency has depreciated so low, or the premium on gold has risen so high, that imports do not materially exceed the exports in value, or in other words, when the exports of merchandise pay for the imports of merchandise, then the depreciation is near its natural point. It therefore follows that while the whole currency is redundant, the money or specie value thereof may or may not be redundant or excessive, according as the depreciation is above or below its natural point. For the purpose of illustration, let us suppose that there are a thousand millions of paper dollars in circulation; now if gold is at one hundred premium, obviously the paper dollars will only be worth *fifty cents* each, and consequently there will only be the equivalent of *five hundred* millions of money in circulation, and if this amount were needed for a circulating medium, it could not be said that the money value of the circulation was redundant or excessive, and under such circumstances the imports could not materially exceed the exports. But supposing the thousand millions in circulation, with gold at forty premium, obviously the paper dollars are worth more than *seventy cents* each, and consequently there will be the equivalent of more than *seven hundred* millions of dollars in circulation; and if there were still only *five hundred* millions of money needed for the circulating medium, manifestly the money value of the circulation would be redundant or excessive, and under such circumstances the imports would greatly exceed the exports in value, until the money value of the whole circulation receded to the necessary amount of five hundred millions. This recession might be caused by a demand for the precious metals to export, causing the premium thereon to rise, or in other words, causing the currency to depreciate; or it might be caused by the cancellation of so many paper dollars, say to such extent as would be equal to *five hundred* millions of money at *seventy cents* each. Either the currency must be contracted or the premium on gold must rise before the value of the imports can be reduced to a level with the value of the exports.

Admitting, then, the present currency of the United States to be redundant,

has it depreciated to its natural point, or which is the same thing, has the premium on gold risen to its natural point? Or to put the question in another form—is the money value of the currency excessive? Manifestly it is, for the value of the imports of merchandise has been for the past year, and is still continuing to be, about twice the value of the exports; and there will be no material change from this condition of things until the currency is contracted in volume, or the premium on gold rises, thus contracting it in value.

But it may be naturally asked, if the paper currency is self-adjusting in value, why has it not adjusted itself long since? The answer is, that there have been large amounts of bonds transmitted to Europe in lieu of coin, and that the Treasury Department sold fifty millions of gold between January and June, the most of which went immediately out of the country, thus preventing, for the time being, the operation of natural law. The currency would have adjusted itself very quickly and permanently in the month of May last, when the panic took place in England, had not the Treasury Department met the crisis by the extraordinary sales of gold. It was honestly claimed that the sales of gold were made for the purpose of keeping up the price of bonds, protecting American credit generally, and relieving the English money market. What superficial nonsense to rest one's financial reputation upon!

What are some of the consequences of the heavy sales of gold? Simply that excessive taxation, superadded to a currency inflated in value far beyond its natural point, is crushing the industrial interests of the country. Our imports, as already stated, are double the value of our exports. Our ships are lying idle at the wharves for want of outward freights. The woolen manufacturing interest is already prostrated,* while the cotton manufacturing and other industrial interests will soon follow unless there is some change. Enterprise is disheartened, capital divorced from labor, and the only mode of relief is a contraction of the *value* of the currency, either by cancellation or a further depreciation thereof. There is no disguising the fact that the nation is on the road to bankruptcy.

A most remarkable instance of cause and effect was shown by the inflation brought about by the attempt to fund in the ten-forty loan at five per cent., as shown below, viz :

CAUSE.—Money inflation in 1863-'64.

EFFECT.—1. A heavy demand for all sorts of imported goods in the United States, especially drygoods from England, thereby creating a demand in England for raw materials, especially cotton from India and elsewhere, resulting in a glut of importations of cotton and heavy losses thereon. Financial pressure in England, heavy failures, and Bank of England rate 9 per cent.

2. Imports into the United States for fiscal year ending in 1864, exceeding

* It has been stated that our woolen mills have been over-producing. The truth is, the nation has been over-importing. The value of imported woolen goods thrown on the market for ten months from January 1 is (invoice value) \$44,262,019 gold, against \$30,237,662 for same time, 1865, and \$26,441,843 for same time, 1864. If we add freight, duty, bankers' commissions, etc., the currency value of woolen goods passed into consumption at the port of New York alone, will probably exceed \$100,000,000 for the ten months, thus displacing domestic woolens to the same extent. We need not be surprised, therefore, that our woolen mills are shutting up. Invoice value (gold) of dry goods of all kinds passed into consumption at the port of New York for ten months is: 1866, \$109,145,480; 1865, \$73,334,660; 1864, \$61,884,256.

\$328,000,000 invoice gold value. The previous year imports were a little over \$252,000,000.

3. Export of more than \$100,000,000 coin, beside a large quantity of 5-20 bonds, and merchandise exports of the currency value of \$240,000,000. Premium on gold, aggravated by injudicious legislation, reached 185, thus checking importation; the imports for fiscal year ending in 1865, amounting to a little over \$234,000,000.

We have stated that the nation is on the road to bankruptcy. Let us inquire into the truth of the statement.

The debt of the United States is represented by various descriptions of bonds, notes, etc., which are simply evidences of the waste of war; and if they were all destroyed in a single night, the *nation* would be neither poorer nor richer. The nation is the poorer in consequence of the destruction of the material products of labor during the war, and not in consequence of the existence or non-existence of the various certificates of indebtedness, aggregated under the common term—National Debt. For instance, the Government, or its officers, would load a fifteen-inch gun with a hundred dollars' worth of the material products of labor, and by applying the match, would cause their instant and absolute destruction, in consequence of which the nation became poorer by the value of what was destroyed. The Government handed in exchange for the charge of the gun a paper obligation for one hundred dollars. The obligation, intrinsically, was worth nothing, but it constitutes *to the individual holder* a mortgage on the future products of labor to the extent of its face; and if the paper obligation were instantly destroyed by fire, or otherwise, the individual owning it might lose, but the *nation*, in the aggregate, would lose nothing. The actual loss took place at the moment the gun was discharged. Nor would the nation gain anything, since the destruction of the paper obligation could not restore the contents of the gun that were previously and absolutely destroyed.

The debt of the nation is, then, simply a debt from the nation in the aggregate, to itself in the aggregate. Or in other words, the Government, as agent for the people, is in debt to the people. If the debt were equally distributed, it would be most equitable, judicious and economical* to destroy all the evidences thereof. But it is not equally distributed, since some parties contributed an iron-clad vessel, some a thousand uniforms, some one thing and some another, while others only contributed the amount of their taxes.

If, then, a debt be considered as an "obligation from one to another," the national debt—so called—is not a debt at all in a national sense, *so long as it is held by our own people*; and the taxes collected by the Government are for the purpose of equalizing the waste of war, and apportioning it among the people. If the Government have been able to cancel the evidences of waste during the past fiscal year to the extent of about one hundred and sixty millions of dollars, it shows that so much of the so-called debt has been equalized. The nation is no richer† nor poorer in consequence, for nothing can restore that which was absolutely destroyed; but it is so far on its way through the hard and painful process of equalization which it must undergo.‡

* Since the nation has to support an army of tax-gatherers, or non-producers.

† Except prospectively.

‡ It is admitted that we have many substantial relics of the vast material wealth called forth by the exigencies of the war. We have parks of artillery, quantities of arms, and the finest navy in the world; and as these are essential to the life of the nation,

The national debt, then, when held at home by our own people, is not a debt in a *national* sense, and it is only when transferred abroad that it becomes so. It is *then* an obligation from one people to another and alien people.

If, therefore, notwithstanding that the Government has cancelled so much of the so-called debt, it could be shown that we have accumulated a debt to foreign nations during the current year, and that the process of accumulation is still going rapidly on, do we err in saying that the nation is *on the road* to bankruptcy? The commerce of the port of New York since January 1, shows a balance against us of not less than *one hundred millions of dollars in gold*, while it is not probable that the exports from the Southern ports will more than offset the large excess of imports at the other Atlantic and Pacific ports. Whether this debt has been temporarily satisfied by the negotiation of bonds abroad, or whether a large portion remains still unsatisfied, it is difficult to say. We incline to the latter opinion. The bonds are sent abroad in exchange for the finished products of foreign labor that “perish in the using,” and not in exchange for capital—as some newspapers have it. Capital is what is *saved from the products of our own labor*, and not what is *consumed of the products of foreign labor*. It is *we* who have parted with capital, for the bonds become capital to the individual holders thereof.

A contraction of the value of the currency, then, being of vital importance to check the present disastrous tendency, and there being but two ways in which it can be effected, viz., either by cancellation or depreciation, the question arises, which of the two is the more feasible? and to that inquiry we address ourselves: First, *can* the currency be cancelled or retired to any material or sufficient extent? If we have a just conception of the nature of the problem, the currency cannot be materially retired until the debt is funded. During the next Summer the compound interest notes are to be paid over the counter with accrued interest thereon. Also the first series of seven-thirties, if the holders so desire, altogether amounting to something like four hundred millions of dollars. During the Summer of 1868, the last two series of seven-thirties are to be paid over the counter, if the holders so desire, both series together amounting to some four hundred millions of dollars, or more.* All this indebtedness is to be funded in gold-bearing bonds, at a rate of interest not exceeding six per cent. It is obvious then, that any material cancellation of the currency would so enhance the rate of interest as to defeat the funding process at six per cent. If this reasoning be sound, we are inevitably forced to the further depreciation of the currency as the *dernier resort*. We must then consider whether the further depreciation of the currency will facilitate the process of funding; and on this point we think there is very little doubt,

the cost of them cannot in any sense be considered as evidences of waste. But it must be borne in mind that the people were paying heavy taxes during the war that were consumed as fast as paid. And, alas! who shall count the cost of the hundreds of thousands slain? No amount of taxation can “equalize” their loss. It is hoped that their lives have not been *wholly* wasted. It is hoped that the desolated homes of the land may yet be a sufficient rebuke to the politicians in high and low places, who are thrusting forward their ephemeral devices to cheat the great Nemesis,

—who never yet of human wrong

Left the unbalanced scale.

For not until the Archangel's trump shall sound, can be gathered together the elements that constituted “the Union as it was.”

*The amount of maturing indebtedness unfunded November 1, 1866, was a little over \$870,000,000.

For, although the further depreciation of the currency will cause a stringency in the money market,* yet, when interest is payable in coin, the rate will increase with the depreciation *pari passu*. For instance, if the currency should depreciate to fifty cents on the dollar, the interest on a gold-bearing six per cent. bond will be twelve per cent. in currency, thereby rendering the six per cent. gold-bearing bond much more desirable than a seven-thirty note with the interest payable in currency.

We have thus shown that the present condition of the material interests of the nation, as well as the funding of the public debt, requires a further depreciation of the currency. But there are other and most cogent reasons. The public debt was contracted in a depreciated currency, worth—say, for the sake of argument—fifty cents on the dollar. If, then, the debt at the close of the war was three thousand millions of currency value, it was really only fifteen hundred millions of *dollars*. The effect, therefore, of appreciating the currency to par, would be to double the principal of the debt, as well as the burden of taxation. Is this so very desirable an end to accomplish, as to justify the clamor for a resumption of specie payments “forthwith,” even if such clamor were not in other respects ridiculously absurd? On the contrary, is it not obviously the real interest of the nation that the currency should depreciate to fifty cents on the dollar, if possible, and there remain till the debt is funded, and other necessary preliminaries to the resumption of specie payments, and the restoration of a sound currency, fully accomplished? But supposing the debt funded, is the way *then* open to the restoration of a sound currency, and the resumption of specie payments? Decidedly it is not, in our opinion. There are at least from three to four hundred millions of bonds held abroad, and we have good reason for believing the amount to reach six hundred millions, the whole or any part of which is liable to be returned for payment at any time.

The question of the return of bonds for payment presented itself to the author of a recent and very able work,† who seems to ridicule the idea that our bonds are likely to be returned from Europe and thrown on the market here. Perhaps the best answer to this is, that they were returned in May last in considerable quantities, and they are likely to be returned again at the first breath of political alarm. If individuals or corporations abroad overload themselves with our bonds, they may be *obliged* to send them back. But admitting the possibility of the return of the bonds, and the consequent suspension of specie payments by the banks, the author says: “But what of that? The banks are accustomed to it; it would be nothing new nor uncommon.” In short, the author thinks it neither dangerous nor undesirable to have our bonds held abroad, but on the contrary, seems to regard it as rather a good thing; from all of which reasoning we most emphatically dissent. We think it neither safe nor possible to resume specie payments with such an enormous quantity of bonds held abroad. We believe it will be

* We have before stated that the depreciation of the currency—or the rise in the premium on gold—has the effect of contracting the money value of the whole body of the currency, and so tightens the money market. If there are \$1,000,000,000 currency in circulation, and gold rises to 100 premium, of course there is but the equivalent of \$500,000,000, and so on. This was clearly illustrated in 1864, when the premium on gold went to 185. At that time United States certificates of indebtedness, bearing interest at six per cent. in *currency*, fell to 94.

† “Science of Wealth,” by Amasa Walker. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1866.

necessary, in order to establish a sound currency, for the Treasury to hoard two hundred millions of coin; and, considering the constant absorption of precious metals by the Asiatic nations, and their consumption in the arts, we very much doubt the ability of foreign nations to carry so much of our debt, while the process of hoarding the precious metals is going on in this, the chief producing country; and especially after a balance of trade favorable to us is brought about, as must needs be, in order to check the present tendency to financial ruin. The holding of such an enormous quantity of our bonds abroad is a constant menace, full of danger to the interests of capital and labor in this country. While so held, we are under bonds to keep peace with the world. If we were on a specie basis, with the bonds now held abroad, the ravages of forty Alabamas would be as nothing, compared with the damage done at the first hint of an intention to enforce our claims against England.

We think, therefore, that so soon as the debt is funded, the five-twenties of 1862 should be called in as fast as possible, and paid off in legal tenders *according to law*, as a necessary preliminary to the resumption of specie payments. It would be gross injustice to the tax-paying people of this country to compel them to pay in specie that which is by law payable in "lawful money;" and we are satisfied of the inability of the nation to redeem in coin at or before maturity the large amount of bonds now held abroad. It is probable that the bonds held abroad did not cost the holders, at the average, more than *fifty-five or sixty* cents to the dollar.

We believe, then, that the interests of the country require a further depreciation of the currency, and that it shall continue so depreciated till the debt is funded, and the first issue of five-twenties paid off. And while these desirable ends are being accomplished, we believe that the people will be able to pay off (or equalize) a thousand millions of the debt, and come down to a sound currency with not more than a thousand millions of funded debt. In order to restore a sound currency we think it necessary to have no National Bank notes or legal tenders in circulation under the denomination of twenty dollars, thereby giving to the people a metallic circulation and improving the quality of the whole currency. Also, for the general security of commercial credit, it is desirable, we think, to have an act of Congress exempting from the operation of any usury law, all commercial paper running not longer than four months.

We have said it would be necessary for the Treasury to hoard gold. Gold cannot remain in circulation with a redundant paper currency. It will be driven into hoards or out of the country. It must not go out of the country, and if hoarded, it is better for the Treasury to hoard it, since the Government is responsible for the whole currency, and because it will be in view.

We have spoken of excessive taxation, and will briefly remark, that we think the present system is crude, operose and distressing to the industrial interests of the country. It necessitates a large standing army of tax-gatherers, who are sucking the blood of the people, corrupting the body politic, and making the subordinate offices in their control the subject of traffic. Reverdy Johnson is reported to have given his opinion that the cotton tax is unconstitutional. We think there is very little doubt that the whole income tax is unconstitutional,* and it ought to be. The income tax of five per

* Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union, according to their respective numbers, which shall

cent. in a time of peace is altogether exorbitant; but the discrimination of five per cent. against all incomes exceeding five thousand dollars is, *under our form of Government*, reprehensible in the highest degree. Taxation is a science, and consists in taking the people's money, so far as possible, without their knowing it—in taking the pound of flesh without drawing blood; and regarded as such, it is very different from the summary process of clutching by the throat every man who happens to have more than five thousand dollars, and compelling him to disgorge, for it really amounts to this, and becomes merely a question of expediency whether the discrimination shall be five or ninety-five per cent. This odious discrimination is nothing less than the deliberate adoption of the agrarian principle, and carries us back to the days of the Roman Republic. And when members of Congress, refusing to abolish the odious discrimination, vote themselves increased pay, we are reminded of the language of Webster: "In a country of unbounded liberty they clamor against oppression. In a country of perfect equality they would move heaven and earth against privilege and monopoly. In a country where property is more equally divided than anywhere else, they rend the air with the shouting of agrarian doctrines. In a country where the wages of labor are high beyond all parallel, and where lands are cheap, and the means of living low, they would teach the laborer that he is but an oppressed slave. Sir, what can such men want? What do they mean? They can want nothing, sir, but to enjoy the fruits of other men's labor. They can mean nothing but disturbance and disorder, the diffusion of corrupt principles, and the destruction of the moral sentiments and moral habits of society."

With the exception of customs and stamp duties, and the excise duty on tobacco and spirits,* we think it highly desirable and economical for the country to abolish the whole system of Federal taxation, and levy a direct assessment on the States, according to the Constitution, for the deficit. The debt is so large, its burden so great, and the equalizing process so hard, that the nicest possible adjustment of the load is urgently required.

GEORGE A. POTTER.

be determined, etc.—Art. 1, Sec. 2, 3d clause. No capitation or other direct tax shall be laid unless in proportion to the census or enumeration herein before directed to be taken.—Art. 1, Sec. 9, 4th clause, *Constitution of the United States*.

* The excise tax on distilled spirits should be reduced to one dollar per gallon, according to the recommendation of the Revenue Commissioner. The States could then, by a heavy liquor license tax, reach that portion of spirits consumed as an intoxicating beverage. The proceeds from this tax would go very far toward paying the direct tax of the Federal Government. Customs and stamp duties are the two most economical forms of taxation.

AN OLD STORY.

LONG, long time ago—I was very young then; it was while I was still in the habit of being spanked—there was a man who on all Fourth of Julys and general training days used to appear as brigadier-general of the county militia. I never since have seen a uniform that impressed me as his; never since have my eyes rested on such a miracle of gilded and braided splendor. And the man himself—when, as commander-in-chief of the assembled forces, he galloped up and down the procession, ordering Fire Company No. 3 to take such and such a place; conferring hurriedly with the captain of the Emmet Guard; giving a stern order to the Melpomene brass band; or swearing at some countryman who dared drive his wagon across the line of march—seemed to me war incarnate. He wore curly hair that I almost thought had been anointed with blood; and I would not have been astonished to see his locks drip with gore. The shake of his fat forefinger inspired awe; and the nod of his head was terrible; and the sound of his voice seemed a declaration of war; and when he drew his sword I thought of flashing cimeters and tournaments, and rather expected to see some one's head come off. He was not beautiful, but fierce; and always suggested to me the smoke of battle and the carnage of war. I wondered that living man could speak to him without trembling; and the height of blasphemy was reached by a young ragamuffin who, one Fourth of July, called him a "swell-head." I expected to see the young sinner struck down by one glance from the general's fire-darting eyes; and have always thought that it was only that warrior's high-souled mercy in not looking that way that saved the little rascal's life. When I read of Alexander, I pictured him to be very much such a glorious being as this General Rankins; and thought it not ludicrous to imagine this hero of militia weeping for another world to conquer. Cæsar, Napoleon, Wellington,—all, in my imagination, took upon themselves the shape of General Rankins. He was, in fact, my embodiment of all martial glory, skill and bravery. To suggest that his uniform was not perfect (in your youth, though, you are not so sensitive about dirt), that he ever made a mistake in his tactics, or to doubt for an instant that he—or for that matter any of those he commanded—would be anything else than delighted at an opportunity to meet thrice their number in the dire conflict of arms, would have been the rankest infidelity to my mind. His was a "glory shining far," and when I saw him in all the magnificence of full array, I either looked reverently upon him in open-mouthed admiration, or enthusiastically threw up my little cap and cheered as loud as my lungs would allow. And when he doffed the epaulets and brass buttons and top boots, and appeared on the streets in the modest garb of a citizen, I marveled at his condescension. I wondered that Tom, Dick and Harry could speak to him without manifesting their trepidation, for if I had to pass him even, I made a respectful circuit. In fact, whether he were in

military or civilian suit, I regarded him as the embodiment of the martial virtue of the age, and felt confident that with him as a defender the town need never fear foreign invasion.

A few days ago I was riding in a street car. It stopped and took on an overgrown, big-bellied man. His hair, long, curly, ragged, looked as if a box of rancid grease had been broken on it a week or so ago, and the dust concreting there ever since. He owned a puffed, speckled face, wore a dirty collar, dusty stock, doubtful shirt, and faded clothes dotted with dribblets of tobacco juice. He was a type of that class of men who loaf for a living, and grow fat on eating cheap dishes at cheap restaurants. There was something very familiar in the man's looks, and in spite of his uncomely appearance and questionable attire, I felt that I was in the presence of a man who had "in'ard workins above his station." I ransacked my memory for his face, but it would not "up at my bidding." I turned to one of the "old citizens" who luckily sat beside me, and asked "who is that man?" "Hum!" he answered contemptuously, "that's Dick Rankins." "What! General Rankins?" "Yes, Dick Rankins. He used to be general of milishy." "He has gone to seed," said I, "since he was general, hasn't he?" "Gone to seed!" cried the old fellow, in amazement, "why he never looked so well since he was a boy. When he was general he was a miserable pot-house politician, but since he has given up politics and militia he has brushed up some. Now, I guess, he's nothing worse than an *ordinary* loafer." Shades of the mighty! how the old iconoclast smashed the idol my youth had set up, and my manhood had not yet taken down; how he threw dirt on the finest portrait of a hero my memory had in its gallery! Oh, it may be hard for a lover to return and find his "rare, fair Margaret" old, toothless, wrinkled and rheumy, but then there remains the thought that once she was beautiful, anyhow. But to find that your hero not only is no hero but never has been—that's a double blow. Dear me, what a lot of counterfeit money I passed on myself when I was young! My war incarnate was never an embodiment, unless of beer.

Now, that's the latest perished of my childhood's delusions, but every now and then I'm coming across the dead body of one of them whose demise I had hardly noticed. Why, just the other day I felt like putting out crape for one that has been in the grave a long time. I heard from my back window this conversation between four-year-old sons of two of my neighbors who are most respected and venerable men. The father of No. 1, be it understood, is a very small, weak man, while No. 2's father is a "heavy weight."

No. 1. "I'll come over and lick you, Ed Jackson."

No. 2. "You can't do it."

No. 1. "Well, my father can lick you."

No. 2. "Ho! my father can lick your'n."

No. 1. "Just you send him over, and try."

It hardly seems many years since I had unlimited faith in *my* father's muscle; and if some one had told me that Tom Sayers could "lick" him, I would have answered as confidently as that boy, "Just you send him over and try." Now my father walks with slow step, and leans heavily on my arm as he walks.

These trivial incidents, occurring frequently in the life of every one, set one thinking, in an odd sort of a way, of the changes a few years and a little experience work. And there is a little pathos in all that is ludicrous in these comparisons of the thoughts, tastes and feelings of your younger days with

those of your maturer years. Not so very many years ago but that I remember it, I found supreme bliss in a pocketful of candy ; ice-cream and sausages were an ideal dinner ; to own a couple of cents was to be independently rich. Imppecuniosity and its carking ills were all unknown. Now—well, now I'm harder to satisfy ; and if I do laugh at the modest ideas of my earlier days, I feel, after all, a little sorry that my conceptions have become so large. If two cents was wealth now, I should be rich—if I had another cent.

Well, it's no great misfortune to discover that your great military genius was just a great loafer, and you are not now so anxious regarding your father's qualifications as a prize-fighter ; so you need not mourn so much that these delusions are dispelled. But in other respects the changes you notice are not so pleasant, and hint pretty plainly that if you have grown in experience you are beginning to decline in strength ; that if you have gained in knowledge you have lost much that is better than wisdom.

Did you ever drop in on your most intimate college friend whom you had not seen for years ? Ever since you left college, in thinking of him your mind has been accustomed to fill with a thousand reminiscences of past days and gone-by events in which you figured together. Never in all your days have you had so cordial a friendship with living man. You remember such intimate confidence, such frankness and freedom, such thorough kindness of heart and sympathy, evidenced in unnumbered little ways, and such entire consonance of thought and feeling as you have never met since. Of late years you have lived distant from one another, and, engaged in different occupations, only chance letters have passed between you ; but in thinking of him your heart has always warmed, and you consider him still your dearest friend. You call on him some day at his office, wondrous glad of an opportunity to see him again, and expecting just such a visit as you used to have in his college room. Bill is pleased to see you, of course. Shakes hands with you stoutly—somehow you miss a little of the ancient warmth. He gives you the best chair—somehow he is a little too polite. You had hoped to be treated as " Hail, fellow ! " and there is too much of the manner in which he would treat a most honored acquaintance. There is a sort of constraint ; something different from the reckless, careless way in which you used to meet ; and you feel that somewhere he has changed. After kind inquiries from each to the other of wife, children, prospects, etc., the conversation seems to draw hard. It soon dawns upon you that in the running years he and you have grown very much older ; and are not the same Damon and Pythias of yore. Different pursuits, different ways of living, different associations, have put a distance between you. Of all the present interests in which each is wrapt up, none is mutual. Both of you are profoundly engaged, but for different objects, and what is common between you is a way back in the past. Alas, you are no longer boon companions except among dim memories. Bill, the man of business, you, a lawyer, have become men of altogether different modes of thought, different habits of life, different ambitions, and you can no longer be what you once were to each other—intimate, innermost friends. To be sure his friendship is not lost—you know that—but then so much of the warmth has gone out of it. Yet you can find no fault with him or yourself for the change. Time has done it ; and it cannot be undone. You can only go away ; and think sadly over your increasing years ; dream of the bright, bright days whose suns are set ; of the dear friends whose hearts are, after all, a little cold to you. You have, indeed, many friends whom later years have gathered about

you, but they cannot fill the places of those earlier "alter egos." In youth the power of friendship is the attraction of cohesion, that seems to join you and your friend in one body. In maturer age it is the attraction of gravitation, that leaves you and your friend separate from each other, after all.

A little while ago I was yearning for the future with all my heart. The past seemed worthless. The coming years held every promise. Then, just beginning to smoke, I sat down to my pipe with musings of future glory and honors that were to come. The castles of Spain were wondrous beautiful; and I could not afford to turn my eyes from their glittering splendor to look back on the dulness of by-gone realities. "I reached a hand through time to catch the far off interest of years;" and now see that I looked for excessive usury. My name that I had expected to be by this time a "household word," is really nothing more. My own household knows it, and it is greatly respected only in the family where I swing the switch. I had supposed that, by this time, at the mention of it enthusiastic crowds would go wild. Speak it now in a public place and you will hardly create a commotion; and the man who will not ask, "Well, who is Nicholas Tompkins, anyhow?" has a very extended acquaintance and is probably up for Congress in my district.

Now, instead of stretching out my arms to that coquette, the future, I look into the dead face of the past—a mistress whose worth and beauty I know only now that she hath gone—with some such yearning love and "wild regret" as the lady in the old ballad felt when gazing on her drowned lover:

She stroked back his yellow hair
And kissed his mou' sae comely.

Now these changed manners of thinking, these altered ideas of men and things that have been especially brought to my notice within the last few days, tell me, of course, that I'm growing older. But that, after all, is nothing to be wondered at. I believe age is the usual result of years. I freely confess that I'm getting a little old. Why, just the other day I told my shoemaker not to make my boots too tight.

But the question that all these little circumstances I've mentioned suggest, is the very old one, "whether one loses in happiness as he grows older." Have I profited very much in discovering that General Rankins is not the spotless hero I had thought? Is it pleasanter to be ever turning back to the past, where, after all, one may find many painful memories as well as happy ones, than to be wrapt up in the future, that, in your thoughts, at least, you can fashion as you will? Is it a nice thing to look about on your ruined hopes and discover that you are not so great as you once supposed yourself? Does knowledge bring a large return when it substitutes for the content of childhood the unsatisfiable desires of manhood? Have you any gain to offset the loss of friends? Does not experience, in short, bring only dissatisfaction, and is not the gain of all these years just a gain of wants? As I was thinking it all over, my wife and my boy Tom opened the door, and I write, Time has brought me a dear wife, and increasing years children. And I puzzled Mary by saying, "Well, after all, man is a sort of a compensation pendulum that, so far as happiness goes, swings about the same length in the heats of youth and in the colder temperature of age. Isn't it early for dinner?"

F. W. H.

CHRISTMAS.

O TIME by holy prophets long foretold,
Time waited for by saints in days of old,
O sweet, auspicious morn
When Christ, the Lord, was born !

Again the fixed changes of the year
Have brought that season to the world most dear,
When angels, all aflame,
Bringing good tidings came.

Again we think of her, the meek, the mild,
The dove-eyed mother of the holy child,
The chosen, and the best,
Among all women blest.

We think about the shepherds, who, 'dismayed,
Fell on their faces, trembling and afraid,
Until they heard the cry,
Glory to God on high !

And we remember those who from afar
Followed the changing glory of the star
To where its light was shed
Upon the sacred head ;

And how each trembling, awe-struck worshipper
Brought gifts of gold, and frankincense, and myrrh,
And spread them on the ground
In reverence profound.

We think what joy it would have been to share
In their high privilege who came to bear
Sweet spice and costly gem
To Christ, in Bethlehem.

And in that thought we half forget that He
Is wheresoe'er we seek him earnestly ;
Still filling every place
With sweet, abounding grace.

And though in garments of the flesh, as then,
No more he walks this sinful earth with men,
The poor, to him most dear,
Are always with us here.

And He saith, Inasmuch as ye shall take
Good to these little ones for my dear sake,
In that same measure ye
Have brought it unto me !

Therefore, O men in prosperous homes who live,
Having all blessings earthly wealth can give,
Remember their sad doom
For whom there is no room—

No room in any home, in any bed,
No soft white pillow waiting for the head,
And spare from treasures great
To help their low estate.

Mothers whose sons fill all your homes with light,
Think of the sons that once made homes as bright,
Now laid in sleep profound
On some sad battle-ground ;

And into darkened dwellings come with cheer,
With pitying hand to wipe the falling tear.
Comfort for Christ's dear sake
To childless mothers take !

Children whose lives are blest with love untold,
Whose gifts are greater than your arms can hold,
Think of the child who stands
To-day with empty hands !

Go fill them up, and you will also fill
Their empty hearts, that lie so cold and still,
And brighten longing eyes
With grateful, glad surprise.

May all who have, at this blest season seek
The precious little ones, the poor and weak,
In joyful, sweet accord,
Thus lending to the Lord.

Yea, Crucified Redeemer, who didst give
Thy toil, thy tears, thy life, that we might live,
Thy spirit grant that we
May live one day for Thee !

PHŒBE CARY.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

I HAVE been asked to tell what I know of the case of Joseph C. Wylie, whose mysterious disappearance caused so much excitement in Cincinnati when it occurred. That was in '58, however, before the war; and I had supposed all trace of the affair had been swept from the public mind by the events which followed. Indeed, I see no reason for reviving it now, except that it bears more fully than any evidence I have ever heard upon the curious matter called spiritualism, and I have thought (though I am only a plain man, not used to dealing in such whimsies), it offers a key to unlock the riddle.

Wylie was a river hand; ran the Ohio and Lower Mississippi as clerk and captain on several stern-wheelers, so came to be known pretty generally along shore. He was with me as second clerk when the thing happened. I was running the Jacob Strader, one of the largest steamboats on the Mississippi. I took little account of the fellow; he was a small, red-headed, weak-eyed man, shambling lazily about, whose legs and arms seemed scarcely to have gristle enough in them to hold them firmly together.

The only noteworthy trait about him was that he never touched liquor or a card, but found his amusement, instead, in sitting with some of the deck hands below, telling long pointless yarns. I had to stop it at last. That runs contrary to my notions of discipline.

It was in April that he disappeared; like a flea, under my very eyes. The Strader lay at the wharf, at Cincinnati; it was Sunday, about noon; she was to get up steam at seven o'clock next morning. I walked up the levee, and just off the cobble-stones, met Wylie. He had a drum of figs in his hand which he had just bought from some peddler on the David Swan, and was going to take home to his little Joe, in Cairo, he said, as he walked alongside of me.

I met John Fordyce, and stopped to get a light of him; Wylie went into a shanty fitted up as a shop for the sale of cigars, newspapers, and the like; he wanted a "Despatch," he said. The shop was but a single room, opening, front and back, on the wide (and at that hour on Sunday morning), empty wharf; a square plank-built affair, made to hold the two counters and a stove in the middle. Wylie went into it, as I said, but out of it he was never seen to come alive. I stood talking with Fordyce for some minutes, then called the clerk, and when he did not answer, went in search of him, but found only the boy who tended the shop, asleep under the counter. Wylie was not there, nor on the boat, nor on the wharf. He was nowhere, so far as the sharpest eyes of the Cincinnati police could discover.

The thing staggered me when I had time to take it home and realize that the man was actually gone; spirited away in broad daylight, before my face. It was absurd, impossible; yet it struck me with a sort of horror that did not belong to midnight murder.

They called it murder in the papers; there was a great outcry; but where was the foul play? The boy (a child of ten) had heard or seen nothing; it was impossible that Wylie could have been foully dealt with, and no sound or cry reach Fordyce or me, half a dozen feet off. It was just as impossible that he could have left the shop, unseen by us on the wide, open levee. That he could have gone voluntarily, nobody hinted. The poor fellow had but few ideas beyond his wife and boy, Joe. His trunk on board was found filled with cheap Summer clothes for them both, some tin-ware, a japanned tea-tray, a china mug; trifles which he had gathered up at auctions, and was taking to Cairo to make their little home comfortable. He had made an engagement to go out with the first clerk that afternoon; his clean shirt, collar, and shaving apparatus were all laid out in his stateroom.

But that was the last of him. It only remained to gather up these things and carry them with the news to his wife.

I shirked that. I cannot face a woman in trouble. I ordered Stein, who had been a sort of crony of his, to do it. Stein was the steward, and was leaving the boat. He had a good berth offered to him in St. Louis, he said; so that I knew he had time to see Wylie's widow, and break it gently to her.

If widow she was. If Wylie had died naturally I would have dismissed him from my mind; but the matter rankled there, as I might say, from its very doubt and mystery.

About two years afterward, therefore, when Warrick brought a little boy on board, as the boat lay at Cairo, and told me it was Wylie's son, I found myself going, again and again, to the part of the deck where the child was playing, feeling pained to notice how coarsely dressed it was, and how pinched, even hunger-bitten, the little, honest face.

"Is it going so badly with her?" I asked.

Warrick nodded, saying aloud, "Joe's shaken with the whooping-cough, Captain. He's the deuce of a boy for sniffing up all the ailments that are going up and down the river."

Joe looked up and laughed.

"He had better shake them down into the river again, then," I said. "Let him and his mother come aboard for a trip or two. Nothing like air off of water for that whoop, the old women say."

I sent Warrick to urge the plan on Mrs. Wylie. I knew it was not the air that was needed so much as good, wholesome food. Warrick set apart the best stateroom for her, and I dropped in myself to see that it was all in order.

In the evening, before we started, Warrick brought her aboard and into the cabin where I was. I found that she had some exaggerated notions about one or two good turns I had done her husband, and a trifle which I had sent to her when he was lost; so, after that, I held aloof from her. I hate philandering. I kept an eye, though, to see how she fared—on the little body in her rusty black gown, shying round with Joe in the corners, out of the way of the ladies who went sweeping their long dresses up and down.

I soon found, however, that all the men on board who had known Wylie, from Warrick down, vied with each other in treating her with a sort of patronizing respect; even Jake, the black cook, was continually sending up little messes for her and Joe. She was but a poor mouse of a woman, who had made a god of that stupid little weak-eyed fellow, and of his boy after he was gone; take her on politics, or even gossip, anything outside of Wylie and her child, and there was nothing in her. Warrick told me that she had

never been outside of Cairo before, and the near village of Blandville, where she had been a sempstress before her marriage; this journey was like a glimpse of a new world to her. I used to see her sitting in a dark corner on deck until late in the night, her eyes strained over the long stretch of shore as we floated by; and I could understand how the heavy, wooded hills, crouching like sullen beasts along the water's edge, or the miles and miles of yellow cane-brake lying flat and barren in the desolate, homesick twilight of a Winter's day, might have a different meaning to the lonely woman, and to us, who counted them only as "a run" of so many hours.

She was sitting this way one evening on our back trip when the boat stopped to wood at a place called by the boatmen Dead Man's Riffle. Warrick was near me, watching her.

"She wears black," he said, at last. "Now for me," cutting off a quid of tobacco, "I never believed Joe Wylie was dead. No, it was a bad bit of work, dead or alive—bad."

"It is work I would give much to see cleared up, before I die," I said. Warrick and I were walking up and down the hurricane deck.

"Would you?" he said, slowly, chewing and glancing up at me. "Would you? There's a way. But no matter—" stopping short and looking ashamed.

I said nothing. I never urge a man to speak, if he has ever so little mind to hold his tongue quiet. But Warrick had some notion that troubled him. He walked nearer at each turn to the place where a stout, short young woman was sitting, dressed in brown linsey. There was nothing remarkable about her face, which was heavy and dull, if we except a pair of thick, dead, fishy gray eyes.

"Do you see that girl?" he jerked out, "Many of the men aboard would say that she could tell you anything you want to know; the dead are about her all the time, they say. I don't say it, Captain, mind; I'm not such a fool."

"I should hope not, Warrick," I said, gravely, and began to talk of something else. But somehow the matter stuck in my mind. The next day we stopped for freight at Natchez. I went up into the city with one of the passengers. Old Jimmy A. it was—anybody on the Western waters will know who I mean; for strangers I will only say that A. was one of the most thorough misers I ever knew. He was an extensive stock-broker and speculator in Western lands. When his wife lived he had always consulted her, and abode by her advice in his business. I believe he mourned for the old woman sincerely, though when she died he had taken the ribbon away with which the women had bound her chin and put twine instead, to save a penny.

A. was my companion, as I said. Coming down into the old town a sudden idea struck me.

"These lots are cheap, Mr. A.," I said. "Buy them and put up good dwellings on them, and your fortune is made. Real estate is going up here daily."

The old man seized on the plan eagerly, and held me by the coat while he went about the lots, calculating, muttering, chuckling to himself.

"It's a good notion, very good. This swamp could be drained—it would bring in eleven per cent., eleven and a half—and a half; I wish I knew what Ann would think of it, poor Ann! I've a great mind to go into it; I have indeed."

It was with difficulty I got the old fellow away and on board in time before the boat put off. It was growing dusk as we stepped off the plank on deck. A. still clung to me, following me up and down, charging me to say nothing of the plan until he had well considered it. As we went up to the outer cabin we met the woman to whom Warrick had directed my notice the day before. She was pacing up and down with heavy, masculine steps; she stood still as we came up; her dead, gray eyes fell on A. and rested there with a curious absorbing look; which, perhaps, I should not have seen but for Warrick's warning.

She remained quite quiet until we had passed, and returned; then stooping suddenly to a table before her, wrote on a scrap of paper, and handed it to the old man, walking away after she had done so; every motion lifeless, mechanical, like a clumsy machine of wood set in action.

A. had not seen her, I think, until she thrust the paper into his hand; he stared, pulled at his ragged, gray beard, and then peered at it through his spectacles. There was a queer, scared little noise in his throat, like the crow of a chicken.

"Why, Captain, look here! this is—is—" holding out the dirty scrap of paper.

It was a message from his wife. "Do not touch real estate, except to mortgage," she said. "The drainage of the swamp would eat up four years' profits."

("I thought of that,") he interrupted, quickly. "Do not withdraw your money from P. C."

"That is all," I said. "Who is this woman, Mr. A.?"

"God knows. But no human being alive knew of that P. C. money. *Ann did.*" His face was colorless and his teeth chattered. We went to the woman. She was apparently stolid, and but half educated; I saw no sign of cunning, even shrewdness, about her.

"The message had been given to her," she said. "How, she did not know."

"From a spirit?"

"She could not say that. She supposed so. They called her a writing medium."

Afterward she said, "This thing would ruin her," crying in a feeble, stupid way. She had been an operative in some mill in Cincinnati, we were told, and was discharged in consequence of it. The "manifestations" were followed by attacks of something resembling paralysis, which would soon leave her helpless. I left the old man talking to her.

Warrick came to me that evening. He had heard of the affair. "Captain," he said, "I'm going to try if no tidings can be had from Joe Wylie. Have I your permission?" I nodded, shortly. Warrick's broad face was pale and anxious. I sat for a while looking at the closed door of the little office into which they had gone. Then I got up and followed them. The woman (Lusk was her name), was there, Warrick and the wife of the carpenter—a shrewd, sensible woman—who had been a friend of Wylie's, as most women were.

She and the girl sat facing each other at a table on which flared a dirty oil lamp. Warrick leaned on the back of a chair with both hands, watching the girl's face.

"She knows what she's got to do, Captain," vigorously chewing and spit-

ting, but not lifting his eyes. "I told her to consult her familiar spirit, or whatever it is. Let's have him up! Let's know what's become of Joe, good or bad."

I had seen Warrick cool and grave when a burning boat was drifting with all aboard right into the rapids; but now he was a coward in every bone of his body; his very voice grew piping and boisterous as the woman turned her square, heavy face toward him, and the gray eyes, which they said saw the dead, fell on his.

For the girl, I observed that she had the appearance of extreme nervous dejection: her breath was uncertain and feeble; her lips blue. I touched her and found that the blood had almost ceased to circulate. Her temples were hot; hands icy cold; the pupils of the eyes contracted. The look was *fastened into* Warrick. I can describe it in no other way. I shook her, but could not loosen the hold of it. It was as if she drew the life out of his burly big body with her dull eyes.

"Bring up the spirit of Wylie, my woman," he said, with a loud, uneasy laugh that suddenly died into profound silence.

She shook her head; raised her forefinger slowly, pointing into the shadow behind him.

"What do you see?"

"I see a ship—three-masted—a bark." (Warrick started, nodding his head with a muttered oath.) "The sea is frozen; the ship is wedged between masses of ice; the sky is like a bronze plane above; there is neither sun nor wind."

"On a whaler!" burst in Warrick. "I always knew it! I was in just such a scrape, off—go on, go on."

"There are two men on deck. One is heavily built, gray-headed; the other is spare, short with red hair. There is a blood-mark on his chin."

"Wylie! Alive!"

"Alive. His clothes are gray—"

"He wore gray the day he left," said Warrick. "But, come to think of it now, he wouldn't—"

"I was wrong. He wears a sailor's dress."

She got up hastily, putting her hand to her forehead. Her face was covered with a cold sweat. "Nothing—nothing! I am sick. Stop—no more," she gasped.

Mrs. Pallet, the carpenter's wife, put her arm about her. "I'll take her to her room, Captain?" looking at me. "There's no cheating in her, at any rate," as she led her out. "It's my belief it's the devil's work."

Warrick straightened himself and drew a long breath. "Do you think it is the devil's work, sir?"

"God knows."

"It is the truth, whether or no. Wylie always had a hankering for a sea life. He used to listen to my old whaling yarns twenty times over. And I've heard lately, Captain, that poor Joe was deep in debt when he disappeared. Some old matters, before he came aboard the Strader. He had a reason for going. But Ellen thinks him dead—thinks him dead," stroking his whiskers. "Would you tell her of this now, eh, Captain?" looking up.

"Yes, I would," after a pause. "It can do no harm. But gently, Warrick, gently."

"It did no harm, however gently it was told. The next day Wylie's wife

came to me where I stood alone, near the texas. Her nose was red from crying, and her eyes angry, which made the rest of her face more hunger-nipped and pale. She touched my sleeve, and then drew off, holding her little boy by the hand.

"Captain Roberts," she said, in a low, steady voice, "there is a woman on the boat who pretends to have seen my husband alive. If he is alive, he has deserted me. He is dead."

"Be calm, madam."

"He is dead. You shall not think ill of Joe." She was silent a moment, holding her throat with one hand. "If he is alive, he has deserted me, and—I'll tell you, Captain Roberts, but I never meant to tell any living man: When you brought me and Joe on the boat, I hadn't touched meat for four months. It took all I could make to keep life in the boy, and barely that. I went out scrubbing when sewing failed me. I scrubbed and whitewashed. I didn't beg. Do you think Joe would have left me to that? and him alive? He's dead. There's some days I've went through—if Joe had been on the face of the earth he'd have come to me them days. He's dead; he's waiting, somewheres—"

She held little Joe tighter by the hand, looking beyond me—God knows where—into the place where old Joe waited for her, I suppose; the somewheres where the poor starved soul hoped to find the comfort and love of her married life again. I hesitated. "Would you like to see this woman? I will not say that I credit her assertions, but there is a curious—"

She drew herself up, growing pale. "I, sir? No; I only wished that you should do my husband justice. For the woman—no matter. I will not detain you, Captain Roberts." And so, scarcely waiting for me to speak to the boy, she drew him away with her.

"That cut Ellen hard," Warrick said—"hard. These women would rather a man should die any day than cease to care for them. But it's true. Joe Wylie went on a whaler, sir."

The girl Lusk went ashore at New Albany, and I saw her no more. She became afterward a noted medium, I believe, and old A., by the way, used to consult her in all of his undertakings, or rather his wife, through her.

The matter puzzled me. I did *not* believe the spirits of the dead had anything to do with it; though the woman, before she went off the boat, brought me a message from one who has been gone from me this many a year. I will say no more of this. Since she died I have not named her name. I did not believe the words came from her. I did not believe the girl Lusk was an impostor. I thought, as every impartial, cool observer must, that there was a something—not charlatanism—in this matter, and I think, in the end, I got the key to it; but of that you must judge.

The matter puzzled and troubled me so much that I determined to try an experiment, which, perhaps, was cruel. I took Ellen to a medium, without warning her of my intention. Warrick told me of her—"she has never showed herself in public." He said "she takes no pay. That makes me trust her. She's miserably poor, too; a huckster in the Cincinnati market."

It was early dawn when I took Ellen to her. She occupied a corner of the market as a fruit and vegetable stall, and as we came near was hanging nets of apples and oranges in front of it, I remember. A skinny, sour-visaged, middle-aged woman, dressed in a sluttish gown and calico sun-bonnet. I noticed the same peculiarity in the eye as in the girl Lusk: they were opaque,

gray, dead. The market-house was nearly empty; a few butchers were arranging their meat at some distance inside, or swallowing their coffee at the eating stalls by the light of a few candles. This woman's stall was out on the solitary street, however, and the pleasant morning light shone about it.

I made a pretence of buying some fruit. "This is the business for which I brought you ashore," I said to Ellen.

It was impossible that the woman could have heard me, yet she turned sharply, eyeing Ellen as she came forward.

"It was for no oranges you come. Why didn't ye say what you come for? If there's any dead belonging to ye, I'll bring ye word from them. There's spirits all about me; there's spirits at yer back, there's spirits fillin' the street. What'll you have, my young man?" to a boy who stopped. "Eight and ten cents them is."

Ellen drew back. "Let us go, let us go," she said.

At that moment a series of soft double knocks, as if made by two knuckles of a gloved hand, sounded all about us—under the pavement, on the roof, on the stall.

"There's yer change—I've a message for *you*," suddenly facing Ellen, "There's a spirit here to speak to you."

"He is dead, then?" catching both hands together as if to support herself.

The woman took down a greasy card on which the alphabet was printed, from a nail where it hung, and ran her pencil lightly along it, as the raps continued in swift soft succession. She spelled out this message:

"I think of you here. Of you and Joe. You will come to me."

"Where—how was it done?" I cried.

The woman glanced at Ellen, who leaned against the edge of the block.

"I was murdered; drugged and murdered," was the answer.

"He is dead. There is no chance any more." That was all she said, with a strange inconsistency, forgetting her anger of the other day. "There is no chance, no chance," I heard her mutter, as we went back to the boat, "he's gone now."

The blow was as hard as if it had struck her for the first time. I told Warrick the story without comment.

"It goes dead against the other," he exclaimed. "And yet where did either woman get their knowledge of the business we wanted cleared. The blood mark on the chin, the possibility that the dead man had been drugged and murdered? There's truth in it, in all the muddle."

I said nothing. But the matter had taken a hold on me which I could not shake off. I determined to look through the absurdity and mystery of this so-called spiritualism until I had discovered the truth which Warrick believed lay in it. I could not divest myself, either, of an unaccountable impression that at last we were upon the track of the missing man.

I induced Mrs. Wylie to remain on the boat during its next run, for the boy's sake, who grew stronger and more rugged every day. There was the making of a man in the little fellow; he had a hearty, straightforward look in his puny face, that made a friend of everybody. For the woman, from the day when the message came to her from her husband, dead, she gave way in mind or body as if some sinew had been snapped which had held her up. I fancied that unconsciously she had been keeping some vague hope alive which was gone now, forever. She crept out now to the hurricane deck, and sat all

day ; where her look settled, or her hands fell on her lap, there they rested, immovable. As I knew her better, I discovered why the men held her in such a pitying aspect. She was a simple-hearted, credulous creature, such as everybody feels bound and anxious to take care of when they are left drifting about the world.

So we made our way up to the headwaters of the Ohio. It was late in October, I remember,—warm, yellow sunshine, by day, and cold nights. The fields nipped brown and red in the early frosts. I used to think if anything could take the poor woman's thoughts off the dead, the cheerful sights and sounds along shore ought to do it. The water was unusually clear, and curdled and bubbled back from the edge of the boat, all day, filled with a frothed, green light ; the hills on both sides kept rising back and back to the sky beyond, mottled with purple and crimson and blackish greens ; we passed thousands of little islands shying out of the current, which were mere beds of feathery moss and golden-rod. Then there were pretty, new little villages, and the busy larger towns, and farms, at long intervals ; and when these were passed we floated into the deep solitude again. I noticed it the more because we were out of our usual run ; the Strader plied then between Louisville and New Orleans. But the woman saw nothing of it, I think.

When we reached Pittsburg, and had discharged cargo, I determined, with Warrick, to make a final test of the matter. F. was then in the city, just back from England ; the most successful medium, next to Home, who ever left the States. He was willing, "for a consideration," to hold a private *seance* and bring us in contact with any of the dead.

He was hardly the person to whom one would think St. Peter would have lent his keys for ever so short a time ; an oily, bloated sensualist, with thick lips, and thicker eyelids half closed over a dull, sleepy eye. He was dressed like an Orleans black-leg, gaudy with purple velvet waistcoat and flash jewelry. But if there was any truth in spiritualism, here was its interpreter. I engaged him to come on board on Saturday evening ; no one was to be present but Warrick, Ellen and myself ; the boat was empty at the time with the exception of its regular crew, below. There was but little persuasion needed to induce Ellen to consent.

"He may bring me another message" with a light flickering into her eyes. "Joe will be glad to find the way." It is people like Ellen who are always sure converts of spiritualism ; it seems so natural to them that their dead should come back that they are blind to any absurd discrepancies in the manner. On Saturday morning, on the wharf, I met Stein, who had left the boat some two years before, and remembering his old liking for Joe, told him what we were about to do. Stein was a hard-headed, shrewd little Yankee ; I was surprised, therefore, to see how discomposed and startled he appeared at the first mention of the affair ; he denounced F. as a humbug with a great deal of heat, and tried to persuade and chaff me out of it ; but finding he could not, asked leave to come himself to the *seance*.

"You're bitten, Captain," he said. "It will be easy to persuade you that you see ghosts yourself. You had better let me bring a little daylight with me."

I told Warrick of my meeting with Stein, and he, having nothing else to do, sauntered off in the afternoon to bring him down. I told Ellen also, who, to my surprise, reddened and grew pale, when I named him.

"He is a man whom I have no reason to like," she said. "But it does not matter."

In the evening F. came on board, stopping in the outer cabin, where we were soon joined by Stein. We waited an hour for Warrick, who did not return, and then entered the saloon where Ellen was seated.* I noticed that Stein drew back, muttering, "You did not tell me that woman was here," and that no greeting passed between them.

The *seance* proceeded according to the usual formula. We sat around a bare table, on which were placed by Stein and myself the names of those whom we wished to appear written on scraps of paper rolled up in pellets, and laid in a small heap. Ellen wrote none. "He will come," she said, simply.

But few raps were heard. F. delivered the messages by writing, his fat, lumpy hand moving spasmodically over the sheets of paper. From several of the names written on the pellets came communications, vague and meaningless, any one of which might have been exchanged for the other without loss of force.

F. glanced shrewdly around from time to time, fixing his strange, introverted gaze oftenest on Ellen and little Joe, who had crept in and stood looking him boldly in the face. He turned to me.

"One whom you desire to appear has not yet come? So far the *seance* has failed—for you?" he said.

I nodded. His face heightened in color as if the blood slowly rose to his head; the veins swelled; drops of sweat oozed out on his neck and forehead; he peered sharply about the room, as if out of the dark shadows he expected visible spirits to rise.

"He is coming!" said Ellen, with a gasp. Stein became ghastly pale at the words, and looked, terrified, over his shoulder, recovering himself with a feeble laugh.

The table where we sat was under the chandelier; two of the lamps of which barely sufficed to light that end of the cabin. The remainder stretched, long and narrow and black, to the far upper deck. The medium, looking at Stein as if he saw through him into this outer darkness, sat motionless. There was a long silence. Then he raised his hand, made a slow beckoning movement into the shadow. Ellen and Stein turned their pale faces, breathlessly.

"They are coming! They are here!" he said. "They tell me all you would know. The man you seek is not dead. He was cheated, deceived, carried off to Caraccas that another man might marry his wife."

As his voice rose, Stein rose with it, stood facing him with a look of terror and ferocity, like a wild animal whose lair has suddenly been uncovered. Sudden light flashed on me. I sprang up; Ellen cowered with a cry, but above all sounded F.'s sharp, monotonous sentences.

"He is not dead; he has returned! He is—*here!*" as Stein, with an oath, pointed into the shadow where Warrick appeared, and leaped back as though the ghost of his victim confronted him.

It was no ghost. A little, red-headed, weak-eyed fellow had his arms about Ellen's neck, holding her to his breast as if he had the strength of a lion. Warrick, the medium and I exclaimed and swore, choking for words; but he was silent. He only held her as close as if he had indeed come back from the grave to find her, putting back her head, now and then, and looking at her with a wonderful love in his puny, insignificant face.

"Ellen! Ellen!" he said at last. "They told me you were dead—you and the boy. This my Joe!—little Joe?" picking up the boy, handling his legs

and arms and looking into his face, his own contorted and wet with tears. We men moved off down into the lower cabin, leaving them alone; but I saw Joe a long time after, still sitting there with his wife clinging to him, and the boy on his knees, and I could not help it, I went in and held out my hand. "I congratulate you, old fellow! God has been good to you!"

But he only looked up with a bewildered smile. "Yes, God has been good. This is Ellen, Captain. And my little son. *My little son.*"

Wylie's story is soon told. Stein had persuaded him to give his creditors the slip and make for California, promising to join him shortly, and that they would speedily make their fortunes. Wylie was a man easily led, and consented. He was concealed under a trap-door in the cigar shop, and escaped while Fordyce and I sought the police.

Stein had intercepted his letters to his wife until such time as he could send him word of her death. In his own plans upon her he was disappointed.

I am glad to say that Joe brought back enough yellow dust to keep the wolf from the door for many a day. He and his wife are living somewhere in Indiana. Joe, their son, was a drummer boy in the Thirty-sixth Ohio, under Captain Saunders, and I'll venture to say no braver heart kept time to his "Rat-tat-too" than that which beat under his own little jacket.

I consented to write down these facts, as I said, because of their bearing upon the matter of spiritualism. In this case, as in every other of which I have become cognizant, the mediums have only put into shape the thoughts of those who question them. To admit that certain persons can at will become possessed of the secret movements in the mind of another, will solve the whole mystery. In this case of Wylie, the mediums, Lusk, the woman at Cincinnati and, finally F., simply reproduced the surmises or knowledge of Warrick, Ellen and Stein. It is not agreeable to think that an animal so gross as F. should have power to decypher our inmost thoughts. Better that, however, than to believe that those we have lost should hold out their hands to us through such a messenger.

AUTHOR OF MARGRET HOWTH.

FROM PIG TO PORK.

VERY probably you are fond of mutton, and if the cheerful anecdotes concerning that pleasant animal, the *trichina spiralis*, have not disturbed your mental balance, it is also probable that you are not averse to pork. At all events, if a particle of Anglo-Saxon blood flows in your veins, you are a lover of beef. If you admit the truth of all or any of these propositions, it forthwith becomes your peremptory duty to visit the great Communipaw Abattoir and witness the process by which the living animal is converted with marvellous celerity into mutton, pork or beef, as the case may be. If you are not too obstinately independent to avail yourself of the services of a guide, suppose that we make the visit together?

The New Jersey Central Railroad station, at the foot of Liberty Street, will be our starting point. As we pass the ticket office, and proceed toward the ferry boat we find our further progress temporarily interrupted in consequence of having walked directly into an immense wire bird-cage, designed to check the passion for leaping into the river, so prevalent among ferry passengers. Standing close by the wire gate of this cage, and waiting for the moment when the imperturbable individual who has charge of the gate shall be pleased to open it, we can note the general dissatisfaction which prevails among our fellow prisoners. They evidently thirst for the privilege of risking their lives by jumping after the boat. Ladies thrust their parasols, and gentlemen their canes, aimlessly through the wires. Boys shy peanut shells at the gate opener, and dare each other to climb over the gate, and rush into freedom and a cold bath. Just as one boy, a little bolder than his fellows, has made the attempt and been unceremoniously pushed back again by the gate keeper, as though he were an obtrusively investigating caterpillar, a rush of feet signals the arrival of the ferry boat. In another moment the gate is opened and we are borne along by the surging crowd—who are evidently disappointed at finding the boat made fast, and no existing possibility of any one's achieving a successful accident—we are soon on board and on our way to Communipaw.

Five minutes' sail brings us to the opposite shore, where an exceedingly strong smell of garbage, and an ancient omnibus await us. Those excellent and accommodating people who have charge of the street-cleaning business in New York, have, with characteristic consideration for the public nose, chosen this particular spot, where a constant succession of ferry and railway passengers must daily pass, as a dumping ground for the sweepings and nameless offal of the metropolis. This circumstance has, however, one advantage for us, namely, that the comparatively slight perfume of the Abattoir will seem positively pleasant when finally met with, in contrast with the flagrant enormities of the dumping ground.

The omnibus which is to take us to the Abattoir, a distance of a mile and

a half, still bears, as you perceive, the legend, "Broadway and Bleecker Street," thus proving that it has seen better days. It now has a very dissipated and out-at-the-elbows appearance, having become painfully demoralized by the constant carrying of unwashed butchers and inebriated drovers. It is, however, still strong and able to do its work, and rapidly carries us toward the classic regions where, according to Irving, the adherents of Peter the Headstrong fled for quiet and sauerkraut, away from the domineering Briton and the investigating Yankee.

Before we reach the Abattoir the wind brings to us a weird sound of piercing shrieks and ominous groans. I ask one of our fellow-passengers, who wears in his belt a long, naked butcher's "steel," something like a bayonet without a sheath, what is the meaning of these discordant noises? He replies, sententiously—"Hogs." On further pressing, he remarks, in an explanatory manner—"The're wantin' to be fed, or else the're slaughterin' on 'em;" the meaning of which you at once guess at, in spite of the indefiniteness of the speaker's pronouns.

We have been riding for twenty minutes, and are just drawing up at the door of the Bay Shore House. This is a large, well-built hotel, erected by the New Jersey Stock and Yard Company, the proprietors of the Abattoir just across the way, for the accommodation of the drovers and market men. Here you leave your overcoat, as otherwise it may be sprinkled with the blood of some innocent sheep, and hence be the means of leading you into unpleasant difficulties with the police on your return to the city.

Those two huge frame buildings, the one two stories and the other three stories in height, connected together so as to form a right angle, are the slaughter-houses which we have come to visit. Why people persist in calling the establishment an *abattoir*, is not very evident, inasmuch as it differs widely from the French *abattoirs*, and as the company who own it distinctly repudiate the name. The Paris *abattoir* is simply and solely a slaughter-house, while, on the contrary, the Communipaw Abattoir is intended chiefly as a market and place of "boarding" for live stock; the business of slaughtering being entirely a secondary and subordinate affair. Yet, as the place will undoubtedly be called an *abattoir*, through all coming time, it is scarcely necessary that we should enter our individual and feeble protests against it.

We go first into the westerly building, which is five hundred and forty feet in length, and one hundred in width. The three floors are each divided into pens of about forty-five feet square, some of which are filled with hogs, and others with sheep. There is a great diversity in conduct between the hog-gish occupants of different pens. Here the floor is completely covered with somnolent porkers. For the most part, each one has his head pillowed on his fellow, and they wink sleepily at us, and grunt suggestively, as though dreaming of soft mud banks and rich placers of untouched garbage. In the next pen, the occupants are excessively wide awake. They are all with one voice clamorous for food, and express their lively dissatisfaction with the mudless accommodations which the company has provided for them. In their general unsavory, boisterous behavior, they present quite a burlesque of a ward primary meeting. Before long their rations will be served out, their orations will stop, and they will relapse into the peaceful stupidity of their neighbors.

The sheep are much more pleasant to look at. They stretch out imploring noses at us as we pass, and look mournfully out of tender, prescient eyes, that seem already to have caught glimpses of the waiting butcher. Lest your

tender sensibilities should prove too much for you, and you should be tempted to repeat the ballads of your youth concerning Mary who had a little lamb, and such like affecting lyrics, I hurry you away toward the slaughter-house, where the placid cattle and the noisy pigs see the last of life.

As we go along I seize the opportunity—you being quite in my power and totally unable to avoid hearing me—to mention that the Abattoir originated in the far-seeing brains of certain Chicago men, who had felt the want of proper accommodations here for housing and slaughtering stock. They therefore organized the New Jersey Stock and Yard Company, under the presidency of W. Arthur, Esq., late of Chicago, but now of New York, and fixed their capital stock at the nice little sum of five hundred thousand dollars; which, unlike the stock of various Cheat River and Gull Creek Oil Companies, is understood to represent property of at least that value. The company own forty-five acres of land at Communipaw, most of which has been made to order by the process of pile-driving and dumping. Beside the two buildings which we are now visiting, they have nearly finished, or have in process of erection, several others; and also have enclosed large yards for the accommodation of horned cattle. They have supplied the establishment with water from the Jersey City Water Works, and are soon to be supplied with gas of their own manufacture. Fronting directly on the bay, the Abattoir is easily accessible by water, but not satisfied with this means of access alone, the company have built a branch track from the New Jersey Central Railroad directly to the Abattoir, and contemplate connecting the place by rail with the Erie Railway. The fine plank road over which we drove from the ferry, as well as the long bridge connecting Communipaw with the ferry-house, is also the work of these enterprising gentlemen.

It is their place to furnish "yardage," as it is termed, or board and lodging, as we should call it in the case of human bipeds, for all the cattle, sheep and hogs that may be brought to the New York market from the West or elsewhere. They have room here for four thousand cattle and fifty thousand of the smaller animals. In addition to their "yardage" accommodations, they have excellent facilities for slaughtering animals, which they do whenever so desired by the owners of the doomed beasts. It is presumed that the drovers will bring their stock here, where it will remain until purchased by other parties, who will either remove their purchases or have them slaughtered on the spot. The company neither buy, sell nor slaughter on their own account, and have no intention whatever of entering into competition with the butchers of New York and vicinity.

This immense building which we are just entering is the main slaughter-house. If you care to ask its exact size, you will be told that it is three hundred and sixty feet long and ninety feet wide. All along the south side of the lower story you will observe a row of doors, which open on small pens, each one of which is large enough to contain a single bullock. Approaching these doors, you will notice, just outside of them, and immediately above your head, a long cylinder of iron, which runs the entire length of the building, and a series of ropes. These form the machinery of death especially appropriated to the bullocks. After one of these huge animals is driven into his pen, the door communicating with the long hall or room in which we stand is opened, and he stalks forth. Instantly a rope, which hangs from the cylinder above, is made fast to his hind legs; the cylinder is revolved quickly by the aid of the steam engine, and in a moment the unhappy beast is suspended in the

air. There is no help for him now. His single, half-suffocated bellow is stopped suddenly by the knife which our bare-armed friend yonder draws across his throat. In sixteen minutes from the time when he emerges from his little *salle d'attente* he is killed, skinned, and prepared for market. As the bare-armed remarks, "It's pretty quick work, with none of your knockin' on the head, nuther." From him we learn that twelve hundred bullocks can here be slaughtered in one day; a number which would supply the entire wants—so far as beef is concerned—of New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City, if it be true, as he asserts, that the three cities combined only require to be fed with eight hundred bullocks per diem.

From your nervous and impatient air I perceive that you are anxious to ascend to the next floor, and ascertain the cause of the confused uproar that is filtered through the ceiling of the place of blood where we now stand. Take care of the stairs, for they are slippery and treacherous. As we emerge upon the second floor, you see at first nothing but long rows of deceased and marketable porkers, hanging by their hind feet, with little piles of sawdust dotting the floor immediately beneath each separate nose. We wind in and out through the porcine maze, and finally reach the spot whence issue the noises that already half deafen us.

We here find an extension of the building toward the south, forming a square amphitheatre—if you don't object to the expression—with a gallery running across the further end, at a height of fifteen feet from the floor, and reached by a wide staircase in the centre, which staircase extends downward through the floor into the yard below. This gallery is the pork scaffold.

On either side of the amphitheatre runs a table, elevated a few feet above the floor, on each side of which stand a number of blood-stained, coatless men, armed with long, murderous-looking knives. Other men with other weapons are stationed at different points in the pit of the theatre, whose duties we shall presently learn.

Up the broad staircase marches a compact drove of hogs, impelled by unseen goads below. They are evidently conscious that they are on the way to death, and are yelling forth a horribly wild, discordant death song. As they reach the scaffold they are met by an assistant executioner, who drives them into one or the other of the two pens that bound either extremity of the scaffold. In each pen stands a huge, brawny figure, armed with a heavy sledge-hammer. Note how the hammer swings ceaselessly and regularly through the air, descending with a dull, heavy thud, and answered by a piercing, despairing shriek. Each swing of the hammer crushes out the life of a helpless porker. Still the constant procession marches up the scaffold stairs; still the hideous death song stuns our ears, and the dying shriek curdles our blood. Every moment one or more blows of the hammer works its mysterious transformation of the living into the dead. What is this change that the hammer has wrought? We know its effects—know that what was a living animal is now insensate pork, but what is that change whose effects we can alone perceive? Do you say that a slaughter-house is no place for metaphysical inquiries? You are mistaken. Did not the men of the French Revolution philosophize at the scaffold?

The whole affair is a hideous parody of the horrors of the Reign of Terror. These are the Hébertists who ascend the scaffold with such cowardly, tumultuous clamor. Or rather these blood-stained men are the Septembrizers at work upon their defenceless victims. The murderous hammer, the brutal

knife, the cries of the dying, and the unmoved callousness of the butchers are all but faint reflections of the frenzied brutalities of the dark days of the Parisian September.

As soon as the hammer has done its work, the dead bodies are thrown down a short inclined plane, whence they plunge abruptly into a tank of boiling water situated at the end of the tables which you were just looking at. Presently they are fished out again by fishers armed with large iron hooks. Another parody upon the still more ghastly fishing that was once so successful in the waters of the Seine and the Loire!

As fast as a hog is fished out of the tank it is thrown on the long table. The nearest man seizes it and scrapes for a little at the thick, strong bristles, and then, passing it to the next man, who continues the scraping, begins afresh on another body. When the dead hog finally reaches the end of the table, it is quite free from bristles, and shining with fair, washed skin. The last man at the foot of the table hooks the hind legs of the porker to one of countless hooks that hang from a long beam in the ceiling. This hook is provided with a little wheel at its upper extremity, which moves upon a miniature railway, so that when the suspended hog receives a slight push, it glides softly and quickly up to a tall fellow dressed in oiled-cloth overalls, who poises a heavy knife in his hand, and seizes, with apparent avidity, each one of the ceaseless stream of victims that glides toward him.

Look how firmly this Septembrizer plunges his knife into the insensate object before him! The blood rushes out in thick, gurgling torrents. The warm *viscera* are torn away and flung to a brother executioner, to be sorted and wheeled away, and the man with the knife pushes his bleeding victim a little further away from him, and almost immediately falls to upon a fresh object.

You wonder to see the indifference with which this man regards his continuous bath of blood. He is bloody from his head to his feet. His very hair is stained and matted, and while we are looking, he is pushing back the hair from his forehead with his dripping right hand. Jean Baptiste Carrier could not have regarded his own butcheries with more perfect indifference.

Leaving his hand, the pork—now no longer pig—is received by a wet, but comparatively bloodless man, who carries in his right hand a hose-pipe, and plays a thick, strong stream of water upon the pork, washing it perfectly and shiningly clean. Another push and the pork glides further on the railway, and is switched off to form part of one of the long lines of hanging pork that we saw on first entering the room. There is hanging room here, we are told, for six thousand hogs.

We will ask the Septembrizer with the knife, how many minutes are required to transform pig to pork? "Well, he can't exactly tell. There's six of these slaughterin' pens on this floor, and we calculate that we can kill a hundred an hour in each pen. Them hogs that we're killin' now are beautiful. Western corn-fed stock they are. There aint no tricking about them; you can just bet your life." He is a pleasant-voiced and amiable-looking man, as far as can be perceived through the crimson stain that clothes him as with an imperial garment. We thank him for his information, but decline to make the trifling bet that he proposes and precipitately retire on his manifesting an intention of taking a "chew" of the tobacco which he draws from his reeking pocket.

We have not yet seen the sheep slaughter-house, and as we walk in that direction your attention is caught by six large, iron tanks, rising through the

floor at the western end of the main slaughter-house, and breathing forth most unsavory odors. The man in charge of them will probably tell you if you approach him with a question, that these tanks are "for rendering," which reply will doubtless be wholly unintelligible to you until it is explained that "rendering" and "trying out," are synonymous expressions. In these tanks, which are made of boiler iron, and are twelve feet deep and six wide the incipient lard is melted under steam pressure and then led into cisterns, each of which can contain fifty barrels of lard. If necessary, we learn that one thousand barrels of lard can here be made in a single day. Immediately below us is situated the steam engine of thirty horse-power, which furnishes the necessary motive power for the operations of the establishment. As it is a high-pressure engine, and as you are clearly nervous on the subject of steam boilers, we are quite ready to hasten to the *aceldama* of the sheep, which we find to be situated at the southern end of the stock house.

In their death, as in their lives, the meek, feminine gentleness of the sheep is greatly in contrast with the uproarious cowardice of the swine. They die as bravely as the timid women died under the guillotine. Obediently they leave their prisons and walk composedly into the hall of judgment, and to the remorseless executioners. One by one they are seized by the butcher. How their imploring eyes look up into the faces of their murderers, but they make no useless and indecorous outcries. Meekly they bow to resistless fate. The knife is drawn across their tender throats, and after a convulsive quiver of the muscles they cease to breathe. Certainly the pigs might learn to die bravely and quietly from their fellow prisoners, the feeble, unresisting sheep.

Unless you wish to see the ice-house and the cattle-yards, which present nothing particularly novel to the visitor, we may as well make our way back to the hotel. Two months hence, the Abattoir buildings and yards will have been greatly enlarged. Sheds and houses are going up in various directions; land is being made and reclaimed from the waters of the bay; roads are being built and improved, and everything about the place bears evidence that enterprising and sharp-sighted men are at the head of the company, and will make the undertaking an assured success.

As we ride back to the ferry, we are not surprised to see that many of the old Dutch cottages, which the stage passes rapidly by, are for sale. A slaughter-house, even when managed as admirably as is the Communipaw Abattoir, is not altogether a desirable neighbor. Not that there is anything about this particular place that can be said to be deleterious to the health of any but its four-footed inmates, but still there are odors and odors, and those of the slaughter-house and the stock-yard are not generally popular.

"That there slaughter-house"—confidentially remarks the driver of the omnibus, as we wait at the ferry house for the boat—"that there slaughter-house is just like a grist mill. You put in pigs and they come out pork, all ready for fryin'!"

Certainly no mill—even if it were as cunningly constructed as was the sausage machine mentioned by Mr. Weller, which ultimately converted its suicidal owner into excellent sausages—could possibly produce dressed pork from living pigs with greater rapidity than is done by the systematized labors of the butchers of the Communipaw Abattoir.

W. L. ALDEN.

THE CLAVERINGS.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

VAIN REPENTANCE.



IN the morning Lady Ongar prepared herself for starting at eight o'clock, and, as a part of that preparation, had her breakfast brought to her upstairs. When the time was up, she descended to the sitting-room on the way to the carriage, and there she found Sophie, also prepared for a journey.

"I am going too. You will let me go?" said Sophie.

"Certainly," said Lady Ongar. "I proposed to you to do so yesterday."

"You should not be so hard upon your poor friend," said Sophie. This was said in the hearing of Lady Ongar's maid and of two waiters, and Lady Ongar made no reply to it. When they were in the carriage together, the maid being then stowed away in a dickey or

rumble behind, Sophie again whined and was repentant. "Julie, you should not be so hard upon your poor Sophie."

"It seems to me that the hardest things said were spoken by you."

"Then I will beg your pardon. I am impulsive. I do not restrain myself. When I am angry I say I know not what. If I said any words that were wrong, I will apologize, and beg to be forgiven—there—on my knees." And, as she spoke, the adroit little woman contrived to get herself down upon her knees on the floor of the carriage. "There; say that I am forgiven; say that Sophie is pardoned." The little woman had calculated that even should her Julia pardon her, Julia would hardly condescend to ask for the two ten-pound notes.

But Lady Ongar had stoutly determined that there should be no further intimacy, and had reflected that a better occasion for a quarrel could hardly be

vouchsafed to her than that afforded by Sophie's treachery in bringing her brother down to Freshwater. She was too strong, and too much mistress of her will, to be cheated now out of her advantage. "Madam Gordeloup, that attitude is absurd; I beg you will get up."

"Never; never till you have pardoned me." And Sophie crouched still lower, till she was all among the dressing-cases and little bags at the bottom of the carriage. "I will not get up till you say the words, 'Sophie, dear, I forgive you.'"

"Then I fear you will have an uncomfortable drive. Luckily it will be very short. It is only half-an-hour to Yarmouth."

"And I will kneel again on board the packet; and on the—what you call, platform—and in the railway carriage—and in the street. I will kneel to my Julie everywhere, till she say, 'Sophie, dear, I forgive you!'"

"Madam Gordeloup, pray understand me; between you and me there shall be no further intimacy."

"No!"

"Certainly not. No further explanation is necessary, but our intimacy has certainly come to an end."

"It has."

"Undoubtedly."

"Julie!"

"That is such nonsense. Madam Gordeloup, you are disgracing yourself by your proceedings."

"Oh! disgracing myself, am I?" In saying this Sophie picked herself up from among the dressing-cases, and recovered her seat. "I am disgracing myself! Well, I know very well whose disgrace is the most talked about in the world, yours or mine. Disgracing myself; and from you? What did your husband say of you himself?"

Lady Ongar began to feel that even a very short journey might be too long. Sophie was now quite up, and was wriggling herself on her seat, adjusting her clothes which her late attitude had disarranged, not in the most graceful manner.

"You shall see," she continued. "Yes, you shall see. Tell me of disgrace! I have only disgraced myself by being with you. Ah—very well. Yes; I will get out. As for being quiet, I shall be quiet whenever I like it. I know when to talk, and when to hold my tongue. Disgrace!" So saying she stepped out of the carriage, leaning on the arm of a boatman who had come to the door, and who had heard her last words.

It may be imagined that all this did not contribute much to the comfort of Lady Ongar. They were now on the little pier at Yarmouth, and in five minutes every one there knew who she was, and knew also that there had been some disagreement between her and the little foreigner. The eyes of the boatmen, and of the drivers, and of the other travellers, and of the natives going over to the market at Lymington, were all on her, and the eyes also of all the idlers of Yarmouth who had congregated there to watch the despatch of the early boat. But she bore it well, seating herself, with her maid beside her, on one of the benches on the deck, and waiting there with patience till the boat should start. Sophie once or twice muttered the word "disgrace!" but beyond that she remained silent.

They crossed over the little channel without a word, and without a word made their way up to the railway-station. Lady Ongar had been too con-

fused to get tickets for their journey at Yarmouth, but had paid on board the boat for the passage of the three persons—herself, her maid, and Sophie. But, at the station at Lymington, the more important business of taking tickets for the journey to London became necessary. Lady Ongar had thought of this on her journey across the water, and, when at the railway-station, gave her purse to her maid, whispering her orders. The girl took three first-class tickets, and then going gently up to Madam Gordeloup, offered one to that lady. "Ah, yes; very well; I understand," said Sophie, taking the ticket. "I shall take this;" and she held the ticket up in her hand, as though she had some specially mysterious purpose in accepting it.

She got into the same carriage with Lady Ongar and her maid, but spoke no word on her journey up to London. At Basingstoke she had a glass of sherry, for which Lady Ongar's maid paid. Lady Ongar had telegraphed for her carriage, which was waiting for her, but Sophie betook herself to a cab. "Shall I pay the cabman, ma'am?" said the maid. "Yes," said Sophie, "or stop. It will be half-a-crown. You had better give me the half-crown." The maid did so, and in this way the careful Sophie added another shilling to her store—over and above the twenty pounds—knowing well that the fare to Mount Street was eighteenpence.

CHAPTER XXXV.

DOODLES IN MOUNT STREET.

CAPTAIN CLAVERING and Captain Boodle had, as may be imagined, discussed at great length and with much frequency the results of the former captain's negotiations with the Russian spy, and it had been declared strongly by the latter captain, and ultimately admitted by the former, that those results were not satisfactory. Seventy pounds had been expended, and, so to say, nothing had been accomplished. It was in vain that Archie, unwilling to have it thought that he had been worsted in diplomacy, argued that with these political personages, and especially with Russian political personages, the ambages were everything—that the preliminaries were in fact the whole, and that when they were arranged, the thing was done. Doodles proved to demonstration that the thing was not done, and that seventy pounds was too much for mere preliminaries. "My dear fellow," he said, speaking, I fear, with some scorn in his voice, "where are you? That's what I want to know. Where are you? Just nowhere." This was true. All that Archie had received from Madam Gordeloup in return for his last payment, was an intimation that no immediate day could be at present named for a renewal of his personal attack upon the countess; but that a day might be named when he should next come to Mount Street—provision, of course, being made that he should come with a due qualification under his glove. Now, the original basis on which Archie was to carry on his suit had been arranged to be this—that Lady Ongar should be made to know that he was there; and the way in which Doodles had illustrated this precept by the artistic and allegorical use of his heel was still fresh in Archie's memory. The meeting in which they had come to that satisfactory understanding had taken place early in the Spring, and now June was coming on, and the countess certainly did not as yet know that her suitor was there! If anything was to be done by the

Russian spy it should be done quickly, and Doodles did not refrain from expressing his opinion that his friend was "putting his foot into it," and "making a mull of the whole thing." Now Archie Clavering was a man not eaten up by the vice of self-confidence, but prone rather to lean upon his friends, and anxious for the aid of counsel in difficulty.

"What the devil is a fellow to do?" he asked. "Perhaps I had better give it all up. Everybody says that she is as proud as Lucifer; and, after all, nobody knows what rigs she has been up to."

But this was by no means the view which Doodles was inclined to take. He was a man who in the field never gave up a race because he was thrown out at the start, having perceived that patience would achieve as much, perhaps, as impetuosity. He had ridden many a waiting race, and had won some of them. He was never so sure of his hand at billiards as when the score was strong against him. "Always fight while there's any fight left in you," was a maxim with him. He never surrendered a bet as lost, till the evidence as to the facts was quite conclusive, and had taught himself to regard any chance, be it ever so remote, as a kind of property.

"Never say die," was his answer to Archie's remark. "You see, Clavvy, you have still a few good cards, and you can never know what a woman really means till you have popped yourself. As to what she did when she was away, and all that, you see when a woman has got seven thousand a year in her own right, it covers a multitude of sins."

"Of course, I know that."

"And why should a fellow be uncharitable? If a man is to believe all that he hears, by George, they're all much of a muchness. For my part I never believe anything. I always suppose every horse will run to win; and though there may be a cross now and again, that's the surest line to go upon. D'you understand me now?" Archie said that of course he understood him; but I fancy that Doodles had gone a little too deep for Archie's intellect.

"I should say, drop this woman, and go at the widow yourself at once."

"And lose all my seventy pounds for nothing!"

"You're not soft enough to suppose that you'll ever get it back again, I hope?" Archie assured his friend that he was not soft enough for any such hope as that, and then the two remained silent for a while, deeply considering the posture of the affair. "I'll tell you what I'll do for you," said Doodles; "and upon my word I think it will be the best thing."

"And what's that?"

"I'll go to this woman myself."

"What; to Lady Ongar?"

"No; but to the spy, as you call her. Principals are never the best for this kind of work. When a man has to pay the money himself he can never make so good a bargain as another can make for him. That stands to reason. And I can be blunter with her about it than you can; can go straight at it, you know; and you may be sure of this, she won't get any money from me, unless I get the marbles for it."

"You'll take some with you, then?"

"Well, yes; that is, if it's convenient. We were talking of going two or three hundred pounds, you know, and you've only gone seventy as yet. Suppose you hand me over the odd thirty. If she gets it out of me easy, tell me my name isn't Boodle."

There was much in this that was distasteful to Captain Clavering, but at

last he submitted, and handed over the thirty pounds to his friend. Then there was considerable doubt whether the ambassador should announce himself by a note, but it was decided at last that his arrival should not be expected. If he did not find the lady at home or disengaged on the first visit, or on the second, he might on the third or the fourth. He was a persistent patient little man, and assured his friend that he would certainly see Madam Gordeloup before a week had passed over their heads.

On the occasion of his first visit to Mount Street, Sophie Gordeloup was enjoying her retreat in the Isle of Wight. When he called the second time she was in bed, the fatigue of her journey on the previous day—the day on which she had actually risen at seven o'clock in the morning—having oppressed her much. She had returned in the cab alone, and had occupied herself much on the same evening. Now that she was to be parted from her Julie, it was needful that she should be occupied. She wrote a long letter to her brother—much more confidential than her letters to him had lately been—telling him how much she had suffered on his behalf, and describing to him with great energy the perverseness, malignity, and general pigheadedness of her late friend. Then she wrote an anonymous letter to Mrs. Burton, whose name and address she had learned, after having ascertained from Archie the fact of Harry Clavering's engagement. In this letter she described the wretched wiles by which that horrid woman Lady Ongar was struggling to keep Harry and Miss Burton apart. "It is very bad, but it is true," said the diligent little woman. "She has been seen in his embrace; I know it." After that she dressed and went out into society—the society of which she had boasted as being open to her—to the house of some hanger-on of some embassy, and listened, and whispered, and laughed when some old sinner joked with her, and talked poetry to a young man who was foolish and lame, but who had some money, and got a glass of wine and a cake for nothing, and so was very busy; and on her return home calculated that her cab-hire for the evening had been judiciously spent. But her diligence had been so great that when Captain Boodle called the next morning at twelve o'clock she was still in bed. Had she been in dear Paris, or in dearer Vienna, that would have not hindered her from receiving the visit; but in pigheaded London this could not be done; and, therefore, when she had duly scrutinized Captain Boodle's card, and had learned from the servant that Captain Boodle desired to see herself on very particular business, she made an appointment with him for the following day.

On the following day at the same hour Doodles came and was shown up into her room. He had scrupulously avoided any smartness of apparel, calculating that a Newmarket costume would be, of all dresses, the most efficacious in filling her with an idea of his smartness; whereas Archie had probably injured himself much by his polished leather boots, and general newness of clothing. Doodles, therefore, wore a cut-away coat, a colored shirt with a fogle round his neck, old brown trowsers that fitted very tightly round his legs, and was careful to take no gloves with him. He was a man with a small, bullet head, who wore his hair cut very short, and had no other beard than a slight appendage on his lower chin. He certainly did possess a considerable look of smartness, and when he would knit his brows and nod his head, some men were apt to think that it was not easy to get on the soft side of him.

Sophie on this occasion was not arrayed with that becoming negligence

which had graced her appearance when Captain Clavering had called. She knew that a visitor was coming, and the questionably white wrapper had been exchanged for an ordinary dress. This was regretted, rather than otherwise, by Captain Boodle, who had received from Archie a description of the lady's appearance, and who had been anxious to see the spy in her proper and peculiar habiliments. It must be remembered that Sophie knew nothing of her present visitor, and was altogether unaware that he was in any way connected with Captain Clavering.

"You are Captain Boodle," she said, looking hard at Doodles as he bowed to her on entering the room.

"Captain Boodle, ma'am; at your service."

"Oh, Captain Bood-dle; it is English name, I suppose?"

"Certainly, ma'am, certainly. Altogether English, I believe. Our Boodles come out of Warwickshire; small property near Leamington—doosed small, I'm sorry to say."

She looked at him very hard, and was altogether unable to discover what was the nature or probable mode of life of the young man before her. She had lived much in England, and had known Englishmen of many classes, but she could not remember that she had ever become conversant with such a one as he who was now before her. Was he a gentleman, or might he be a house-breaker? "A doosed small property near Leamington," she said, repeating the words after him. "Oh!"

"But my visit to you, ma'am, has nothing to do with that."

"Nothing to do with the small property."

"Nothing in life."

"Then, Captain Bood-dle, what may it have to do with?"

Hereupon Doodles took a chair, not having been invited to go through that ceremony. According to the theory created in her mind at the instant, this man was not at all like an English captain. Captain is an unfortunate title, somewhat equivalent to the foreign count—unfortunate in this respect, that it is easily adopted by many whose claims to it are very slight. Archie Clavering, with his polished leather boots, had looked like a captain—had come up to her idea of a captain—but this man! The more she regarded him, the stronger in her mind became the idea of the housebreaker.

"My business, ma'am, is of a very delicate nature—of a nature very delicate indeed. But I think that you and I, who understand the world, may soon come to understand each other."

"Oh, you understand the world. Very well, sir. Go on."

"Now, ma'am, money is money, you know."

"And a goose is a goose; but what of that?"

"Yes; a goose is a goose, and some people are not geese. Nobody, ma'am, would think of calling you a goose."

"I hope not. It would be so uncivil, even an Englishman would not say it. Will you go on?"

"I think you have the pleasure of knowing Lady Ongar?"

"Knowing who?" said Sophie, almost shrieking.

"Lady Ongar."

During the last day or two Sophie's mind had been concerned very much with her dear Julie, but had not been concerned at all with the affairs of Captain Clavering, and, therefore, when Lady Ongar's name was mentioned, her mind went away altogether to the quarrel, and did not once refer itself to

the captain. Could it be that this was an attorney, and was it possible that Julie would be mean enough to make claims upon her? Claims might be made for more than those twenty pounds. "And you," she said, "do you know Lady Ongar?"

"I have not that honor myself."

"Oh, you have not; and do you want to be introduced?"

"Not exactly—not at present; at some future day I shall hope to have the pleasure. But I am right in believing that she and you are very intimate? Now what are you going to do for my friend Archie Clavering?"

"Oh-h-h!" exclaimed Sophie.

"Yes. What are you going to do for my friend Archie Clavering? Seventy pounds, you know, ma'am, is a smart bit of money!"

"A smart bit of money, is it? That is what you think on your leetle property down in Warwickshire."

"It isn't my property, ma'am, at all. It belongs to my uncle."

"Oh, it is your uncle that has the leetle property. And what had your uncle to do with Lady Ongar? What is your uncle to your friend Archie?"

"Nothing at all, ma'am; nothing on earth."

"Then why do you tell me all this rigmarole about your uncle and his leetle property, and Warwickshire? What have I to do with your uncle? Sir, I do not understand you—not at all. Nor do I know why I have the honor to see you here, Captain Bood-dle."

Even Doodles, redoubtable as he was—even he, with all his smartness, felt that he was overcome, and that this woman was too much for him. He was altogether perplexed, as he could not perceive whether in all her tirade about the little property she had really misunderstood him, and had in truth thought that he had been talking about his uncle, or whether the whole thing was cunning on her part. The reader, perhaps, will have a more correct idea of this lady than Captain Boodle had been able to obtain. She had now risen from her sofa, and was standing as though she expected him to go; but he had not as yet opened the budget of his business.

"I am here, ma'am," said he, "to speak to you about my friend, Captain Clavering."

"Then you can go back to your friend, and tell him I have nothing to say. And, more than that, Captain Booddle"—the woman intensified the name in a most disgusting manner, with the evident purpose of annoying him; of that he had become quite sure—"more than that, his sending you here is an impertinence. Will you tell him that?"

"No, ma'am, I will not."

"Perhaps you are his laquais," continued the inexhaustible Sophie, "and are obliged to come when he send you?"

"I am no man's lacquais, ma'am."

"If so, I do not blame you; or, perhaps, it is your way to make your love third or fourth hand down in Warwickshire?"

"Damn Warwickshire!" said Doodles, who was put beyond himself.

"With all my heart. Damn Warwickshire." And the horrid woman grinned at him as she repeated his words. "And the leetle property, and the uncle, if you wish it; and the leetle nephew—and the leetle nephew—and the leetle nephew!" She stood over him as she repeated the last words with wondrous rapidity, and grinned at him, and grimaced and shook herself, till Doodles was altogether bewildered. If this was a Russian spy he

would avoid such in future, and keep himself for the milder acerbities of Newmarket, and the easier chaff of his club. He looked up into her face at the present moment, striving to think of some words by which he might assist himself. He had as yet performed no part of his mission, but any such performance was now entirely out of the question. The woman had defied him, and had altogether thrown Clavering overboard. There was no further question of her services, and therefore he felt himself to be quite entitled to twit her with the payment she had taken.

"And how about my friend's seventy pounds?" said he.

"How about seventy pounds! a leetle man comes here and tells me he is a Booddle in Warwickshire, and says he has an uncle with a very leetle property, and asks me about seventy pounds! Suppose I ask you how about the policeman, what will you say then?"

"You send for him and you shall hear what I say."

"No; not to take away such a leetle man as you. I send for a policeman when I am afraid. Booddle in Warwickshire is not a terrible man. Suppose you go to your friend and tell him from me that he have chose a very bad Mercury in his affairs of love—the worst Mercury I ever see. Perhaps the Warwickshire Mercuries are not very good. Can you tell me, Captain Booddle, how they make love down in Warwickshire?"

"And that is all the satisfaction I am to have?"

"Who said you was to have satisfaction? Very little satisfaction I should think you ever have, when you come as a Mercury."

"My friend means to know something about that seventy pounds."

"Seventy pounds! If you talk to me any more of seventy pounds, I will fly at your face." As she spoke this she jumped across at him as though she were really on the point of attacking him with her nails, and he, in dismay, retreated to the door. "You, and your seventy pounds! Oh, you English! What mean mens you are! Oh! a Frenchman would despise to do it. Yes; or a Russian or a Pole. But you—you want it all down in black and white like a butcher's beel. You know nothing, and understand nothing, and can never speak, and can never hold your tongues. You have no head, but the head of a bull. A bull can break all the china in a shop—dash, smash, crash—all the pretty things gone in a minute! So can an Englishman. Your seventy pounds! You will come again to me for seventy pounds, I think." In her energy she had acted the bull, and had exhibited her idea of the dashing, the smashing and the crashing, by the motion of her head and the waving of her hands.

"And you decline to say anything about the seventy pounds?" said Doodles, resolving that his courage should not desert him.

Whereupon the divine Sophie laughed. "Ha, ha, ha! I see you have not got on any gloves, Captain Booddle."

"Gloves; no. I don't wear gloves."

"Nor your uncle with the leetle property in Warwickshire? Captain Clavering, he wears a glove. He is a handy man." Doodles stared at her, understanding nothing of this. "Perhaps it is in your waistcoat pocket," and she approached him fearlessly, as though she were about to deprive him of his watch.

"I don't know what you mean," said he, retreating.

"Ah, you are not a handy man, like my friend the other captain, so you had better go away. Yes; you had better go to Warwickshire. In War-

wickshire, I suppose, they make ready for your Michaelmas dinners. You have four months to get fat. Suppose you go away and get fat."

Doodles understood nothing of her sarcasm, but began to perceive that he might as well take his departure. The woman was probably a lunatic, and his friend Archie had no doubt been grossly deceived when he was sent to her for assistance. He had some faint idea that the seventy pounds might be recovered from such a madwoman: but in the recovery his friend would be exposed, and he saw that the money must be abandoned. At any rate, he had not been soft enough to dispose of any more treasure.

"Good morning, ma'am," he said, very curtly.

"Good morning to you, Captain Booodle. Are you coming again another day?"

"Not that I know of, ma'am."

"You are very welcome to stay away. I like your friend the better. Tell him to come and be handy with his glove. As for you—suppose you go to the leetle property."

Then Captain Booodle went, and, as soon as he had made his way out into the open street, stood still and looked around him, that by the aspect of things familiar to his eyes he might be made certain that he was in a world with which he was conversant. While in that room with the spy he had ceased to remember that he was in London—his own London, within a mile of his club, within a mile of Tattersall's. He had been, as it were, removed to some strange world in which the tact, and courage, and acuteness natural to him had not been of avail to him. Madam Gordeloup had opened a new world to him—a new world of which he desired to make no further experience. Gradually he began to understand why he had been desired to prepare himself for Michaelmas eating. Gradually some idea about Archie's glove glimmered across his brain. A wonderful woman certainly was the Russian spy—a phenomenon which in future years he might perhaps be glad to remember that he had seen in the flesh. The first race-horse which he might ever own and name himself, he would certainly call the Russian Spy. In the meantime, as he slowly walked across Berkeley Square, he acknowledged to himself that she was not mad, and acknowledged also that the less said about that seventy pounds the better. From thence he crossed Piccadilly, and sauntered down St. James's Street into Pall Mall, revolving in his mind how he would carry himself with Clavvy. He, at any rate, had his ground for triumph. He had parted with no money, and had ascertained by his own wit that no available assistance from that quarter was to be had in the matter which his friend had in hand.

It was some hours after this when the two friends met, and at that time Doodles was up to his eyes in chalk and the profitable delights of pool. But Archie was too intent on his business to pay much regard to his friend's proper avocation. "Well, Doodles," he said, hardly waiting till his ambassador had finished his stroke and laid his ball close waxed to one of the cushions. "Well; have you seen her?"

"Oh, yes; I've seen her," said Doodles, seating himself on an exalted bench which ran round the room, while Archie, with anxious eyes, stood before him.

"Well?" said Archie.

"She's a rum 'un. Thank 'ee, Griggs; you always stand to me like a brick." This was said to a young lieutenant who had failed to hit the captain's ball, and now tendered him a shilling with a very bitter look.

"She is queer," said Archie, "certainly."

"Queer! By George, I'll back her for the queerest bit of horseflesh going any way about these diggings. I thought she was mad at first, but I believe she knows what she's about."

"She knows what she's about well enough. She's worth all the money if you can only get her to work."

"Bosh, my dear fellow."

"Why bosh? What's up now?"

"Bosh! Bosh! Bosh! Me to play, is it?" Down he went, and not finding a good open for a hazard, again waxed himself to the cushion, to the infinite disgust of Griggs, who did indeed hit the ball this time, but in such a way as to make the loss of another life from Griggs's original three a matter of certainty. "I don't think it's hardly fair," whispered Griggs to a friend, "a man playing always for safety. It's not the game I like, and I shan't play at the same table with Doodles any more."

"It's all bosh," repeated Doodles, coming back to his seat. "She don't mean to do anything, and never did. I've found her out."

"Found out what?"

"She's been laughing at you. She got your money out from under your glove, didn't she?"

"Well, I did put it there."

"Of course, you did. I knew that I should find out what was what if I once went there. I got it all out of her. But, by George, what a woman she is! She swore at me to my very face."

"Swore at you! In French, you mean?"

"No; not in French at all, but damned me in downright English. By George, how I did laugh!—me and everybody belonging to me. I'm blessed if she didn't."

"There was nothing like that about her when I saw her."

"You didn't turn her inside out as I've done; but stop half a moment." Then he descended, chalked away at his cue hastily, pocketed a shilling or two, and returned. "You didn't turn her inside out as I've done. I tell you, Clavvy, there's nothing to be done there, and there never was. If you'd kept on going yourself she'd have drained you as dry—as dry as that table. There's your thirty pounds back, and, upon my word, old fellow, you ought to thank me."

Archie did thank him, and Doodles was not without his triumph. Of the frequent references to Warwickshire which he had been forced to endure, he said nothing, nor yet of the reference to Michaelmas dinners; and, gradually, as he came to talk frequently to Archie of the Russian spy, and perhaps also to one or two others of his more intimate friends, he began to convince himself that he really had wormed the truth out of Madam Gordeloup, and got altogether the better of that lady, in a very wonderful way.

THE "WOMAN QUESTION."

I DO not mean the woman question as it is found in Swinburne's "Chastelard," as it preoccupies the woman-mad poet, or as it was habitually entertained by Montaigne. Still less do I mean the aspects of the woman question which have been made known to the New England public, and which, properly speaking, belong to the housekeeper's question. I mean the woman question as it has been presented by a recent English writer, as it is met and answered in France, as it presents itself to and forms every well-bred and elegant or charming woman.

It is one of the painful and persistent evidences of our poverty of æsthetic writers that, for our public, this question has been framed and presented and discussed almost exclusively by the Philistines of American literature. It has even been discussed with flippancy and pedantry, and the last issue of the question has been that of obvious and often ignoble *use*; much after the fashion of an examination into the nutritive properties of a flower garden. Our extraordinary obtuseness to all the most difficult, rare, delicate, desirable and essential conditions of a charming woman's life, could only be matched by a people equally busy, equally calculating, equally deficient in sentiment. Chivalry has been a fine name only; sentiment has been disgraced by the ignoble word "spoony," and elevation and delicacy of feeling have been set aside to make room for the bugbear of American writers—practicality.

Curtis could write us some good words on this subject if he would forget Thackeray; and if Mrs. Julia Ward Howe would consent to be natural, she could unravel deftly and well the commonplace, rough-textured, thread-and-needle, sewing-machine, kitchen ideas which are dominant.

Are you not tired of the endless reiteration of what may be called the New England—lest I be thought invidious, say American in place of New England—aspect of the woman question? It exacts that every woman shall cook, wash if need be, iron, do plain sewing for the family, and it makes the marriage certificate the title deed of a woman's household slavery, while it prevents the generous expansion of the girl into the agreeable and mellow woman. The supremacy of the New England idea of the woman question should be understood. The New England wife may read her magazine in the kitchen while she waits for the bread to brown, she may write for it in the laundry while the clothes are drying, she may leave the stove to receive "company" with an unflushed face, and entertain without fussiness, with perfect hands, and a bright intelligence. Astonishing ideal which makes room for everything but the one thing needful! Marvellous being who is everything but charming, everything but seductive! A dictionary for her guests, a bible commentator for her husband, the slave of her irreverent children; a being without one element of repose in her life—and repose is essential to the most companionable qualities of the woman nature—and who, with restless curiosity, seeks to know and to do. She exemplifies a life that

disfigures the body, makes the mind like a steel spring, induces monotony of sensation and of thought, and robs woman of grace of mind and flexibility of nature; a life which forms a woman with such set habits of thought that she finally loses the best traits of her conversational powers, for she preaches or lectures oftener than she converses, and at her best estate shows a hard, sharp, incisive intelligence, without charm, without caprice, without the very qualities which are the complement of man's, and refresh and relax his own firm-set, battle-armed nature.

We want women at home, not mere housewives; we want women whose ideal is just what the noblest and most irresistible women have expressed—have even realized. To take the American idea, and understand them simply as useful and extravagant creatures, is certainly very practical and very business-like, and it is also very ignoble and very prosaic. Its ascendancy naturally follows our doting homage for girls, and our neglect of women. In our society girls receive the most attention; we indulge their caprices, we grant them entire freedom; but women who are best fitted to use their liberty, neither shine nor charm in our society. The time at which a woman should exert the best, the most mellowing influence, the time when she should be most graceful, most suave, and winning, and flexible in society, is not the period of her girlhood, but after marriage, between twenty-five and thirty-five. But what are the facts outside of a limited circle in our large cities? After marriage our New England women are poor, overworked, faded, shrunken, metallic beings, victims to a brutal, and savage, and mechanical theory of their duties. They have absolutely nothing to give them distinction but a hard mentality and untiring energy, which they possess in common with New England men. They are not womanly; which is to be flexible, graceful, spontaneous, playful, mellow, or sweetly serious in society, as melting and delicious as in nature "Autumn fruits in an Autumn sun."

We have the testimony of Hawthorne, who observed and felt exquisitely every feminine trait. He refers to our New England matrons as "our slender-framed and haggard womankind." As he looked at an English maiden in her teens, he made the reflection that she, "though seldom so pretty as our own damsels; possesses, to say the truth, a certain charm of half blossom, and delicate, folded leaves, and tender womanhood, shielded by maidenly reserves, with which, somehow or other, our American girls fail to adorn themselves during an appreciable moment." Our girls, entering society prematurely, and as it were, independently, go through a forcing process; they lose much of the bloom of their nature, they become exceedingly prosaic, they even lose the shrinking modesty and sweetness which make the charm of the ideal girl.

We have a social life almost formed by girls. But where are our women? Why do they so soon abdicate, and, instead of being queens, become tired, monotonous housekeepers?

Far be it from me to discuss the woman question pragmatically. I merely express a few facts. The East has answered that question in one way; New England answers it in another. Both are alike obnoxious; the one by stunting woman's intellect to make her voluptuous, the other by destroying her physical charm to produce intellectual sharpness and manual dexterity; in a word, self-helpfulness. The inmate of a harem, and the habitual occupant of a kitchen or a library, are equally incapable of sharing the life and inspiring the spirit of a true and cultivated man.

The woman question, as a matter for legislation, may be reasoned and pushed forward by such thinkers as J. Stuart Mill and Spencer, such impassioned orators as Beecher and Phillips. The political rights of women are certain to be secured to them in this country, sooner or later. It is not their political rights, it is not the political aspects of the woman question, with which we now need to concern ourselves. It is the social aspects, more especially that phase which belongs to the home life of women, that we wish to illustrate, to illuminate, asking it to be the inspiration of something sweeter and nobler than our common home life.

The chief cause of the unacceptableness of most of our discussions of this question is that our writers are provincial, local, and persistently have sought for the average of our social life, and have allowed the practical to override the ideal. They have kept too close to the average thinking and feeling on the subject; and I cannot resist the suspicion that the homely mediocrities of their relatives, or the foolish fripperies of their extravagant acquaintances, or the thrift of their own home life, has prevented an exalted interpretation or understanding of the woman question; they seem merely to have announced their own poverty or timidity of life; they should have been forming models after the sweetest and largest life possible to man in the full play of his nature.

Some of our contemporaries, that should have set a better example, have opened this question with positive obtuseness to the need of the artistic element. Have they merely adapted the question, judiciously, to home, or rather to local discussion? At first whitewashing the defacements occasioned by the so-called necessities of the American woman's home life—a life overbalanced with manual labor—then amiably rebuking the romantic or sentimental view of woman's place in life, and finally denouncing woman's love of dress, and railing at the origin of its fashion, and by that most tedious see-saw of intellectual exercise, a written dialogue, playing up and down, fast and slow, on the question at issue, and giving us opinions and expressing everything but convictions.

Contrast the flippant and pedantic style and the unartistic sense of recent lucubrations concerning the woman question, with the noble and comprehensive and delicate penetration which Ruskin brought to it in the second lecture given to us under the title of "Sesame and Lilies." The woman question, in its truest and most vital aspects, in Ruskin's lecture, is treated as, perhaps, no other living writer in England could treat it; treated with an exquisite perception of the feminine nature, treated with a just appreciation of woman's mode of help to man, treated with dignity and tenderness; illustrated also with the gravity of one who appreciates the force of moral law, illustrated with the picturesqueness and opulence of an artist and a man of letters. But do we need Ruskin to prove to us that hardness and restraint in a woman's life are destructive to her greatest charms?

So long as, in this country, the writers who seek to instruct and move us merely respond to or repeat the average thinking and feeling on purely social and artistic topics, we shall have to look to an older society and to foreign writers to correct our mistakes and advance our ideal. Nay, more; to replace our ideal with a nobler and sweeter one than it is possible for us to form out of our common life. The democratic spirit, as commonly manifested, has been destructive to the chivalric spirit—a spirit which every noble man must entertain when he thinks of woman, or of the woman question.

If we must discuss the woman question, if we think women need instruction, let us make room for their sympathy, and let us form the artistic. For ourselves, we believe women have a sure instinct of their place and influence; our work is simply to remove obstructions from their life, to secure them a peaceful home, and a social condition adequate to their nature. It is barbarous to allow them to be sacrificed to work, to let them do anything the habitual practice of which distorts their figures, reduces their spirit, or injures their hands. Their home life should be the arrangement and adornment of the house; their social life the brightening, sweetening, rewarding of men. Only exceptional women can face the wickedness, the violence, the meanness of men. Woman's chief work in society is to encourage and cultivate the beautiful and to secure the peaceful. If we understood the woman question in its domestic and social aspects, we would labor to protect woman from the curse of work and the harassments of want; we would treat them as they treat flowers—with care, with delicacy, with unfailing love; in our turn, we should be rewarded as they are rewarded by flowers—with a fragrant, delightful home atmosphere, with lovely textures, exquisite colors, beautiful forms. Whether we shall have flowers or barren pea-sticks in our garden is as we choose.

Precisely because women are not less tender than flowers, they should be treated with the same delicacy and care, and in return they should yield to us their frail loveliness. But how are they treated by royal brutes? How many men keep their brutality for home exercise only! On the street they are civilized, even respect sentiment; in the house they are rude, coarse, violent. A rude, coarse, violent man inevitably withers or destroys the home-blooming flower; now and then *his* moral sense, *his* legal sense, is outraged to find the flower plucked and transplanted by more delicate hands.

I understand women to have much more genius than men; they seem richer in expedients and suggestions. Men have more talent, that is to say, more executive or available force.

Just in proportion to the increase of a complete civilization, men will honor and recognize the origin of their best action, and the inspiration of their best thoughts. Allow me to express here the trite truth that civilization has given the ascendancy to the feminine spirit in literature. Tenderness and sympathy in our literature take the place of heartiness and force in the primitive life and literature; and to-day the whole of literature bears witness to the subjection of the masculine to the feminine spirit. We no longer find Squire Westerns in our novels; regard for the unrubbed bloom of woman's modesty, and our own appreciation of their most shrinking and bud-like delicacy of nature, forbid the coarse brutalities of the purely masculine spirit. Are we, who respect the delicacy of their organization so much in literature, to admit in our practice the coarse, animal theory that the mare is the better work-horse of the two that drag the family load? Are we to submit to the mechanical theory of life, to the doctrine of work, of use, and allow our wives to wear themselves out, and expend all their vitality and freshness in manual labor about the house?

Our contemporaries may whitewash the hard conditions of woman's life in this country as much as they please. They cannot give back the bloom of youth to girls jaded, and bleached, and corrupted in factories, or sweetness and suavity to wives who meet their husbands as overworked housekeepers and tired nurses. We make too many concessions to work, and we economize

in youth to make a display later in life, and then our wives do not correspond with their sumptuous houses; they have remained housekeepers.

Our Philistine theory of woman's duties has even made us friendly to the primitive Methodist's ideas of woman's dress. Sweeping denunciations of the art of dress which some women have tried to practise as a fine art, and a moral howl over the discovery of the origin of the latest and most fashionable *toilette* have formed for us a literary jumble of Puritanism and barbarism. Would it not be well for us to clear our minds of cant before we lose our simple-mindedness? We are gratuitously shocked. To read the discourses of our pragmatistical instructors, one would suppose that love of dress was a sin.

Dress is a fine art, a fine art which men have lost, which but few women yet practise. Men have not been dressed attractively since the sixteenth century; they have been serviceably clad; but what can you say from the artistic point of view—which is the point of view of a rich and liberal life—of india-rubber, and cotton and cloth, taking the place of leather, velvet, linen and silk, in the costume of men? Dress enhances the attractiveness of woman; it may enhance or it may violate her personality. Women who do not care for dress are poor and disagreeable creatures. They are as obnoxious as Dr. Johnson thought the man who did not care for a good dinner.

Women rightly have a passion for dress; and the adornment of their persons not only shows their place in the social scale, but also their place in the scale of civilization. Mrs. Shoddy generally, nay inevitably, betrays barbarism; shows that she is in the barbaric stage, by overloaded ornament and excess in the use of color and material in her dress.

The moment man emerges from the savage state, which is the state of brutal and stupid ignorance of appearances, he enters into the barbaric state and begins to tattoo, to decorate; and, in proportion to his departure from barbarism, he refines decorations and studies the appropriateness of his adornments. It is no use to borrow the great name of such a special systematizer as Comte to prove to us that woman's fashion of dress places her in the frippery stage. What frippery is there about the dress of the woman of twenty-five if she has the artistic sense? From the little piece of Egyptian gold, with its strange characters, clasping the lace frill of her *chemisette*, to the ruffled border of her slipper, her hair drawn simply back and bound by a blue band of velvet, and the flexible and simple dress of white linen, she could challenge inspection did not her modesty and serenity forbid us to look with the eye of a milliner's detective.

If the *demi-monde* of Paris set the fashion for our women of leisure, it is none the less acceptable. The most moral part of their life is their study of dress. They make it a specialty; they study the art of dress as a means of increasing their loveliness—as a defence against the withering touch of age. It is their most praiseworthy occupation. The instinct of the world is right; for instruction it goes to those who have made the most—made a special and enthusiastic study—of an art, to know its latest and best developments. Some of the most charming pictures, the most perfect poems, the most irresistible novels, have come out of the most questionable quarters of Paris. Do we reject them on that account? Still less if the fashion of the last glove or boot originates in the same quarter. Let us clear our minds of cant, we repeat, and recollect that the lily grows out of the mud, but is none the less delicious in its perfume and immaculate in its color. So much for "French

trollopism" and "dress, the epidemic disease that originates in the worst quarters of Paris."

But at best, dress is a means of expression—to woman what pigments are to a painter, words to a writer. The philosophy of dress comprehends the philosophy of life. But it is not for me to assume the rôle of teacher of dress as a fine art. I wish simply to resist as I may the unartistic ideas which have the ascendancy in this country. More than that, I wish to insist upon the need of *sentiment* (not sentimentality) in our relations with women. If we do not appreciate the delicate gradations which separate extreme moods and soften the rudeness of our thoughts, we are not civilized. We are savages and brutes with some of the traits and some of the arts of the civilized man. Passion ennobles the savage, sentiment refines the civilized man. Unfortunately, to speak of sentiment to most of our countrymen, is to speak of something they neither have nor understand. But æsthetically obtuse, and devoted to obvious facts as they are, if they will read Coleridge and Shelley they must recognize a charm, a sweetness, a tenderness, a delicacy, which not only make Coleridge and Shelley comparable to the great Italian poets and painters, but which place them in advance of their generation, almost alone in English literature, and, if we except Hawthorne and Poe, without their equal among our own men. It is because of these qualities—qualities which depend on the ascendancy of the feminine spirit, that Shelley and Coleridge hold the first place in the minds of pure and elevated and lovely women, and because of these they must advance and increase their public with civilization. They express with sweetness, delicacy and force the true idea of woman, and of love. They possess in the greatest degree the sympathetic nature—which is the feminine nature. The works of all great poets and painters illustrate this spirit, and charm us by their sentiment. The extension and the increased appreciation of the word sentiment in literature signals the supremacy of women, and of whatever belongs to the delicacies of thought, of feeling, of affection, in our relations with them.

The more we encourage sympathy and sentiment, and give our preference to whatever thought or influence is friendliest to the expansion of the loveliest and womanliest traits, we shall at least have the hope of escaping the sordid and common in literature, if not in our life. For the absolute martyrs of poverty and work we shall feel pity and respect, but we never shall think of imitating their forced self-abnegation. I do not appreciate the necessity of pitching our note so low as has been habitual with our writers, or of discussing the woman question on grounds at once ignoble and obvious. The subject is treated as though none of us had an idea of the mission of an exquisite creature. Can we not form an exalted conception of woman's place in society? "The being to many of us apparently purposeless, is more benevolent than she seems. She carries within herself grace and light; her very presence is a charm, her glance an illumination. She contents herself with being like the breeze that scatters, careless and diffusive, from horizon to horizon, the perfumes and the exhalations of life. So much the worse for us if we have not felt the sweetness and the charm of that ungraspable influence penetrate us, giving to our being new powers and new joys."

EUGENE BENSON.

MACARONICS.

I HAVE written of a confusion of languages and dialects caused by the divisions and varieties of circumstance which separate and distinguish the peoples of the earth. My subject now is a confusion which is entirely artificial—an ingenious recreation of wits and scholars.

Macaroni, it is known, is an Italian dish, made by a mixture of boiled flour, butter, grated cheese and spice. Macaronic verses were probably so called because, considered in the capacity of food for the mind, they were supposed to possess some characteristics in common with that article. The most obvious characteristic in common is that each is a sort of *pot pourri* of diverse ingredients. Macaronic verse now includes any medley of words of different languages. As to its place and value in literature, opinions have varied. The learned Gabriel Naudé is enthusiastic in its favor. He says: "*Cette macaronée est, à mon avis, la plus divertissante raillerie que l'on puisse jamais faire,*" and he compares himself in this judgment with no less a person than the Cardinal Mazarin, who, he states, used to amuse himself by reciting three or four hundred of these verses, one after the other. Bishop Gibson, in introducing the "*Polemo-Middinia,*" by Drummond of Hawthornden, speaks very enthusiastically of it. On the other hand, it is called a silly and unprofitable exercise of ingenuity. The true view would seem to be that it is simply a mental recreation, and does not profess to be anything more. Those who find it a relief from harder studies appreciate its true use. If the principal benefit of mathematics is merely to discipline the mind, as some claim, possibly the amusement of the mind may not be an altogether contemptible office in literature. The macaronic style is, at least, one of the weapons of wit, and has at times been very effective. A little of it by way of variety is excellent, too much of it might satiate; though, in view of the anecdote of Mazarin, there may be a question as to how much could be read or heard with pleasure. For the purpose of this article, I trust by giving different examples and methods, not only not to weary, but to entertain the reader to the end.

The origination of this style of verse is generally attributed to Theophilo Folengo, a Benedictine monk of Casino, who wrote under the name of Merlinus Coccaius, and who died in 1544. De Bure says that the first edition of this author's work was published in 1517, while others say that it was not published until 1554, ten years after his death. A work said to have been published in 1490 by an author named Odaxius, is entitled "*Typhi Odaxii Patavii carmen macaronicum de Patavinis quibusdam arte magica delusis.*" Antonius de Arena, a lawyer of Avignon, as early, it is stated, as 1519, addressed a poem to his fellow students in Latin elegiacs, interspersed with French, Spanish, and Italian words. Folengo's volume, however, is the first known systematic attempt at a book in macaronic verse. It is in twenty-five

parts, is called "*Phantasmæ Macaronicæ*," and is a mixture of Italian, Tuscan and plebeian words. The subject is the interesting adventures of a hero named Balbus, who is vigilantly followed by the author until he finally arrives in hell; and while its general tone is said to be somewhat obscene and vulgar, according to modern ideas, it is also said to be full of satire against grand people and great titles, and of spirited reflections on life and customs. The first French writer of macaronic verses was, as I have mentioned, Antonius de Arena. One of the best of his works is a long burlesque account of the disastrous expedition of Charles V. in Provence. There succeeded, in France, many writers of prose macaronics. There is, however, an older work perhaps to be classed as macaronic prose, which, as such, is the first specimen known. It is the "*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*," published (nominally) in Venice, in 1515, and reprinted in London in 1710. "Nowhere," says Nodier, "has the miserable logic and pedantic Latin of the scholastics been parodied with more spirit and *finesse*, nowhere has sharp irony been enveloped in forms more ludicrous and more popular than in that work." It is said that Erasmus, when he read it, was so overcome with laughter that he burst an abscess in his face, and was thus saved from an operation which the doctors had ordered to accomplish the same thing. Rabelais, in some of his works, makes use of macaronic prose.

Molière, in the "*Malade Imaginaire*," gives examples of macaronic verse, as, for instance, the commencement of the ceremony:

Savantissimi doctores
 Medicinæ professores,
 Qui hic assemblati estis:
 Et vos altri messiores,
 Sententiarum facultatis
 Fideles executores,
 Chirurgiani et apothicari,
 Atque tota compania aussi,
 Salus, honor et argentum
 Atque bonum appetitum.

The oldest German macaronic poem is the "*Floia, Cortum versicale de Flois, swartibus illis Deiriculis quæ omnes fere Minschos, Mannos, Weibras Jungfras, etc., behuppere et spitzibus suis schnafis steckere et bitere solent. Autore Gripholdo Knicknackio ex Flolandia*," which has been reprinted several times since its first appearance in 1593.

Warton, in the "*History of English Poetry*," says that the authors of the thirteenth century in England, who wrote French instead of the language of the country, used occasionally to mix Latin and French, as in the *Harleian manuscripts*:

Dieu roy de mageste,
 Ob personas trinas,
 Nostre roy esa meyne
 Ne perire sinas, etc.

Sometimes they wrote part French and part English, as in a song to the Holy Virgin in the same manuscripts:

Mayden moder milde, oyez cel oreysoun
 From shome thou me shilde, e de ly
 For love of thine childe me menez de tresoun,
 Ich wes wod and wilde, ore su eu prioun, etc.

Many of the ancient Christmas carols used to have Latin burdens or

intermixtures. In the Harleian manuscripts, for instance, there is one with "*in excelsis gloria*" for its burden, commencing :

When Cryst was born of Mary fre
In Bedlem in that fair cyté,
Angellis song ther with myrth and gle
In excelsis gloria.

Warton, in one of the notes to his history, quotes a carol that was sung during the ceremony of taking the soused boar's-head to the principal table, commencing :

Caput Apri defero,
Reddens laudes domino,
The bore's head in hand bringe I
With garlands gay and rosemary,
I pray you all sing merely
Qui estis in convivio.

I quote still another complete from an old volume of carols :

Mary moder, meke and mylde,
Fro schame and synne that ye us schyllde
For gret on ground ye gon with childe,
Gabriele Nuncio.

Mary moder, be not a-dred,
Jhesu is in your body bred,
And of your bryst he will be fed,
Cum pudoris lilio.

Mary moder, the frewit of the
For us was nayled on a tre,
In hevone is now his magesté,
Fulget resurrectio.

Mary moder, the thredde day
Up he ros, as I now say
To helle he tok the rygte way,
Motu fertur proprio.

Mary moder, after thin sone
Up thou steyist with him to wone,
Th aungele wern glad quan thou were come,
In celi palacio.

A rare French tract of the latter part of the sixteenth century entitled "*Noels Vieux et Nouveaux*," contains a long chanson, commencing :

Celebrons la naisance
Nostri salvatoris,
Qui fait la complaisance
Dei sui Patris ;
Cet Enfan tout aimable,
In nocte media
Est né dans une étable
De casta Maria.

But Skelton, who wrote in the fifteenth century, was the first to introduce macaronic verse as a style in writing. His works were made up of "repetition of rhymes, arbitrary abbreviations of the verse ; cant expressions, hard and sounding words newly-coined, and patches of Latin and French," as from the "Boke of Colin Clout :

Of such vagabundus
 Speaketh *totus mundus*
 How some syng letabundus, etc.,
Cum ipsis et illis
Qui manent in villis,
Est uxor vel ancilla,
 Welcome Jacke and Gilla,
 My pretty Petronilla,
 And you wil be stilla,
 You shall have your willa ;
 Of such pater noster pekes
 All the worlde spekes.

This sort of verse was called Skeltonian to the time of Queen Elizabeth.

In the works of Dunbar, a Scotch poet of Skelton's time, we have a mixture of Scotch, Latin and English. He "ridicules the funeral ceremonies of the Romish communion, and has almost every alternate line composed of the formulas of a Latin will and shreds of the breviary mixed with what the French call *Latin de cuisine*." This specimen is given :

In die meæ sepulturæ
 I will have nane but our owin gang,¹
Et duos rusticos de rure,
 Berand ane barrell on a stang²
 Drinkand and playand cap out even
Sicut egomet solebam ;
 Singand and greitand with the stevin,³
Potum meum cum fletu miscebam,
 I will no priestes for me sing,
*Dies ille, dies iræ ;*⁴
 Nor yet no belles for me ring,
Sicut semper solet fieri ;
 But a bag-pyp to play a spring,
Et unum ale-wisp ante me,
 Instead of torches, for to bring
Quatuor lugenas cervisiæ,
 Within the graif to sett, fit thing,
In modum crucis juxta me,
 To fle the feyndis,⁵ then hardly sing
*De terra plusmasti me.*⁶

Sir John of Grantam's curse for the miller's eels that were stolen, was something after the same manner :

All you that stolen the miller's eeles,
Laudate dominum de cælis,
 And all that have consented thereto,
Benedicamus domino.

The "Polemo-Middinia," by Drummond, of which I have spoken, is a Scottish burlesque in hexameters, and was published in 1691. It gives an account of various hostilities between two fishwomen. The following is a quotation rendered somewhat more appropriate for polite readers than the original, though not remarkably refined as it is. It describes the gathering of the forces of one of the fishwomen to repel an assault by the other :

¹ My own merry companions. ² A stake. ³ With that verse or stanza in the Psalms, "I have mingled my drink with weeping." ⁴ A hymn sung on the resurrection in the nussal, sung at funerals. ⁵ Instead of a cross on my grave to keep off the devil. ⁶ A verse in the Psalms.

Convocat extemplo burrowmannos atque ladæos,
 Jackmannumque, hiremannos, pleughdrivesters atque pleughmannos,
 Tumlantesque simul, recoso ex kitchine boyos.
 Hunc qui dirtiferas tersit cum dishclouty dishas,
 Hunc qui gruelias scivit bene lickere plettas;
 Et saltpannifumos, et widebricatos fisheros,
 Hellæisque etiam salteros duxit ab antris
 Coalheughos, nigri girnantes more Divelli;
 Lifeguardamque sibi sævas vocat improba lassas
 Maggæarn magis doctam milkare cuæas,
 Et doctam suepare fleuras et sternerò beddas;
 Quæque novit spinnare, et longas ducere threddas
 Nausæam, claves bene quæ keepaverat omnes;
 Yellentamque Hellen, langoberdamque Anapellam,
 Egregio indutam blacko caput suty clouto;
 Quæque lanam cardare solet greasy-fingria Betty.

Dr. Alexander Geddes, an English clergyman and translator of the Bible, but a very ambiguous writer, has a work relating to a party feud among the Dissenters, entitled "Epistola Macaronica ad fratrem de iis quæ gesta sunt in nupero Dissidentium Conventu, 1790." He describes the tables at a dinner at a London tavern:

Sedimus ad ternas tabulas longo ordine postas
 Et mappis mundis coveratas, et china-plattis
 Spoonibus, et knivis sharpis, furcisque trisuleis
 Stratas; cum largis glassis, vinoque repletis,
 Botellis, saltis, vinegarique cruetis.

After an after-dinner speech:

Thick-shortus sed homo (cui nomen credo Bevellus)
 Up-startans medio, super et subsellia scandens,
 Toti conventus oculos atque ora trahebat.
 Breech-pocket one hand fills; totam tenet altera chartam;
 Chartam morosis plenam sharpisque resolvit,
 Tum pandit big-mouthum—atque o quæ grandia verba
 Protulit noster Cicero!
 Pars una, "Hear! hear him!"—"Move, move!" pars altera clamat.

I saw, a year or two ago, a notice of a curious macaronic volume, entitled "Bruder Hansen's Marienlieder aus dem 14 Jahrhundert," which had just been published at Hanover. It was edited by Rud. Minzloff from a MS. in the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg. The introductory poem alternates its lines in German, French, English and Latin, after this fashion:

Ave alpha, du stercher god,
 Je diroy volontiers un mot
 Of that swete lathi theer (*lady deer*)
 Cujus venter te portavit;
 Ich meyn miin frou dy alrebest,
 Qui dame de toutes dames est,
 Thy in yr blisset woomb thy beer
 Et tu dulces lacte pavit—

The other "Marienlieder" are in a curious mixture of dialects—Flemish, Lower Rhenish, and High German, the two latter prevailing.

The following description of a dance is a very pleasant instance of macaronic verse:

THE POLKA.

Qui nunc dancere vult modo,
 Wants to dance in the fashion, oh!
 Discere debet, ought to know,
 Kickere floor eum heel and toe,
 One, two, three,
 Hop with me,
 Whirligig, twirligig, rapide.

Polkam jungere, virgo, vis?
 Will you join the polka, Miss?
 Liberius—most willingly;
 Sic agimus—then let us try;
 Nunc vide,
 Skip with me,
 Whirlabout, twirlabout, celere.

Tum læva cito, tum dextra,
 First to the left, then 'tother way;
 Aspice retro—in vultu.
 You look at her, and she looks at you.
 Das palmam,
 Change hands, ma'am;
 Celere—runaway, just in sham.

Dean Swift and Sheridan used to have a curious way of writing their letters in Latin put into English words or English put into Latin words, as, for instance the following extract from one of Sheridan's epistles:

DE ARMIS TER DE AN:—I expecture anser an da fullone abo ut mi monito de. Times
 a re veri de ad nota do it oras hi lingat almi e state. Mire se ver cannas vel res ad e
 villas. Cursim I se fora prime minis ter. Canta res a sum at ab an cursu de an. Atri
 do. Uno mi de arde annuo me agro at. Itis hi time tot hink ope in it. I ama non est.
 Manice, ac nave is mi aversio ni de clare. * * *

Miser visto alat o me, excuse mi has te. Fore ver an de ver ures,

TOMAS SER ID AN.

Afri de at en oc locat mi study.

Here is a love song by Swift in the same style:

Mollis abuti,
 Has an acuti,
 No lasso finis,
 Molli divinis,
 O mi de armis tres
 Imi nadis tres;
 Cantu disco ver
 Meas alo ver?

Here is another by him, not so sentimental:

Apud in is almi de si re;
 Mimis tres Ine ver require,
 Alo veri find it a gestis
 His miseri ne ver at restis.

A modern example is quite as good, and I append to it a translation. It is supposed to be the effusion of a lovesick swain who wrote it in phonetic style, and was quite surprised when he found that he had been addressing the queen of his affections in a dead language:

O mare eva si for me,
 Forme ure tonitru ;
 Iambi cum
 As amandum,
 Olet Hymen promptu.
 Mihi is vetas anise
 As umano erebi
 Olet me mare cum tote
 Or Eta Beta Pi!

TRANSLATED.

O Mary heave a sigh for me,
 For me, your Tony true ;
 I am become
 As a man dumb,
 O let Hymen prompt you.
 My eye is wet as any sea,
 As you may know hereby ;
 O let me, Mary, come to tea,
 Or eat a bit o' pie.

In the same style a newspaper has lately spoken of the travels and exploits of *Sic Transit*, whom *nihil fit* and *noctes* head off; and another retorts, "Oh, *unum* skulls! You *damnum* skulls! He didn't either. *Sic Transit* drove a *tu pone tandem temo Ver* from the eastward. He is visiting his *ante*, Mrs. *Dic Terra* in this city, and will stay till *Ortem*. Dr. *Dignos* the *Terris* (Terrys) likewise, and *et super* with us last evening. He *eta beta pi*. The pugilist also *cum* with him and *lamb da* man badly in the street, he *cutis nos* off, and *noctem flat urna* flounder." The "New York Tribune" printed this precious mess, capping it handsomely with this comment: "*Scilicet* the whole of you!"

Some ingenious persons have amused themselves by putting various familiar acquaintances of the nursery into classical dress. Here is how little Johnny Horner comes out:

Parvus Jacobus Horner
 Sedebat in corner
 Edens a Christmas pie;
 Inseruit his thumb,
 Extrahit a plum,
 Clamans, "Quid smart puer am I!"

Occasional scraps of macaronic verse go floating the rounds of the papers now-a-days. There was one at the time of General Terry's authority over Richmond, in which Mr. Horace Milton, of that city, who may possibly be a lineal descendant of John, expressed his disgust at the General's presence on the sacred soil. It commenced:

Terry leave us, sumus weary;
 Jam nos taedet te videre
 Si vis nos with joy implere.
 Terry, in hac terra tarry
 Diem nary.

The following pathetic lines were copied from a visitor's album at Niagara:

Tres fratres stolidi
 Took a boat for Niagri!
 Magnum frothum surgebat
 Et boatem overturnebat
 Et omnes drowniderunt
 Quia swimmere non potuerunt!

Persons accustomed to using several languages sometimes mix them rather curiously. At Verviers you will sometimes hear an English gentleman who has returned from a foreign tour, ask a lady, with a happy mixture of the three most popular languages, "Haben sie baggaage examine?" "Haben sie," and "wollen sie," and "ja wohl," a traveller says, will pass you through

Germany. A shrug will do in France and Italy; a gesture with the thumb and elbow is enough for a Spaniard, and "Inshallah" and "Mashallah" are passports through the East.

The custom which many writers have of checkering their compositions with foreign phrases, for the sake, perhaps, of displaying their acquaintance with other languages, may properly come under consideration in this article. Often, it must be admitted, there is a word from another language whose idea cannot be so accurately expressed in the native tongue; and many such words, especially from the French, have come into such general use that they are no longer foreign. As a mere matter of sound, also, in an oration, a classical phrase or quotation has a very fine effect. It is said that Andrew Jackson was once concluding a speech out West, when Amos Kendall, who sat behind him, whispered, "Tip 'em a little Latin, General; they won't be contented without it." Jackson instantly called to mind a few phrases which he knew, and closed his peroration by exclaiming in a voice of thunder, "E pluribus unum—sine qua non—ne plus ultra—multum in parvo!" The account adds, in the true Western manner, that the effect was "tremendous;" and that the applauding shouts "could be heard for many miles." In a case like this, I repeat that a phrase or quotation from another language is excellent. But to illustrate the style of writing to which I object, an extract has been made from a story in a ladies' magazine:

I was *chez moi* amid the *odeur musquée* of my scented *boudoir* when the Prince de Z. entered. He found me in my *demi-toilette*, *blasée* *surtout*, and pensively engaged in solitary conjugation of the verb *s'ennuyer*; and though he had never been one of my *habitués*, or by any means *des nôtres*, I was not disinclined at this moment of my *délassement* to saunter with him into the *crocchio restretto* of familiar chat.

Such a redundancy of foreign phrases is, of course, ludicrous, whether it is intended to be so or not.

GEORGE WAKEMAN.

NEBULÆ.

— THE sufferings of professional men, men of letters, and even of business men, from the invasion of their offices, dens, or working rooms, under whatever name, by women bent upon dusting, sweeping, and putting to rights, have become almost proverbial; certainly they have furnished household words to many afflicted families. That this form of trial, however, is not peculiar to men of those classes one of them the other day discovered upon a business call at his butcher's. He wished to have a piece of corned beef; and the butcher, saying that he had a very fine piece in pickle, went to the vat, and, to his customer's surprise, began to haul over the contents with his hands, and carry pieces dripping across the shop. On being asked why he did not use a hook, the good German, working away all the time, broke out, "O, I god a hook. Bud mine vife yesterday she all de zhob cleaned, und to-day I can noding vined. O, mein gott, mein gott (dere goes de bickle all over dat muddon), a woman in de zhob is de most vorsest ding dat gan be."

— OUR attention has been called to the fact that speaking, in the number of THE GALAXY before the last, of the publication of novels in London, we said "Three volumes are the correct thing; moreover, for three volumes the publisher can ask half a guinea, a large percentage of which is profit." It is hardly necessary to say that we were misrepresented by what is technically called "an out," and that we wrote, or at least intended to write, "half a guinea *a volume*," that being the standard price of your regulation three volume novels in London, as every one may learn by merely reading the book advertisements in the London papers. A guinea and a half has long been the regular London price for novels that before the war were to be had here for fifty cents, and which are now published at seventy-five. The same price, too, is paid for tons of rubbish that is not thought worthy of republication here, even when it can be had for nothing, and of which our public therefore hears nothing. We should not have thought it worth while to recur to this subject if the obvious error in our former paragraph had not been eagerly seized upon as an evidence of ignorance. It is always safe to assume that "the court knows *some* law!"

— GUSTAVE DORÉ is fast ruining his reputation. His early works displayed singular power and originality, and the present writer was the first to arrest public attention in this country to the greatness of his genius, the novelty of his style, and the wealth of his imagination. Indeed it is believed that the recognition of Doré in the article upon the history of caricature published in "Harper's Magazine" some years ago, preceded any criticism of the same purport in Europe. It is, therefore, with the more freedom and confidence that we deplore this artist's fall from his high estate. He has been ruined by the publishers. The love of money in them and him has been

the root of this evil as it is of so many others. For some time, as we understand, he resisted the temptations offered him by those who cared for his genius, only as they might make it subservient to their own profit; but in an evil hour he yielded, and since that time his course has been rapidly downward. For three or four years past he has given himself up to the mere manufacture of illustrations, which, like Peter Pindar's razors, were made only to sell; and their sale has been based not even upon a specious attraction of their own, but upon his own reputation and the management of publishers. His work now is of the kind known among artists as "pot-boiling;" and very few of his late designs make the paper on which they are printed worth more than it is worth as fuel to be put under pots or to light fires withal. His "Fairy Book," his "Contes Drolatiques," his "Wandering Jew," and his works of that class are master-pieces in the treatment of the grotesque and the management of light and shade. His illustrations of Dante's "Inferno," although they show some deterioration in his genius, and in some instances bear the marks of hack-work, are, as a whole, a fine expression of the spirit of that part of the "Divina Commedia," which is well suited to the peculiar character of his style. But his "Don Quixote" is poor; his "Baron Munchausen" is not grotesque in design, but merely absurd and childish; and his illustrations of the Bible are, on the whole, as weak and thoroughly conventional as any of the multitudinous exercises in drawing of which that volume has furnished the subjects. A very few of them display his marvellous treatment of light and his singular feeling for the mysterious. Of these the "Return of the Ark" is one; but in the whole work there are only two or three more of this kind, and almost all the others are mere drawing master-work, such as have been put into illustrated Bibles and pious gift-books for the last three-quarters of a century. How, indeed, could it be otherwise? Doré has no particular sympathy either with the narration or the spirit of the Bible. He has neither the religious, nor the ecclesiastical, nor the oriental feeling which would enable him to conceive and embody the ideas and subjects presented in the sacred writings of the Hebrews, or in those of the New Testament. Indeed, it may be said, that in illustrating the Bible he labored under the difficulty of want of familiarity with his author. Being a man of genius, he could place himself, to a certain degree, at least, in sympathy with those writings if he gave himself up for a while to the study of them. But this he did not, he could not do. He had not the time. He has turned out his illustrations, not only like a drawing-master, but like a drawing-machine. He has spent less time in illustrating the whole Bible than he should have given himself for preparation to illustrate one book of it; and, meanwhile, he has turned out other work besides. The consequence is formality, feebleness, commonplace, poverty of ideas and school-boy-like drawing, set off at best with a few tricks and mannerisms to answer for—Gustave Doré, his mark. The engravers have done like unto their master. Poor fellows, they could not help it. Doré's drawing, when it is worthy of himself, requires his personal supervision in the cutting. Only thus can his startling effects be brought out, his wonderful *chiaroscuro* be reproduced in lines. But at the rate at which he has worked during the past three or four years such care has been simply impossible; and his illustrations, poor and tame at the best, have been engraved without spirit or feeling, in the most mechanical manner. His Milton is as bad as his Bible; and even worse. Of course genius like his cannot be entirely hidden even in

a money-bag; and so there are here also one or two good illustrations, such for instance as that of the assembly of the infernal hosts and their flight upon horses to the attack of heaven. Here the rush of the horses, the sweep of the infernal wings, and the pouring down of the flood of heavenly light upon the ascending host, produce one of Doré's superb effects of mingled grotesqueness, mystery and power. But, except this illustration and one or two others, the Milton is really puerile. Without beauty in the forms, without elevation of spirit, poor and tame in composition, and coarse and slovenly in execution, it is one of the saddest exhibitions that can be found of the groveling of a man of real genius when he works with money only as his inspiration. It is rumored that he is to illustrate Shakespeare. We earnestly hope that the rumor is unfounded. His ability for such a task is very doubtful, even were he to give it all his energies and prepare himself for it by learning English or German and giving three years at least to the study of his author before drawing a line. He might in that case illustrate certain scenes in *The Tempest* and in *Macbeth* well; but in all the other plays, in which character and dramatic incident are the only inspiration, unless he has a power which he has not yet shown in his happiest moments, he must fail. For such a man as Doré to illustrate Shakespeare as he has illustrated the Bible and Milton, would be a public calamity.

— A RECENT writer upon the vexed question, the education of women, takes as one of the data from which she reasons the proposition, Men are supposed to marry the sort of woman they like. It is needless to say that it is a woman—and an unmarried woman—who sets up this social axiom. Any other sort of person, except, perhaps, a very young man indeed, would put the case rather, Some men marry the sort of women that like them. But, upon the former supposition, what sort of woman is it that the ideal man would like? The ideal woman, of course. Our female writer, however, does not see this; for she asks, "Looking upon the infinite variety of wives to be met with in society, could any one generalize from them a model wife who might serve as a pattern to educators?" Was there ever a more charmingly illogical and truly womanish confusion of thought? The woman who would serve as a pattern to educators, would, of course, be the ideal woman. The woman generalized from the infinite variety of wives in society, would be merely the average woman—a very different creature—as different from the other as the ideal man from the average man. What the ideal woman or wife is like (for every man looks at every woman not old enough to be his grandmother, as an actual or possible wife for himself or some other man), it would be hard to tell, even with the assistance of all the poets and all the novelists. The first ideal that will occur to most of us, is Wordsworth's

creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food.

But this description, although craftily qualified by dainty compliments, is resented by most women of spirit, and even to many men it connects itself so closely with the idea of mutton and turnips, that even the "praise, blame, kisses, tears and smiles" appended to it by the poet, become only the sauce and condiments, as it were capers and drawn butter, that are used to set off a homely repast to the best advantage. Shakespeare makes Queen Katherine, when she sets forth her claims upon Henry's love and consideration, say that she has been

a true and humble wife,
 At all times to your will conformable;
 Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
 Yea, subject to your countenance; glad or sorry
 As I saw it incline.

But, on the contrary, a modern writer, anonymous, but a man, says that a woman "who is goose enough to sympathize at random on subjects of which she knows nothing, because it is 'feminine' to do so, is a nuisance *not* in disguise." Mr. Anthony Trollope, the apostle of religion, according to society, says: "We like women to be timid;" but, on the contrary, Mr. Arthur Helps, the Friend in Council, complains that "women are not taught to be courageous." But a dog may be taught to walk on his hind legs. Is he, therefore, when brought to be a marvel of perpendicular progression any more doggish than he was when he was unable to rise above the humble, horizontal line? The courage of endurance belongs to every noble woman's nature. But which woman would win most men to her side, and above all, keep them there, the womanly timid, or she who had been taught to be courageous? Mr. Coventry Patmore, who sings not love in a cottage, but love in a cottage *ornée*, with a coach house and a comfortable little balance at your banker's, and who is, in fact, the laureate of that grade of middle life in which sentiment is mingled with a sharp lookout for material interest, says:

He who toils all day
 And comes home hungry, tired, or cold,
 And feels 'twould do him good to scold
 His wife a little, let him trust
 Her love, and boldly be unjust.

He actually recommends this exhibition of manliness to be kept up "until she cries;" saying that he cannot in any other way show his love,

Till soothed in mind by meat and rest.

Then comes a passage at which we should think that all the women between John O'Groat's and Land's End would have risen up in wrathful protest.

If after that she's well caress'd
 And told how good she is to bear
 His humor, fortune makes it fair.

But the women did not protest; and Coventry Patmore is thought "lovely" by the greater part of the said women. Whereby we see that wives in Great Britain are of very different metal from wives in America, although, according to all accounts, the former hen-peck their husbands much, while we are all ready to swear that here wives indulge in that amusement very little. Perhaps the British female who submits so meekly to her husband's humors flies to nagging as a compensation. The end of all this is only the old story—that women can't be "educated" into wives; but that they will always be exactly what men would have them.

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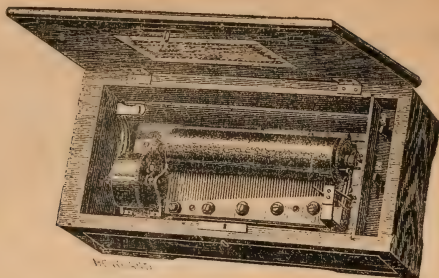
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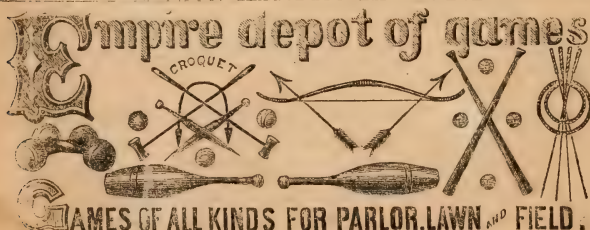
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